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* LAST APRIL-DAY:

A POULTRY IDYL.

It is a pleasant sunny Saturday—no less than April-day in the present year. I am writing in a very quaint, stone-floored, high-latted room of ancient date, when a lady steps into its still shadows, and asks me to accompany her in her afternoon's drive, to a little country town some five miles off; our return to be by a different route, and to include rest and tea in a village amid lovely scenery. I gladly consent, for I have been working hard the week through, and need a holiday for both body and mind. So I close my books, put by my papers, lock with a jailer-like key the door of the quaint room assigned to me as a study during my temporary stay with an aged relative in this noble building; then, after a few paces up and down in a sunny cloister that a Dominican might envy, I go in and dine, and after dinner we sally forth. There is an ineffable stillness and beauty in this golden afternoon, influencing everything that is best and gentlest in my nature. I am literally in a vernal mood; I see freshness and beauty in everything; I am prepared to enjoy, and I do enjoy.

Our way lies for a time through portions of a low-lying moorland tract, which drainage and cultivation have reclaimed within the last century. Parts of it even yet remain a wild morass. It is most of it, acre by acre, the property of one of our great dukes, who is undoubtedly a good agriculturist as well as landlord. You see and know the duke's hand everywhere. His cottages and farmhouses are all in excellent repair; the gardens neatly kept and well stocked; the gates and fences in admirable condition; and miles and miles of excellent roads, canals, and plantations shew what capital and power can effect when combined and well directed. In this district of comparatively slovenly agriculture, these are significant facts, which prove that the duke has the art of choosing his deputies—no mean accomplishment in one who governs. All this is pleasant to consider as we drive gently through the still and sunny lanes; more particularly as we have contrasts that sometimes flagrantly disobey the rule of the Cairds and Puseys.

To vary this pleasant trimness of homesteads, fields, and woodlands, nature has her unadorned and loveliest aspects also. We pass rapid brooks; little trickling runnels; patches of unenclosed common, thick set with furze, or else with mossy hillocks, that shelter in their hollows countless tufts of budding primroses; and reaching one more wild and sequestered than the rest, we stay our little carriage. We descend; leave our pony for a few minutes to graze at will; gather our

first primroses; search for our first violets; step amid the plashy stones of a little rivulet, to taste the young water-cresses; sit down to rest upon a fallen tree; speak to one another of the vernal joy that fills our souls, to the utter absence of all care or retrospect; and then proceed on our way in a mood as sunny as the landscape itself.

It is three o'clock when we reach the little country town, and as it is market-day, it is filled with country-folks. They, and the quaint market-cross they fill to overflowing—the booths and their miscellaneous wares—the piles of country produce heaped upon the pavement—carry the mind back two centuries in civilisation—at least compared with London. We enter a linen-draper's shop, the best in the town; it is filled as densely as the market-cross, principally with country-women bearing huge baskets and parcels, which they set with much nonchalance upon the wide counters, and, leaning upon these, make gay-coloured purchases, and chat familiarly with the assistants. The favourite hues seem to be blue, red, yellow, and green, no matter how much these prevail in shawls, handkerchiefs, and ribbons, nor how amazing or bizarre the pattern. In gown-pieces and coloured pocket-handkerchiefs, the designs are sometimes tremendous in effect—the latter revealing whole dioramas of the Crystal Palace, of the life and doings of our good Queen, the funeral of Wellington; and so on. In this respect, their taste for textile art is like that of children or Hottentots. Every young assistant seems to have a personal friend amongst these worthy dames. Many bring them messages and letters, and occasionally, from the recesses of a cavernous market-basket, a cream-cheese, a dozen of rosy apples, a pork-pie, or plumcake, is brought forth, slid with a shy hand across the counter, received with thankful winks and nods, and deposited in some private corner. The master, a portly, good-looking man of about fifty, occupies a prominent place behind the counter, to the right of the door. To him important comers address themselves—wealthy farmers, who step in to buy broad-cloth for a new coat, or else a Sunday neck-tie—clergymen's wives, who have driven over from their snug parsonages to purchase charitable supplies of calico and flannel—ladies, who call in to look over the last 'London parcel'; and as the afternoon wanes, and the market draws to a close, the goodman is sorely tempted to purchase a 'last pair of fowls,' remaining cream-cheese, or a pound or two of butter left unsold.

'It is such a pity, Mr Turner,' says a farmer's rosy wife, 'to take back these fowls eleven miles or more. Come, you shall have 'em cheap; and I'll take it out in net and ribbon for a cap: I want one for a Sunday.' But we cannot stay for the sequel of the

dialogue, although it is obvious enough that the fowls will change hands: we leave the shop and town on foot, as our little carriage is to follow us by and by.

The afternoon is waning gloriously; our vernal humour comes back to us once more. We stay to notice the ancient church of red stone, and its execrable renovation with unsightly brick; we stay to admire the fine old timbered gabled-houses of the age of Elizabeth; we get glimpses of pleasant bowery gardens in the rear, and of a fine country beyond; we descend an acclivity, cross a canal, and gain a hilly road, winding amid scenery of unsurpassed beauty and of great historical interest. Along it had tramped Cromwell and his Ironsides, and the ruins of the castle he had successfully besieged, lay gray and ivied on the heights above.

A walk of some two miles brings us to a most German-like village of scattered farms and cottages. The former are chiefly timbered gabled-houses of great antiquity, coloured with ochre, or alternate black and white—and lying with sombre yet unleafed orchards about them, and rustic gardens newly dug and trimmed, with lanes between, winding upwards to a broad belt of woodland: there is much to favour our strong impression, that we are wandering in some village of Germany or the Dutch Netherlands. A long way up the tree-shaded street, we come to a coach-house and stables abutting on the road; then to a paved yard, in which a quaint, middle-aged man is working; then to a cottage profusely covered with new-clipped ivy, and with its narrow strip of garden betwixt it and the road, set with nothing but laurel-trees, amidst which stands an ancient draw-well, and on the low wall dividing the garden from the road, a vast horse-block of lichen-covered stone. We knock at the door, and are soon admitted into a pleasant parlour with a cheerful fire; a singular window placed high and near the ceiling; a piano, books, and a vast number of beautiful shells, finely grouped beneath a large glass-shade. In addition to these is a bouquet of wax-flowers of singular excellence; and though I am but a rare admirer of these imitations of nature, I am enough of an artist to be aware that here a naturalist has worked *con amore*.

The door opens, and a young woman of sweet looks and singularly gracious manners enters. I have—with my usual taciturnity in such matters—asked no questions, so I take for granted that she is a daughter of the cottage owner, and that father, mother, brother, or sister will presently appear; but half an hour wears by in pleasant talk, and still we are alone.

At length the lady—with whose manner I am greatly charmed—says to me: 'Will you see the poultry?' and I, not knowing the wide meaning conveyed by the article, politely, though, I fear, too coolly, assent; for I am ignorant of what lies before me. We pass into a pretty hall, which winds old-fashionedwise towards the rear of the cottage; we stop to admire some paintings on the walls, and this leads to a talk touching art, and so by degrees to what constitutes a love of nature.

'I am very fond of nature,' says the lady gently; 'so is my sister, who lives with me. At present she is absent on a visit to a friend.'

As she speaks, she leads the way into a parlour fit for a poet's study. It has some really fine paintings on its walls—amongst others, an unsoubted three-quarter-length picture of Nell Gwynne, by Sir Peter Lely, and the wonderful painting of the hands bespeaks its genuineness: there are recesses filled with books; there are

shells and flowers again, as in the other parlour; there is a large number of brilliant-coloured foreign birds, stuffed and set upon the branches of a natural tree, which has been dried and fixed in a stand for the purpose; there are the splendid cocoons of last year's silk-worms, which were made to wind their profuse gifts round a gnarled bough; and, lastly, there are two windows on each side of an angle of the room—the one looking over an old-fashioned garden, with bee-hives, flowers, privet-fences, old apple and mulberry trees, to the woodlands of a distant park; the other window shewing a very large undulating paddock belonging to the cottage, a pool in the midst, a belt of sheltering trees next the road, and the yellow beauty of a thousand new-blown daffodils. It is, as we say, a room fit for a poet and his songs!

Passing into the garden, with its borders full of early flowers, and its fine collection of standard roses trained festoonwise to chains, we pass to the low gate and fence which divide it from the paddock, and behold the first instalment of 'the poultry,' or rather, as we suppose in our simplicity, the whole stock. The lady opens the wicket, stoops down, and in an instant a pair of pure white fowls, of great size and beauty, run towards her, and search for food in her hand with the utmost tameness; but disregarding these, though they are favourites, she puts her hand in a movable coop set in the grass, beneath which is a brood-hen with some thirteen chicks, only a few days from the shell. The hen is a pure buff Cochon fowl of large size and beauty, and the chicks miniature likenesses. They are running about in all directions; but expecting food from the hand which invariably feeds them, they come running to the stooping lady, peck her fingers, climb her hand, enter the folds of her wide sleeve, and suffer themselves to be caught and imprisoned in her gentle grasp without a flutter or sign of trepidation. We have seen nothing like this wonderful tameness before: they rest perfectly in the restraining fingers; even coax with their callow bills moving to and fro, and shew the wonderful beauty of their eyes in doing so. This feature in the Cochon fowl is extraordinary, and seems peculiar to the breed. We remember nothing like it, except the eye of the gazelle. Soft, large, and of great size, it would thus appear to be as much a distinct feature of high and perfect breed in the fowl, as in the horse and human being.

'How much these lovely chicks like you!' say I, as the lady rises with a nestling chick in her hand.

'They are accustomed to me,' she replies quietly, 'and therefore know me. I partly freed them from the shell; I have fed them ever since, and begin to do this as early as half-past five o'clock in the morning.'

'Indeed!' for the truth begins to dawn upon us; 'then you are a fowl-fancier, and make a pursuit and art of the matter?'

She replies only with a smile; then calling a little attending servant, bids her remove the feathered charge, as the dew begins to fall, and then asks us to accompany her elsewhere. We obey without a word, and crossing the garden, are led into the yard in which we first saw the quaint old servant-man at work. Here, in coach-house, harness-room, tool-house, cow-house, stable, we find brood upon brood in various stages of progress. Some hens are yet sitting in still recesses—some on real eggs, others on dummies of wood; and the coach-house holds two pens constructed on the

most scientific principles, each holding a hen and chicks of great value and beauty. Nor are remnants of last year's broods unseen. Gigantic cockerels and young matronly pullets peck about the yard and the precincts of the garden; and these, as tame as the chicks, suffer themselves to be handled and caressed. One noble bird, in incipient comb and wattles, permits himself to be lifted, carried up and down, and caressed like a child. The result of unvarying kindness can go no further. It is exquisite to behold, and teaches us, I think, a grave as well as affecting lesson.

We are now invited to cross the garden to the greenhouse, wondering whether it is plants or poultry we shall behold. All this while, we have been expecting to see the before-mentioned supposititious father, brother, uncle, or mother, issue from the house; but as no one appears, and our curiosity is wound up to a considerable pitch, we make bold to ask the question:

"Do you and your sister actually live here alone? Have you no father, uncle, or brother? And do you really carry on all this scientific process of rearing poultry on so large a scale without assistance?"

"We do—simply as a pastime," though it pays us well. For the rest, we live here alone, perfect mistresses of all you see through the wire of a dear uncle, who died two years ago."

I am immensely interested, and standing in the rich waning sunlight of that April afternoon, our pleasant chat proceeds.

"Charlotte and I," continues the lady, "first took to rearing poultry about a year and a half ago. A friend gave us those white fowls you first saw; we became interested in the care of them; and reading and hearing much of the poultry mania, we thought we should like to add to our stock, and become purchasers of some real Cochins. We did not mention our desire to our neighbours or few relatives, lest we should be laughed at, but resolved to act instead, and to set out at once to Greys in Essex, where the greatest fancier and prizeholder resides. We intrusted the secret of our temporary absence to no one but John, our old farm-servant; and set off one very cold December day by express-train to London. We were perfect strangers there, having never been beyond Birmingham in our lives. We slept at a hotel that night; started by steam-bent next morning to Greys; found Mr S.—from home; but saw his butler; and concluded the purchase of a young cock and hen of the pure buff Cochins breed for five guineas. They were placed in a proper basket, and we returned the same night with our precious charge to London. A tribulation, though one rich in humour, now occurred. We must have a room for ourselves and fowls, for it was necessary to keep them under our especial care. We were refused admission by no less than five hotels. "Can't be having them things up stairs," said the head-waiter of one of them with much contempt. We assured him of their great value and tenderness. But he condescended to make no reply, tucked his napkin tightly under his arm, and turned away upon his heel. At another hotel, the landlord himself was summoned. We made our request with great politeness. "It cannot be, ladies; it is not only against the rules, but the cock would be crowing in the night, and alarming everybody." We laughed, and assured him that the cockerel had not yet arrived at a crowing age; but he was inexorable. At length, at a hotel near Euston Square, we gained admittance, and were attended by a chamber-maid who had a pet-dog, and consequently sympathy for our taste, and who was thus very kind to us. This was fortunate, as we were quite exhausted by cold and fatigue. Next day, we travelled homeward, got a conveyance from the little town you saw to-day, and arrived here in the evening. If John, our old servant, was surprised at the quickness of our journey, he was more so at the

size of the basket that held our feathery treasures; and this surprise waxed into astonishment when the basket was brought into the parlour, the lid opened, and the long-legged creatures stalked out and shook their feathers on the floor.

"Why, missis,—why, missis," gasped John, "you don't mean to be saying that these big, stalking, tailless things be fowls? No, sure-ly not; only some new sort o' turkeys or pea-hens."

"It is a real fact, John, that they are fowls: the breed has been brought from Cochins-China, within a few years. The parents of these are of immense value, and for what you see, Miss Charlotte and I have given five guineas."

"Five guineas!—miss—five guineas!" repeats John with yet more astonishment: "somehow, it's a tiffin as masters me." Then, as he beheld their grotesque want of tails and long legs, he burst out into convulsions of laughter, in which our two little maids joined, and which did not soon end. But in spite of this, John took immensely to them, and has been a most able assistant.—But stop this way, you have yet to see two other broods."

As I have already conjectured, the greenhouse holds poultry instead of plants. There are, to be sure, a few young geraniums placed along the margin of the sunny windows; but the floor is occupied by wire-peas of scientific construction, in which are two hens of vast size and great beauty of colour, and their chicks. These are as tame as those we have already seen, and the eye of the chick, even yet more striking.

"You must have nearly a hundred little ones," I remark.

"There are ninety-five, and others that will be from the shell in a few days. These you see here will sell, when of the proper age, for three guineas a couple: that is what we obtained last year."

"Then you have not lost by your poultry mania?"

"By no means, though we have occasionally to make large outlays. We keep a strict account, and find we derive a considerable profit. But you must be really tired: let us now go in and take tea."

We return to the parlour with the fine shells and pleasant fire, and find tea ready. We had been asked if we would taste Cochins fowls' eggs; and here they are, with delicious cakes and cream and hot bread, and a glass dish full of apricot-jam. It is something, I think to myself, to be the heiress of such a home, as I hear orders given, and keys that more plate may be brought; but it is something still more satisfactory to see wealth thus creditably expended, taste taking such an innocent direction, and womanly love and solicitude, unoccupied by maternity, directed into the path of the naturalist. There were feelings and tastes here present that Audubon, or Wilson, or Kirby, or Spence, or Bewick, would have honoured and encouraged.

Our talk is so delightful during tea, so perfectly frank and kindly, that our vernal mood is even richer still. When it draws to a close, we join hands, thank Providence that we have met, and with regrets that I am about to leave for town, promise one another to meet again next year: which, Fate willing, we shall certainly do.

We now go up stairs to see countless unoccupied rooms—some filled with very ancient and splendid carved furniture; another as a studio; another as a writing-chamber; for both the young heiress and her sister have artistic tastes, and the one that is without draws with skill.

We at length leave the cottage to climb a hill at the end of the German-like village, where there is a splendid view of many of the Welsh hills; but when we get there, it is too dark. We therefore cross a moorland tract, and coming to the road, find our little carriage at the spot we mentioned. We join hands again; and are sisters in spirit, though not in relationship;

moor is something more than vernal, for words can give it no expression.

The dear lady passes away into the shadows on her return; we are driven home along a causeway raised across a once terrible morass, where man and horse were often sunk, and seen no more; and in the splendid moonlight we reach our cloistered hall as the clock strikes ten.

Such was my April-day. It was fine and vernal, and I would have its spirit refresh others as much as it refreshed me.

THE FUN UPON NAMES—MORE OF IT.*

Palter with us in a double sense.

From the complimentary puns, and those which are expressive of grief and despair, we proceed to a numerous class—those, namely, which give vent to rage and indignation, scorn and mockery.

* The Wars of the Roses, as portrayed by the writer of the Three Parts of *King Henry VI.*—whether Shakespeare or not, we do not here pause to inquire—are especially prolific in examples of this kind. In the Second Part of this drama, we find the old nobility declaiming in indignant terms against the pride and power of Queen Margaret's favourite, the Duke of Suffolk.

Gloucester. Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roast,

Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Regnier.

York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
That does the honour of this warlike isle.

This worthless upstart, whose name was He la Pole, seems to have been peculiarly obnoxious to this kind of witticism. He is banished from England, and being taken prisoner in the Channel by a privateer's boat, the captain orders his execution.

Cap. Carry him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thine own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole!

Cap. Poole! Sir Poole! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, shik, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Again, we find Jack Cade, who at the head of his rabblement has routed the king's troops and seized the Tower, thus disporting himself with the name of the Lord Say, whose capture has just been announced by a messenger.

Mass. My lord, my lord! a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, who sold the towns in France—he that made us pay one-and-twenty pence and one shilling in the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bores with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah! thou say'st thou serge, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal.

The gallant Sir John Talbot is bewailing the fate of his friends, the Earl of Salisbury and Sir Thomas Blount, who have just been struck down by a shot

from the town of Orleans, when a messenger interrupts his lamentations:—

Mass. My lord, my lord! the French have gathered head.
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle joined,
A holy prophetess, new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Salisbury groans.*]

Tal. Hear, hear! how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It irks his heart, he cannot be revenged!

Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.

Pucelle or *pazzet*,* dolphin or dogfish,

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

The Duke of York, who was so facetious upon Suffolk's name, is in his turn exposed to similar mockery. Queen Margaret getting him into her hands, slughters him in cold blood, and then wreaks her indignation against the corpse:—

'Off with his head!' and set it on York gates:

So York shall overlook the town of York.

* From a late life of Sir Edward Coke, whose name, provocative of punning, we need hardly observe, is pronounced Cook, we learn that when Sir Edward was sent to the Tower, the lodging allotted to him was a room, which had formerly been the kitchen. On entering it, the disgraced patriot read the mocking inscription:—'This room wants a cock.'

We now turn to the *Father of History*, amidst the infinite variety of whose pages one seldom searches in vain for an example, whatever may be the subject in hand; and we find that when the haughty Darius sent envoys to the different Greek states to demand earth and water, in token of subjection, the people of Egina complied with the requisition, and by so doing, incurred the indignation of Sparta. One of her kings, Cleomenes, was accordingly despatched to the offending island with instructions to demand the surrender of the advisers of this disgraceful measure. An influential party amongst the Eginites resisted his demand, and Cleomenes was on the point of leaving Egina, when, on a sudden, he turned to the most zealous of his opponents, and inquired his name. 'Crinus,' was the reply; on hearing which, the discomfited Spartan exclaimed: 'Make haste, then, Ram [Crinus], and get your horns gilded; for before long, you'll meet with a mischief'—alluding in this to the practice of the ancients of gilding the horns of victims appointed for sacrifice. The joke, however, proved to be no joke to the Ram; for Cleomenes returning with his fellow-king at the head of some troops, the Eginites dared no longer hold out, but gave up ten of their principal men, amongst whom was the Ram. These were then placed by Cleomenes in the hands of the Athenians, who, being old and inveterate enemies of Egina, were not very likely to be lenient jailers.

The *odium theologum*, as may easily be supposed, has not neglected to add this kind of pun to its inexhaustible armoury of virulence and abuse. One specimen will doubtless suffice. The orthodox Walsingham speaks in these terms of our early reformer:—'That old hypocrite, that angel of Satan, that emissary of Antichrist, the not-to-be named John Wickliffe, or rather Wicke-Jelere, the heretic,' &c. Truly, as Mistress Quickly says, these be very bitter words.

We now give a few instances of the pun upon the names of places.

In the third act of *King John*, when the English monarch subjects himself to the anathema of the

* See No. 16.

Suf. a kind of serge—probably a corruption of the French word *serge*. It is probable that Jack Cade having seized Lord Say a buckram lord, has in view a stuffed man set up as a mark for archers who are practising, and that in the next sentence he alludes to the allusion.

* *Pazzet*, wanton, a corruption of the Latin *pusilla*.—With respect to the word *dauphin*, the origin of the title is unknown. It is, however, certain that it is not derived from the name of the province Dauphine, but, on the contrary, the name of the province is taken from it.

cardinal-legatè, the much-injured Constance joins her maledictions:—

O howful let it be
That I had room with *Rome* to curse awhile.
And in a somewhat higher strain, the lean and wrinkled Cassius expresses the jealous hatred with which he regards the supremacy of Cæsar.

Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Julius Cæsar, Act i. Scene iii.

Again, the ill-fated Richard II. being besieged in Flint Castle by high-reaching Bolingbroke, the Earl of Northumberland proposes an interview between the king and his usurping subject.

North. My lord, in the base court* he doth attend
To speak with you: may I please you to come down?
K. Rich. In the base court? Base court where kings
grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and go to them grace.

We now turn to the merely sportive or facetious play upon names, which is indeed common enough; so much so, that our only difficulty here will be an *embarras des richesses*.

In the *Taming of the Shrew*, Petruchio thus addresses the refractory Katherine:

Thou must be married to no man but me,
For I am he that am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate;
Contaminate, as other hounds, hold *Kate*.

In the same drama, Lucentio is introduced into the house of Baptista under the assumed dress of a musician, and the name of Cambio; and in this disguise he wins the affections of Baptista's daughter, Bianca. Baptista then meeting him in the street, dressed and attended as a man of wealth and rank, exclaims:

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

To which Bianca replies:

Cambio is *change*, put into Lucentio.

The lady's own name suits of a similar play, which Petruchio avails himself of; and when boasting of the superior docility of his own wife, he thus rallies Bianca's husband:

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white†

The facetious knight, Sir John Falstaff, is of course not lacking in this kind of wit. The two worthy magistrates, Master Silence and Master Shallow, are thus sported with: 'Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the *peace*.' And again: 'I do see the bottom of this Justice Shallow.' His mirth upon the names and appearance of his gallant recruits, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Peaseblossom, and Bullcalf, seems inexhaustible; but for this we must refer the reader to the play itself. On the field of Shrewsbury, he thus intimates his valiant intentions against Hotspur: 'If Percy be alive, I'll pierce† him; and when "ancient Pistol" is raising a disturbance in Mistress Quickly's tavern, he reproves his obstreperous conduct with this sally: 'No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off† here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.'

If we turn to *Othello*, we find another 'ancient,' honest Iago, thus consoling his dupe Roderigo—

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashiered Cassio.

In the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*, while Jack Cade is pompously setting forth his pretended

genealogy, one of his rabblement, Dick, the butcher of Ashford, thus turns it into ridicule—

Cade. We, John Cade, so termed of our supposed father—

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings. [*Aside*.

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.

Dick. He was an honest man and good bricklayer.

[*Aside*.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Laries*.

Dick. She was indeed a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside*.

We may here remark, *en passant*, that the sallies of Dick the butcher are incomparably the poorest to be found in the whole range of Shakspeare's plays, our great dramatist having far too accurate a knowledge of human nature to put any but the humblest witticisms in the mouths of uneducated persons. The highly lauded Sam Weller, however amusing, we confess appears to us entirely out of nature, Mr Dickens having furnished him with a stock of *mots* and *répares* sufficient to supply all the footmen and cabinen† in London, and yet leave a large surplus remaining.

Our instances of mirthful puns hitherto have been chosen in which they seemed congenial to the temperament of the speaker. Gaiety, however, has a more striking effect when persons of gloom and saturnine disposition indulge in it, as they will do at some time or another. In one of Heiland's ballads, the stout old Count Eberhard,* of Wirtemberg, is introduced to us, recruiting his wearied frame, which is almost worn out with years and hard-lips, in the healing waters of the Wildbad. While he is thus engaged, his youngest page comes running, and announces that an armed band is pouring down the upper valley. The armorial bearings of their leader being described, the good count recognises the enemies of his house, the *Schlegels*, and makes an attempt at a pun which we cannot term felicitous:

Mein soba! das sind die *Schlegler*, die *schlagen* (strike) kräftig denn.

Next arrives a poor herdsman in breathless haste, who brings tidings that another troop is pouring down the lower valley—the device of their leader being three axes, and his armour glittering and glancing in the sun. The aged hero, warning with the danger that encompasses him, somewhat improves on his former effort:

Das ist der *Wundensteiner*: der glissend Wolf, genannt:
Neh mir den Mantel, Kuabe, der glanz ist mir bekannt:
Er bringt nur wenig *Bäume* (joy): die Bäume haben gut.

This second sally of the count brings to our mind an attempt made by a respected divine who resided not far from Oxford, and speaking of Mr Joy, the well-known tailor of that city, facetiously remarked: 'Ah, no joy to me: he makes my coats too tight under the arms.'

A yet higher and more important use of this kind of pun remains to be noticed: in many cases, a name is found to be suggestive, and being taken as an omen, originates some great undertaking, which influences the history of a nation, and even in some cases that of the world. Thus we read that Gregory, who was afterwards pope, and surnamed the Great, happening, when a young man, to pass through the slave-market of Rome, his attention was caught by some boys with fair long hair and blooming complexion, who were exposed there for sale; and asking the slave-dealer of what country they were, he answered that they were *Angles*. 'Rightly,' cried he, 'are they called *Angles*, for they are as fair as *Angels*; and I would they were cherubims in heaven.'

* Base court. Base court, lower court.

† Cambio, exchamge Bianca, white.

‡ The name of Percy, according to Boetius, was derived from 'piercing the king's eye'—an etymology not altogether to be trusted to.

* This Count Eberhard was the friend and patron of John Reuchlin, better known by the name of Capelin, who himself was the friend of Erasmus and instructor of Melancthon.

But from what province of Britain are they?' inquired Gregory. 'From Dëira,' said the slave-dealer. 'Dëira; that is good,' returned Gregory: 'they must be delivered from the wrath [de ira] of God. But what is the name of their king?' 'Ella,' said the man. 'Ella!' replied the saint; 'Hlothgar then must be sprung in his dominions.*' The result was, that Gregory, on ascending the papal throne, sent out a mission with Augustine at its head, and Britain was converted to Christianity.

Another example of this kind we find in Herodotus. The Grecian fleet being anchored off the island of Delos, certain Samians of rank came on board, and entreated the commanders not to lose the opportunity of liberating the Asiatic Greeks from the Persian yoke. The commanders hesitated, but Mitychides, the admiral, asking one of the Samians his name, he replied that it was Hegesistratus [Leader of Armies]. The Greeks at once hailed the omen, and setting sail for the coast of Ionia, engaged with the Persian fleet, the result of which was the far-famed victory of Mycale.

Not only, however, has a pontiff by this means been invited to the conversion of distant barbarians, and a great people aroused to effect the liberation of their enslaved brethren, but, by similar agency, the fainting spirits of a *chevalier d'industrie* has been revived, and himself encouraged to renewed exertion. This instance we derive from the *Confessions of a Swindler*, the candid writer of which informs us, that in the course of his peregrinations, he arrived at Bury St Edmund's, in Suffolk, his pockets empty, and his mind dejected, almost, indeed, entertaining the idea of abandoning his craft for some more lucrative profession. 'Lost in these gloomy thoughts,' continues he, 'I was strolling down the Abbeygate Street, when on a sudden I happened to cast up my eyes; and over a shop on the other side of the way, which was that of a silversmith, I saw staring me in the face the name of *Godwin*. This sight at once raised my declining hopes, and pointed out to me a new sphere of action.'

The mention of a *chevalier d'industrie* brings us, by a concatenation of ideas not altogether unnatural, to the imperial weavers of the crown of Monomachus. That the sagacious Catharine was well aware of the true use and value of this species of pun, is evidenced by her introducing into her cherishing house the significant name of Constantine. This name, first imposed by that aspiring grandam upon the second son of Paul, has again made its appearance in another generation, and manifestly indicates an intended successor to the long-vacant throne of the Byzantine emperors.

So attached, indeed, is the house of Romanoff to significant appellations of this kind, that, as we lately learn from the public prints, the infant child of the Grand Duke Constantine has been baptised by the name of *Wiera*, or Faith, as indicative of the grand principle in support of which its august grandsire has lately challenged the whole civilised world to combat.

We may here remark, that to the name of *Napier*, though it is evidently derived from the first bearer of it supplying the royal *nappery*,† has been frequently assigned the impossible origin of 'he hath nae pee'—a eulogy, indeed, to which many members of that remarkable family gain a title by their talents and virtues, but, with which their name certainly has no kind of connection.

We shall conclude with an instance of the punning epitaph, of which we find no more striking example than that inscribed on the vault at the nunnery of Godstow, which enclosed the mortal remains of the once fair Rosamond. Its Latinity, indeed, is not

exquisite, but its language, which, though coarse, is not wanting in vigour, shrewdly brings out the contrast between the living and breathing paramour of a monarch, and the poor inhabitant of the tomb—

*He jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:
Non redollet sed olet, quae redolere solet.*

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

RHODE ISLAND.

CRAMPED into a small space between Massachusetts and Connecticut, we may see on the map a state called Rhode Island—the island, from which it derives its name being a mere speck within a bay on the sea-coast, and the bulk of the state being in reality on the mainland. How this little state came into political existence, is one of the most interesting circumstances in American history.

I have had occasion to refer to an unfortunate feature in the character of the Pilgrim Fathers—their 'extreme intolerance.' Though fleeing from religious persecution in England, and suffering for conscience' sake, their polity admitted of no departure whatever from their own tenets and practices. Themselves in exile as Nonconformists, they sternly repressed by fine, imprisonment, and even the gallows, everything like nonconformity to their own favourite form of belief. The early history of New England abounds in the most revolting instances of this species of oppression; and no case appeals so warmly to modern sympathy as that of Roger Williams. This was a young English divine of good education, who arrived in America in 1631, and became a much-esteemed Puritan preacher. Being, however, of a kindly disposition and enlarged understanding, he could not reconcile the legalised principle of intolerance with the injunctions of the Gospel; and in spite of remonstrances against a continuance in 'error,' he at length boldly proclaimed the doctrine of freedom of conscience, which till that time was practically unknown. The proposition that no man should be troubled on account of his religious opinions, was intolerable to the magistrates of the settlement; and Williams, abandoning family and home, was constrained to flee from place to place for personal safety. The account of his wanderings and privations among the Indian tribes who hung about the borders of Massachusetts, forms the subject of a deeply-attracting narrative, which has lately been given to the world by one every way competent for the task. Passing over the history of his sufferings in the wilderness, we find Williams still undaunted, and resolute in carrying out his opinions to a practical issue. Borrowing a canoe, he sets out with five adherents on what may be called a voyage of discovery; his object being to find a spot where every man might live and enjoy his religious opinions in peace. In this adventurous excursion, Providence seemed to guide the frail vessel to the banks of a small arm of the sea, projected inland from Narraganset Bay. Here, according to tradition, being hailed from a rock by a friendly Indian, Williams and his party landed, and were hospitably received by the chiefs of the Narragansets, from whom he received a grant of territory, to which, in pious gratitude, he gave the name of Providence. This event occurred in June 1636, and was the foundation of a new English settlement—a place of shelter, as Williams described it, 'for persons distressed for conscience.' Being situated beyond the

* Keightley's *History of England*.

† *Nappery*, linen, from the French *napper*, from which is formed *nappier* or *napper*, as *drapier* from *draper*. The reader may perhaps not remember that the person we now call a *draper*, was formerly called a *drappier*—as an instance, we may mention the celebrated *Draper's Letters*.

jurisdiction of New Plymouth and Massachusetts, the magistrates of these colonies had no proper title to interfere with the settlers in Providence, and they satisfied themselves with prognostications of disaster and ruin to a state which was so deficient in the elements of authority. Contrary to these anticipations, the young settlement thrived amazingly, by the flocking in of persons desirous of liberty to profess their peculiar religious opinions. To all who came, Williams, like a benevolent patriarch of old, gave freely of the lands he had acquired, and he is said to have left nothing for himself or family. As population accumulated, he felt the inconvenience of acting without legal sanction; and he accordingly proceeded to England in 1644, and procured a charter from Charles I., constituting an English colony under the title of the Plantations of Providence and Rhode Island. On the occasion of a second visit to England in 1663, Williams obtained a more comprehensive charter from Charles II.; and curiously enough, through every phase of history, the provisions of this latter document have continued, with certain modifications, to be the constitution of the state of Rhode Island.

The opportunity of visiting a spot hallowed by one of the noblest struggles for civil and religious liberty of which history offers an example, was not, I thought, to be neglected. I had only two days to spare previous to going seaward, and these I resolved on devoting to a pilgrimage to the small commonwealth founded by the immortal Roger Williams. So numerous are the railways diverging from Boston, that no difficulty is experienced in proceeding in the required direction. On a bright and clear Saturday morning, I took the line to Providence, situated at the distance of about forty-two miles in a southerly direction. The route pursued lay through a country of hill and valley, dotted over with rough shrubby woods, enclosed pasture-fields, and villages of white houses, where manufactures of some kind appeared to be carried on. These seats of industry are seen chiefly nestling in hollows, on the banks of small streams, where they enjoy a command of water, either for moving machinery or to aid in the process of manufacture. Everything denotes that we are passing through a district of the usual orderly New England character. At the several stations along the line, a respectable class of persons drop in and depart from the cars, and it seemed to me that the cars themselves were the neatest and most commodious I had yet seen in my excursion.

After clearing the minor places on its route, the train entered a spacious valley with an arm of the sea at its lower extremity; and here, on both sides of a tidal basin connected by bridges, stands the venerable city of Providence. It was my good-fortune to have made the acquaintance of a gentleman of the place in the course of my voyage across the Atlantic; and hospitably entertained by him on the present occasion, I was enabled to acquire much useful information respecting the locality. To get to my friend's residence, it was necessary to drive up a steep street leading from the central part of the town in an easterly direction towards a high level ground above, on which rows of handsome villas have recently been erected. The villas are, indeed, mostly of wood, but they are very pretty, with neat gardens in front, and gateways by which you may drive up to the door. Some have glass conservatories for flowers and tropical plants, connected with the drawing-rooms; and it is seen from other indications, that we have got among a class of dwellings inhabited by families of taste and opulence.

Temporarily settled in due of these suburban structures, I requested as a favour to be conducted to the spot where Roger Williams had landed in the

settlement. It was at no great distance. The site of the city of Providence, and this part of its environs, is a stretch of land between two indentations of the sea; and we have only to walk about a mile to the eastern boundary of the peninsula to find the subject of our research. A short ramble along a broad and newly laid out avenue, offering frontages for building-lots, led us to the brink of a high bank, from which we could look down on the memorable scene. Before us is a sea-water inlet, of no great breadth, with a sandy and rocky shore on each side, surmounted by rough, shrubby banks; all being as yet untouched by art, though probably destined to be involved in the traffic which in the first instance has settled around the harbour of Providence. By a rough path, we scrambled down the declivity to the water's edge, and there stood on the dark slaty rock from which Williams is said to have been saluted by the Indian. According to the legend, the words 'What cheer,' were employed on this occasion; and till the present day the seal of the city of Providence represents Williams standing, surmounted by 'What cheer' as a motto. 'What cheer' is the perpetual slogan of the Rhode Islanders. It is seen stamped on their public documents; and in the principal street of Providence, there has lately been erected a remarkably fine building, entitled 'What Cheer Hall.'

After visiting the landing-place of Williams, I proceeded towards the town in quest of other memorials of the apostle of toleration. Of these, however, not many are in existence. Williams, at his death, left nothing of an enduring kind but the memory of his good deeds, and over his mortal remains no monumental stone has been erected. The humble edifice, in which he ministered his long ago been succeeded by a larger and more handsome church pertaining to the Baptist communion. It is situated in the midst of an open piece of ground, on the slope of the hill near the town. On the brow of the eminence, from which a fine view is obtained, there has been erected a neat edifice for the accommodation of the Historical Society of Providence. Here, among many curiosities of an old date referring to colonial affairs, were shown some crown-charters, and in a mass of detached papers I had the pleasure of seeing several letters of Roger Williams, written in a small cramped hand, and yellow with age—almost the only relics which Providence can shew of its celebrated founder. Across the way, and at the same elevation, are situated various stone buildings devoted to the purposes of the Brown University—an institution directed by the Baptists, and under the presidency of Dr Wayland, author of a well-known treatise on moral philosophy. I looked through the library of the university, which consisted of 20,000 volumes of choice literature, kept in the finest order. In a more central part of the town, is the Athenæum, an establishment which combines a large library for general use with a reading-room, where I found a choice of English newspapers and periodicals. Providence possesses a variety of benevolent and disciplinary institutions, and is not behind any city of its size in New England for the number of its schools. On the Sunday during my stay, I attended one of the Congregational churches, in which a good practical discourse was delivered to a respectable audience. The population of Providence is about 37,000, who possess among them thirty-five churches of one kind or other; so that it can scarcely be said the tolerant doctrines of Williams have led to a neglect of religious ordinances.

Rhode Island possesses several other towns of importance, one of them being Newport, a place of fashionable summer resort, situated on the island which gives its name to the state. In its general industrial features, Rhode Island resembles the neighbouring New England states, being thickly studded with cotton, woollen, and other manufacturing establishments,

for which water-power presents numerous facilities. But more interesting than any of its material pursuits, is the singularly democratic character of its constitution, which, as has been said, differs little from that which was imparted by Charles II. to the colonists. While Massachusetts was placed under the authority of a governor delegated by the crown, the settlers of Rhode Island were empowered to elect a governor from among themselves, and the routine of the election has proceeded uninterruptedly since 1633. The revolution which overthrew the English authority in the states generally, was therefore attended with no novelties in the administration of Rhode Island. A governor, senate, and house of representatives are elected annually by the citizens of the state, the ordinary expenses of which, derived from a population of 117,000, and an area of 47 by 37 miles, are only 50,000 dollars. Besides this sum, the state expends directly from its treasury for education 35,000 dollars per annum, to which may be added 55,000 dollars raised by local assessment for the same purpose. The yearly salary of the governor, I understand, is 100 dollars. Think of £80 a year for a governor; and think also of another fact which excites equal surprise—a state in which more is expended for education than for the whole apparatus of civil government! Happy little state, which seems to go on flourishingly under a taxation of a dollar & hear everything included! And yet in this idyllicum there has been a rebellion. In 1832, an extreme party, much to the discredit of Rhode Island, took up arms to vindicate their irregular proceedings; but the community plucking up courage, quelled the insurrection with little trouble; and in 1843, the existing modified constitution was adopted with general approbation.

Settled into the condition of an old country, Rhode Island, like Massachusetts and Connecticut, does not offer a field for copious immigration; but I am warranted in saying that artisans, and almost every class of manual labourers, would have no difficulty in getting employment at good wages. At Providence, I was told of an Irish labourer who had contrived to save 1500 dollars, with which he cleared out for the western states, where land is still easily acquired. In the course of my conversation with gentlemen who called on me during my short stay in the place, I was questioned respecting the condition of the working-classes in Great Britain; the subject being apparently a matter of interest to those intelligent inquirers. The description I was able, from personal knowledge, to give of the ploughmen in Scotland was listened to with much surprise. 'A rural labourer of this class,' I said, 'is born and lives all his days in a humble cottage, thatched or slated, consisting only of one apartment, which contains two beds. The floor is of clay beaten hard, and is generally damp and productive of rheumatism. The inside of the walls is usually whitened, seldom plastered; and a ceiling is ordinarily made of old mats nailed to rafters, about seven feet from the floor. The furniture consists principally of half-a-dozen deal chairs, a deal table, some plain crockery, one or two iron pots, and a flat disk of iron, whereon to bake oat-cakes or bannocks of pease-meal. Besides this kind of bread, the food of the family consists of oatmeal-porridge, milk, hard cheese, and a little fried bacon; occasionally broth, with a modicum of meat. In the house of a thrifty ploughman, no tea, coffee, sugar, nor any luxury whatever is used, except on very rare occasions. To take up the ploughman at infancy, I continued, he goes to the parish school, which is perhaps three miles distant; and he is there instructed to read, write, and cipher, for which his parents pay the teacher a fee of from two to four shillings every quarter of a year. They also furnish him with books; one of these is a Bible—the reading of which is an ordinary lesson, with the committing of a catechism and some

psalms to his memory, as a task, usually constitute what in Scotland is called "a religious education." If the family is numerous, one juvenile, in corduroys and bare feet, is indulged with schooling only in alternate quarters. The schoolmaster may be good or bad; but even him the parents of pupils possess no control whatever. He is a fixture for life, and amenable only to the clergy of the Established Church, to whom he probably becomes a kind of sycophant. Should his life be extended to superannuation, no assistant can be legally imposed on him; and in some instances, accordingly, the education given is most miserable. What with this poor sort of schooling, herding cows, or helping at farm-work, the youth grows to manhood, and is hired at a country-fair to act as a ploughman. Young unmarried ploughmen are in some places lodged in huts by themselves, or accommodated with beds in the haylofts over the stables—in either case, greatly to their demoralisation. Getting over this critical period of his life, the ploughman marries, and a fresh family begins to enmesh him. The cottage he occupies is one of four or five, built in a row, not far from the farm-stead, and called collectively, "the hinds' houses." Each cottage is provided with a small garden for growing vegetables—but seldom has a single exterior accommodation of any kind. Coal, sticks gathered for fuel, and a dung-hill heaped in front or rear—a scene of dirt and confusion. In this habitation and the adjoining fields, the ploughman passes his days. For his remuneration, he has the use of his dwelling right-free; and besides a money-wage, has so much meal and other perquisites as make up a total of about £30 per annum; to which liberty to keep a pig and fowls are considered to be important additions. What he gives for all this is a hard servitude, admitting of little relaxation or intellectual improvement. He possesses no political privileges whatever. Piously, he is not recognised, further than being under the protection of the law, or as forming material for the militia ballot, when that is in operation. He is not called on to serve on any jury, or to take part in any parish or county meetings, or to vote for one thing or other. His condition, in short, when considered apart from religious consolations, is *without hope*. From his miserable earnings, after rearing a family, what, in old age, can he have saved? Unless aided by his daughters, some of whom may be in domestic service, or employed to work in the fields, he probably dies a parish pauper. Latterly, I added, an attempt has been made by the gentry to render the ploughmen's dwellings more consistent with decency and comfort, and in some places considerable improvements have been introduced.

'It appears to me,' said a gentleman present, 'that the condition of your rural labourers is little better than that of privileged serfs.'

'There is this great difference,' I observed, 'our rural, and all other classes of labourers, are not a degraded or despised caste. They are free, and, under fortunate circumstances, may rise from a humble to a high station.'

'True, so far,' was the reply. 'But the freedom you impart is associated with such depressing influences, that the chance of rising is very slender. The state of popular education in Scotland, according to your own account, is very bad; and in England it is worse. Only one-half of the women who are married in England can sign their names. Great numbers of the rural labourers cannot read. Your aristocracy, having insured the ignorance and incapacity of the peasantry, turn round and say they are unfitted to exercise any political privileges—a pretty kind of liberty that! The Americans are amused with the schemes resorted to in England for the purpose of promoting improved tastes among the humbler classes. Parties who, as members of the legislature, habitually vote against every reasonable plan for extending education

unite with benevolent ladies and gentlemen to offer premiums to the best cultivators of flowers, bees, and cabbages; and we observe by the *Times*, that a society in England holds out expectations of a prize of a new coat, with key metal-buttons, to every peasant who reaches sixty years of age, without demanding or receiving relief from the parish! Anything rather than educate the people—charity rather than justice!

I was glad to say in answer to these remarks, that at present considerable efforts were being made to extend education in Great Britain, which would at no distant day be successful. The circumstance of so many English travellers inquiring into the methods of popular instruction in the United States, showed that attention was directed to the subject.

'As you, then,' said my acquaintance, 'are making inquiries of this nature, be pleased to understand—that the education of all is a paramount necessity of our condition. For our own safety, we must educate the people; whereas in Great Britain, where the humbler classes have no political privileges, it appears to be a matter of indifference whether they are educated or not.'

It is unnecessary to continue my notes of this conversation. The last remark may be said to have brought out the philosophy of the question. Elementary education, so far as to enable every freeman to exercise the duties of citizenship with credit to himself and without danger to his neighbours, is a state-necessity in America. But we should be doing injustice to leave it to be supposed, that this guiding principle dates from the era of American independence. It is English, not American; and originated with the rule of the Pilgrim Fathers, who, with all their pragmatical and intolerant notions, had so high a sense of the advantages of elementary instruction, that one of their first public acts was to 'enjoin upon the municipal authorities the duty of seeing that every child within their jurisdictions should be educated.' This was as early as 1642; since which period, the system of elementary schools has been improved in various ways, and firmly established throughout the New England States, whence it has extended to other parts of the Union.

A few facts respecting the system of education in the parent state of Massachusetts, may here be adverted to. In the first place, the education is conducted at the public expense, and therefore no fees are paid by pupils. The doctrine on this point is—that the public highway is not more open and free for every man in the community, than is the public school-house for every child; and each parent feels that a free education is as secure a part of the birthright of his offspring, as Heaven's bounties of light and air. The state not only commands that the means of education should be provided for all, but she denounces penalties against all individuals, and all towns and cities, however populous or powerful they may be, that shall presume to stand between her bounty and its recipients. In her righteous code, the interception of knowledge is a crime; and if parents are unable to supply their children with books, she becomes a parent, and supplies them.*

The next remarkable feature of the common-school system of Massachusetts is, that it is under the administration of a general board of education, with local boards elected by all who pay school-rates. No corporations, lay or ecclesiastic, have anything to say in the matter. Schools are erected in districts, or divisions of towns, according to the wants of the population, as ascertained by a periodical census. The laws regulating the number of schools are exceedingly minute in their provisions. In 1850, the population of Massachusetts was 994,499, or close upon a million. Two years later—that is, in 1852—there were in the state 202,880 children between

five and fifteen years of age, for whose education the sum of 921,532 dollars was raised by public means, being very nearly a dollar for every inhabitant. Of the above number of children, the mean average attendance at the common schools was 141,187. It appears, however, that 20,812 attended private schools and academies; so that the entire number of children habitually at school was 165,289, or about 1 in 6 of the population. In none of the reports, coming under my notice is any explanation given of the cause why the attendance falls so far short of the actual number of children. On inquiring into the circumstance, it was said that many parents were satisfied with sending their children three months in the year to school; the extreme temperature in winter and summer was also said to cause irregularity of attendance; and a heavy complaint was made against foreigners, more particularly Irish, for not taking care to send their children regularly to the free-schools. In Massachusetts there are laws against truancy: parents who neglect to enforce the attendance of their children at the free-schools, or any private school of their own choosing, being liable in penalties; but I fear these laws are loosely executed.

In the appointment of teachers, no religious test is imposed: it being sufficient that they are of a sound moral character, and competent for their duties. I believe that much difficulty is experienced in finding teachers who will attach themselves permanently to their situations; and the constant shifting tends to interrupt and injure the routine of instruction.

The state, in enjoining universal education, does not consider itself entitled to prescribe instruction in any specific religious doctrines—these being left to be taught by parents, by religious pastors, or by other private agencies. The teacher, however, is recommended to begin the duties of the day by reading a portion of the Scriptures, or by repeating the Lord's Prayer. The absence of direct religious instruction is represented by a recent English traveller as a defect in the New England system, which is leading to universal demoralisation. I feel assured that this, like some other faults with which the Americans are charged, is a gross misrepresentation, founded on the views of interested parties—for even in New England, certain denominations are chagrined at not being allowed to monopolise the duty of imparting, at the expense of the state, their own peculiar tenets.* Much, I was

In connection with this subject, I may introduce the following passage from the *National Monthly* (December 1853), a respectable periodical published in New York: 'At the present moment an important discussion is going on in England in reference to popular education, and the question has been not a little embarrassed by reports from certain sources in this country, that our system tends to a widespread and confirmed infidelity, and to great laxity of morals. It is a significant fact, that these opinions have only been advanced by those who were previously committed to the advocacy of parochial or sectarian schools. The discussion has been of great service, however; for it has awakened the community to the importance of insisting upon high moral qualifications in their instructors, and upon decided Christian discipline in the schools. An interesting inquiry, suggested by an English gentleman, was made in reference to the statements above alluded to, under the direction of certain friends of the Massachusetts Board of Education. The object of the inquiry was to discover how many of the attendants upon the common schools were also members of Sabbath-schools, and were receiving religious instruction through this instrumentality. The result reached, by examining the schools in Boston, Lowell, and representative towns in commercial and agricultural districts, was that, on an average, 80 per cent. of all the children connected with the common schools were at the time of the examination, or had been connected with the Sabbath-school, and were receiving, through this important instrumentality, religious culture. This was, indeed, an unexpected and gratifying result, justifying a remark that has somewhere been made—that the Sabbath-school is the *crucial* of the common school.'

* Report on Common Schools of Massachusetts, by Horace Mann. 1849.

told, is done to extend religious instruction on a footing of kindly interest, by means of Sabbath-evening classes; and so far as I may judge, from what fell under my notice at Boston, an extraordinary degree of attention is given to this kind of instruction by young persons of both sexes, connected with different congregations. I may add, that if the people are not animated by moral and religious convictions, they greatly belie outward appearance; for it is certain that no such scenes of loathsome vice or intemperance are seen in Boston as may be witnessed in the streets of Edinburgh or Glasgow.

I can positively affirm, from personal observation, that, in point of general discipline, the American schools greatly excel any I have ever seen in Great Britain. In Canada and in the States, every suitable provision is made for the purposes of decency—a thing usually neglected in the parish and burgh school-system of Scotland. I was much pleased with the arrangements in the American schools to prevent disorder, or improper interference one with another among the pupils. All are seated at small desks, not more than two together, in rows; so that the teacher can conveniently reach every seat in the school. It is customary, likewise, to cause all the pupils to enter and depart slowly and decorously, instead of being suffered, as I observe, often, in some of the more pretentious schools of Edinburgh, to rush rudely out like so many wild animals. In Massachusetts, and generally in the States, the plan of imparting a free education according to abilities, is pursued through several grades—primary, intermediate, and grammar schools, such as have been noticed in New York; and I would, from the bare knowledge of this fact, ask any one to compare so wide a range of instruction at the public cost, with the meagre and antiquated routine of elementary education legally maintained in Scotland, and which some persons complacently represent as the perfection of human wisdom. Boston, with a population of about 150,000, appropriates £30,000 dollars for the support of public schools, being more than a fourth of the whole city taxes; and as the number of pupils is nearly 23,000, the yearly cost of educating each child is therefore about fifteen dollars. In what city in Great Britain could we find the inhabitants voluntarily taxing themselves to give every child an education at £15 a head? Besides her elementary and advanced schools, her normal schools, and her university, Massachusetts supports a State Reform School at Westborough. It is on the principle of an industrial institution—work of various kinds, including field-labour, being given to the inmates. To this school, young persons from seven to eighteen or nineteen years of age are sent by courts of justice, for petty offences. Of 724 committed since the opening of the school, 115 were born in foreign countries, mostly in Ireland.

Looking at Massachusetts as a small and comparatively sterile state, of only a million of inhabitants, it is matter of astonishment that she does so much for social amelioration. 'For public, free education alone,' says Horace Mann, in the paper already quoted, 'Massachusetts expends annually more than a million of dollars. To support religious institutions for the worship of God and the salvation of men, she annually expends more than another million; and what she gives away, in the various forms of charity, far exceeds a third sum of equal magnitude. For the support of the poor, nine-tenths of whose cost originate with foreigners, or come from one prolific vice whose last convulsive energies she is now struggling to subdue, she annually pays more than 300,000 dollars; for the support and improvement of public highways, she pays a much larger sum; and, within the last dozen or fourteen years, she has invested a capital in railways, within and without the state, of nearly or quite 60 millions of dollars.' Whence comes all this wealth? asks this

forid writer; and the answer is ready: 'One copious, exhaustless fountain supplies all this abundance. It is Education—the intellectual, moral, and religious education of the people.' I am glad to be able to present this as the opinion of one who may be presumed to be better acquainted with the kind of instruction which is generally imparted, than any stranger who makes a casual visit to Massachusetts.

I have elsewhere had occasion to refer to the general neatness of the dwellings of the operative-classes in America, their self respect and orderly conduct, their love of reading and anxiety to improve their circumstances; and that these qualities are in no small degree a result of a system of universal school instruction, we have the best testimony in the special Reports of Mr George Wallis and Mr Joseph Whitworth, concerning the New York Industrial Exhibition, laid before parliament a few months ago. A few passages from these interesting Reports may not be here out of place.

Speaking of American workmen, Mr Wallis observes, 'that no one can fail to be impressed with the advantages derived from the long and well-directed attention paid to the education of the whole people by the public-school systems of the New England States and of the state of Pennsylvania. Here, where sound and systematic education has been longest and, in all probability, most perfectly carried out, the greatest manufacturing developments are to be found; and here it is also where the greatest portion of the skilled workmen of the United States are educated, alike in the simplest elements of knowledge, as in the most skilful application of their ingenuity to the useful arts and the manufacturing industry of their country, and from whence they are spread over the vast territories of the Union, becoming the originators, directors, and, ultimately, the proprietors of establishments which would do no discredit to the manufacturing states of Europe.' Mr Wallis goes on to say—'As there is no apprenticeship-system, properly so called, the more useful the youth engaged in any industrial pursuit becomes to his employer, the more profitable it is for himself. Bringing a mind prepared by thorough school-discipline, and educated up to a far higher standard than those of a much superior social grade in society in the Old World, the American working-boy develops rapidly into the skilled artisan; and having once mastered one part of his business, he is never content until he has mastered all. Doing one mechanical operation well, and only that one, does not satisfy him or his employer. He is ambitious to do something more than a set task, and, therefore, he must learn all. The second part of his trade he is allowed to learn as a reward for becoming master of the first; and so on to the end, if he may be said ever to arrive at that. The restless activity of mind and body—the anxiety to improve his own department of industry—the facts constantly before him of ingenious men who have solved economic and mechanical problems to their own profit and elevation—are all stimulative and encouraging; and it may be said, that there is not a working-boy of average ability in the New England States, at least, who has not an idea of some mechanical invention or improvement in manufactures, by which, in good time, he hopes to better his position, or rise to fortune and social distinction.'

At present, a body of operative carpenters in a large town in England have struck work, in consequence of their employers having introduced machinery into their establishments. Facts of this kind continually occurring in Great Britain, contrast strangely with the statements presented by Mr Whitworth respecting the eagerness with which American operatives, through a superior intelligence, assist in promoting mechanical contrivances. He says, 'wherever machinery can be introduced as a substitute for manual labour, it is universally and willingly

resorted to; of this the facts stated in my Report contain many conclusive proofs, but I may here specially refer, as examples, to plough-making, where eight men are able to finish 80 per day; to door-making, where twenty men make 100 panelled doors per day; to last-making, the process of which is completed in 1½ minutes; to sewing by machinery, where one woman does the work of 20; to net-making, where one woman does the work of 100. It is this condition of the labour-market, and this eager resort to machinery wherever it can be applied, to which, under the guidance of superior education and intelligence, the remarkable prosperity of the United States is mainly due.' He afterwards mentions, that 'the results which have been obtained in the United States, by the application of machinery wherever it has been practicable to manufactures, are rendered still more remarkable by the fact, that combinations to resist its introduction are there unheard of. The workmen hail with satisfaction all mechanical improvements, the importance and value of which, as releasing them from the drudgery of unskilled labour, they are enabled by education to understand and appreciate.' Mr Whitworth concludes by saying, that 'the principles which ought to regulate the relations between the employer and employed seem to be thoroughly understood and appreciated in the United States; and while the law of limited liability affords the most ample facilities for the investment of capital in business, the intelligent and educated artisan is left equally free to earn all he can, by making the best use of his hands, without let or hindrance by his fellows. It rarely happens that a workman who possesses peculiar skill in his craft is disqualified to take the responsible position of superintendent, by the want of education and general knowledge, as is frequently the case in this country. In every state in the Union, and particularly in the north, education is, by means of the common schools, placed within the reach of each individual, and all classes avail themselves of the opportunities afforded.' But in the United States there is another element of improvement in ceaseless operation—the press. 'The desire of knowledge so early implanted is greatly increased, while the facilities for diffusing it are amply provided through the instrumentality of an almost universal press. No taxation of any kind has been suffered to interfere with the free development of this powerful agent for promoting the intelligence of the people; and the consequence is, that where the humblest labourer can indulge in the luxury of his daily paper, everybody reads, and thought and intelligence penetrate through the lowest grades of society. The benefits which thus result from a liberal system of education and a cheap press to the working-classes of the United States, can hardly be overestimated in a national point of view; but it is to the co-operation of both that they must undoubtedly be ascribed. For if, selecting a proof from among the European states, the condition of Prussia be considered, it will be found that the people of that country, as a body, have not made that progress which, from the great attention paid to the education of all classes, might have been anticipated; and this must certainly be ascribed to the restrictions laid upon the press, which have so materially impeded the general advancement of the people. Wherever education and an unrestricted press are allowed full scope to exercise their united influence, progress and improvement are the certain results; and among the many benefits which arise from their joint co-operation, may be ranked most prominently the value which they teach men to place upon intelligent contrivance, the readiness with which they cause new improvements to be received, and the impulse which they thus unavoidably give to that inventive spirit which is gradually emancipating man from the rude forms of labour, and making what were regarded as the luxuries of one age to be looked

upon in the next as the ordinary and necessary conditions of human existence.'

It would be easy, if room permitted, to extend our observations on the subject of elementary education in the New England and other states. What has been said is enough to show that in this department of public affairs, the Americans—and I may add, the Canadians—have got completely the start of the people of Great Britain, who indeed, in this respect, are behind the English Puritans of the seventeenth century—behind even John Knox, a century earlier. While generation after generation in England is passing away imperfectly instructed for the present, and as imperfectly prepared for a future state of existence, our American brethren, unimpeded by obstructions of any kind, have shot far ahead, and are carrying the triumphs of free and universal education to limits scarcely so much as dreamed of in this country. W. C.

THE TRUTH OF THE MIRROR.

MIRRORS have been in use since the days when Eve made her toilet by the streams of Paradise; and all her daughters—ay, and her sons too, if truth must be told—have resorted to them, whether in the form of the clear fountain, or the polished steel, or the modern looking-glass. But we do not mean to treat of their history or manufacture. We take them as we find them—a necessity of life. What house does not possess a mirror?—from the large cheval mirror, with its gorgeous gilding, in which the high-born beauty arrays herself for the ball, reflecting the floating lace, the wreath-bound tresses, and even the satin-shod feet, down to the little cracked disk, bound with red painted wood, hanging on the wall of the garret where the poor seamstress plies her task, in which she smooths her hair, and sees it growing gray so soon, and in which she looks upon the face of her only friend.

It is not with the outward form, but with the *morale* of the mirror we have to do; and we presume that the morality of a mirror consists in its truth, a virtue we believe capable of producing every other—the quality of sincerity standing highest in our esteem. Many are the accusations brought against the mirror on the score of flattery; but we set them down as altogether groundless. At anyrate, the glass of nature is, we think, more open to this charge than any other. The rustic beauty of whatever clime, who has to rise from her couch and proceed to the fountain before she can arrange her sleep-dishevelled tresses, as she looks down into its watery depths, sees a more flattering representation of herself, in the clear yet softened outline it gives to view, than if she beheld herself reflected in the crystal of the boudoir. Mirrors have been likewise accused of the opposite and far less pardonable breach of truth. Now, we will not deny that there are individuals of the class to be met with, though chiefly of great age and plebeian origin, which have a quite wonderful propensity for elongation and extension of the visage, or of some one of its particular members; and we have met with one which, at a certain point of view, reflected double; but, in general, they bear a deservedly fair character for singleness and truth, so as to render their testimony worthy of credit.

'You are very beautiful,' says the mirror, as one looks into it with glancing eye, and cheek of damask, and brow of snow; and she who looks therein, twines the jetty curl round her finger, and, with a smile that shows the pearly teeth, acknowledges the truth; and

that consciousness makes her lovelier still. It is an exalting thought, that she is the fairest thing in nature; and she can no more help rejoicing in it than the flower can help expanding in the sunshine, or waving in the breeze.

'You will spoil that pretty face and graceful figure with your affectation,' says the mirror to the lady before it, practising attitudes, and trying the effect of various smiles, from the faintest possible motion of the lip, to the teeth-displaying, dimple-compelling laugh; but the monitor speaks in vain, while it mocks her grimaces with its calm clear integrity. She only sees it return her own admiring gaze. Be comforted, good mirror; thou art not the only neglected truth-teller in the world.

'You are very plain, miss,' pronounces the mirror; and the quiet smile that answers says:

'I know I am; but I want to look as well as I can, for all that!' Again the mirror speaks unheeded, while it declares that the glow of inward satisfaction from that unknown deep of beneficence and kindness, or that unacknowledged act of self-denial, has diffused itself over those uninteresting features, and made them almost lovely.

'And you will be an old maid,' resumes the mirror, though with a little shade of hesitation.

'What although?' is the return: 'I think it possible for an old maid to be happy. Affections which have no near objects on which to expend their wealth, need not therefore lack, in a world like this, their legitimate exercise.'

'But if, after all, your affection and your sympathy should meet with no return? if these should be as unsought as your love?' The lip quivered a little, and the eyes were suffused, but the mirror answered itself: 'They will serve to beautify your own soul.'

'You are growing old,' the mirror whispers daily to the man and woman of the world. Oh, would they but listen to the solemn truths it preaches from the text of their gray hairs! But he does not stop to notice the hard, lines of eager worldliness that have gathered round his lips and on his brow; and she, whose glass sees her off as she is, as she arrays herself in her false graces, forgets that her life is false still.

'You are a villain, and you know it,' frowns the faithful mirror on its *vis-à-vis*. She was a wise mother who brought a looking-glass to her child during a fit of passion, to let her see its deformity in the workings of her face; and let any one come to the mirror after the commission of a deed of meanness, cruelty, or vice, and he will assuredly find an accuser there. We have fancied there was something solemn in standing face to face with ourselves; the facts of our life read strangely in that book; the reflection seems a second conscience. Action always leaves its traces, more or less distinctly, more or less permanently, on the features. Sometimes these traces are gradually obliterated in the lapse of time by means of a change in the conduct and its attendant thoughts; but if no change takes place, the lines, by imperceptible touches, become ineradicable. What are the hideous faces to be met with among the outcasts of society, but extreme examples of this? Men are naturally physiognomists. We remember our own intense predilection in our childhood for those who were possessed of personal beauty, and we believe the feeling is, more or less, common to all children. And though we have since then learned to discriminate better, and to know that moral and physical beauty are often dissociated, we still believe that, however separated for a time, a unity subsists between them which will manifest itself in the end. This we know—a life spent in virtue and benevolence, never fails to make the exterior of the man a sharer in its beauty; the light within radiates outwards,

and penetrates in some measure its veil of flesh; while avarice, harshness, and sensuality never fail, on the other hand, to stamp their degrading impress on the face of age.

PRIZE-MONEY.

Sweet is prize-money—especially to seamen.—BYRON.

ACCORDING to an old story, once upon a time a sailor on board a ship just going into action, was observed in an attitude of prayer; and in answer to a question, he made known unto all whom it might concern, that he was praying that the enemy's balls might be apportioned like prize-money—the lion's share among the officers! The joke may excite a curiosity to know what are the relative proportions of prize-money assigned to officers and men. We shall adduce a famous instance by way of answer to the inquiry. In 1799, the four British frigates, *Naicat*, *Ethalion*, *Alcmene*, and *Triton*, captured the two Spanish frigates, *Thetis* and *Santa-Brigida*, bound from Vera Cruz to Spain with specie, &c. The treasure in the *Thetis* was worth £311,690; and the other prize contained as much or more specie, besides a valuable cargo of cochineal, &c. The prizes were safely carried to Plymouth, and the treasure was forwarded, with much pomp, to London, and deposited in the Bank of England. The prize-money, exclusive of the value of the bulls and stores of the Spanish frigates, was distributed among the officers and crews of the British frigates in the following rates:—

Captains, - - - -	each	£10,730	18	0
Lieutenants, - - - -	"	5,091	7	3
Warrant-officers, - - - -	"	2,463	10	94
Midshipmen, &c. - - - -	"	791	17	04
Seamen and Marines, - - - -	"	172	4	94

When a ship is captured, a prize-crew is immediately sent on board to take possession, and navigate it to the nearest available port, where, if it proves a legal capture, it is condemned by the Vice-Admiralty Court, and the vessel and all it contains then becomes the sole property of the officers and crew of the ship or ships which effected the capture. Her Majesty's new order in council, dated March 29, 1851, clearly defines the mode in which the distribution of prize-money is now to be effected:—'Ships being in sight of the prize, as also of the captor, under circumstances to cause intimidation to the enemy, and encouragement to the captor, shall be alone entitled to share as joint-captors.' Such is one of the clauses, and we quote it for the purpose of making a remark on the subject. It is perfectly fair so far as it goes, but it is not comprehensive enough. We understand that considerable dissatisfaction has already been expressed on this point by the seamen serving in the largest ships of the grand Baltic fleet. Their grievance is this: A number of line-of-battle ships cruise twenty miles, it may be, off some port of the enemy; and meanwhile one or two small frigates or sloops belonging to the fleet boldly venture in and pick up numbers of the enemy's merchantmen, which become sole prizes to their captors; for as the line-of-battle ships are not *in sight*, they can claim no share of the prizes. On the other hand, the frigates and sloops dared not have gone inshore to seize their prey had not the line-of-battle ships been in the offing—a fact which, of course, served to intimidate the enemy, and prevented him from sending forth his own ships-of-war to resist the English frigates. It really is as though the jackal seized prey in the name and by the authority of his patron the lion, and then impudently kept all for himself! In a sea so shallow as the Baltic, huge ships of twenty and five-and-twenty feet draught cannot possibly run inshore to pick up prizes; and unless an action takes place on a large scale, the jackals will wax fat, whilst the lions famish! As concerns the residue of the order in council, we need

only mention here, that, after providing, in the usual manner, for the right of the *flag*—or commanding-officer of any fleet, squadron, &c.—the residue of the net prize-money is divisible in ten classes: the first class receiving each person forty *per cent* shares, and so on to the tenth class; namely, youngest boys, who receive only one share each. Government also pays *head-money* for taking, sinking, burning, or destroying ships of war or privateers of the enemy—that is, so much for each of the enemy's crew who are proved to have been on board at the commencement of the engagement. We have read that the French used to pay, according to their prize-law, the sum of 3500 francs for each long gun or carronade on board any of our men-of-war captured. We may also here add, that when an English man-of-war on a cruise or a station in war-time, fits out a *tender*, or small vessel, and sends it forth to cruise for the enemy's merchantmen or privateers, all the prizes made by this tender are shared equally with the crew of the man-of-war to which she belongs. Mr. James, the naval historian, has noticed this, and justly observes, that 'it is not the sole misfortune under which the commanding-officer of a tender labours, that, while he incurs all the risk and all the responsibility, he only shares prize-money as one of the lieutenants of the flag-ship: the case is harder where that flag-ship remains idle in port; otherwise the prizes she might make by cruising would perhaps afford to the tender's commander a counterbalancing advantage.' By the new regulations, the common seaman's share of prize-money is increased. If the law continues as it was formerly, Greenwich Hospital receives a percentage on all prize-money, and also from unclaimed shares, and shares belonging to men who have deserted.

When a prize is carried into port, it is put in the hands of a *prize-agent*, whose duty it is to see to her condemnation by the court, and to effect a fair and proper distribution of prize-money among the captors, from the sale of the hull and all it contains. Many of these prize-agents, during the last war, realised immense fortunes by iniquitously abusing their very responsible trust. They made enormous overcharges for their services, and in various other ways scandalously robbed both officers and men of that which they had won at risk of life and limb. At length, in 1811, Mr. George Rose, of the Navy Pay-office, exposed their doings to the Lords of the Admiralty, and brought to light almost incredible delinquencies, as we learn from copies of his official letters lying before us. In one case—that of a Russian frigate and store-ship, detained by the fleet at Smyrna—the net sum to be distributed as prize-money was £73,000, and the agent charged no less than £9306, 6s. 9d. for his labour! He was compelled to refund £6630 of this, and to pay all costs of the suit-at-law for its recovery. This was by no means an unusual case. Some prize-agents managed to pocket more than one-half of the money passing through their hands. Enemy's vessels captured on foreign stations were condemned there by courts appointed for the purpose; and the captors were fleeced of their prize-money by agents and proctors in much the same manner as in England. During the first eight years of the war—1803 to 1811—about 6000 vessels were condemned as prizes in Great Britain, and at least 3000 were similarly condemned in colonial jurisdictions. Prizes to the amount of a million and a half sterling were, on the average, condemned annually. So systematically did the prize-agents, &c., at some foreign stations, pocket the greater portion of the net proceeds from condemned prizes, that Lord Cochrane declared in the House of Commons, when moving for the production of returns relative to the Admiralty Court at Malta, that it was hardly worth while for English cruisers to seize the vessels of the enemy, and to risk the expenses of their condemnation, &c. He shewed the House a Malta proctor's bill, which measured *six fathoms and a quarter*

in length! He said that this person acted both as proctor and marshal of the court, and 'in one character charged for attending on himself in the other!'

In numerous cases, when a prize was legally condemned, years elapsed ere any distribution of the proceeds was announced, and in the interval, very many of the claimants for shares had died, or were scattered over the globe. We have a curiously constructed table before us, shewing the distribution of prizes from 1803 to 1810. We perceive that the proceeds of eighteen prizes taken in 1803, were not distributed to the captors till the seventh year after capture. How many men survived to receive their shares in this instance? At the time when the distribution was advertised, how many were at home to receive their due? When the *Rattlesnake* returned home in 1811 from the East Indies, only one man of her original crew remained in her: death, removals, and desertions had disposed of all the rest. But the prize-agents had a short and easy method of providing for such contingencies. They used to persuade ignorant seamen to make wills in their favour, and in this way alone reaped much ill-gotten gain. Mr. Rose says, in one of his letters to the Admiralty, that 'one agent for seamen, resident near Chatham, had wills by him with his name printed on them as the *frigate of the persons who were to execute them*; and this man lately produced at my Office a will made by a private marine bequeathing to him £1800 personal property, besides all his pay, prize-money, and clothes, although he had a brother and two legitimate children living.' This will was legally executed; but Mr. Rose managed to induce the coroner's agent to surrender his claim in favour of the orphan children of the deceased marine.

We have given the above details relative to the gross malversation of prize-agents in the last great war, principally to shew how our seamen were formerly plundered on every bagel. Thousands of poor fellows fought desperately, and huzzaned when the enemy's colours came down, fancying they had won ships which would yield them plenty of prize-money, when, in reality, they had only risked their lives to enrich an agent living like a lord on shore; and the odds were tip to one that poor Jack himself did not live to touch a dollar of the thousands he had won by his skill and valour. We presume that a very different system will prevail during the present war. It surely is not too much to expect that the government will take care that captured vessels are adjudicated with the least possible delay, and, if condemned, their proceeds promptly distributed in an equitable manner, instead of melting away in the hands of unscrupulous agents. Worse management than prevailed fifty years ago, is scarcely possible. In 1810, the proceeds of thirty-seven prizes were advertised for distribution, which had been withheld from nine to fifteen years, owing to the cupidity of the agents!

PLIGHTED TROTIL.

ALTHOUGH every day, and almost every hour, a Flemish *ménage* is scrubbed, scoured, waxed, and put in order, the Saturday is not the less consecrated, from time immemorial, to an especial cleansing, which, though nearly useless, is nevertheless accomplished with singular punctuality and fidelity. Floods of water deluge the red slabs of baked earth, that compose the paving of the apartments; and when the busy housewives cease at length to lash the water with their brooms, considering that they have done their duty by the floors, they then fall upon the furniture and utensils. Bath-brick replaces water; and with the aid of a few soft rags, every door-handle and copper

saucy-pan assumes the appearance and the brilliancy of the most precious metal.

It was in such labours that old Brigitta, who had been in the service of the Schaurmans family thirty years, occupied herself one Saturday with unrelaxed solicitude and perseverance. The object of her especial care was an enormous skuttle of fine copper, in which, so bright was it with incessant polishing, were reflected the smallest details of the court in which Brigitta was engaged at her task. What does the active servant behold in her copper mirror, that can cause her to start so violently, and gaze upon it with so blank a countenance?

The reason of her dismay was this: at one of the windows of the house, to which her back was turned, but which was clearly reflected upon the skuttle, she observed her young mistress in the act of leaning towards a young man, and allowing him to kiss her forehead. Then the indiscreet mirror shewed the thoughtless couple exchanging rings, kneeling side by side, and holding their hands towards heaven.

What would people say if it ever got to be known in the town of Swal? The daughter of the richest citizen of the province of Overijssel to love a poor painter without fortune and without reputation! What was to be done? Ought not Brigitta herself, like a faithful and devoted servant, acquaint her master with what she had discovered? But this would be to betray a secret she had arrived at accidentally—a secret, too, whose revelation would entail tears and endless despair upon her dear young mistress. The old merchant, her father, would doubtless be pitiless, and conduct himself with the utmost rigour towards her. Brigitta's tears fell upon the brilliant skuttle, where they glittered like pearls. The good woman wiped them away, re-entered the house, and busied herself in preparing the family-supper. While thus occupied, her mind unceasingly dwelt upon the scene of which she had been the involuntary witness. Nightfall came at length, and she ascended to Marie's chamber, where she found her young mistress without a light, and sobbing violently.

'What is the matter, dear child?' asked Brigitta compassionately, pressing the poor girl's hand.

'Oh, my dearest nurse! it is a very sad secret, that I dare not confide even to your tenderness. Brigitta, listen—O no! no! I dare not.' And Marie hid her face on the bosom of the old domestic.

'Well, to save you the pain of confessing your secret and your fault, dear, I will tell you that accident has discovered to me the love with which you have inspired the young painter. I saw you this morning allow him to take a kiss; then you exchanged rings; lastly, you prayed and wept together.'

'You know all, Brigitta! How is this? Never has a single word of tenderness escaped the lips of Gerard Terburg; only for some time he has been exceedingly absent and melancholy. To-day he said to me: "I depart to-morrow for Spain, there to make myself a name, to become rich, and then return to Flanders for a wife." At these words, I nearly fainted. He continued: "For all this, four years are necessary. If you were the young girl whom I love, would you have confidence in the success of the poor painter? Would you wait four years to become his wife?" Then I leaned towards him, Brigitta; he kissed my forehead; we exchanged rings; we prayed and wept together.'

'And messire your father, mademoiselle, what will he say to all this?'

'I shall hide my secret until Gerard's return.'

'But if your father should decide upon marrying you?'

'I shall refuse all proposals of the kind.'

'But if he insists upon obedience?'

'I shall die!' cried the young girl with the resolution of despair.

Brigitta, as might have been expected, became from this time the consoler and confidante of her youthful mistress. It was to Brigitta that Marie related all her inquietudes; it was to Brigitta she would sometimes say: 'My father has this evening proposed another lover. I have refused, and have had to endure his anger and his complaints. The good servant was not merely a passive recipient of Marie's confidence, she had likewise become the accomplice of her love and her resistance. She even partook of the affection of the young enthusiast for her absent lover, whom they now expected daily, for the four years had at length expired.

But, alas! Terburg did not reappear. Marie was at first devoured by anxiety, then resigned herself to despair; for, thus to fail in the sacred promise he had given, her lover must be dead. Brigitta endeavoured to combat this belief, while adopting it as the sole probability; for the idea of treason or forgetfulness on the part of Terburg could not occur to the pure and upright imaginations of these two simple-hearted women.

However the case might really stand, Marie's despair merged by little and little into a species of gentle and resigned melancholy, which, nevertheless, totally precluded the idea of her forming any other engagement. She dismissed all suitors for her hand as she had formerly refused the lovers presented by her father, for the old gentleman had died five years after the departure of Terburg. Free to please herself, she resolved to devote to celibacy the life which she had not been able to consecrate to the happiness of him whom she yet loved, and whom she believed to be in heaven, with her father. Like all tender, deceived, or isolated souls, she found in religion a mysterious solace for her woes. Her immense fortune was devoted to works of charity, in which she had a zealous coadjutor in Brigitta, who grew old without becoming infirm. Together they visited the poor, and spread around them happiness and ease by large and judicious alms. Every one in the little town of Swal knew and loved the *Demoiselle Schaurmans*.

Forty years thus elapsed. Brigitta was now ninety; and the pretty little fair-haired Fleming, whose graceful features had formerly been reflected in the copper mirror, had become a sober personage of fifty-eight years, whose plump figure harmonised in the happiest manner with her benevolent physiognomy. However, neither this *embourgeoisement* nor the great age of Brigitta had had the power to deprive the two women of any portion of their activity. This was still so unimpaired, that towards the autumn of 1678, they undertook a journey to Haarlem upon we know not what business.

There they alighted at the best hotel in the town. But, unluckily, all the rooms were occupied, with the exception of one, which was disputed by a traveller who had arrived at the same time with Mademoiselle Schaurmans. He was a blunt little old man, and not at all disposed to cede his rights. Mademoiselle Schaurmans, habituated in her small town to the deference and the regard secured to her by her large fortune, and the respect her character inspired, was much wounded by the rudeness with which the stranger insisted upon his claim; and Brigitta could not refrain from observing aloud, that a lady being in question, it was the duty of a polite man to yield his rights, if he had any, to her mistress.

'At our age,' replied the contradictory old fellow, 'there is neither sex nor gallantry. We are two old people, that is all; we need the same cares. A bad night would be equally disagreeable to me, as, to

madame. I have a right to the chamber, and I shall keep it.' So the two tired women were compelled, at eight o'clock in the evening, to seek refuge in another hotel, where they arrived shivering with cold, and in the worst possible humour.

'Well, indeed!' exclaimed Brigitta, as she examined the mattresses of their beds, which were hard and uncomfortable; 'what brute that man is!'

'I never beheld a more ugly and disagreeable countenance,' said her mistress.

'Such a singular appearance, with his toothless mouth, his bald pate, and his great gony feet!'

'We are two old people,' said he. Like his impudence! to compare a woman of fifty odd to an old *podagre* of eighty at the least.'

'Yes, he is most disagreeable. I am certain he can never have been supportable, even in his youth.'

'From the moment I entered the hotel, he inspired me with instinctive aversion.'

The stranger, on his part, expressed himself with no more moderation than the two females. 'Upon my word,' he said, 'to be expected, for the sake of a fat old woman like that, to put myself out of the way, and expose myself to take cold. It would comport well with my age and appearance to commit such a folly!'

His valet-de-chambre interrupted him in the midst of these unenvil reflections. 'The ladies that have just left,' he said, 'have taken with their own luggage one of your cases by mistake; and I believe it is the one containing a picture.'

'My picture!' cried the old man—'my picture! probably my best! The only work of my youth I have preserved. Run, Pierre, run to the neighbouring hotel, where these two old women are lodged. Stop: I will go myself.' And with the vivacity of a young man, he took his stick, and went hastily to the two ladies. Entering without any announcement, he found them in tears.

Like worthy daughters of Eve, they had opened the case. The picture therein contained represented the farewell that had taken place forty years previously between Gerard and Marie. Mademoiselle Schaurmans and her ancient lover regarded each other for a long time in silence, without being able to discern in the withered visages of either any trace of the features so lovingly preserved in their remembrances, and still doubting whether they really stood before each other. Then they approached, and joined hands. 'Marie!' exclaimed Terburg, falling on his knees before her, 'can you ever forgive me?'

'Alas! what matter,' exclaimed she with a calm joy—'what matter at our age the past follies and errors of youth? I find only a friend, a brother. Thank God for it!'

'A husband, Marie! Why not realise now, old as we are, the dreams of other times?'

'O no—no!' murmured the comely old lady, a slight flush suffusing her still smooth cheek. 'There is no marrying nor giving in marriage for us. The feelings of the past cannot be revived. What have you or I to do with love?'

The old painter would have sued, as if he had still been the handsome youth of other days; but Mademoiselle Schaurmans was firm. Brigitta supported her mistress in her resolution. So M. Terburg was fain to put up with friendship instead of love. He followed his ancient mistress to Swal, and there took a house in the same street with hers. The friends saw each other daily, enjoying the tranquil happiness suited to their age and increasing infirmities. They died within a year of one another, and were buried side by side in the old church-yard.

Brigitta, their heir, caused a magnificent monument to be erected to their memory, and shortly afterwards took her place at their feet; but not without making a

provision for the numerous pensioners of her beloved mistress. The poor and infirm of the town of Swal had reason to bless the foresight which continued to solace their afflictions for more than a century.

BORROWING AND LENDING IN OLD TIMES.

It may be worth while—when the actualities of the credit-system are so intimately connected with our polity, public and private, when the existence of every nation and every individual is constantly under the influence of what is owing on one side or other—to take a short survey of the march of borrowing and lending. It must have been an awful moment when the earliest debtor pledged himself to the earliest creditor: a Greek poet would have sent the streams back to their sources, bowed the forests, and brought flames from the mountains at the tremendous juncture.

The old Romans, when they found their debts peculiarly oppressive, usually took the matter into their own hands—they retired to the Mons Sacer, or raised a tumult, which commonly ended in a special insolvent debtor's act, intended only for the moment, like our wise measures of the last century. It is intelligible that in those days, when such matters were managed by a small revolution, debtors should get relief by fits and starts; but in our times, when a peaceable parliamentary act did the business, why insolvents should be released in the year of grace 1766 or 1788, rather than any other year, is a question only to be answered by the wisdom of our ancestors.

Sometimes the thing took a different turn. A centurion once was huffed off for debt, when Manlius, the conqueror of the Gauls, rushed into the crowd, exclaiming, that he had not saved the Capitol with his own right hand, in order that a fellow-soldier should be chained and marched off, as if the Gauls had been the conquerors. What could these have done more? was the idea of the honourable and gallant general.

In those days, imprisonment for debt—although it had a good many harsh conditions—was at least founded upon a sensible principle. The debtor was, at a rate, not shut up in a common jail, where he could be of no use to himself or to any one else. He was taken off to his creditor's house, and there made to work out the debt by manual labour. There is something comprehensible in this. Senates were ever the great jobbers, and the senators were the general creditors; hence a senator's house was known as the private prison. The creditor's abuse of his privilege brought about an abolition of imprisonment for debt—things ran before our era in the same rut in which they have run since—and then, as now, the abolition was merely nominal; it contained provisions and exceptions, which enabled creditors to imprison very nearly as before.

The money-lenders at Rome had no Times in which they could advertise 'advances to noblemen and gentlemen on personal security;' but they could stand in the Forum, and offer their coin to the passers-by—a more tempting lure to ruin to the heedless even than an advertisement. What spendthrift could resist the sight of the yellow metal, or hear the chink unmoved? No creaking stairs to mount—no grim clerk to face—the money amiably and invitingly brought under your very nose. They had a thriving business, those Roman money-lenders: the legal interest was one per cent. per month; but all the laws in the world could not restrain it within this limit.

The business of debtor and creditor became, in consequence, a matter of state; the debtors formed one section, the creditors another; and a judge, supposed to be favourable to one party, sometimes paid the penalty of his life. Every now and then the circumstances of the state were overhauled—the world was

frightened by the amount of private debt—new regulations were established—the immediate difficulties postponed—people got tired of the subject—and all went on just as before. But, it should be observed, almost the entire debts of those times were due to the money-lenders; credit scarcely existed amongst the tradesmen. Why should it? A man who could not get credit from a lender, whose profession was credit, had no business to ask credit from a baker, whose profession was baking. The latter was not up either to the present or the future steps of the loan-system; and he very wisely left them to those that were. As for the merchant, his business was merely barter, without any risk except from the north wind; speculation, as we understand it, was unknown, and with it the concomitant debts and liabilities.

The usurer, notwithstanding his greatness in Rome, was singularly obnoxious to the laws. 'The thief is to restore double—the usurer fourfold—of the value taken,' was one of their maxims. Cato put a usurer in the same category with the assassin, and would visit him with the same punishment. This unfortunate member of society fell, besides, under the ban of the poets, comic and didactic, who both found the usurer of wonderful utility in pointing their morals and adorning their tales. This did not prevent him from being a personage of immense influence, and able in other ways to console himself for the sibilations of the populace, than by counting his coin at home. In fact, he had all the great world to keep him in countenance. The proconsul proceeded to his province—levied exorbitant taxes which the inhabitants could not pay—and gave them time, at eighty per cent. The proconsul's son remained at home—outran his allowance—and borrowed of the usurer at fifty per cent. The latter transaction might be the most convenient for the satirist; but for the moralist, it is infinitely the less questionable of the two.

After all, debt was the exception in the ancient world; it became the rule in the modern. Spendthrifts and oppressed provincials borrowed in the one; all the world borrowed in the other. We know not the extent of credit amongst the Goths and Vandals in their primeval forests; but no sooner had they emerged from them, than we find kings and nobles, priests and clergy, merchants and artisans, incessantly working up credit of all kinds. It took a thousand years after the dawn of the old civilisation to produce the usurer, and he was then a rarity. It took a very few centuries after the dawn of the new to produce bankers and pawnbrokers, Jews and Lombards, and these were anything but rarities.

The grandest instance of a growing debt upon record is that of the king of Leon, mentioned by Mariana. Ferdinand Gonzalves had sold this prince a falcon upon credit. The interest was high, and it compounded itself in the course of a few years into a sum so enormous, that the king was forced to make over to Gonzalves his rights on the kingdom of Castile, to be quit of the liability.

But it is no wonder if the debts of the middle ages were on a grand scale. Neither king nor subject knew his income. The subject was to-day master of an estate, was driven out of it the next by an invading monarch; recovered it again by deed of gift; then pawned it to go crusading to the East; regained it by a wealthy marriage; lost it by a divorce; obtained it again upon petition—and lost it finally because he trod on the toe of one of the king's favourites when out of humour. For the monarch—whether the sum wanted was for some private caprice, or the urgent necessities of the nation; to buy a new suit of tapestry, or undertake the most necessary war; to pay for a new house for his mistress, or to build a fortress or a cathedral—he had just the same trouble in convincing his loyal subjects of the utility of his demand. In

consequence, he ran into debt, trusting to the necessity of the case for getting him out—a worthy example, well known to builders of churches and philanthropic societies of modern times. In fact, it has been said that no society can be called really flourishing in Great Britain, till it is a hundred thousand pounds in debt. The complexity of the modern system began early. Complexity is a Gothic principle, to be found in its constitution, its buildings, its trade, and it thus commenced the credit-system, which soon learned to grow by its own force.

During the middle ages, the credit-system was made, in France more especially, a matter of obligation. The feudal lords had the right of demanding it. The abbot of Compeigne enjoyed by royal charter the privilege of receiving flesh, bread, and fish from the inhabitants on credit for three months: if he failed to pay, they were not bound to furnish him any further. The Count of Montfort used to compel the people of Dieppe, by feudal ordinance, to give him fifteen days' credit during the time he resided amongst them. To be sure, the sum on credit was limited to fifteen livres, which would not make a terrible show before an insolvency commissioner. One wonders whether the inhabitants were as anxious for his lordship's custom as a modern tradesman, or whether they served him with sour bread and stale eggs, to induce him to transfer his favours elsewhere. The king himself had the right of credit in many localities, and what was odd enough, many of his nobles had the same right in the same localities for a longer period. He was often forced to give security, as were the nobles. In some places, when the lord visited a town, he had unlimited right of credit till he left it. At Poiz, in Picardy, the lord had the right of credit from each individual once in his life, but not oftener, and then only to the value of twopence-halfpenny. When the dealers concealed their goods, they were liable to a fine. The *coutumes* of the French provinces are full of these regulations. The archbishop of Vienna was expressly precluded from all right to demand credit. It might be curious to trace the origin of this flaw in archiepiscopal trustworthiness.

FOUR YEARS.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Said I, mournful: 'Though my life is in its prime,
Bare lie my meadows, all shown before their time;
Through my scorched woodlands the leaves are
turning brown,
It is the hot midsummer, when the hay is down.'

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Stood she by the brooklet, young and very fair,
With the first white birdweed twisted in her hair—
Hair that drooped like birch-boughs—all in her
simple gown;
And it was rich midsummer, and the hay was down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Crept she, a willing bride, close into my breast;
Low-piled, the thunder-clouds had sunk into the west;
Red-eyed, the sun out glared, like knight from
leaguered town,
That eve, in high midsummer, when the hay was down.

It is midsummer, all the hay is down;
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,
Praying: 'God shield her till we meet in Paradise.'
Bless her, in Love's name, who was my joy and
crown;
And I go at midsummer, when the hay is down.

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THE EVILS OF LIFE.

Most persons regard the evils of life as a fixed quantity. To resist or lessen them seems hopeless. They fly to the virtue of resignation as next to a cure. Let us not undervalue or sneer at resignation; often, indeed, not to be very easily distinguished from fatalism, but more frequently a beautiful and amiable—in a word, a religious sentiment. Let us, however, combat the idea, that evils are either fixed in amount or necessary. In reality, in the progress of society and of individual enlightenment, they are continually narrowed within less and less space. Vigilance, knowledge, prudence, are so many enemies constantly busied in cutting them off, or preventing their existence.

Let us take into consideration one evil of a very painful kind. We see a worthy couple doing their best to rear a young family to maturity. They rejoice in the smiles of children, and their house is full of young life and its hopes. But one after another of the young people, as they reach a certain age, manifest a tendency to decline. It is found that a phthisical disease, with which the mother is partially affected, and which is known to have made great ravages in her family, is now beginning to shew itself in the constitutions of these once hopeful children. The eldest-born sinks, and has his share of bewailment. Another, if possible more loved and more grieved over, follows. In short, one after another, this family fades away, leaving the parents at last utterly desolate. Nothing can be more affecting than this—nothing can make a greater demand upon the sympathy of friendly neighbours. We feel bound to offer every suggestion of religious consolation to the hapless pair. It seems cruel to hint, in the faintest manner, that they have in any degree been the cause of drawing such a heart-break upon themselves; and yet, when we take an extended view of the case, we can be at no loss to see that, with judicious forethought, the calamity might have been prevented. There being hereditary predisposition to disease in the mother's family, it was wrong for her to put herself in a condition to extend the evil into another generation—wrong both with regard to her own future happiness and that of the person proposing to be her husband. A kind of duty not yet much reflected upon is here brought before our attention. Some will scout the possibility of such foresight giving a guidance to conduct; but they are undoubtedly in a mistake. There are many men and women known to us who act upon this maxim of a high morality, and who are, accordingly, safe from such wringings of the heart as we have described. Some will feel little disposed to sympathise with a sense of duty so extremely refined, and which resists such

universal natural impulses. With that style of feeling we cannot contend. We must rest content with the conviction, that whatever a sense of right and wrong towards others bids to be done or left undone, ought to be done or left undone accordingly, even though it affects a question of marriage; and happy are they who in such cases can give obedience.

An immense number of other calamities connected with disease, are now clearly seen to be preventable; all that is required for this purpose being an observance of the conditions and rules of health. Pestilence and fever are themselves but expressions of erroneous conditions of life. Let these conditions be reformed in accordance with the laws ordained by Providence for human weal, and the diseases vanish. The astounding fact, that half the children born in most communities die under five years of age, in like manner only exposes extensive systems of mistreatment of children, and the too general subjection of the young to influences which work injuriously. If those systems of mistreatment, and those noxious influences, were replaced by others of a healthy kind, the groans and cries of mothers would be immensely abated. Beholding, sympathetically, the calamity when it comes, we feel that it were a kind of cruelty to a bereaved parent to point out how the lost one might have been preserved, or even to intimate the general fact, that such calamities are preventable. But we also feel, on the other hand, that this tenderness to those who are afflicted, ought not to be carried so far as to keep knowledge from those who may be so. There is a duty to the living as well as to the dead.

There is a great and well-known range of evils which may be comprehensively grouped under the one bitter word—Poverty. They have always been, and, we may well believe, they will ever in some measure be. But the evils of poverty are no more, in any case, necessary or unavoidable than those of disease. Look at the grim evil in any of its shapes, thoroughly scan it outside and in, and you will always find that it depends on circumstances more or less accidental and liable to be altered. Mr Mayhew and Mr Godwin have described the hosts of the London poor in the most striking manner; scores of thousands of people, not regular artisans or labourers (they are comparatively an aristocracy), but persons engaged in mean street-traffic and supplying trifling articles to those who may need them; bivouacking, rather than lodging, in wretched half-furnished or unfurnished houses, half starving upon miserably small gains, and often wholly without either of livelihood. It is the extremest and most distressing picture of poverty we could see, perhaps, anywhere kept earth—far beyond anything that ever was presented in our northern land, once considered so beggarly with

throwing wholly into the shade any kind of misery that ever occurs among the North American Indians. One is apt to suppose this poverty and misery to be past hope. Well, we do not say that it could be easily remedied; but neither can we admit that it is necessary or unavoidable. When a philanthropic visitor goes into some unpeopled den, and finds a family living in wretchedness, it does not seem ever to occur to him to ask how it happens that the husband and father can do so little good in the world. He has a brain and hands—wonderful things when rightly directed and used. Why does this poor man not turn them to account? Most probably, he is an utterly ignorant man, who does not know how to use his brain and hands to any good account; who thinks, if he goes out every day with a few bunches of rudishes, and tries to sell them, he is doing his duty—trying to turn an honest penny, as he calls it—while he is only trifling away his time and misusing his natural powers. Perhaps his error consists in refusing to move to a place where his exertions, being called for by his fellow-creatures, would be sure to turn to his own profit, instead of being here mispent in a scene where they are superfluous, or come into collision with the exertions of others better qualified than he. Such a man cannot but be poor, and poor he will be, while he continues to make such a wretched use of the wondrous faculties for good with which he has been endowed. But let this man be instructed, so as to see that it is possible to be very busy with nothing, or to be trying to do something in a wrong place, and he may have a chance of succeeding somewhat better in the world. Our poor man may be not devoid of abilities and knowledge, but wanting in industrious habits and all right discipline of mind; which comes to nearly the same results as ignorance. He will, of course, have been continually losing situations and falling in business adventures, till he at length has lost all hope, and begun to let things go as they will. Now, this man might also have been saved from poverty, if from the first he had been subjected to proper training, and made to see that nothing could affect his fate but his conduct.

Lord Ashburton, in a late remarkable speech, asked, why is it that one family can live in abundance while another starves? Why, in similar dwellings, are the children of one parent healthy—of the other, puny and ailing? It is not, he answers, luck or chance that decides these differences; it is the patient observation of nature, which has suggested to some gifted minds rules for their guidance which have escaped the heedlessness of others. His lordship instanced a village-dame who had lately been heard observing: 'I should like to know why they have gone and raised the price of bread?' 'Is it right,' asks Lord Ashburton, 'that the poor should be left under the impression that they owe the price of their bread to the baker or the government, the price of their labour to the free-will of their employer?' Beyond question, a vast proportion of the ills that afflict humble people is traceable to simple ignorance—and ignorance, we know, can be exchanged for knowledge and reflection.

An immense class of evils are those which depend on troubles in worldly affairs. Men will spend more than they ought to do. They will take no heed for tomorrow. And they suffer the well-known consequences. The proper course for avoiding such evils is plain before us all—plain to triteness—no one can have the excuse of saying that he had no reason to foresee the danger of a misrelation between his desires and his means. If any one, then, does transgress in this way, he should be prepared to think the penalty necessary; otherwise, he can only be regarded as a fool, or an unfeeling one. However, which we are here called upon to consider, is the fact, that this class of the evils of life are preventable. Let the reckless study and follow the

example of the wise, and, by universal acknowledgment, they are safe.

Not merely among the poor and so-called uneducated is there much evil incurred through ignorance. It could easily be shewn, that the classes which consider themselves as educated, have the whole texture of their life spotted with troubles and distresses in consequence of precisely this—that they have no distinct idea of what this world is, and their situation in it. Some know that there is a physical mechanism of the universe, which goes on under fixed laws of divine appointment, but are not aware that there is a moral mechanism likewise, of precisely similar character, so that every movement of their nature, every social process and transaction, has its own definite and inevitable consequence, for the good or evil of all concerned. Men, in general, wander through life as they would ramble through a forest in an unexplored country, taking their chance of what they may fall upon, or what may befall them. Were they well informed on the subject, they would know that at every step they take they form relations to circumstances; all of which relations are capable of being precisely ascertained, and which, according as we understand and act by them, may serve to make our course happy or otherwise. When this general truth shall be known to the bulk of society, men will have clearer conceptions of what is required of them, in duty to themselves and their fellow-creatures. They will feel, for the first time, the true force of the maxim, that as they brew, they must drink, no penalties being ever remitted in the system of Providence.

CHANGE FOR GOLD.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

No man knoweth me, whence I come, or who I am. My brother met me yesternoon, and brushed my shoulder; I looked into his eyes, and he into mine, and we walked on our diverse ways like strangers; my mother mourns her dear son yet, that died twelve years ago, and yet he lives, and has been in her company, and shaken friendly hands with her not six months back. My wife—who, since I married her, has become the widow of another man—I saw this very morning, beautiful, still beautiful; and with a word I could have crushed her heart and turned her brown hair gray. To myself, I seem to have two separate beings: my first existence still is in my every thought, and usurps heart and brain; my second self—my present—dwells in my frame alone, rules my mere outward action, and is loathsome and contemptible to my whole soul. I write this life for more than common eyes, for an end, too, I yet half dread to contemplate, so fearful, nay, so fatal, may be its consequences. But to the general reader, shocked at my strange narration, and disbelieving in its awful truth, I would say: 'Beware, lest you, too, suffer through a like unrest; beware, lest some foul fiend be tugging at your heart-strings, and leading you, satiate, from the broad highways of duty and honour, to that isolated place which I have reached at last, where lover and friend have forsaken me, and kinsmen stand afar off.'

I was born in the far north: in Shardale, fairest valley in Westmoreland, guarded by the mountain genii, and quite secluded from the hum of men, my father built his home. His whole life long had been employed in commerce, and that so busily, he hardly had a thought apart from it: a prudent man, and well to do, such as had worship and honour in his native town of Liverpool, even to the statue-length: an effigy in stone of my deceased parent is indeed painfully obvious in one of its public edifices. His neighbours thought him mad, who, at the green age of sixty-five, removed himself so suddenly to Shardale, and dug and stretched

himself for ever in that living tomb. It may have been that the same wild whim and impulse which has cursed my every step, and ruined me at last, was latent in my father, too, and came to light at that one single epoch.

His affairs were wound up in about a week; every tithe of his interest in the great firm of Branksome & Co., of which he was the head, disposed of; his connection with all his former associates entirely cut off; and never, to my knowledge, did he receive, or at least reply to, a single business communication of any sort or kind for the remaining five years of his life. He came from his city-home a stern, almost morose old man; whom his family had never seen from breakfast-time to dinner all his days, whose talk had been of stock, and whose thought had been of stock from youth to hoary age; and from the hour of his arrival in the valley, he never missed a meal with us, until his last sad illness; nor ever read a column of 'Money-Market' and 'City Intelligence' again. He took myself (his eldest son James), and Charles, my brother—youths of twelve and eleven years of age—a mountain-walk soon after sunrise throughout the summer, with a more sprightly step than ever left the Stock Exchange: his conversation was as that of a boy to boys, and that not gradually and induced, as might have been expected by a novel life, fresh air, and genial exercise—but at once; and so it remained for ever.

His heart expanded beneath the influence of those glorious scenes, as though it were a child's, and never had been dried and withered in the heat of bustling life, or blunted by the hardness of its fellows, or chipped away by contact with hard and bitter men's.

I look back on those mornings now with the regret, almost despair, of a fallen angel. The one delight that yet is left me is to revisit those bright scenes again, to tread once more the summits of those hills, and see God make himself 'the awful rose of dawn'—in solitude—a melancholy pleasure, that draws tears

to glad the withered thought, and clear the clouded brain.

Only on the tarn upon the mountain-top I dare not gaze—only where the old man and his two happy sons stood mirrored in the flood, I dare not stand. What hideous metamorphosis! what dreadful change should I not see hath fallen upon one of them!—worse than the mouldering bones and eyeless sockets that have long ere this replaced the stalwart form and the still radiant look of him I once called father.

My love for nature, though more or less at different times, is still the one steady desire of my soul; often rising to passion, it never has sunk to indifference; and of any thing or creature under heaven, I scarcely dare to say that much. My fickleness in other things, my fatal changeableness of heart exhibited itself first towards my darling sister. She had been away from all of us, for her health's sake, in Madeira, until we left Liverpool, but at Sharnale we thought it safe that she should come home amongst us; and she did come—to her grave. So beautiful, so glorious a being my fancy never dreamt of; that voice I do not think could be ever more wise than gentle, that placid brow ever tortured by a frown: we all loved her from her first fair day, for she was too delicate and fragile to be called robust—but I may truly say my love was dotage. Miles and miles of mountain by her pony's side have I walked on untiringly and gladly, leaving her an instant for some lofty peak, to see if there were view enough to tempt her thither, but also keeping as closely to her side as lover, loud with the poems she loved best—war-songs, the stormful roll of battle, were the favourite strains of that weak, loving girl—learned long and late to please her, full of the legends of each rock and tarn her ear delighted in, and ready to lay down limb and life at any time to serve her.

Our Ellen lived here but sixteen months before the death-flower blushed upon her cheek; she died, I say,

in less than two years of our first meeting, and I was not beside her death-bed, though I was in the house, nor eared to hear her dying words, although the last prayer she uttered was for me. Never was that artless manner less kind to me than of old; never were those lips pressed unto mine less tenderly; but ice formed round my spirit from within, and numbed the grasp of my cold hand, and froze the tears that never reached my eyes. I trust and hope that I was mad; I do most truly pray that it has been madness that through all my life has blighted friendship in its perfect bloom—that has made me eager and delighted with the first appearance of affection—the mere pleased look of chance acquaintances—but that has taken from me at different periods of my life as ardent intimates as a man could have—that has left me, at this present, a very very few whom I have known a month ago, and shall have lost before the next; and, that—I hope at no distant time—will cause my dying eyes to lack a hand to close them.

How I strove to overcome my hideous carelessness! what honeyed words did not I force my stubborn tongue to utter—what miserable and useless disguise did I not wear, in order to deceive the ear and eye of love! 'Leave me, my dearest James,' said my poor sister, 'leave me to the remembrance of what you were; it will sweeten the last few weeks I have to live, which your presence can but, alas! subvert; and when I see you again, may it be in that blessed abode, wherein indifference can never enter, and pure eternal love hath no satiety.'

She took all blame upon herself and the caprice of her disease, affected to be pleased to be away from me, and uneasy at my approach. My dear mother and the rest never knew the sad truth, but implored of me with tears to be of good heart, and to bear patiently with this strange treatment. I do not doubt at all that Ellen's death was hastened by my fiendish and inhuman conduct. When I leant over her grave in Sharnale church-yard, night after night, as I have done, it was not love that led my restless feet—although I cherished every thought of her, as the nun clasps her crucifix to her heart, as soon as they became but memories—but rather the morbid feeling that brings the murderer to revisit the scene of his crime; and the wids about the few-tree seemed to murmur at my presence, and the stream that circles round the holy spot to grow angry as my shadow fell athwart it; and the very grass upon that hillock to make haste to rise, to efface the impress of my penitent knees.

Three years from this, my father's bones were laid in the same place; and truly it was strange how anxious he had been upon this point—that his final resting-place should not be within hearing of the hurrying street, to add another unit to that sum of human corruption that at noonday festers in our towns. He left but little money—far less than had been expected—an income of £500 to my mother, and £200 a year apiece to each of his sons. She, with the utmost liberality, gave us an allowance of £100 per annum besides, during our stay at the university—whither, to Trinity College, Cambridge, we went the next October.

I always used to fancy Charles was her pet-boy, although she loved me very dearly, and proved it in a thousand ways; and that supposition of itself was quite sufficient to prevent the excess of affection on my own part which was always sure to end in cold indifference. My brother and myself were friendly, and never, to my recollection, had a single quarrel; but our tastes were quite dissimilar, and our lives at college diverged so greatly, that we never passed a day in either's company. He attached himself to a steady reading set; ate jam at breakfast; walked on the Trumpington Road; dined in hall without pudding; kept chapels regularly; was made a scholar in his second year; became king of a coterie, and puffed up with

emancipated requirement; and finally, caught a very high fever, from which his constitution was not strong enough to rally; and he is now a Don. I, on the contrary, knew everybody from the 'Sims' (disciple of Simon) to the 'Fighting-men'; was treasurer of the C.H.S.C.; a committee-man on 'the Drag'; president of 'the Union'; a member of 'the Apostles'; scraped through my 'little go'; crammed for the ordinary degree; and left college the most popular man of my time. I was principally indebted for all this to my intense desire to please, and high pressure of animal spirits; but I had great vivacity, and a warm and winning address. In whatsoever society I was thrown, I became one of them at once, because I could not help it, and not by any effort or compulsion. I had a better chance of being considered a wit than most men, inasmuch as I restricted myself to no subject whatever. In my mouth, blasphemy lost its sinfulness; coarseness, its vulgarity; and the sneer from my ever-smiling lips, its bitterness; above all, I never said an ill-natured thing of any man, and always spoke affectionately of my acquaintances behind their backs. It was through these qualities that I became 'a great brick,' and 'the best-hearted fellow breathing.'

I never cut a man at all, so never made an active foe, but 'dropped' my nearest and my dearest friends in periods varying from one month to a year. I had therefore three sets of men, in my three university years, who had been in their seasons my intimates; who had confided to me their 'young men's secrets,' their likes and dislikes, even their religion, or the want of it.

Their intercourse with me ran in this fashion: First, I was much enchanted with them; second, devotedly fond of them; third, on the most friendly terms with them; fourth, rather indifferent about them; fifth, exceedingly bored by them; sixth, vexed to death by their approach—but always civil to them, and always smiling. I could no more help the change of feeling than account for it, but I was sensible of its injustice, and did what in me lay to make amends for it; with what success, let him who has attempted to afflict affection, at any time, declare.

Even at college, however—the very place for such a man as I to gather friends—this fickleness had nearly ruined me. Clement, a fellow-commoner, friend of my early days, was amongst my oldest acquaintances; an honest, hearty youth—rare qualities amongst the grade to which he belonged—whom I both dearly liked and respected. I felt the demon rising within me, but resisted him so stoutly, that he had to fill the field of jealousy to aid his evil work. I was much too confident in my own powers to dread this last in general, but whenever I have felt a sting of his, ever so slightly, both jealousy and love, have taken flight together. I could not bear a rival, even where rivalry on my own part must of necessity have been out of the question. If I had met a stranger in a railway-carriage, whom I 'took to,' as the phrase goes, and he had mentioned that his father or his brother was the dearest, or the most agreeable, or the wisest man he had ever seen, I am sure I should have felt annoyed. If comparisons &re odious, superlative expressions are at least one degree more so: 'best,' 'handsomest,' 'cleverest chap I ever knew in my life,' are adjectives better diluted if applied to others than the persons we address. It was at my rooms that Clement had first met Lacy: I had introduced them to each other as kindred spirits, and imagined that I was still their principal bond of union; but I was soon undeceived. One evening, at supper-time, a letter was brought to the former by a special messenger, and he left the table instantly without a word. I could not well leave my guests, and I thought, besides, if there was any bad news from home, it would be better it should be by himself; but early next morning—at least early for me—I called at his rooms to see after him. I found him 'deadly' pale, with Lacy, who had

sat up with him all night, beside him. 'Ah,' said he gaily, 'I shan't have many friends now, my dear Branksome, besides you and Francis.' He never had called me James. 'I am almost ruined, and must change those "spangles," that you used to laugh so much about, for the pensioner's gown.' Almost all his property, indeed, had gone in some great 'smash' in the City, and he was obliged to descend from the high table and fellow-commoner's privileges. I congratulated him merrily upon 'assuming the purple' of my own rank, and did what I could to comfort him; but the presence of Lacy put triple steel about my heart.

Poverty, sickness, reverses of any kind, I have the greatest pity for and sympathy with. I would infinitely rather insult a great man than a beggar; the last baseness that I would willingly commit, would be the desertion of a friend deprived of fortune or position. Nobody can tell how hardly, how painfully, I strove to shew that my regard for Clement was quite undiminished; how I thought by night and day upon what might be done for him, and used what influence I had to get him an appointment he wished for. But even as I write, my words grow cold and feeble; my heart could not go with him; and first affection, and then interest itself, began to flag and tire. His sensitiveness soon perceived this, and a letter, couched in the haughtiest language, forbade me from his rooms for ever. Then, indeed, it began to be whispered that Branksome cut his friends as soon as they ceased to be useful to him—was a hanger-on of the wealthy—a load-eater—and everything else that was most abhorrent to my disposition. Only by the greatest efforts at pleasing, and by the most distorted accounts of our estrangement, could I reconcile myself to our common acquaintances. Still, as I said, I left college, popular; though, it is true, that popularity had been purchased by other means besides smiles and witticisms. I owed some heavy bills at Cambridge, and had borrowed a considerable sum of money: my mother, even if I had not been ashamed to ask her, was unable to assist me; my pride revolted against applying myself to any of my richer friends; and I spent my first graduate year at Shardale with a mind tormented by suspense and fear, haunted by the demon Debt, and unable to be soothed, as it was wont, by the contemplation and communion of nature.

At Wellingsfirth, the nearest town to our lone valley, we had a large acquaintance. I myself, from a certain softness of manner and gentleness of nature, have always been welcome to female society; and in return, have preferred it to that of my own sex. Two ladies of this place were especially my favourites and confidantes: one exceedingly good-looking; both young; and possessed of a sufficient independence. To do myself justice, this last matter never entered into my thoughts at all. I liked the wit, the nobleness of mind, the bold originality of the one, and the beauty and accomplishments of the other. We read together such plays as suited us, sang glees, and accompanied each other in music. People talked, as people will talk to the end of time—were sarcastic upon 'Platonic attachments,' sympathies of thought, and such like—in short, the common-place objections vulgar natures make to companionships they do not understand, were made. But Ellen was much too sensible to care for them, thinking as much of matrimony, indeed, as of mathematics; and Lucy, not being talked about, admitted into our society, as was said, only to 'do propriety,' fell in love, poor girl, with me.

I wonder why difference of sex should be conceived to be an insurmountable bar to the purest and most elevating friendships? I wonder why sympathy of thought and similarity of disposition should not exist between two people without the passion of love? I wonder whether those who decry such things, have any knowledge of love themselves at all, or whether they

are not perhaps altogether of the earth, earthy?—I preferred Ellen Newby to Lucy Ward; but I had not the faintest wish to marry either of them; nor was I the victim of the Neg-gate hero's mishap, who would have been so happy with either were t'other away. Had bigamy been permitted, I should have had quite as little desire to take advantage of that. Why should I have wished to make other use of those pleasant lips that so charmingly warbled my pet-songs?—to press those fingers so well employed at the piano? It appears to me, indeed, once for all, that while a flirtation is but one degree above a Casino conversation, the intercourse I have been describing is of the least worldly, the least vicious, and the least false. I spoke to Ellen quite unreservedly on every point with exception of my pecuniary embarrassments and habitual sickleness, and she was equally communicative to me. I say again, upon my soul, that whatever of good is yet left within me, whatever sorrow for sin, whatever endeavour after the right, I am indebted for, my dear, dear girl, after Heaven, to you. Oh, if you should set your eyes on these sad revelations, I know you will not ascribe them to unworthy motives. I know that if I came to you this day—~~as~~ come I might, for but two streets divide us—and offered myself again to be your friend, you would not trust me, though I took Heaven to witness. I know too well how you would disbelieve, even if you did take me to your heart again, the possibility of reviving that dead joy—how infinitely worthier you hold a noble memory, than the re-enactment of a past pleasure. Were not these words your own once?—

Disinter no dead regret,
Bring no past to life again;
Those red cheeks with no are white,
Those ripe lips are pale with pain.
Vex not thus the buried bliss,
Changed to more divine regret:
Sweet thoughts come from where it lies
Underneath the violet.

One morning, that I had intended to have spent with her in a congenial task of translation, I received a very alarming letter—no less than a threat of arrest for a sum of £400—inured in borrowing £250—in case of its not being paid within a certain early date. That date, through some mistake of the postman's, was already past, so that the writ might already be upon its way. If I was in a frame of mind for translating anything that day, it would have been, from choice, a certain poem of Dante's called the *Inferno*. I took my way to Wellingfirth, sorrowful indeed; I told a hundred specious fibs to explain away my depression to Ellen; but I might as well have tried to hoodwink Argus. 'You owe money, and can't pay it, James,' at last she said; 'and you are proud about asking me to help you, as though I were one of those who change heart and tone at once upon that subject; and our friendship is but like that of those we have so often laughed at, after all—eh? Now, don't you see me frowning, and hear me speaking slower, like Mr Checks the banker, when one wants to overdraw.' And so, with a tumult of words to prevent my thanking her, which indeed I did not know how to do, she put into my hands a blank-order, and bade me fill it up as I pleased. I wrote an IOU for £400 in return, which she instantly made a 'spill' of, and set a light to; and I promised to pay her interest quarterly, which she playfully assented to, and we had a delightful lesson.

I had never taken money from another in this way before; I was not arrived at the wisdom of a celebrated poet-philosopher, who 'know on which side the obligation lay,' but I certainly trod homeward with a lighter step with the cheque in my pocket, and the load upon my heart replaced by an easy burden of tender gratitude: even then it gave me no slight shudder to

see Solomon Levi, the atrocious money-lender—like the devil for a lost soul at almost the minute of forfeit—at the very portal of the cottage, with two other ginger-faced gentry, his companions, come to do me honour. What a hideous shadow he cast upon the rose-trellis, set up by my dead sister's hands! His Jewish nose was thrown there in all its prominence. I could not help thinking what miseries this creature would have had power to bring upon the innocent as well as the guilty, had it not been for Ellen's generosity. Between her and him, what a monstrous gulf—both human creatures, but God's child and the Fiend's! Thank Heaven, neither Charles nor any mother caught a sight of him; I sent him back appeased, and even jocund.

For weeks and weeks after this business, I was filled with increased affection for my companion; my regard for her, indeed, as my benefactress, never diminished, but when I at last found myself expressing so much continually to her own ears, and to her manifest distress and pain—when I began to be solicitous and unhappy in myself about the means of repaying her—I did not need her reproachful looks, and faded, rayless manner to inform me, that the curse was fullen, and the dream of my delight dissolved.

One day, that I had resolved inly should be my last visit, I found Lucy Ward with Ellen in the garden. I came in at the lattice-gate, as was my custom, and through the ivy-walk that shut me from their sight till close upon them. I could not have helped hearing their conversation had I had the courage to forego it. Ellen was speaking—I knew it by the tone at once, without the words—of myself; the words, as I know now, of honest warning from a noble woman to a weak one of her own sex—bitterer a thousand times to her that uttered them, than to the living heart that heard.

'I did not say false, Lucy, nor deceptive, but sickle—fickle as the winds themselves. I do not know whether he loves you; but indeed—indeed, dear girl, I fear that he does not. I know right well that if he does, it will not be for long. He never told me of this fault of his—this natural and inborn disease; but I found it out long since in the case of others, and prayed—ah, how I prayed!—that he might not so act towards me. Alas! he looks upon this house as a truant on his school-room. I tell you, the sole feeling that brings him here at all is, that lowest of all incentives—the sense of obligation. He comes to-day, and you yourself shall judge of his constancy.'

'And so you shall, Lucy,' said I, confronting them. 'As you have thought fit to disclose that circumstance, Miss Newby, on which you enjoined my secrecy so strictly, I may confess at once that I do owe you four hundred pounds, with the interest accruing thereto, for two months and five days. Although you burned my bond, it seems you are anxious to have, at least, a witness; and stung to madness by what I had overheard, I was still continuing this cruel strain, when Ellen on a sudden grew deadly pale, fainted, and would have fallen, but for Lucy's arm, to the ground. I carried her into the drawing-room, the glass-doors of which opened out upon the lawn, and as soon as she shewed signs of returning animation, I printed a kiss on Lucy's beautiful forehead, and left the cottage, never to enter it again.'

From that hour, I set my whole heart upon marrying Lucy Ward; not that it was set of itself, not that I affected even any ardent enthusiasm upon the matter, but knowing for certain, and by her own confession, that she loved me, I did my best to reciprocate the sentiment. Moreover, from the fact of my feeling so calmly upon the subject, I drew favourable auguries that the esteem, which I truly had for her, would last. How but by this marriage, indeed, was I to pay off my debt to Ellen—an obligation that by this time, had become well-nigh intolerable? This last reason, I fear, weighed as heavily as any.

My mother and friends were much pleased; they had greatly preferred Lucy, of my two favourites, all along: the knowledge of their own inferiority—insufferable to women, if felt in regard to one of their own sex—had opposed them to Ellen from the first.

I was proud of my young wife, and almost entirely happy on the day I was married. With her assistance, I had paid all my debts, and above all, Miss Newby's. I felt thankful to Lucy, and kindly, 'and her beauty made me glad.' People expressed their satisfaction at seeing so wild and reckless a young gentleman safely landed. There was great rejoicing in all Shardale valley; the little bell pealed as joyously as it could—the same that had tolled for my sister's funeral—the young girls strewed with flowers our path that led beside her grave.

For a whole week, I loved my wife exceedingly; I began to have some hopes of living happily with her to the end; I even wrote verses about her—which is indeed a rare proceeding in a husband—for I was an author and a poet. It was to prosecute my literary labours more advantageously that we lived in London. Our fortune, though small, was yet sufficient to shield us from much of the early bitterness of that kind of life. I was young and sanguine, and found that there was a battle uphill, and against odds to be fought, such as I had never dreamed of. I experienced all ills that authors are heir to—rejections, delays, misprints, alterations, and publications without pay from the serials, unfavourable reviews, no reviews, and little or no sale of original works. One day, my wife observed upon one of these casualties: 'Luck for you, my dear James, you have not to get your bread by your wits.' It was a coarse, thoughtless remark, and as soon as it was uttered, she strove to erase the effect of it by caresses; but I never forgave her from that hour. To think that in what interested me most on earth, I should meet from my life-companion not sympathy, but sneers; that she should have—as it seemed to my morbid mind—the baseness thus to hint at her superiority of fortune. I never looked upon her beautiful face without these thoughts; and it became a burden to me to have her eyes to rest on me. I fled her presence day and night. The more her nature shewed itself repentant and loving towards me, the colder grew my feelings towards her; from indifference to antipathy, from antipathy to downright hatred; and then my hideous characteristic had attained its worst. Anything like cruelty, insult, or even rudeness, I never committed, or had any desire to commit; I was shewn to be a monster only by the negative proof. Wandering aimless over London, eating solitary dinners at chop-houses, unable to apply myself to any action, unstrung and jaded, and dreading always to return to my unhappy home, I passed those weary days. I wondered, as I watched the lonely well-dressed men that saunter all the noon about the streets, or those of an inferior grade that hang in knots at corners of the mighty thoroughfares, but clustered there only for a few hours, and clearly not habitual companions, whether there could be one so desolate as I—I, that had wife and mother, and acquaintances in crowds; and whether there was one who, looking in my heart, would come to change his lot with mine, who had a house, at least, to cover me, and food and even money at command.

But I had not money enough, nor nearly so; I wanted pleasure, excitement, the fever and delirium of life, to waken me from my gloomy torpor, and I was still not selfish enough to purchase that at the price of another's ruin. Our income was just enough; the little beyond it I had once been able to procure by my pen, I could procure no longer: that 'Luck for you have not to get your bread by your wits, James,' paralysed my brain.

It was about six months after marriage that the event occurred which withdrew me from my former

existence, and placed me in my present life. I was gazing in at the great printshop beyond the Haymarket Theatre, one afternoon, looking earnestly at the mouldings of the frames, at the names of the engravers, at the titles of the dedicatees—at anything, in short, that would not interrupt my course of meditation—when I became suddenly aware that I was being watched: in the dark shadow of a print before me, I caught the reflex of a pair of eyes that seemed to read right through me. I turned round, slowly, and recognised at once one whose name, and wealth, and writings were at that time the talk of half the civilised world—a little sallow old man, dressed in an attire of nearly 'sixty years since,' his tall, narrow-brimmed hat, his drab breeches, his bright Hessian boots, at once declared to me that mysterious being, hard, dry, and cynical, who had exhausted life at an age when most men were commencing it, and was looking, according to his own confession, for death—as, it might be, for a novel sensation; at one time the richest, at all times the most accomplished man in Europe, whose experience had been equal to that of the Preacher of old: 'Whatsoever his eyes had desired he had kept not from them; who had withheld not his heart from any joy.' And the like result had happened to him also, for he 'had looked on the labour that he had laboured to do: and, behold, it was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.'

'Young man,' said he, fixing those merciless gray eyes upon my face, 'you were thinking whether death itself were not to be preferred to the life you live. You have no friends—no, not one; you are poor—dependent, perhaps, upon another; you would change lots with nine men out of ten that are passing by at this moment.'

'My lord,' said I, 'I would change lots with any one of them.' The face of the old man lit up with interest at these words.

'You know me, then, and therefore know that I can do whatever takes my will. Now, would you give up parents, children, wife, and name, and even country; would you be content to begin the wide world afresh—I say, would you become another man, for gold enough and lands and houses in exchange?' I knew this man could do whatever thing he would; my heart beat high with hope of escaping from my bonds.

Firmly, and quite collectedly, I said: 'I would do this.'

'Remember, boy, this lies at your own door, then,' said Lord Fortyce. 'A whole week yet shall elapse before you cross a gulf that cannot be passed over from the other side. At this spot, and at this time, we meet again in seven days. Take thoughtful heed to what you then shall do.'

SMITH, YOU KNOW!

In the passages of life, if there be a theme truly grateful to the heart and absorbing to the mind, which sovereignly interests, nay, takes the whole soul captive; if there be any one topic calculated to awaken to a sense of the positive, and snatch us from the misty regions of romance, which, compelling us from the contemplation of the vague, the visionary, the ideal, forces us face to face, heart to heart, with the things of earth, and hurries us into the very council-chamber and stately presence of the real; if there be a subject omnipotent in expression, powerful in mystic meaning, wide-spread in its influences, unchangeable in its essence, and marvellous in its destiny, assuredly that theme, that subject, that all-absorbing topic, is comprised in that wondrous impersonation—Smith! Not Smith in the abstract; not a Smith of dreams or poetic reveries; not Smith disembodied, fantastic, ungratifying; but Smith as you and I know him—animated, vigorous, robust; Smith in the actual presence; pure

fresh-and-blood Smith. The happiness, the fortunes, enterprises, joys, sorrows, triumphs; in a word, all that concerns the earthly lot of that time-honoured and respectable individual, are of great moment to the whole community. What heart does not throb with delicate sentiments; whose pulse does not beat with pleasurable emotion; what cheek is not suffused with joy; whose blood does not run more genially; whose spirit is not moved to the very depths, whenever the magic monosyllable is pronounced? Does it not open up vistas of cordial remembrances and neighbourly associations, of merry meetings and hours of goodly enjoyment? And who does not feel, and think, and sympathise with Smith, were it only for the general memories he awakens; who does not sympathise even from a higher and nobler motive? For to every class and in every rank he is a familiar, *le familier* (not a demon): from the topmost round of the social ladder even down to the lowest, he has friends, relatives, and acquaintances. Now, wishing as we do to be on the best possible terms with all the world, is it not natural that we should try to be hand-in-glove with Smith—qui est le frère de tout le monde? Half of us have seen him, spoken to him, shaken hands with him; how the other half manage to get on without knowing him, we can hardly conjecture. All who do not know him, ought to lose no time in seeking his acquaintance, for no one, we will venture to assert, has a larger connection, or does a more considerable amount of business in social relations. He seems to hold an equal partnership with most people, only monopolising their esteem, and everything else worth having; he is a miscellaneous dealer, who has a running-account with everybody, a stockbroker paramount on 'Change, an Indian merchant, a banker; in fact, wherever an honest penny is to be turned, depend upon it, there you will find Smith. In fine, there is nothing he has not been: he has had a trial of every profession, and has illustrated them all; has put his hands to every trade, and mastered them all; has turned the tide of commerce into fresh channels; and a good thing he has made of these transactions, if we may infer anything from the good understanding that exists between him and the world at large.

If ever there was a pet of the public, Smith certainly is the prime and principal: his praise is in every one's mouth, his fame ubiquitous, his virtues genealogical. Wherever or by whomsoever the mellifluous patronymic is uttered, whether at Almack's or at the dear Philharmonic, whether in the Cider Cellar or classic Cremorne, glib and crank are at once evoked, pleasant memories are awakened: it provokes a familiar nod or knowing wink, a kindly smile wreaths the lips, and a whole alphabet of faces greets your vision. Smith is a household word, and very useful as a moral utensil. When anything goes wrong in your domestic concerns, lay the blame on Smith, and you are sure to get off scot-free. When you would indulge in mirth, and display your innocent powers of fun, Smith is a safety-valve for much wit, which, though small, is not the less pleasant. How many simple stories, pointless anecdotes, and puny puns, pass current, merely because inscribed with the revered legend—Smith. He is a familiar guest at board and hearth; the very sound of his coming is cheering and jubilant like a well-toned chime. For it awakens many a merry peal. As Mrs Purdiddle said of her basket-chair: 'Truly, Smith is a great institution.' Take away his name, and you absorb his individuality; substitute Jones, for instance, the powers of Smit, for good or for—let us charitably suppose a parenthesis—are at once circumscribed; he topples down from the airy height where our imagination had placed him; he becomes a man even as the rest of men—a complex issue of accidents. A Jones!—as well might you have persuaded Samson to wear a wig when he had his hair cut. On this euphonious patronymic, wondrous and

protean changes have been rung; but experience proves that they alter not the native simplicity, and take naught from its sovereign excellence; neither can its sweet resonance be checked. Should an ambitious godfather, when conferring the conventional spoon on some incipient Smith, infatigably express a wish to bestow his own name and surname on the young hero, would not this sound like profanation? What, for instance, has Julius Cæsar Muggins in common with Smith? What has he to do with Smith, or Smith with him, that they should be thus hustled together, during the wide space of a lifetime? Would not this be gilding refined gold, adding a perfume to the violet? Such harsh combinations could not, however, suspend the flowing cadence, mar the wondrous harmony, or break the final close. Smith, with its native dignity, would redeem a whole Rubicon of Julius Cæsar Mugginses.

Young S., of Tower Hill, who is the exact counterpart of his governor, even to the tortoise-shell spectacles and wooden leg—some folks even say he was born with both, and look upon them as family features—has interfered with his respectable patronymic, as though it were redolent of cheese; with desecrating hand, he has put out an i, and substituted a y, though why he assumes y to the detriment of i, no mortal can tell. Of course the public, who hold his venerable parent in high honour, will not be thimble-rigged; the trick will not take. Young S. perseveres, notwithstanding; elision and he are sworn enemies; he is rich in self, and anxious to sink the shoy; he would fain hobnob with his betters; he is '*ère de gentilhomme*,' of a decidedly aristocratic turn, but considers his patronymic a stumbling-block, an eternal blister, an everyday misfortune; forthwith he cultivates his nascent moustache, and the tail of his name, into which he inserts his y, unmindful of that bird in falck which was stripped of strange ornaments, and shamefully plucked. O rash mortal! disguise thyself as thou wilt, thou art a Smith still—pure, simple, undefiled, the true worshipper will ever feel thy presence; thou art still recognisable; assume any mask thou wilt, or even veil thy time-honoured features, yet thou art a Smith. Smyth, Smytjhe, Smuthett, Smithies, Smithsone, Smythers, Smithurst, Smythwaite, Szchinxmydijnskikoff, Honple, Montjowery - Byron - Dudley - Fitz - Smythoille, Herr von Kazenjellenbogen Schmidt, El Señor Conde Don Carlos de Smitio; these, and a thousand others, still are modifications, free-and-easy combinations of the prime original: its powers of adaptation to all requirements and fancies, surpass comprehension. Smith is a fact which contradicts the nature and fortunes of fact in general; it bends to every exigency, sways and swerves with every wind of fashion, submits to the caprices or whim of the individual, and yet is able to abstract itself from its surroundings, from the mere accidents of time and place; it rides triumphant through the shock of opinions and the storms of change, comes forth unscathed from the fiery furnace, and can resume at will its primeval condition, and resolve itself into its first essence; it is unextinguishable, inalienable. It need not fear the fate of many a brother fact, which, after having served a hard apprenticeship in this work-a-day world—after having been jostled, and brow-beaten, and belaboured, and been everybody's servant, is shamefully neglected, trampled on, despised, hurried out of sight and remembrance into the lumber-rooms of the Past. No! a thousand times no! Brown, after an eventful life, may disappear from the busy throng of men, from the whirling wheel of toil; his name may no longer drop lovingly from their lips, his voice be no more heard in their councils: Jones may become the memory of his former self, an enigma to future Rawlinsons and Layards, a hieroglyph, an unresolved problem, a puzzle, a mute mystery to antiquaries yet unborn: Robinson may be whirled away into the

currents of things that were, may lapse into a myth, a fable, a heathen deity, an object for a museum of antiquities; one and all may vanish from the world's memory; but Smith is an evergreen, a perennial, a flower always in bloom, replete with beauty and vigour, ever new, a true 'immortelle,' which decay can never touch; the delight of every eye, the charm of every heart, a hymn of welcome, a magic spell, a talisman, a theme for poets, historians, philosophers, in itself a sublime epic. Who shall unsmite Smith?

We pause for a reply.

PEOPLES AND PROSPECTS OF EASTERN EUROPE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE relations of Russia and Turkey, which have led to the present crisis of affairs, are perhaps among the most singular in the history of nations. A complete account of them, uninfluenced by national feelings or contemporary passions, is much wanted. But this is scarcely the time to undertake it. We propose to touch only on a few points, which it will be interesting to consider in the intervals that must occur between the various instalments of information, intelligence so anxiously waited for in this country, whose material prosperity and moral influence must be greatly affected for good or for evil in the struggle at present going on.

The Turkish Empire, as it now exists, contains the cradle, not only of its own religion, but of that of Russia, by whom it is menaced, and of Western Europe, by whom it is defended. Mohammedanism, according to the doctrines of which the Ottoman constitution is framed, claims, indeed, to be the direct heir of the traditions which form the basis of the faith of its enemies and its friends; so that, historically speaking, we are now witnessing what may perhaps prove the final contest between races which have been moulded into different forms by ideas more or less legitimately derived from ancient Judea. It is a strange thing to notice how slowly, and yet how certainly, principles and opinions that have a common origin, developing in different ways, under different conditions, apart one from the other, do ultimately, according to some mysterious law, come into collision to contend for the mastery—not always in a direct or patent manner, but generally disguised in a political garb—seemingly for the purpose of satisfying the ambition of princes, or the instinct of national aggrandisement. If we stand aside from the discussions of the day, we cannot but perceive that the fulcrum on which statesmen who do not seem in all cases to share the convictions of which they make use, are now leaning their levers in the East, are almost exclusively religious passions; and, indeed, in both East and West, among Protestants and Catholics, as well as among Greeks and Turks, far greater reference has been made of late to spiritual matters as grounds of action, than has been noticed for more than a century. It is this circumstance, more than the strength and determination of the parties who have taken the field, that gives a momentous character to the war; because, when political objects alone are sought, it may be foreseen that mutual exhaustion may lead to compromise; while, when people arm themselves for conscience' sake, it is impossible to calculate of what amount of sacrifice they may be capable—what direction their energies may take—how far, when once roused, they may be stable in alliances, contracted at first for mere convenience—or what amount of success or disaster may induce them to revert to a state of repose.

At present, the war, so far as its external appearance goes, is not chiefly a religious war. Its leaders have definite and comprehensible motives of action of a political nature; and one at least of the allied powers is completely governed by considerations of prudence

and expediency. But every day tends to bring out more clearly the fact, that the Turks and all their Moslem fellow-subjects consider that they are fighting, not for this fortress or that province, not in defence of frontiers or treaties, but for their very existence as disciples of the Koran. The Turks have long been afflicted with belief in a prophecy which assigns the termination of their political supremacy to about the present period; but all their brethren have, besides, recently, by contemplation of the wonderful progress of the Franks, been awed into the belief that the faithful may possibly be uprooted from the land, and that infidelity is destined to achieve a decisive temporal triumph. This idea has not been articulated by many, but it is evidently busily at work in the innermost recesses of Mohammedan thought; and partly explains the supineness and indifference which have been displayed by certain important classes in the Turkish Empire. Newspapers do not seem inclined to admit this truth. At least, we have been entertained throughout the winter by narratives of patriotic enthusiasm which would have done no dishonour to ancient Rome. That enthusiasm does exist in some classes and individuals, and forms the justification of our interference as allies; but the notion that it is general is dangerous, and might prove fatal. No good man of business would like to carry on his operations without a perfect knowledge of the means and disposition of his partner. No nation should sign treaties with a people with whose temper and character it is unacquainted. Let us remember then, that however judicious our conduct has been in a diplomatic and political point of view, we have the misfortune to be engaged in a struggle in behalf of a people which neither believes in itself nor in its allies; and which can be revived only by a new development of bigotry and superstition, that would render it perfectly abhorrent to us, and would indeed entirely preclude the possibility of action in concert. The most cheerful prospect is that according to which we shall be able to defend Turkey without any great call on its national enthusiasm. As we have already seen in various instances, the impulse of the fanatical party is to attack friends as well as foes, to suspect all foreign aid; and, as extremes meet, it is quite possible that those who now, with various appeals to the beard of the Prophet, urge the wildest measures of resistance, may be the first to be disgusted, and clamour for peace.

The chief danger of Turkey is the heterogeneous nature of its subject populations, and the identity of their religion with that of a powerful neighbour and traditional enemy. Were it not for this latter circumstance, government would be easy. Our Indian experience tells us, that a very small dominant class may keep almost countless millions in subjection, provided that the frontier be surrounded by weak and anarchical principalities; whilst the rise even of a comparatively small organised state, like that founded in the Punjab by Runjit Singh, is dangerous. Russia, irrespective of the personal ambition and traditional policy of its sovereigns, has as many motives as opportunities for interfering in the political affairs of Turkey. It received its religion from priests of the only race that possesses much intellectual capacity among the subjects of that empire. Russia was converted to Christianity by Greek missionaries, long before it was capable of harbouring the projects of aggrandisement it has since entertained. A constant communication has been kept up by this means between the two empires. For many centuries, knowledge and faith went from the south to the north. But as the Greeks became more and more degraded under Ottoman rule, and as the political organisation of Russia became more perfect, the tables were turned. For the last century, every movement that has taken place in the Greek or Hellenised population of Turkey, has had its origin at St. Petersburg; by various means, the czars have contrived to assume,

as it were, a paternal character; they are looked up to with respect and hope by all the ignorant subject populations throughout the Ottoman Empire; and it must be admitted that the Greek revolution, which assumed the forms of a patriotic struggle, and led to some good results, was at bottom little else than a diversion in favour of Russia. This is the reason that, whilst poets, students, and the public generally were enthusiastic in its favour until it fell short of its brilliant promises, statesmen always exhibited a hostile feeling towards it. This hostility is experienced by them in a still greater degree at the present day. Not without reason they believe that a nation which can only struggle for its freedom at times when the freedom of Europe is menaced by its only ally, and is compelled to appeal to the sacred principles of liberty in order to further the designs of despotism, occupies an anomalous position, and can claim but comparatively cold sympathies.

We must not, however, keep out of mind the fact, that, if Russia is enabled to exert a disturbing influence in the Ottoman Empire, it is not merely on account of her community in religion with the subject inhabitants of the nearest provinces: this community furnishes her with the machinery of action; but the secret of her power lies in the discontent created in the Rayahs by the stupid misgovernment of the Turks. Here, however, we must guard against exaggeration. Many persons seem to believe that Turkish tyranny has now reached its climax, and that if the Greeks have revolted, it is against unbearable oppression. This is a mistake. The Turks of the present day are, in a great measure, bearing the penalty of the sins of their forefathers. Their rule is anything but just and mild, it is true; but a considerable improvement has taken place. The proof of this is the increase of prosperity, on which the Christian populations, by their advocates, base their claim to independence. It is undeniable that the Turkish yoke is lighter than of yore; but history tells us that it is not in human nature to be grateful for a diminution of oppression. Many of the abuses which caused the great French Revolution had been removed before it burst forth. In the case of the Christians of Turkey, they have suffered so long, that their minds have been moulded into a hostile shape. The name of Turk is so abhorrent to them, that if a King Alfred were to obtain the sultan'ship, and govern with perfect justice, they would seize every opportunity to overthrow him.

These remarks will suggest that the difficulties of the Eastern question are much greater than the majority of the public is disposed to believe. In spite of all that has been written and published, very vague notions seem to be entertained in England of the state and prospects of the various races that inhabit the Ottoman Empire, as well as of the nature and forms of the Russian claim of protection over them. We shall endeavour to embody some of the principal facts connected with this intricate question, in order to assist our readers in better comprehending the events which are at present taking place. Everything tends to shew that the affairs of Europe have reached an important crisis, and that a question to which imperfect reference has been so often made of late—that of the revival of nationalities—is about to force itself on our attention.

By its geographical position, and the character of its government and its people, Russia must always exert great influence on the fortunes of Eastern Europe, and, consequently, on those of civilisation. The emperor, though nominally restrained in his actions by certain institutions very difficult to be defined, is perhaps invested with more nearly arbitrary power than any other prince or potentate in the world. We cannot, however, easily realise to ourselves his exact position, and are apt sometimes to fancy him wielding his authority as capriciously as a man might wield a weapon of offence, according to his various moods of anger, beneficence,

ambition, or zeal. But this it would be impossible for him to do. He is obliged to work by means of an established machinery, consisting of individuals brought up according to certain rules, and, capable, therefore, only of acting in a definite way. Peter the Great, as he is called, achieved with immense difficulty the task of creating the present form of Russian administration. It would require a much abler man, now that the empire has increased in bulk, and has grown accustomed, as it were, to perform certain movements, to give it a new direction to its energies. The czar is, indeed, almost like the soul in the human body; but he can only make use of the faculties and members that have been given to him.

This is the reason why Russia, whatever may have been the personal character of its sovereigns, has steadily pursued what is called its traditional policy. We hear much talk of wanton aggression; but the aggressions that have recently taken place, as well as other aggressions more important, yet which excited less opposition, are to be accounted for on two principles: first, that according to which every powerful state, the constitution of which is not based on pure justice, seeks to absorb the dominions of its neighbours; secondly, the tendency of races of similar origins, or, which produces precisely the same result, of similar religious beliefs, to unite under one head. Both these principles are hostile to their developments to the progress of civilisation. One of the great achievements of the French Revolution was to destroy the old division of the country into provinces animated by bitter rivalries; the great misfortune of Spain is, that a similar work has not been accomplished; and it would be a great disaster for Europe if its map were ever modified so as to unite under the same forms of government all peoples of similar origins or similar creeds.

It is a singular feature in the actual position of Europe, that this appeal to the principle of nationality is made by the advocates of two extreme political doctrines. The Pan-Slavonic theory of Russia—identified with the fate of arbitrary government—has its counterpart, though on a smaller scale, in the theories on which are based the parties who recently raised the cry of independence in Hungary and Italy. We must observe in both cases, that, however effective an appeal to the passions of races may be as a weapon of war, nothing can in the end be more dangerous or demoralising. The success with which it meets in itself evinces a low state of intellectual cultivation. 'Hungary for the Magyars' and 'Italy for the Italians' are watchwords not more respectable, however necessary may be their employ, than 'One government for the Slavonians.' They prove the existence of an impulse which may shatter the existing constitution of Europe, but which is not likely to lead to a satisfactory settlement. When men group into families, they descend in the scale of civilisation, the chief mission of which is to efface the distinctions, not only of various classes, but of various races, and to make all pedigree a mere matter of historical curiosity. We observe, therefore, with much anxiety the unmistakable manifestations of the fact, which cabinets seem disposed to make somewhat light of, that, under the aspect of a mere political struggle, in which one party is popularly represented as a ruthless aggressor, whilst the others believe themselves to be acting as the policemen of the world, a signal has been given for the assertion of claims incompatible with the progress of social ameliorations and rational liberty.

Incompatible, at any rate, if the ultimate developments of events always corresponded to the impulse from which they originally proceed. We are far from despairing of the fortunes of civilisation, though we think it necessary to point out the dangers which present themselves. The most imminent of these seems to be, that a population of sixty millions, almost inaccessible to immediate attack, but yet depending for

what comfort it has been accustomed to on prosperous commercial relations, may be goaded by misery, as well as sustained by religious bigotry, into enabling its government to give to this war the character of a war of invasion. It is quite possible that the North may again send forth, not only organised armies which do damage, and then retire, or are destroyed, but colonies of men allured by promise of rich booty in the south. If the tribe of Tatars which, in the last century, escaped from the heavy yoke of Russia to seek refuge beneath the wall of China, had taken the direction of the Turkish Empire, the destinies of Europe might by this time have been changed. Should the present war be prolonged, such another migration is not impossible. Its effect might overpass the calculations of the Russian court, and of all diplomatists and statesmen. However this may be, we may feel certain that peace will not be restored in the East without some unexpected event of this kind—the rise of a new race to seize on the fragments of the Ottoman Empire, or the formation or appearance of new political entities until now not thought of. It is difficult to believe in either of what may be called the simple developments of the war—the utter checking and humbling of Russia without any modification of its territorial or political state; or the defeat of Western Europe, and the indefinite enlargement of the power of the czar. Great conflicts like this, on the threshold of which we have arrived, generally lead to a catastrophe as surprising as it is dramatic. We do not pretend to prophesy. Our desire is to prepare our readers for some of the events that may happen, by a cursory examination of the condition and antecedents of the various races that inhabit the Ottoman Empire, and those provinces of Russia which are continuous to it.

To complete our view, however, it will be necessary to state, in as summary a manner as possible, the origin of the actual quarrel; for by so doing we shall be enabled to show how different are the relations of the Muscovite and Ottoman Empires from those of any two other states in the world, and how absurd it is in our reasonings concerning them to appeal to any of the ordinary rules of politics or diplomacy. Turkey is an amalgamation of various races, all of which are day by day tending to manifest their individuality more and more. Russia is an amalgamation of various races rapidly shaping themselves to one standard. Both processes may be checked, but if they are not, it is impossible to doubt the result.

RECENT POETRY.*

The poets of the rising generation are going sadly astray. Forsaking the old paths, they have mistaken the porch for Mount Parnassus; and we shall not be surprised if, at no distant day, they give us a new system of metaphysics in blank-verse, or serve up some of the speculative philosophers in rhythmical cadences. In 'our hot youth, when George the Fourth was king,' the aspirant to the laurel-wreath would have thought of some one whose brows it had before adorned. More recently, a Wordsworth or a Tennyson would almost imperceptibly have influenced them; but now we have little else save mist and moonshine. 'Free-will,' foreknowledge absolute, man's relation to the infinite, the mystery of life, and fiddles equally formidable, have now to be propounded in lyrics, or solved in semi-dramatic dialogues. Poets are going to the forge—or, at the very least, their books are going to the pastry-cook and the buttermilk—not to the people

and the heart of ordinary humanity. Subjective, speculative, metaphysical verse-making has become a disease, and it is all the more to be deplored, inasmuch as it has affected those from whom we might have expected something worthy of literature—something likely to save the age from being considered an unpoetical one.

The poetry to which we have been alluding, has recently received a contribution of some importance in a work, or the first part of a work, entitled *Balder*, by a young author, who excited a good deal of attention a few years ago through the publication of a dramatic poem, entitled *The Roman*. Mr Dobell—for such is the real name of the poet, who has hitherto been known only by his *nom de plume* of Sydney Yendys—will never, we think, command anything like popularity even among the ordinary readers of poetry. By those who desiderate that what they read should not only be easily understood, but be obvious and interesting in its design, his rare gifts are never likely to be fully appreciated. *Balder* is destitute of almost everything which would give it a chance of popularity. Its design is obscure; the evolution of that design, slow; and the work, as a whole, monotonous.

Unlike most of the strictly subjective poems in our modern literature, however, *Balder* has, we believe, nothing of the autobiographical in its design. The hero is, as we take it, an impersonation of genius without the regulating principle of faith; and the poem, so far as it goes, is designed to illustrate the history of a mind so constituted and conditioned. For any purpose of dramatic interest, it is very incomplete. Strictly speaking, there are only three or four characters; and the history, if such it can be called, proceeds in monologues, rather than in the usual way. The scene is chiefly laid in the study of Balder, or in some other part of 'the tower' which he inhabits, and page after page is filled with the poet's aspirations. Something like an ordinary human interest is occasionally given by the introduction of his wife Amy, and the recital of her sufferings; and one or two of the scenes are enlivened by songs of a light and graceful kind. The continually recurring soliloquies would produce weariness, however, but for the remarkable beauties of sentiment, and the rich and varied imagery which these present. Nor is the story, when we have really got at it, of an inviting character; quite the opposite. It is for the sake of detached passages—beauties which have little or no connection with the story—that *Balder* deserves attention from general readers; and leaving the purpose of the poem to shift for itself, we propose to look for a little at some of these. Morning and evening, noon and night, the spring, the mountains, and the sea—all those aspects of nature, indeed, which the poets from Homer downwards have gloried in, and which the postasters have huckneyed, receive from Mr Dobell some additional charm, for true genius cannot touch save to beautify. Here, for example, is a picture of Morning, altogether original and exquisitely conceived:—

Lo Morn,

When she stood forth at universal prime,
The angels shouted, and the dews of joy
Stood in the eyes of Earth. While here she reigned,
Adam and Eve were full of orisons,
And did not sin; and so she won of God
That ever when she walketh in the world
It shall be Eden. And around her come
The happy wents of early Paradise.

Once more to live is to be happy; Life
With backward streaming hair, and eyes of haste
That look beyond the hills, doth urge no more
Her palpitating feet.

Or take this picture of early Spring, the beloved of all

* *Balder*: a Poem. Part I. By the author of *The Roman*.—*The Nation of Babe Christabel*, with other Lyrical Poems. By Gerald Massey.

poets; how finely her tears and laughter are typified here:

Spring, who did scatter all her wealth last year,
Had gone to heaven for more; and coming back
Flower-laden after three full seasons, found
The Earth, her mother, dead. Far off, appalled
With the unwanted pallor of her face,
She flung her garlands down, and caught distract
The skirts of passing tempests, and through wilds
Of frozen air fled to her, all uncrowned
With haste—a bunch of snow-drops in her breast,
Her charms dishevelled, and her cheeks as white
As winter with her wo.

Of this quality are almost all Mr Dobell's impersonations of Nature. Let us take one other extract from his panorama of the seasons: it describes the feeling of Summer, rather than the things which awaken that feeling:

Alas! that one
Should use the days of summer but to live
And breathe but as the needful element,
The strange superfluous glory of the air.

The imagery in *Balder* is seldom if ever confused. The flowers are perfect in their kind, but they often bewilder us with their profusion. We look in vain sometimes through the thick trellis-work of many hues for the form of the thing it is meant to adorn, and are forced to content ourselves with the beauty we see. Many of the images, however, are of that kind which will not only bear to be taken from the connection in which they are placed, but give vividness and light to the truth or the sentiment lying beneath them. Here is an example of this:

The uncommanded host
Of living nations, swaying to and fro
Like waves of a great sea, that in mid-shock
Confound each other, white with foam and scar,
Roar for a leader.

And the following, of a completely different order, is not less perfect nor less original:—

The repose
Of Beauty—where she lieth bright and still
As some lone angel, dead-asleep in light
On the most heavenward top of all this world
Wing-starry.

It would be vain to extract more of these gems from the pages of *Balder*. The book absolutely teems with them. We know of no modern poem, indeed, in which the imagery is more abundant or more exquisite. Here and there it is elaborated—figure succeeding figure as line follows line; but seldom is there the slightest trace of what a painter would call 'hatching.' The fancy evolves itself with extraordinary fulness, and is always fresh.

But while we are decidedly of opinion that *Balder* contains manifestations of poetic power such as are rarely to be found in modern literature, it cannot, of course, be regarded as a work at all worthy of that power. The very circumstance of its evincing the author to be a writer capable of achieving great things in his art, leads us to regret all the more that he set himself to a purpose which, so far as we can judge of it, is scarcely worth the thought he has already expended. The tendency to the speculative and the metaphysical, which seems to be apparent in recent poetry, is not a healthy one. It is leading to a sacrifice of what is touching and simple for the sake of mystery, and to a disregard of art for the mere effect of isolated brilliancy.

Gerald Massey, the author of a little volume entitled *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, and other Lyrical Poems*, though not, strictly speaking, of the class to which we have been referring, may be considered as to some

extent connected with it, both through the merits and the defects of what he has written. But for the remarkable promise which this young man's little volume bespeaks, and the circumstance of his being obviously surrounded by dangers which may prevent that promise from ever being fulfilled, we should scarcely have thought of noticing it at any length. The first production of a young poet is, generally speaking, only to be regarded as indicating the tone of the mind from which it has emanated, and the chances of a successful devotion to the gentle art when it has been strengthened and matured. Gerald Massey's first flight 'on the wings of poesy' has not been taken on a wavering wing. Apart, altogether, from the circumstances of his early life and his present position, his book evinces the possession of more than ordinary ability. Considered in connection with his obscure station and his adverse fortunes, we have seldom seen anything better fitted to illustrate the triumph of genius over the pinclings of poverty, and the dangers of an untended and uneducated youth. From a brief biographical sketch given in the second edition of his book, we learn that Massey spent more than twenty of his twenty-seven years in circumstances little fitted either to awaken or to foster a love of poetry. The prose of life, and that, too, in its hardest and severest forms, was his. The son of a poor out-door labourer, whose scanty earnings scarcely sufficed for the most pressing daily wants of his children, he was sent, when only eight years old, to a silk-mill, where he toiled from dawn till dusk for a shilling or two a week. Education, in the ordinary sense of the term, he never obtained. He learned to read a little at a Penny School; and his mother, who seems to have had tastes somewhat above her station, strove to make the most of what was thus received. She placed the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress* in Gerald's way; and when, at the age of fifteen, he was sent to London to earn his bread as a message-boy, he had read little else. He struggled on, however, and the love of reading became something like a passion with him—a fererishness, which drove him to all kinds of schemes and sacrifices in order to get at books. He then began to rhyme; fierce and fiery denunciations of the wealthy and the powerful, whom he considered the oppressors of his class, being doubtless his earliest essays. Something of this kind he has given us in his volume; and we regret that it should even have been written, or at least that it had not been allowed to remain in the garner of the obscure penny print, to which, in all probability, it was originally contributed.

Self-educated men, especially when their opportunities of cultivation have been so few, and their sphere of intellectual action so narrow as his, are of all others most likely to suffer from a too indulgent estimate of their abilities. To a man of Massey's genius and temperament, unqualified praise is mistaken kindness; and as a good deal of it has been lavished upon him, the result may be a repugnance to receive the lessons which must be learned sometime, and which may be most safely learned now, if his career as a poet is to be at all worthy of the promise he has held out. Hitherto, the love of nature and of everything beautiful has kept his heart right. The harsh and jarring tones of his political lyrics do not seem to have marred the true music of his soul; for while we find in one page inflated absurdities, in close proximity to them there are strains of pure and touching melody.

We have already said that Massey is to some extent connected with that class of writers who do not seem to have aimed at the constructive in poetry, so much as the merely expressive. In some of the best pieces in his volume, the want of a thorough coherence is very manifest. They lack that unity—that wholeness, so to speak, which is as necessary, even more necessary, in fact, to the effect of a lyrical poem than richness of

imagery. The pearls are so often strung at random, that a number of them might be detached without greatly affecting the slender thread on which they are strung. Time and cultivation will lead to the proper application of the poetic power thus, as it were, squandered, but the cultivation must be of the right kind, and it will infer the unlearning of false conceptions as well as the learning of true principles. The tendency of that style of writing which leads to a dependence upon mere felicity of expression, or vividness of imagery, however much these may contribute to the effect of a well-sustained poem, is almost always to a straining after such things, to a confusion of metaphors, and often to what is altogether unintelligible. We could point to instances of this in the little volume before us; but ascribing these to the author's untutored youth, we prefer noticing a few of the fine sentiments which some of the pieces contain. They are often, as we have already said, mere sparkles, but they are lit up with the pure fire of genius. Here is one of them in a single line:—

Ye sometimes lead my feet to walk the angel side of life.

And here is another running through a short passage as felicitous in expression as it is tuneful in its rhythm:—

No star goes down, but sinks in other skies.
The rose of sunset folds its glory up
To burst again from out the heart of dawn;
And love is never lost, though hearts run waste,
And sorrow makes the chastened heart a deer;
The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope,
And faith can trust for heaven behind the veil.

A poem upon Hood, almost every part of which is striking for the clear apprehension of the subject, as well as for the earnestness of the feeling, affords us such beautiful imagery as the following:—

His wit?—a kind smile just to hearten us;
Rich foam-crests on the waves of lavish life,
That flash o'er precious pearls and golden sands.

In sooth, his wit was like Daniel's spear;
But 'twas mere lightning from the cloud of his life,
Which held at heart most rich and blessed rain
Of tears.

There is no more cheering promise in the writings of this young poet of the people, than that which springs from his fervent worship of the household gods, the large spaces he has given in his heart and his heart's utterances to the domestic affections. Some of his love-songs, making due allowance for an occasional ruggedness in the versification, are among the sweetest we have seen. They are simple and beautiful, the lack of purpose in them being much less apparent than in his more ambitious efforts. Here is one which has all the characteristics of a true song:—

The lark that nestles nearest earth,
To heaven's gate highest sings,
And loving thee, my lordly life
Doth mount on lark-like wings!
Thine eyes are starry promises,
And affluent above
All measure in its blessings, is
The largess of thy love.

Merry as laughter, 'mong the hills
Spring dances at my heart!
And at my wooing, nature's soul
Into her face will start.
The queen-moon in her starry tower
Looks happier for our love;
A dewier splendour fills the flower,
And mellow coos the dove.

And if life comes with cross and care,
Unknown in years of yore,
I know thou'lt half the burden bear,
And I am strong once more.
And blessings on the storm that haves
Me haven on thy breast,
Where life hath climaxed like a wave
That breaks in perfect rest.

The sentiment in these verses is tender and full of delicacy, while the imagery is almost faultless; the structure of the verse, too, is musical, and admirably adapted to the feeling. Although there is often a voluptuous richness in Massey's imagery, the themes it adorns are pure and elevated. His most beautiful flowers, even those of the warmest hue, are laid on the domestic altar. It is the torch of Hymen rather than that of Cupid which lights up the fire of his love-poems; and hence we find, in the lines addressed to his wife, some of his most glowing and varied imagery. (For he sings:—

I looked out on the sunny side of life,
And saw thee summering like a blooming vine
That reacheth globes of wine in at the lattice
By the ripe armful with androsal smile.
Thy flying curls but touched thy life's fair face
Lightly as skinning shadows dusk thy wake.

The sleeping Beauty in my heart's charmed palace
Woke at Love's kiss. My life was a t' affish
As roses redden when the spring moves by,
And the green buds peer out like eyes to see
The delicate spirit whose sweet presence stirred them.

One of the most complete, and at the same time most luxuriant, of Massey's poems, is entitled *The Bridal*. Some of its stanzas are slightly obscure, and, as a whole, it has less of spontaneity than his songs; but the elaboration of imagery, the flush of warm life in every verse, is in exquisite consistency with the character of the subject. We can give only a portion of it, and our quotations must be taken almost at random:—

She comes! the blushing Bridal Dawn
With her Auroral splendours on,
And green earth never lovelier shone:

She danced in her golden way
In dainty dalliance with the May,
Jubilant o'er the happy day.

High up in air the chestnuts blow.
The live green apple-tree's flush bough
Floateth, a cloud of rosy snow!

Cloud-shadow-ships sail saferly
Over the greenery's sunny sea,
Whose warm tide ripples down the lea.

Alive with eyes, the village sees
The Bridal dawning through the trees,
And housewives swarm in the sun like bees.

Sumptuous as life, when she swims
With rainbow robe on dainty limbs,
The bride's rare loveliness o'erbrims.

She wears her maiden modesty
With fearful grace touched tenderly,
Yet with a ripe expectancy.

And at her heart Love sits and sings,
And hodeeth warmth, begetting wings
Shall lift her up to higher things.

The unknown sea moans on her shore
Of life; she hears the breakers roar;
But trusting him, she'll fear no more.

The blessing given, the ring is on;
And at God's altar radiant run
The currents of two lives in one.

If the extracts we have already given do not suffice to shew the promise with which Gerald Massey's little volume abounds, we must plead guilty to a misapprehension of what constitutes poetry of a high order: lacking to a considerable degree the artistic element, it is true, but full of originality and freshness of feeling. It only remains for us to notice the principal poem, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel*, into which, as it seems to us, the poet has poured the whole wealth of his fancy, and in some parts of which he has been more successful than in any of his other productions. Pathos, often of the deepest and tenderest kind, is its chief characteristic; but in the evolution of the story—if we can apply that term to the mere expression of the feelings awakened by the birth and death of a little child—fancy is manifested in great exuberance; nor is there wanting occasional glimpses into the secret springs of sorrow, which evince a still higher quality. The opening verses of the poem are fresh and beautiful:—

When Beauty walks in bravest dress,
And, fed with April's mellow showers,
The earth laughs out with sweet May-flowers,
That flush for very happiness;

And honeyed plots are drownd with bees,
And lark's rain music by the shower,
While singing, singing hour by hour,
Song like a spirit sits in the trees.

When fainting hearts forget their fears,
And in the poorest life's salt cup
Some rare wine runs, and Hope builds up
Her rainbow over Memory's tears.

It fell upon a merry May-morn,
In the perfect prime of that sweet time
When daisies whiten, woodbines climb,
The dear Babe Christabel was born.

The dirge which the poet sings o'er the dead child is, in our opinion, still finer than the above. The effective change in the rhythm, the strong feeling so exquisitely expressed in some of the lines, and the fine close which is made with the melancholy cadence of the last verse, are all very near approaches to that artistic completeness in which we believe Massey will soon learn to mould his poetry:—

With her white hands clasped she sleepeth; heart is
flushed, and lips are cold;
Death shrouds up her heaven of beauty, and a weary
way I go,

Like the sheep without a shepherd on the wintry
norland wold.

With the face of day shut out by blinding snow.

O'er its widowed nest my heart sits mourning for its
young that's fled

From this world of wail and weeping, gone to join her
starry peers;

And my light of life's overshadowed where the dear one
Beth dead,

And I'm crying in the dark, with my fears.

All last night-tide she seemed near me, like a lost
beloved bird,

Beating at the lattice louder than the sobbing wind
and rain;

And I called across the night with tender name and
fondling word,

And I journeyed out through the darkness, all in vain.

Heart will plead: 'Eyes cannot see her; they are blind
with tears of pain;'

And it climbeth up and straineth, for dear life, to look
and hark

While I call her once again; but there cometh no
refrain,

And it droppeth down, and dieth in the dark.

Most of the extracts we have given afford illustrations of the effect with which the poet can make the

emblems and features of nature and of human life typify the emotions of the heart. The last verse we have quoted is as fine an example of this as any; and it is exquisitely musical.

It is obvious, we think, that if Gerald Massey is disposed to make a full and proper use of his gifts, he has a high vocation open for him. It is one, however, upon which he cannot thoroughly enter without having to contend with and to overcome many difficulties. There is a future of great usefulness open to him, for we apprehend that no one endowed as he is, tutored as he has been by severe experience, and possessing, as he does, such keen sensitivities and expansive sympathies, can fail to benefit those for whom he sings.

PRIVATEERS AND PRIVATEERING.

So far as England and France are concerned, the present war bids fair to be conducted on more humane principles, and altogether in a less savage and vindictive manner, than any previous great European contest. France assumed the initiative, we believe, in refusing letters of marque, or commissions to privateers; and England has hitherto done the same; nor is there the least probability that any licence will hereafter be granted to privateers by the British government. Formerly, it was not unusual for letters of marque to be granted even to the subjects of neutral nations, and fears have been expressed that Russia will grant such licences to American privateers. We have not much apprehension on this score, relying securely, as we think, on the honour and policy of the United States' government to suppress any such attempts; for by Acts of Congress in 1794 and in 1818, privateering was denounced, and the Americans are not a retrograde people in any respect. But it is certainly to be dreaded that some of the half-lawless and wholly unprincipled republics of South America may be inclined to avail themselves of Russian commissions to plunder our merchantmen; although if they do so, they will pay dearly for it in the end. It is not improbable that Russia herself will send forth privateers from such of her ports as may escape blockade—but short will be their cruises!

Privateering is, or was—if we may venture to speak of it in the past tense—a mere system of piracy under legal sanction, and proved a monstrous aggravation of the evils of war. Not one spark of patriotism animated the owners and crews of privateers. They neither sought nor desired to meet with the enemy's armed cruisers, for to them glory was a thing of naught. Their sole object was to make money by plunder, and to do this with as little fighting as possible; but if hard knocks could not be avoided, we must do them the justice to say that they did not shrink from the combat, as many an action fought with a gallantry worthy a better cause bears witness. The officers and crews were almost invariably desperate men, and no private peccadilloes whatever could disqualify them for the service, but rather the reverse. The hulks, the gallows, and the privateers refused no man. As a general rule, the owners of privateers were not very honourable nor reputable citizens; yet, half a century ago, hardly a voice was audibly raised in condemnation of their enterprises. The fitting-out of a privateer was a sort of gambling speculation, for the vessel might be captured within twenty-four hours of leaving port, or it might send home a dozen valuable prizes in a cruise of as many days. All was a lottery, and one of the most exciting nature. The captain of a privateer had generally some share in the ownership of the vessel, and officers and crew sailed with a distinct agreement as to what percentage each would receive of the booty. Under such a system as this, the inevitable consequence was, that privateersmen became demoralised and brutal to the last degree. Privateers

and pirates were, in fact, almost convertible terms. In many instances, if a privateer had not the fortune to fall in with any of the enemy's merchantmen during a cruise, he would have little or no compunction in seizing a neutral ship, rather than return empty-handed, and boldly risked all consequences resulting from the piratical act. But the system had yet darker traits, as the following startling statement—anonymous, however—testifies: 'It must be admitted that in more than one flagrant instance, the system was not only brought to bear on English commerce by English capital, but even the very parties who sent out the merchant-ship, and insured her against the king's enemies, sent out also the privateer that captured her, and thus made a double gain—from the insurer of the captive vessel, and by the sale of her cargo and hull as lawful prize. Many a French privateer was owned by Englishmen, and manned by piratical renegades; and some English privateers were chartered by Frenchmen for the capture of their own merchant-ships. In the conduct of such crews, wilful cruelty towards their captives was alone wanting to complete the character of the pirate. On either side of the Channel, the day of the merchant-ship's sailing, and her course, was duly notified to the privateer that did the dirty work of the firm; and thus, under the pretence of honourable warfare, innocent individuals were swindled by their fellow-countrymen, and the honour of a nation tarnished for filthy lucre.' 'We have no means of verifying this appalling charge, but judging by all we have read upon the subject, we have no reason to disbelieve it.

Privateers, both French and English, were of all sizes and rigs—from mere luggers of twenty tons, carrying a couple of 4-pounders and a dozen men, to fine full-rigged ships of 500 or 600 tons, heavily armed, and manned by crews of 200 to 300 men. In a word, the latter were formidable men-of-war, and capable of exchanging broadsides with regular king's frigates. Many privateers on both sides the Channel were fitted out at immense cost; nothing was spared to render their equipment perfect, for the owners well knew that one successful cruise might pay for all. The main object of all was to insure swiftness; and to effect this, strength of hull was sacrificed to such a degree, that some privateers were mere shells, that a close, well-directed broadside from a man-of-war would send to the bottom in a moment. This, however, was by no means always the case, as we shall hereafter shew. Not a few privateers were expressly built for their intended service, and more beautiful vessels never floated. The total number sent forth both by England and France was almost incredible. They prowled in every direction, and the narrow seas literally swarmed with them. The largest and best appointed would take long swoops out on the main ocean, to fall in with convoys of both outward and homeward bound ships; and if not taken themselves by men-of-war, they were sure to pick up all unfortunate stragglers or slow sailers. If the reader only glanced over a file of old newspapers, or pored—as we have done ere writing this article—through the 'Home News' and Gazette extracts of the old magazines, and the dry details of our chief naval histories, he would soon have a vivid idea of the enormous risk merchantmen ran of being taken by privateers during the last war. Sometimes we read of five or six privateers of the enemy captured in a single day.

We are not aware that the British government ever aided or had any share in the equipment and sending forth of privateers; but it appears that it was otherwise across the Channel. In one instance, a French company hired five swift-sailing ships of their government to cruise as privateers; and official documents prove that many others were lent to adventurous merchants for the same purpose. The charter-party, on the above occasion, says that 'the vessels are to be completely

fitted out by the government; the freighters being only obliged to provide for and pay the crew. The cost of revictualling and touching at any place, to be also at the charge of the freighters; but the cost for repairs of masts, for cordage, ordnance, &c., to be defrayed by the republic. The freighters to propose the commanders, who must be approved by the minister of marine. The freighters to choose the station for cruising, and the places at which the vessels are to stop. The produce of the prizes to be divided as follows—One-third to the crew, and a third of the remaining two-thirds to the republic; the sale of the prizes to be confided to the freighters.' Many of the French privateers were really splendidly equipped and manned vessels. We find an instance to the point in the *London Gazette* of 1810. In September of that year, Captain Wolfe of the *Aigle* man-of-war, reports that he had captured, after a chase of thirteen hours, *Le Phoenix*, a celebrated ship-privateer belonging to Bordeaux, mounting eighteen cannonades, and manned with 129 men, whom he describes as being exceedingly fine young seamen, commanded by a very experienced and able captain. This privateer had done great injury to the British trade, and hitherto had out-sailed all our men-of-war. A still more famous French privateer of similar force, manned by 140 men, *Le Vice-amiral Martin*, was captured in the following year by His Majesty's ships *Fortune* and *Sabre*. This very famous privateer had been remarkably successful in all her former cruises, and had defied all attempts to capture her. Nor would she have been taken at last by one ship; for we are told that 'from the style of her sailing, and the dexterity of her manœuvres, neither of his majesty's ships singly, though both were going eleven knots with royals set, would have succeeded in capturing her.'

Several instances are on record of really gallant actions fought between large French privateers and English frigates. A noteworthy affair of this kind occurred in 1798. The British 40-gun frigate *Pomone*, Captain Reynolds, chased the *Cheri* privateer of Nantes; and as the latter made no attempt to escape, the two ships were soon yachum to yardarm, and a furious battle ensued. At length the privateer struck, after losing her main-mast and receiving great damage; so much so, in fact, that she sank almost before the wounded and prisoners could be removed. The privateer mounted twenty-six guns of various calibre, and was manned by 230 men. Her captain and fourteen men were killed, and nineteen wounded. The English frigate also sustained considerable damage. Considering the immense disparity of force, this was certainly a most gallant defence on the part of the privateer. Later in the same year, a memorable action also occurred between the British sloop-of-war *Trincomali*, of 16 guns, and the French privateer *Iphigénie*, of 22 guns. It lasted upwards of two hours, when by some accident the *Trincomali* exploded, and all the crew but two perished with her. The two vessels touched each other at this awful moment, and therefore it was not surprising that the privateer also was so dreadfully shattered, that she sank in a few minutes. All her crew, with the exception of about thirty, perished. A more calamitous finale to a well-fought action has rarely occurred. While on this topic, we must not omit to mention a third important and singular affair about the same time. The British 38-gun frigate *Révolutionnaire*, chased a strange ship off the coast of Ireland; and after a run of 114 miles in less than ten hours, the stranger hauled down her colours, and proved to be the *Bordelais* privateer of Bordeaux, a splendid ship of more than 600 tons, with a crew of 200 men, and mounting 24 guns on a flush-deck. She was reckoned as fast a sailer as any privateer belonging to France, and on her first cruise captured the immense number of twenty-nine valuable prizes! Her second cruise proved thus fatal to her. Concerning this

privateer and the frigate that captured her, Mr James, in his *Naval History*, gives the following curious information:—"It was a singular circumstance, not merely that the *Bordelais* was constructed by the same builder who had constructed the *Révolutionnaire*, but that the builder, at a splendid dinner given by the owners of the *Bordelais* to her officers soon after the termination of her first trip, should have said: "England has not a cruiser that will ever touch her except the *Révolutionnaire*; and should she ever fall in with that frigate in blowing weather, and be under her lee, she will be taken." The *Bordelais* was added to the British navy by the same name." It appears by the above, that the frigate herself had previously been taken from the French, and adopted into our navy. Whatever may now be the case, nothing is more certain than that during the last war the French built the finest men-of-war in the world. Most of the crack frigates then in our navy had been taken from the French, and with them we captured more of their vessels—a fact which must have been bitterly mortifying to that gallant and sensitive people.

Owing to the extreme swiftness of most privateers, it rarely happened that large men-of-war could capture them, unless under particular circumstances. Corvettes of war, and handy gun-brigs, were the vessels to hunt down and destroy these pests of commerce; and they did their duty manfully. Sometimes, however, it happened that they caught a Tartar in the shape of a privateer, and had much ado to escape being captured themselves. As a general rule, both English and French privateers carefully steered clear of all contact with men-of-war, for they knew they could have nothing to hope for but hard blows, and probable discomfiture. It did, however, occasionally happen, that when a privateer fell in with a sloop-of-war, or other small armed ship of the enemy's royal navy, and knew the latter to be of decidedly inferior force, he would risk an attack. Several instances are on record of king's ships being captured, after a hard fight, by one or more daring privateers. For example, the British gun-brig, *Crowder*, well armed, and commanded by Lieutenant Hollingsworth, with a crew of 60 men and boys, was engaged, along with other men-of-war, in conveying merchant-vessels; and when off Dungeness, the *Crowder* was suddenly attacked in the night by two French lugger privateers, the *Espégle* and *Ruse*; and in spite of a gallant defence, in which her commander lost his life, was captured, and triumphantly carried into Boulogne. It is supposed that the privateers at first mistook the *Crowder* for a merchantman. A somewhat similar affair occurred about the same period. The British armed sloop *George*, Lieutenant Mackey, of 6 guns and 40 men, was attacked and captured in the West Indies by two Spanish privateers, one carrying 109, and the other 68 men. The British crew made a most heroic defence, and did not surrender until eight were killed and seventeen wounded, out of her forty men. The Spaniards had thirty-two killed. On the other hand, some French privateers made quite a determined resistance against hopeless odds. The British 14-gun brig-sloop *Amarante*, with a crew of 86 men, chased the French privateer *Vengeur*, a schooner of only six 4-pounders, and a crew of 36 men, including passengers. At length the two vessels engaged at pistol-shot distance, and the combat lasted upwards of an hour. When the privateer surrendered, her loss amounted to fourteen killed and five wounded. If the immense disparity of force is taken into consideration, this is one of the most desperate defences on record, and proves that the issue of the combat would have been very doubtful had the force been more equal. We could give dozens of similar instances of the desperate courage often displayed both by English and French privateersmen; and this is about the only redeeming trait in their character. It may, however, be safely assumed, that, as a general rule, privateers only fought

when fighting became unavoidable. On rare occasions, French and English privateers fought each other, just as tigers and sharks will sometimes do when lacking their natural prey.

The damage done to British commerce—and vice versa—by French, Danish, and American privateers, was altogether incalculable; and it must also be borne in mind, that the prodigious risk of capture raised the rates of marine insurance to a ruinous degree, so that merchants whose vessels made safe runs, seldom realised remunerative returns on their invested capital; and if, on the other hand, they sent their ships to sea uninsured, they risked total ruin, for it was about an equal chance that a ship sailing to and from many ports would be captured. It is not fair to draw a parallel between regular men-of-war and privateers, as regards making prizes of enemy's merchant-ships. The mere act of capturing an enemy's merchantman is only a sort of epistolical performance on the part of men-of-war, their main business being to defend the coasts of their country from hostile invasion, and to fight and subdue the ships of war belonging to the foe. The prize-money they receive from occasional captures is only a legitimate extra reward for the services they perform to the state; while a privateer is sent forth wholly and solely to pursue and capture merchantmen, that its crew and owners may be enriched by their confiscation, the privateers, neither defending their country, nor fighting its armed foe, are thus reluctantly compelled to do so. These views of the question are now generally held by civilised states, and England, France, and America, the three foremost nations of the earth, seem to have tacitly arrived at the somewhat tardy conclusion, that there is hardly a hairbreadth of practical difference between privateering and piracy. Henceforward, pirates and privateersmen will alike swing from the yardarm whenever captured in pursuit of their kindred professions.

A LAUDATION OF TRASH.

It is not many years since *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* was the only extensive distributor throughout the country of wholesome knowledge and as wholesome entertainment. The case is very different now. Whether that work created a taste, or merely supplied a want, is of little consequence: the great fact is, that the demand did increase, gradually but rapidly, and in that brief interval has been answered by the appearance of other journals, variously modified, which, without diminishing the popularity of the *magna parens*, have more than doubled the circulation of this kind of literature. The importance of the fact, taken by itself, no one will question: it stands incontrovertibly thus—that there are at present at least double the number of persons who seek in the cheap periodicals interesting information and refined amusement than there were a few years ago. This increase is not accounted for by any decline in the sale of expensive books: even if such existed, it would be much more than compensated, so far as the number of readers is concerned, by the popular libraries and reprints, whose name is Legion.

We have heard it said that the progress thus distinctly marked is counterbalanced in another way—that the new demand for wholesome literature is not a tithe of the new demand for what is either positively pernicious, or at best vulgar and trashy. Now, as far as the positively pernicious, it does not fairly come, we think, into a question of this kind; for its existence is attributable solely to the supineness of government in not enforcing the laws it has made, or to its stolidity in so constructing the laws as to make the enforcement impossible. But with regard to the immense body of literature distinguished merely by bad taste and low intelligence we have something more to say; for we hold

that the demand it meets is as indubitably a step in advance as the demand for wholesome literature.

The half-million, or more, readers of such works had no existence a small number of years ago. Their minds had not begun to awaken, and they had not yet entered upon that course of progression which is the natural state of human beings. The first stirrings of their untutored thought, when these at length began, found no sympathy in the higher class of literature. They yearned instinctively for something they could feel and comprehend: and the something came. It came in a form of thought just higher than their own, in a play of fancy their humble taste could appreciate, in romantic fiction that could be delightedly enjoyed by minds which had not opened to a conception of the artistical, and had no higher standards of comparison. The thing that came is pronounced by the supercilious to be Trash. Be it so: that name will do as well as another. But we have a profound respect for this Trash; since it has enabled vast masses of the people to enter upon a course of progress, and has commenced a development of their moral and intellectual powers which nothing can stop. It is as impossible to prevent its readers from rising beyond Trash, as it would have been impossible to land them on higher ground without using that as a stepping-stone.

It is vain to talk of the higher class of periodicals competing with the low: they cannot do so without changing their character and becoming low themselves. If the demand had been for high-class literature at a cheaper rate, it would have been met in spite of the paper-duty; but the demand was for low-class literature, and that alone; and if the price of all kinds were equalised, the very same relative circulation would be maintained that exists to-day. And why?—Because readers whose minds are in the earlier stages of development are, and probably always will be, by far the most numerous class. The hostility of the better journals to Trash is unfair and ungrateful, for the latter is their grand recruiting field. Without this training seminary, it could be only by slow and painful efforts they would gain over a single man. They might remain as steady as the journal mentioned at the beginning of this article did for many years; but they could not increase and multiply as they have done, and they would not now spring forward individually as some of us are doing.

Trash is now bought because it is cheap. The cheapness merely brings it within the reach of those who will buy it because it is trash, and who would buy nothing of a better kind at any price. Literature, so far as the demand and supply are concerned, is subject to the ordinary laws of political economy. It finds its own channel, and will not yield to force; but it is unlike material commodities in this, that it has within itself a principle which insensibly elevates the character of the demand. The reader rises above the lower quality unconsciously to himself; he exhausts the nutrition it affords; and, to appease the continuing hunger and thirst of the soul, he at length seeks a new and richer pabulum.

The real competition is among works of the better class; and this competition, when its object is mere circulation, is not of a wholesome kind. All such works are valuable; and all answer a positive demand, and address themselves to a distinctive class. Some are light and gay, some serious and earnest; some impart information, as if they wished it to penetrate to the mind; others give it through the menstruum of a joke, as good-natured doctors exhibit medicine to children, wrapped in sweetmeats; some minister specially to tastes of one kind, some to tastes of another kind; but all supply a demand, and all represent, respectively, the intellectual status of particular portions of the community. Competition among such works should not neglect circulation, for that would strike at the

root of utility as well as profit; but it should take the character of a generous rivalry, as to which competitor, without compromising its popularity, should do the most to inform, enlighten, and refine.

But our present business is with Trash—praiseworthy and respectable Trash. Let it not grieve the recruits it educates and turns over to a higher service, for this loss will be more than compensated by a daily addition to its own numbers rising from the denser and darker masses of the people. It will never be otherwise than a great and powerful estate in literature, so long as there are children of men born in ignorance and misery, and impelled by the instincts of their nature to grope after light and knowledge. It is true, there are powerful influences at work against it; for the connection between taste and virtue has been recognised even by government, and, so far as material objects are concerned, there are now schools of design throughout the country, in which refinement is taught as a matter of policy. This, no doubt, will eventually contribute towards the general elevation of the people; but it is comfortable for Trash to think that the process will be so slow as to be hardly perceptible, the new movement not being in the direction of literature, but of the arts—the education considered necessary not being that of the mind, but that of the eye.

We end as we began. Trash is one of the great facts of the age; and we trust that its half-million patrons may increase further than diminish. They cannot increase from the higher ranks of intelligence—that is impossible; for the spirit of man ascends as the sparks fly upwards. Teach a little gamin merely to read and write, and he takes to Trash as naturally as a duckling takes to the ditch; but, unlike the duckling, he is by and by hungered upon the nutriment he finds in it—his taste expands, his aspirations soar, he becomes ambitious of the pond—then of the lake—then of the ocean. *Argent Fucula!*

ADVANTAGE OF OPPOSITION.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against, and not with the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lies down by the wayside to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself to the wind to struggle when the winds blow, gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows.—*John Neal*

PROPOSED CHANGES IN INLAND CONVEYANCE.

It is a somewhat curious coincidence that, at the very juncture when companies are making a merit of using iron sleepers, as well as of adding to the strength of their rails, a project should be submitted for public consideration by which iron is to be banished from railway construction. According to Mr Daft's prospectus of his infant invention, not only are sleepers to continue to be made of wood, but wheels, axles, springs, and all their complexities and combinations, are to be abolished, and carriages made to glide by a glass groove upon a tri-angled wooden rail. This, however, is a mere adjunct to the invention itself, the chief innovation of which consists in making the engine-wheels of brass, and strongly coating them with vulcanised India-rubber, the tenacity of which is strikingly exemplified on the model, on which they remain stationary at any gradient, even 1 in 8.—*Railway Times.*

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DREAM-LAND.

ARTISTS and poets have alike fallen short of the finer and more ideal embodiment of the wonder-workers' 'care-charmer, sleep.' The cry of the guilty thane:

Macbeth hath murdered sleep—the innocent sleep, conveys but one of the numerous morals lying obviously on the very threshold of a beautiful idea. In depicting 'Death's hulk-brother' Thorwaldsen has touched but its outward semblance, while giving us the deep and solemn flush of an apparently unbroken repose. This is not enough. As a creation, vital in itself and life-producing, as the still partner of the soul and graceful mother of dreams, sleep has never yet been worthily portrayed:

Our life is twofold. Sleep hath its own world;
A boundary between the thing imagined
Death and Existence.

Sleep has a reality of being essentially its own, however distinguished from the life of waking fictions in the midst of which we walk daily, and where the things we see, and the deeds we do, and the thoughts that strive within us, have scarcely a more distinct vitality than the stuff of which dreams are made. Take from us our Dream-land, and the beauty of life—nay, the very world itself—were incomplete. The marvellous significance of the shapes we meet within its filmy shades, growing out of darkness and repassing into shadow—shapes, crowning the brief torpor of our outward sense with a dazzling glory such as we meet not on this side the great sleep-barrier, the wonderful depths of soul therein revealed to us, as in a magic glass, through silent trances of the night, from whose waking is agony; the exalted, almost superhuman purity of thought and act, which in such visions shows us something of what we are capable, and shames the waking sense of what we are—these are at once the solace and the boon, the privilege and the blessing, of Dream-land. In our frail, living hours we may cry:

Let the dead Past bury its dead;

but in Dream-land there are no dead—or rarely those over whose dust we are left weeping here. The loved and the lost are ours again. We hold them, gathered to our inmost hearts, with an intensity of joy, into whose Eden there will sometimes creep, serpent-wise, it is true, the strange, cruel, vague misgiving that it is all a dream—for, alas! the trail of the destroyer is even here. But seldom do such doubts force themselves upon our consciousness till we are slowly emerging

from that imaginary world, and entering once more upon the confines of that which we in sober parlance call real, waking life. So the pang is dealt by the watchful, world-day mind, after *Al. and Sleep* and Dream-land are innocent of this Saturn-like demolition of their own offspring.

Dream-land, too, has other phantoms than those of the beautiful and the loved. Some of its presentments, Gorgonite and grotesque; at times glide unbidden through the silent chambers of the brain, 'making night hideous.' Yet, by a strange anomaly, our sense of wonder is most dormant when its exciting force is the strongest. We marvel at nothing; everything is taken for granted. We sally forth for a morning's ride across the mountains of Kong, or trace the sources of the Sogdian, perched on the shoulders of a tough-limbed Cheiropotamus, yet are not 'afraid with any amazement.' We undertake a journey to the setting sun, ensconced between the outspread wings of some giant condor of an elder world, yet neither wink nor wince. Our faith is as perfect, and our enjoyment as keen, during these somewhat startling innovations in the ordinary laws of human progression, as those of a child when he listens to the recital of similar feats in his first fairy-tale. If we cannot take the 'wings of the morning,' we can at least take those of the night; and the power and strength of its broad pinions are illimitable. Strange combinations, too, of romance and terror will occasionally disturb our souls with pity. I once noted down a dream suggested by the reading of an eccentric American story; and in which certain features of the tale became oddly enough mixed up with more solemn matters. The story was that of a certain Texan colonel; and in its effect on the train of thought during sleep, is a somewhat curious instance of the power of passing and trivial occurrences to call up in dreams a chain of corresponding or analogous ideas. The story was something to the following effect:—The aforesaid colonel, at once a settler in the backwoods and a lawyer, being engaged to defend a man for cow-stealing at the distant town-court—for which defence he is to receive two bushels of meal—and being in want of a suit of clothes to appear in, procures from an Indian a suit of deer-skin. This he is recommended to dye in dogwood ooze; and as the trial is to take place on the following day, and the meal is sadly wanted at home, our colonel, obliged perforce to set out in all haste, puts on his deer-skin—*vet.* Speeding along under a broiling sun, his condition may be imagined. As the skin grows drier and drier, the unfortunate wearer describes himself as 'screwed together, bound up, and strunged.' He can move neither hand nor foot; till at last, some good Samaritan passing by,

rips him up, or rather his borrowed skin, amidst peals of laughter. It is enough to add, that, relieved of his shrivelled-up deer-skin, our lawyer, finally adopting some more commodious form of enroachment, reaches the court in time, 'clears his man, and gets his meal.' Amused with this story, I fell asleep. I was immediately transported, in thought, to a narrow, gloomy lane. Before me was a man running at full speed, from whose shoulders hung a long fur-cloak. Prompted by some unaccountable feeling of curiosity, I gave chase. Swiftly as he fled, he was soon outstripped by his pursuer. As I passed him, the wind for a moment turning his fur-cloak aside, shewed me the lining dabbled with blood. I was told that he was a murderer escaping from justice. All at once, my dream changed. I found myself seated in some public place, which looked very like a theatre; and turning to my friend, Mr M., the dramatic poet, who stood beside me, I was informed by him that it was in reality a court of justice, and that I, as well as he, was 'had up' to give evidence against the culprit, who turned out to be no other than the above-mentioned runner in the fur-cloak. Here—for at this interesting juncture I awoke—the trial for cow-stealing was converted, by the force of a dreamy imagination, into a trial for murder; while the improbable colonel and his impracticable suit of deer-skin became, by a similar agency, converted into a very truculent culprit, figuring in a handsome coat of fur. Though I was not the lawyer, I was the witness, and thus found myself cutting a questionable figure in a court of justice. Whether 'I cleared the man,' or 'got the meal,' I have no positive recollection.

Such are among the apparently meaningless combinations of things that haunt our night-watches, leaving behind, when they depart, no lasting impression. There exist, however, mysterious forces of the spiritual world which carry their influence long after through the silent vigils of our waking and world-weary hours. What the pressure exerted by those forces must be to the mind laden with premeditated guilt, or goaded by the stings of remorse, we have no imagination strong enough to depict. No phantom can rise before our ordinary sleep-vision at all comparable in horror to what such a nightmare must present; neither, to the culprit, can any throes of waking agony equal in terror those of the inner soul of sleep. When the stricken Queen Elizabeth, in her last hours, grovelling in the dust—her finger in her mouth, idiot-wise—sat, gazing vacantly on the clock, were her hallucinations of conscience more terribly real than the wandering horrors that pursued her in her dreams? In such daylight reveries, the presence of outward objects tends to break the links of thought, and disjoin the retrospective chain within the mind; and to the royal culprit's ear, the click of the time-piece, with its warning beat, would at last tell the cense that ached at its monotonous sound. But her dreams! No visible object then would stand between her and the block, crimsoned with the blood of her beautiful foe—no sounding knell of the passing hours muffle to her ear the last sigh that was ever to pass the creased lips of her much-prized yet slaughtered friend. All would rise before her soul in its naked horror; till, easier and lighter to bear were such waking idiocy, than the wilder madness which shrieks on the roufines of that ghastly borderland of dreams.

But—thanks to the Giver of all that is good within

us—there are gentler and more soothing influences also at work within that wondrous region—

The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent between the high and low!

Sometimes, it is but the touch of a hand—a smile, or a sigh, that thrills through, beams upon, or sounds to us, and nothing in this our so-called actual world can do. That a benevolent purpose—a wise, forecasting care—lies at the root of even the most seeming strange phantasms of Dream-land, we cannot but believe. The crushing anxieties of the outer world, its crosses, its pangs and desperations, fall off from us like mists at the sun's call, before the heavenly aspect of some face whose idolised memory, dwelling apart in the hidden treasure-house of the brain, and cherished by the dreaming heart of love, is roused anew, and touched with a more solemn glory, in the great phantom-world of sleep. Even our night-arrows—for mortal agonies will find us out even here, and Dream-land has its

harrying to and fro.

And starting tears, and trembling of distress,
And pale fair cheeks, and

and ten partings, such as press

The life from out young hearts—

even those sorrows have a tender and subduing influence, and do their work of regeneration, as all trials must, whether they come to us from the world of shadows or of realities. As the deeper impressions of the night cling to us, undissipated by the pale spectral light of day, we rise to our duties, hard though they may be, with a freshened heart and a renewed spirit. We are no more furlorn, who can turn—even, though with tears—from the harsh looks or unquiet voices of earth, to the sweet, placid, angel-like greeting of a dead love in Dream-land. There is no barrier to separate us from that bliss; it is ours to have and to hold, to rejoice in, and to be thankful over. If it be but a phantom—what of that? It is 'a thing of beauty'; it is 'a joy for ever.' Gathering round us, and prolonging thus—even though as shadows—the pure and blest associations of a perished youth, we live our failing and degenerate days to better and holier purpose. Blessed be all dreams, sleeping or waking! The greatest and most profound woman-writer of our age—perhaps of any—has well said: 'By the gentle leave of Heaven, all human beings have visions.' So be it! and let none despise the dim but certain manifestation of the spirituality within them, nor dare to ignore the lightest indication of those divine laws whose meanings lie beyond their ken. What is memory itself but a dream? Yet how vast is its range—how blessed are its uses—how full of soul its marvellous resurrections! We all alike confess to the beauty of its tender revelations of past joys and sorrows, when our eyes gaze wide upon the moving world before us. How doubly to be prized, then, are such visitations, and all that are akin to them, during those hours of darkness, when the rapt sense, no longer clay-controlled, beholds, as it were, the very heavens themselves unveiled.

Jean Caspar Lavater has said: 'Keep him at least three paces distant who hates bread, music, and the laugh of a child.' Keep him, say we, distant three

paces more who can smile in derision at the silent and solemn teachings, the incomparable joys, of Dream-land.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS UNDER THE WATER.

SCIENCE has become intimate with animal life on the land—even with those creatures that are too minute to be seen with the naked eye; but, till recently, the ocean appeared to baffle its researches, and in its turn to say to man, in the hollow and mysterious voice that threatens as well as charms: 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further!' But all was in vain. Science, which explores the further heavens, was not to be arrested in its progress by the waters; and moving steadily onwards in this new direction, it has now invaded the depths of the sea, and examined, with its calm, observant eye, the forms and manners of its inhabitants. This has not been accomplished by means of perilous adventure—and, indeed, no perilous adventure could have achieved the feat. The French zoologist who proposed, some time ago, to pay a domestic visit to the fishes of the Mediterranean, provided with a water-tight dress and a breathing-tube, would have come back doubtless well able to furnish a pleasing superficial sketch, but quite ignorant of those minute details of individual life which form the materials of natural history.

This is well illustrated in a beautiful little work now before us, in which the author declares that the records of animals which form the foundation of all our correct generalisation, are strictly biographical.* He traces an idiosyncrasy in the lower orders of creation somewhat akin to that of man; remarking that the shepherd recognises every sheep of his flock by its face—that the groom is a physiognomist in horses—and that he himself comprehends the expression of birds. By this alone he was able, while in Jamaica, to tell one from another the wild doves in his cages, although they were perfectly alike in colour. 'Shakespeare and Scott,' adds Mr Gosse, 'who treat of man as an individual, are not inferior, in their walk of science, to Reid and Stewart, who describe him as a species.'

To visit the inhabitants of the sea, in the constrained manner that would have been compulsory in a being formed like man, would have been of little use as regards biographical details. What, then, was to be done? To leave them to us, to be sure, since we could not go comfortably to them—to have them up in a vitreous-box, and make them give an account of themselves. But it was necessary to do this in a particular way, for fish are no more at their ease out of the water, than we are under it; it was necessary to bring a portion of their element with them, and to have all their little comforts about them, such as stones, sand, mud, and marine-plants; it was necessary, in short, for the purposes of science, to have a piece of the sea laid upon our table: and, being necessary, this was done. The principle upon which the Aquarium is constructed—the mutual dependence of animal and vegetable life, the former supplying the carbonic acid essential to the latter, and the latter the oxygen essential to the former—is already known to our readers; and we have only to add, that the desired portion of the sea, with its animals, plants, rocks, and sand, is contained in a glass tank, and that thus the philosopher has nothing to do but to sit down in his night-gown and slippers, and watch the goings on, and pry into the family secrets—using his lens when necessary—of the inhabitants of the deep.

To preserve the transparency of the tank would seem a difficult matter, from the floating myriads of spores

or seeds of the algae that are constantly finding a resting-place on the glass, and trying to curtain the whole from the water's edge to the bottom. To avert this danger, we employ a couple of little slaves, the common periwink, and as common top (*Trochus*); and these creatures go constantly about, shedding away the tender growth of vegetation as soon as it is formed, and taking the crop in lieu of wages. Mr Gosse watched, through his pocket-lens, a top at his work; and this was the *modus operandi*: 'At very regular intervals, the proboscis—a tube with thick fleshy walls—is rapidly turned inside out to a certain extent, until a surface is brought into contact with the glass having a silky lustre: this is the tongue. It is moved with a short sweep, and then the tubular proboscis infolds its walls again, the tongue disappearing, and every filament of conferva being carried up into the interior from the little area which had been swept. The next instant—the foot meanwhile having made a small advance—the proboscis unfolds again, the tongue makes another sweep, and again the whole is withdrawn; and this proceeds with great regularity. I can compare the action to nothing so well as to the manner in which the tongue of an ox licks up the grass of the field, or to the action of a mower cutting down swath after swath as he marches slowly.' The tongue with which the confervoid plants are swept away, is a curious instrument: 'It is, in reality, an excessively delicate ribbon of transparent cartilaginous substance or membrane, on which are set spinous teeth of glassy texture and brilliancy. They are perfectly regular, and arranged in three rows, of which the middle ones are three-pointed, while in each of the outer rows a three-pointed tooth alternates with a larger curved one, somewhat boat-like in form. All the teeth project from the surface of the tongue in hooked curves, and all point in the same direction. The action of this sort of tongue is that of a rasp, the projecting teeth abrading the surface of the plants on which the animal feeds, just as the lion is said to act with the horny papillæ of his tongue on the flesh of his victim.'

Among the strange animals described by our author as inhabiting his Aquarium, is the cephalopod called the *Sepioida vulgaris*; a curious little creature, which, when first taken from its native haunts, betrays much agitation, but finally suspends itself in mid-water, 'like a brown moth hovering over a flower,' with its protuberant eyes gazing on either side. 'While thus hovering motionless in the water, the sepia presents a fair opportunity for observing its curious transitions of colour, which are great and sudden. We can scarcely assign any hue proper to it. Now it is nearly white, or pellucid, with a faint band of brown specks along the back, through which the internal viscera glisten like silver; in an instant the specks become spots, that come and go, and change their dimensions and their forms, and appear and disappear momentarily. The whole body—arms, fins, and all—the parts which before appeared free, display the spots, which, when looked at attentively, are seen to play about in the most singular manner, having the appearance of a coloured fluid, injected with constantly varying force into cavities in the substance of the skin, of ever-changing dimensions. Now the spots become rings, like the markings of a panther's skin; and as the little creature moves slightly, either side beneath the fin is seen to glow with metallic lustre, like that of gold-beat even through horn. Again, the rings unite and coalesce, and form a beautiful netted pattern of brown; which colour increasing, leaves the interspaces a series of white spots on the rich dark ground. These and other phases are every instant interchanging, and passing suddenly and momentarily into each other with the utmost irregularity. But here is a change! One is hovering in quiescence, his colour pale, almost white; one of his fellows shoots along just over him: with the

* *The Aquarium: an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea.* By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S., &c. London: John Van Nostrand, 1854.

quickness of thought, the alarmed creature turns from white to a uniform deep brown, the rich full colour suffusing the skin in a second, like a blush on a young maiden's face. The hue is very beautiful; it is the fine, deep sienna-tint of tortoise-shell; a substance which, indeed, the mingling clouds of brown and pellucid horn closely resemble in the intermediate phases of colour.

The Black Goby is a ferocious little cannibal, about three inches long. Like other robbers and murderers, he loves the dark, lurking at the bottom under the shelter of rocks and weeds. If very hungry, however, he will dart up ever to the surface to seize his prey; but turning instantly, he will dive down again into his lair. A youngster of the same tribe, but of a different family, was put into the tank, and unfortunately caught the eye of the skulking goby, who at once made a dash at him, and caught him by the tail, ingulfing it in his capacious throat. 'The Blackie glared like a demon, as, with dilated head, he held fast his victim, clenching further and further hold by repeated jerks: the delicate, pellucid head of the unfortunate prey, projecting from the cavernous mouth, panted and rolled its eyes in pain, but there was no escape; for now nothing was visible but the head, when the ferocious victor shot under an umbrageous weed, and on my next sight of him all trace of his meal was gone.'

Among the denizens of the Aquarium was rather a rare animal, the strawberry-crab, so called from its being studded with pink tubercles on a white ground; and between this creature and the orange-outang Mr. Gosse traces a somewhat striking analogy. 'The strawberry-crab,' says he, 'is a climber. If it were a terrestrial animal, I should say its habits are arboreal. True, it now and then wanders over the bottom of its abode with slow and painful march, the hind-feet held up at an angle above the level of the back; but generally it seeks an elevated position. We usually see it in the morning perched on the summit of some one of the more bushy weeds in the Aquarium, as the *Chondrus* or *Phyllophora rubens*, where it has taken its station during the night, the season of its chief activity, as of most other crustacean. It interested me much to see it climb: seizing the twigs above it by stretching out its long arms alternately, it dragged up its body from branch to branch, mounting to the top of the plant deliberately, but with ease. While watching it, I was strongly reminded of the orange-outang at the Zoological Gardens: the manner in which each of these very dissimilar animals performed the same feat was so exactly alike as to create an agreeable feeling of surprise.'

Every page of this fascinating work is quotable; but perhaps nothing will be read with more pleasure than the account of the *Aphrodite*, or sea-mouse. 'In the Aquarium the sea-mouse crawls restlessly to and fro, and round the margin of the bottom; once or twice I have seen it essay to burrow under the fine gravel, but generally it lives exposed. It is uninteresting in its manners, though the brilliance of its changing colours will always attract admiration. Perhaps it is most beautiful by candle-light, when red and orange reflections predominate; by day, pearly greens and blues prevail. This difference is owing to the position of the light, and the angle at which it is reflected. Thus, if the eye glance along the bristles towards the light, which is reflected at an obtuse angle, the reflected rays will be lilac, passing into ultramarine; if the angle of reflection be a right angle, the rays will be green; if the light be between the observer and the animal—not directly, but obliquely, so as to make the angle of reflection more or less acute—the reflections will take yellow, orange, scarlet, and crimson hues.'

The most curious part of the sea-mouse is the expiratory machinery. As it crawls, the *Aphrodite* usually elevates the tail, which is so folded together as to form a deep groove beneath. By watching this, we see now

and then ejected a stream of water, with considerable force. I found that the jet occurred once in twenty-five seconds, with punctual regularity. This is a respiratory act. The grooved orifice through which the jet is poured is not the termination of the intestine, as we may at first suppose, but the exit of a capacious chamber, which is external to the body, though concealed. A very marvellous and quite unparalleled structure here comes into view. If we take a sea-mouse into our hand, we see the whole breadth of the back occupied by a woolly substance, closely resembling felt, and formed by the interlacing of fine hairs. If we insert a penknife into the tail-groove, and slit up this felt-like cover, we expose an ample cavity running the whole length of the animal, the floor of which is the true skin of the back, on which are set two rows of large overlapping plates, or membranous scales (*elytra*). The dense tissue of interwoven hair resembling felt acts as a filter for the water to be respired, straining off the earthy particles held in it, which thus accumulate in its substance, and impart that peculiar dirty appearance which it possesses. The scales, according to Dr. Williams, are periodically elevated and depressed. In the former action, the water permeates the felt, and fills the vacuum formed between them and the back. As soon as it is full, they collapse, and the filtered fluid, now deprived of its oxygen, is forcibly expelled at the anal groove.'

Mr. Gosse throws much new light upon the manners of the soldier-crab, a creature destitute of the usual defensive armour of his tribe, but making up for the want by courage and address. He seizes upon any empty shell of suitable size, and makes it his habitation; and it is curious to observe him in the Aquarium becoming discontented with his house, and looking out for a new one. This process, however, has been frequently described; but it is less known that the soldier has generally a fellow-lodger inside, while the roof of his dwelling, the spire of the shell, is often the chosen abode of an anemone. This extraordinary creature is a parasite, although it has been known to exercise some volition in choosing its site. When displaced from a shell, it will plant itself on a stone by means of its suckers; but of its own good-will, it would always get upon the roof of another individual's wagon, and so enjoy the pleasure of being carried about. The anemone resembles a tall, thick pillar, surmounted by a fringe of tentacles, that wave gallantly at every motion of the *Sinbad* chosen for his porter by this Old Man of the Mountain. The companion who climbs inside with the soldier is a worm—but we will allow our naturalist to introduce him: 'While I was feeding one of my soldiers by giving him a fragment of cooked meat, which he, having seized with one claw, had transferred to the foot-jaws, and was munching, I saw protrude from between the body of the crab and the whelk-shell, the head of a beautiful worm (*Nereis bilineata*), which rapidly glided out round the crab's right cheek, and, passing between the upper and lower foot-jaws, seized the morsel of food, and, retreating, forcibly dragged it from the crab's very mouth. I beheld this with amazement, admiring that, though the crab sought to recover his hold, he manifested not the least sign of anger at the actions of the worm. I had afterwards many opportunities of seeing this scene enacted over again; indeed, on every occasion that I fed the crab, and watched its eating, the worm appeared after a few moments, aware, probably, by the vibrations of its huge fellow-tenant's body, that feeding was going on. The mode and the place of the worm's appearance were the same in every case, and it invariably glided to the crab's mouth between the two left foot-jaws. I was surprised to observe what a cavern opened beneath the pointed head of the *Nereis* when it seized the morsel, and with what force comparatively large pieces were torn off and swallowed, and how firmly the throat-jaws held the

piece when it would not yield. Occasionally, it was dragged quite away from the crab's jaws, and quickly carried into the recesses of the shell: sometimes, in this case, he put in one of his claws, and recovered his morsel; at others, he gave a sudden start at missing his grasp, which frightened the worm, and made it let go and retreat; but sometimes the latter made good his foray, and enjoyed his plunder in secret. The worm itself is a striking, and even handsome animal; and there is in its colours and their distribution—two bright white lines running through the whole length on a light red ground—a curious similarity to the colouring of the crab. This worm, we may add, is much prized by fishermen as bait; and so commonly is it found in the companionship above described, that at Weymouth, they always break the shells haunted by the soldier-crab to look for it.

The common cockle, one would think, has not much more facility of voluntary motion than the anemone; but in reality its gymnastic feats are of some note. The tuberculated cockle, however, the giant of the tribe, is quite a formidable vaulter; and when a number of them are thrown into a heap, they seem to defy the riot act. Our author once turned out some of these creatures into a dish, as he knew they liked the air sometimes; but by and by, when the family were quietly reading, an awful uproar began among them, as if a crowd of flint-stones were battling and rattling over one another.—We must now have done, however: many of our readers will doubtless get the volume for themselves, and, independently of its other merits, they will find it a fitting ornament for the drawing-room table, on account of the gorgeous chromo-lithographs with which it is illustrated. Some will likewise find it important to be able to obtain, in so agreeable a way, full instructions for furnishing a marine aquarium, with the cost of the different sizes.

CHANGE FOR GOLD.

PART II.

THAT week I passed in a strange state of exhilaration. I had no doubt of the change awaiting me: I made my preparations as though it would certainly take place. I was more affectionately behaved towards my poor wife for that short time than I could have thought possible. I felt the sort of attachment and melancholy interest in her we feel towards mere acquaintances when we or they are upon the point of setting out upon a long travel and for many years. I put aside, so as to be easily discovered after my departure, a statement of my determination to absent myself from her for ever. All blame I laid upon myself, as, indeed, I might well do, and bade her adieu in kindly but unloving terms. My whole property I placed legally in her own hands. I do not know, even at this time, had my wife shown much pleasure at my novel kindness, and repaid it with warmth on her own part, whether I might not have been shaken in my purpose. I shall not forget her look of wonder at the unaccustomed kiss I gave her tenderly as I left her upon that fatal morning. I am not surprised that she so readily believed the seeming proofs that subsequently came to light of my having put an end to myself.

In the same place, at the appointed hour, I found the man awaiting me. He saw by the expression of my face that I was still determined to accept his offer, and as we drove along together in a hired cab, rehearsed the conditions of our bargain. I was to submit to any alterations in my personal appearance he thought fit; until his death occurred, or ten years had passed away,

I never was to reveal myself, nor disclose my name to any of my old companions whatsoever; I was to come to him whenever he so wished it, and see him at least four times within the year. In return, I was to receive the sum of £50,000.

I thought of every possible contingency—alas, save one!—that could occur to make this bargain insupportable; but the touch and sight of the cheque he put into my hand for the whole amount—the visions of vague but brilliant joys that thronged my brain—the consciousness especially of vast and independent power, would have drowned in a sea of dazzling expectation far greater scruples and objections than mine. I scarcely attended to my companion, such dreams were in my mind. He knew what was beating at my heart, and flushing my forehead, and smiled sardonically. If anything would have made me hesitate, it would have been that curling lip: it told of knowledge, indeed, but of the bitter and forbidden fruit of it; of power, too, but likewise contempt of power. To me, he was as a grown-up man that grimly smiles on a poor boy who has his school-time yet to come; a skilful surgeon watching a curious case he well knows must end fatally; nay, rather experimentalising on it, without more care or tenderness than the sharp, cold blade of his own lancet. We stopped in Golden Square, at a great dingy house, and were ushered into a parlour, lit up by candle-light, upon whose table there lay fruits and wine; some strange proceeds of which he ate but sparingly, was more delicious than aught I had ever tasted. In spite of my anxiety and excitement, a dreamy, soothing sensation fell upon me after I had partaken of it. I could not keep my eyes from closing heavily again and again, recovering myself each time with greater difficulty; and at last giving up the struggle, I fell into a profound slumber. I know not how long I slept. When I awoke, I found myself in a hotel in Jernyn Street that was familiar to me—the same, indeed, wherein I had passed my honeymoon. What most surprised me, as I looked around, was the extraordinary suppleness of my neck. Upon reaching my hand up to it, also, I felt a freeness of limb that I had never before experienced. Casting my gaze upon it for the first time, I beheld the skin of a West Indian: I had become a Creole! Upon springing out of bed to the pier-glass, I found the reflex of quite another person than myself. I was metamorphosed, not unfavourably, into a polished 'bronze'; my hair, which had been of a light tint, was now as black as ebony; short black moustaches were upon my upper lip; and, ye gods! earrings, little gold earrings, upon either cheek. An enormous portmanteau lay in a corner of the room, inscribed 'Mr Eugene Leeroix, Antigua.' One frantic effort I made with soap and brush, that reminded me of the washing of the blackamoor, and I sank down exhausted with my fruitless labour, with all the languor that was peculiar to my now native clime.

Putting on a magnificent crimson dressing-gown, that made me look like Othello in the play, I entered the sitting-room: the card of one of the merchant-princes of the city lay upon the table; a note also, informing me that £50,000 had been paid into his house for me, and offering to introduce me, fresh from my far western home—that was, if he had but known it, Paddington—to everything and everybody.

A jerk at the bell brought up a mulatto servant; he had been ordered to attend upon me as cicerone by the great lord. It was a rare notion, and tickled me amazingly, that I, who had become in my wanderings perfectly acquainted with every part of town, should have it explained and expatiated upon by a black fellow.

Rich as I was, it seemed my riches had been magnified. Quite an army of waiters were drawn up in the hall to do obeisance as I left the house; the landlord himself—whom I recognised by not having seen him

before when I was plain Mr. Branksome—held the great door wide open, and 'ducked' profoundly as I passed him. My get-up was of the comestest. A private cab, with an unexceptionable horse and tiger, was in waiting, and off I drove, amidst a murmur of applause, to Lombard Street. I strode through the swinging portals into the great changing-room, and thence, by the 'Open Sesame' of my name, into the sanctum sanctorum of the merchant. The wrinkles of the dry old man smoothed off at my approach, his white lips puckered into parodies of smiles. 'His lordship had informed him'—'Of what?' I broke out indignantly, for our bargain included silence—my patron's part equally with my own. 'Of my past expectations, and' present great possessions in the West Indies. Could he be of any service? His little place down in Surrey was entirely at my disposal. Mrs. Guestrode and his daughters would be so delighted.' I thought the delight of these young ladies would have been mitigated could they but have guessed at poor Mrs. Branksome, but professed a proper fervour of desire to be presented to them. I drew L.1000, settled about the investment of the rest, and took my departure, gracefully attended by the old gentleman to the door of his den.

I felt scarcely any scruples about the vexation I must have been causing to my deserted wife and the rest of my relatives; I tried to assure myself that they felt as indifferent to me as I to them; I portrayed to myself the future, and the delights that wealth should offer me, and shut out from my remembrance every picture of the past. I was happy in an anticipation rarely, and in a fulfilment never: the mammon-god had indeed taken me for his own.

The thoughts and acts of the early part of my second life are almost passed away from my mind; but I well remember an advertisement in the *Times* newspaper from my dear mother, that wrung even my heart: 'If James would return to them, only return, and deliver them from their suspense, a separation between him and Lucy should be effected immediately.' And shall I ever forget, while life lasts, this second notice, a few months after my change?—'James, by a father's name, if you are yet alive, you are entreated to come home, or write, if it be but one single word.' Yes, I, that had neither name, nor friend, nor tie upon this earth, as I had thought—I, who had dreamed of escaping from myself and all that belonged to me, had now—a son. How I cursed my wealth and him that gave it: the cold, hard, childless man, who held me to my bosom for all my prayers, and analysed my father-thoughts and natural love with such proud scorn, and made me butt for his sharp bitter shafts of worldly wit and bad experience: ay, dead though he be, I curse him to this hour!

Through my whole new reckless life, the knowledge that the attention paid to me was due to my wealth alone, I never could cheat myself into forgetting. Naturally of a warm and friendly temperament, but possessing as well a keen insight into the character of others, I found fresh friends—that I could call such even for an hour—impossible to gain. Sometimes, indeed, I met an old one—Clement, for instance, whom I had used so ill at college—and sad, indeed, such meetings were for me. It was at a great colonial dinner-party, where governors, and judges, and consuls were as plentiful as pine-apples, that I found myself next to his Excellency of Boonipootang. Changed almost as much as I myself, was that clever, honest man from the fast fellow-commoner I had known him—but, ah, how much for the better!

I recalled his college-life to him by cunning questions; I interested and drew him towards me, as of old; I dared even to mention my old name to him, as of one unknown to myself, but distantly related. He drew my portrait far more favourably than I had hoped, but his closing words spoiled all: 'This poor young man, you

should remember, was your relative, and that we should not speak ill against the dead;' for dead I was supposed by all to be. A body had been picked up down the river, in too decomposed a state to be recognised, and that body personated me.

'Whenever I mentioned my former self—miserable eaves-dropper as I was—I never heard much good of it. The publishers trod heaviest on my vanity of all (for my passion for print was as strong as ever, and much more easily gratified, in that the West Indian millionaire, with lifelike sketches of his own luxuriant property, was not a contributor to be sneezed at): my relative, Branksome, I was informed, in answer to kind inquiries, could neither imagine nor describe, told truth ill, and lied ungracefully; and the worst of it was, poor devil! had drowned himself, because his articles were so often rejected. 'So determined was the act of suicide, that he had put one of his own essays in each pocket to sink him.' If the wit could but have looked into the heart of his smiling listener, it would have damped his merri-ment, and altered his opinions on one or two subjects.

Moreover, casually, at club-houses, I met with old acquaintances by scores—men with whom I had been hand and glove, social, friendly, and even sympathetic; and I learned, as few ever learn, how soon and utterly the remembrance of the dead is swept away—how ill it would fare with them could they return among the places that refuse to know them more.

As for my brother, he had long been made a college don; and when I sat next to him once at the vice-chancellor's, the worst he had to say of me was, that I had 'thrown my time away at the university, married early, and ended'—I think he said—'injudiciously.'

My new associates were generally the higher class of 'men about town,' guardsmen, attachés, young M.P.s; and such like. They pleased me best, because what little kindly warmth lay in them—the outer coat of artificial ice first broken through—was easily accessible. They were, indeed, incapable of friendship; but, alas! was I the man that dared cast stones at them for that? Arm in arm with one of these *nil admirari* folk, it was a terrible thing for me to meet my fall enchanter. He was getting very old and feeble, and his ghastly smiles struck home through my soul. When young Frank Pretymann, M.P., observed of him, that he was 'a rich feller, but deals with the devil, don't he?' it gave me quite a shock. His lordship never asked me any questions now about my state of mind; a look at me from those yet sharp eyes of his was quite sufficient. Indeed, what with my colour, and the dropping in of my cheeks, and lacklustre, used-up expression altogether, it was hard for my very self to believe in my own identity. Ah, how even in writing of these things, do I keep clear of the only subject that really interests me: in describing this second life of mine, how morbidly do I omit the one thing that was the soul of it! How I craved to look upon that single kindred face my eyes had still not tired of—those unknown but beloved features of my fatherless child! How, in the long dark winter-nights I have paced for hours before the house wherein he lay, and prayed God's blessing on him, and watched for him at all times; and in vain! How I begged of my hard task-master to let me but reveal myself to my own son, and he would not! Suppose that I should not be able to persuade the child at all that he was mine! suppose that, if I did, he should grow up in hate and fear of me! What hideous thoughts and dim forebodings filled my heart!

Four years had yet to pass before I should be free, when my wife and child left London in the spring, to stay with my mother in Shardale. To be absent altogether from the boy, I could not bear; and longing to see the ancient haunts as well, I too started northwards, and took a cottage in the valley, not a mile from our old home. Ah! sad and strange seemed every

well-known spot—the wood, the mountain, and the tarn, how stern, how sombre! Not extinct, however, nor even weakened, was the power of nature; and even in my selfish heart again the chords of thankfulness and joy were stirred, and even in my sunken spirit hope seemed again to spring beneath summer airs and upon the windy hills; but chiefly when the storm was loud, I sought the once accustomed walk, and heard again the voices of my father and his son beside me, or stood in sorrow by my sister's grave.

I watched the well-known house, while my heart leaped and struggled; I longed to break my wicked oath, and glad my mother's eyes; for my wife, I had no affection, only pity, and the consciousness of the wrong I had done to her; for my son, dotting, houndless love. I had seen the little curly-headed fellow within the garden afar off, but Lucy was with him, and I dared not meet her gaze, nor trust even in such disguise as mine to escape her recognition. One day, however, Charley—named after his uncle—not, alas! his father—climbed the hill in front alone. I had a little telescope carried about at all times for such an occasion, and coming up with him, offered it to the boy to look through. How tenderly I altered it to suit his sight, how lovingly I watched his delighted gestures! No kiss was ever half so sweet as that which I imprinted upon his open brow. A long, long talk I had with him, but took care to put no questions yet. I showed him the house I lived at, told him to ask leave to visit me; and finally, when voices called him from below, I won his heart by making him a present of the telescope. That evening, as I had expected, Mrs Branksome was 'happy to have the pleasure of Mr Eugene Lacroix's company at tea.' Mother, and wife, and son, I was to meet that night as three utter strangers!

My way lay through the church-yard: a guilty, selfish wretch I felt myself to have been and to be; the steady, silent stars scarcely looked upon a being more humbled and more hateful to himself than I. Now I had reached mid-midnight, and left all my life behind me barren of a friend, fertile in despisers, or at best in commiserators, and dark on every hand with evil deeds; before me, nothingness; in four years' time, leave to reassume my former name, to be branded as an impostor, or hated as a heartless villain. What money could purchase, indeed, for me I had purchased: I had travelled over half Europe with four horses; I had drunk of the cup of pleasure even to excess—the relish was gone; I had gazed over the beauties of painting and sculpture till I had surfeited of both; scenery itself—save that of my native Shardale—had lost much of its enchantment; although, too, my constitution had hitherto held out during a course of life whereto I was driven rather than attracted, I had not the strength of my youth.

Down the gravel-walk, and underneath the sycamore, and now at the little porch where hangs the red May-rose my sister trained, and I can hear two well-known voices from the sitting-room within, and a young child's laughter; and another voice I hear that is unrecognised, nor yet altogether strange: now in the tiny hall; and now, great Heaven! at home once more.

Is this old lady, then, who shakes my hand so warmly, my dear mother? How gray she is! what sadness sits in her mild eyes, and reigns over her quiet smile—I should not know her, save for those sweet tones. My wife—more beautiful than ever, flushed and happy, with our boy beside her, and a man, who is her lover—there is no deceiving me—on the other side, who is—yes—it is Lucy, my old college friend.

'Telescope'—'kindness'—'quite ashamed'—I do not hear what they are saying aright, but 'little Charley' grates upon my ear, and I answer curtly; and then the agony of commonplace, when the heart is full and the brain burns, for hours.

The boy is my companion daily. Lucy and she have

other things to attend to and to talk of; but they treat him well, I see, or it were worse for them. Shall I let this marriage be, and suffer my wife to sin in the eyes of the law, and make my own child's mother an adulteress? or shall I blast her happiness, and break my oath, and ruin all, to call my son my own? His father, as he tells me, never saw his face, but died ere he was born; Lucy, it seems, knows the doubt that still exists; but there are so many years elapsed, and no trace has been discovered of Mr Branksome's existence, he has persuaded her to have no doubts at all.

'Cause or impediment, as ye shall answer at the last dreadful day of account!' was rung, was tolled rather, in my ears through day and night: my state of hesitation and perplexity was awful; but the terror of the matter with me was in its reference to the boy. A few days ere the wedding, I took a sudden resolution, and posted up to London: my mind was made up to give back the relics of my fortune to his lordship, and to entreat his leave to reveal myself—to do so, at all events, with or without his leave. 'Too ill to be seen to-day; but Mr Branksome, if it was he, should be admitted to-morrow,' was my answer in Grosvenor Square. To-morrow! Scant time there would be, then, to get back to Shardale; but ordering a chaise to be in readiness at a moment's notice, I called again next day at the hour specified. The house was filled with people; the square before it, paved thick with straw, was thronged with gaping crowds; the great lord had but just expired—he, the arbiter of my destinies, the ruler of my being, had himself been forced to own a master. I was released, at length, from that bad vow.

I grew frantic, as we flew towards Westmoreland; I writhed and cursed as each fresh calamity occurred: the traces broke—a wheeler fell dead-lame—the boys I had bribed to gallop mally got drunk, and galloped madly in the wrong direction. When I reached Kendal, it was past mid-noon of the marriage-day. Weeks of raging fever at the inn; death staring in my painted, lying face, putting its cold hand close beside my heart, and yet, when I considered the life that otherwise must be, not horrible, not even unwelcome. As for life beyond the grave, the thought of it was not so fearful as might seem; I had begun to consider myself 'possessed'—unaccountable for those dreadful feelings, and the acts their consequences, that had drawn misery upon so many, and that had yet, perhaps, much more to draw. I was become a fatalist. I do not even now think that it was at any time in my power to overcome my lassitude of affection, the fatigue and wearisomeness of love.

I went abroad as soon as I was able to move, and never saw the shores of England till six months ago. I dared not look upon my boy again through all that time—the boy that paid the debt of love to both his parents over and over again to her alone—the boy whom every year would help to understand more fully, if it ever was revealed, his father's sin, his innocent mother's shame. I thank Heaven that he left this earth without that bitter knowledge—that he died holding my hand in his, and thanking me for a friend's love—the love, his mother added, 'that would ever be a bond between her heart and mine!'

It was in Rome that I next met those three whom I had so deeply wronged. Her husband—he whom the world called such—came to winter there—to die there, in the last stage of a decline: a sun-stroke killed my boy; he was struck down, but lived three April-days—every hour, every minute of which is written in my inmost heart—a sorrow, yet a solace, till it beats no more.

It may be that these words may meet her eyes whom I have used so cruelly, for whose sake partly, too, I have so cruelly suffered: my love for her dear child 'will ever be a bond between our hearts,' she said. Mother! I wonder would that sadness leave your brow,

or broaden rather, had you back your son? Besides you two, there are no beings on earth, save Ellen Newby, whose right hands I would care to clasp again. 'Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.' Fare you well!

THE SMALL END OF THE WEDGE.

There is a subject which often occupies the attention of thoughtful men in this country, setting them on speculation whether or not the future may bring forth a cure for certain social inconveniences. This subject has reference to the relations existing between the employer and the employed. We see, from time to time, wranglings and unseemly disputes between those who have money to give for labour, and those who are willing to give labour for money. We see, and hear, and read about 'strikes' and 'lock-outs.' We are told of masters being tyrants and slave-drivers; that they 'grind the faces of the poor'; that they would pinch wages down to the starving-point; that they will themselves combine to strengthen the claims of capital, while disapproving any combination among their 'hands' for the protection of labour; that the masters are the natural enemies of the work-people; that parliament ought to throw a shield of protection around the workers, to enable them to fight the battle of labour against capital.

Why is all this? Is 'here everything in the nature of honest and intelligent industry which renders such miserable disputes unavoidable? Political economists claim to have settled the question by referring to the well-known law of the dependence of wages on supply and demand in labour. They say that if 500 men offer to do the work which 400 would accomplish, the competition among these men will bring down wages, without any reference to the kindness or unkindness of any particular employer, or of employers generally; and that, on the other hand, if many masters are looking out for 'hands' at the same time, the desire of obtaining labour will raise the wages, without any improvement in the technical skill or the moral characteristics of the men. All this may be true; but still there seems something else wanting—or perhaps many somethings. It is an unhealthy state of things when masters and men deem their respective classes antagonistic the one to the other. Such does not seem to be the case in the United States; owing, probably, to the vast field for exertion in a comparatively new country. It would be sad, however, to think, that because ours is an old country, there must necessarily be these heart-burittings. Many deep-thinking and far-seeing men, among whom is Mr Mill, are of opinion that some kind of partnership might be profitably established between those who do the work and those who pay for the work being done; that something better might be done than simply paying a man for an hour's or a day's work, without exciting any interest in his mind in the welfare of his employer: that a workman ought, by some arrangement or other, to have an incentive to doing his work more quickly, more skilfully, less wastefully, more conscientiously, than before.

Various matters bearing on this subject have been so frequently treated in the first and second series of the Journal, that our readers can be at no loss to understand the general tendency of the question. We take it up again—not with a view to the exposition of any principles—but in reference to a remarkable and valuable experiment which is now being made: an experiment, the success of which may possibly have much influence on many departments of labour.

The London and North-western Railway Company—the most gigantic purely commercial corporation in the world—are trying to what extent they can treat their engine-drivers as independent tradesmen instead of servants. They wish to see whether the Company

can gain by some arrangement which shall also be a gain to the employed; and whether a third party, the terrible 'public,' can gain at the same time. If all this can be done, then perhaps we shall have inserted 'the small end of the wedge': that social wedge which, when driven home, shall both tighten and rend—tighten the bonds which connect the men of money with the men of muscle, and rend asunder the connection between honest labour and mischievous agitators.

In order to understand the nature of the experimental attempt now being made by the great Company, it may be well to say a word or two concerning the mode of managing the locomotive stock.

Every one knows that the locomotive requires very simple meat and drink—nothing but coke and water. An unfiring patient horse it is, ready to work day and night, and harmless to all except the careless or the luckless. Every locomotive, during a railway journey, is under the care of a driver, who is responsible for the safe conveyance of the train, and who has a stoker to assist him. An anxious office is this. In winter and summer, in cold and heat, in sleet, snow, rain, fog, piercing blasts, the driver must be ever watchful on his post—sedulously careful that the furnace is duly filled with fuel; that the boiler has its proper amount of water; that a certain pre-arranged speed shall be maintained; that the train shall draw up at each station at the proper time and in the proper position; and that a sharp look-out shall be kept for any possible but unforeseen obstructions on the line of rails. It is an office requiring skill, nerve, hardihood, promptness; and it is right that such labour should be well rewarded. Most of the men begin their service as stokers, and rise to the dignity of engine-drivers after a certain period; and as soon as they become drivers, they receive a gradually increasing rate of wages. The old and steady hands receive 7s. or 8s. per day, and a few special instances exceed even this rate. The coke, the oil, and the few other stores necessary for the working of the locomotive, are intrusted to the driver and his stoker; and it has for years been a constant aim on the part of the railway officials, to obtain as much working-power as possible for a given quantity of materials. We meet with frequent statements, in the half-yearly accounts of the several railway companies, respecting the attained or the hoped-for savings in locomotive-power, estimated by the number of miles which the engines run with a definite quantity of coke and other stores.

In this system, the driver has no special interest in the economy of coke or anything else. It is true that if he works economically, he will give satisfaction, and lay a claim perhaps to an increase of wages, as a trustworthy servant of the Company; but further than this, he is in no way concerned with the profitableness, or otherwise, of the system whereon the locomotive service of the Company is established. If he has more than an average knowledge of the phenomena of high-pressure steam, and can make a pound of coke produce more working-power than is customary, the Company alone reap the benefit.

Now, the step which has just been taken—evidently an experimental one—by the London and North-western Company, touches at once on this very important matter. The question virtually put is this—Will an engine-driver become more careful and skilful, if it be agreed that he shall have a pecuniary interest in any benefits resulting from his care and skill? The experience of everyday-life would lead one to say pretty positively that such would be the case; but nothing less than full and ample experience would establish the affirmative of the proposition in any particular case. Who it was that first suggested the plan, and how the basis of calculation was established, we do not know; but it appears, from a correspondence which has lately appeared in the public journals, that

in the month of February last, one engine-driver, an old and trusted hand, took a contract for working a locomotive; in March, another took a similar contract; in April, two more; and in May, twenty-six more. These men became in effect small masters, instead of servants, under an arrangement which we will endeavour to describe.

The engine-driver takes a contract to convey a particular train every day, or two or three trains a day. His work is definite. He is not to be called off, to drive an engine hither and thither at the behests of the superintendent; he undertakes to do an amount of work, the limitation of which is defined and exact; and he can tell beforehand, barring unforeseen circumstances, where he will be at any particular hour, and at what time he will be free to word his steps homeward. The Company's offer to him is—'If you will conduct these trains daily in safety, we will pay you so much per mile per train; we will sell you coke, oil, and grease, at prime cost; we will do all repairs to the locomotive requiring shop facilities, but any slight repairs which can be done on the road, must be effected at your expense: as we shall pay you the same sum whether you use much or little coke, it will be to your interest to economise your stores as much as possible, consistently with the due performance of the work intrusted to you.' This is virtually the offer made; and the engine-driver applies his acquired knowledge to the determination of the question, whether or not the terms are likely to be favourable to him. It is a question of honest bargain between the two parties. There is this advantage attending such a system, that the clever man has a brightened prospect before him; and not merely the clever, but the sober and observant man. Every pound of coke he can save by the exercise of his skill and steadiness, is so much clear gain to him while his contract lasts. Lazy and incompetent men always seek for an equalisation of wages, and always prefer day-work to piece-work; it is they who are chiefly made the tools of noisy agitators in times of 'strike.' The intelligent and assiduous man has an incentive to a system in which he can meet with some kind of reward or acknowledgment for his superior services. In this respect the contract-system—commenced in the railway world as above described—bears some analogy to the 'tribute' system among the Cornish miners, in which the miners undertake to bring the ore to the surface, and break it into small pieces, for a percentage on the value of the copper or tin contained in the ore. The analogy is limited, for other elements enter into the Cornish system; but we mention it on this account—that under both systems an intelligent and clever man has an opportunity to benefit by his talents more decidedly than if he were a mere day-worker.

We need not stop to mention the precise sum contracted to be paid per mile per train, nor why it is that a goods-train requires a higher rate than a passenger-train. Nor need we dwell upon the circumstance which caused publicity to be given to this remarkable system—a temporary disagreement between some of the drivers and the locomotive superintendent on a matter relating to wages. We have so strong an impression that there is a soundness of principle at the bottom of this new system, that we are unwilling to entangle it with any mere local or temporary circumstances.

Now for the results. There are three parties interested in the matter—the Company, the engine-driver, and the public. If the Company can have the work done more cheaply than before, and their locomotives maintained in an efficient state—if the engine-driver finds that he can earn more than he did at daily wages—if the public are carried more punctually and more safely—all parties would, mentally, if not physically, throw up their hats and rejoice. Mr M'Connell, loca-

lative superintendent on the southern division of the London and North-western Railway, has been the means of giving the contract system a trial; and he has lately given publicity to a Report from Mr Forsyth, chief-foreman at Wolverton depot. He requested Mr Forsyth to report on the result of four months' experience of the new system. Mr Forsyth's statements are so remarkable and important, that it will be well to give an abstract of them.

First, as regards the engine-drivers. It has been found, at the end of each monthly contract, that there has been less coke, less oil, and less grease used than under the old system; the driver is benefited by the saving, and he takes care of every pound or pint of stores. By the terms of his contract, he is guaranteed against loss, while he may make the gain as much as his skill and care enable him to do. Mr Forsyth gives the balance-sheet of one of the men, and shows it to be much more favourable to the driver than under the day-work system; and he observes: 'Perhaps the greatest advantage of the system would be, that a driver contracting for a particular train would have regularly recurring intervals of rest and labour, and thereby be much better fitted to do his duty to himself, the public, and his employers, than he now is while obtaining irregular intervals of rest and labour, involved in the present system of working.' In another part of his Report he says: 'If the contract-system be generally introduced, I believe that the drivers will become in every respect a better class of men; that they will make better use of their intervals between trips, go to bed at proper time, and make better use of their increased earnings.'

Secondly, as regards the Company. It is the engine-driver's interest to keep the engine in a highly effective state, in order that as few repairs as possible may be needed, except the larger occasional repairs which must be done at the engine-shops, and which are paid for by the Company. This efficient state is, in itself, a means of preserving the locomotive stock of the Company, and thereby benefiting the shareholders. 'The greatest proportion of repairs required under the day-work system,' says Mr Forsyth, 'can, without doubt, be traced to neglect alone, and which would in most part be entirely removed by the care required under and inseparable from the contract-system. . . . Under the contract-system, there would be no dirty boilers; no rapidly worn, burnt, or burst tubes; no burnt and exploded fire-boxes; no cut-up pistons; no bad journals, involving risk of broken axles, and waste of drivers' oil and tallow, and fuel, from increased friction.' Mr Forsyth further states, that additional work could be done with the present stock of engines, and greater earnings worked for, without increasing the capital for additional locomotive-plant; and in summing up all the consequences to the Company, he says: 'I am satisfied that upon this division alone—the portion of the North-western system which lies southward of Birmingham—considering punctuality, freedom from accidents, improved condition of drivers and of engines, reduced cost of working and of repairs—which would at the same time be better done under the contract-system—it would benefit the Company between £35,000 and £45,000 per annum, would increase the earnings of the drivers, and tend to secure the public safety.' In respect to the Company's saving, Mr Forsyth offers a significant guarantee of the sincerity at least of his opinions, in expressing a willingness to accept a percentage on these savings in lieu of any future increase in his own salary. In an able letter in the *Times*, a writer, whose opinions, under the pseudonym of 'Amicus,' attracted much attention during the engineers' strike a year or two ago, estimates that if the contract-system were adopted in respect to all the locomotive-working in the kingdom, the companies collectively would save not less than £700,000 per annum, while the drivers

would receive higher remuneration than at present. A bright prospect, truly—if it be not too bright to be true.

Thirdly, as regards the public. The Company, under the contract, tie down the driver rigidly in respect to time: he has to pay a fine for every minute of delay clearly traceable to himself; and Mr Forsyth states that, as a consequence of this rule, the trains driven by contract are more punctual than those driven by day-work. If this be so, the public unquestionably gain. Then, in respect to accidents, the following opinion—coming as it does from one who has had so much experience in railway locomotion—is sufficiently noteworthy: 'I am one of those who believe, from the more than twenty years' experience I have had, that, with proper care, nearly all railway accidents can be prevented; and that nothing will tend more towards that most desirable state of things, than a careful application of the contract-system. In a great many so-called accidents which it has been my duty to investigate, I am convinced that almost every one of them could be traced to a cause which might have been prevented by care and vigilance on the part of the driver.'

If all this really be so—if all parties be benefited by a system which calls forth the care and intelligence of the engine-drivers—is not this the beginning of something that may be important by and by, both in itself and as an example? May it not be the Small End of the Wedge?

THE GRIZZLY BEAR, AND AN ADVENTURE WITH ONE.

The grizzly bear (*Ursus ferox*) is, beyond all question, the most formidable of the wild creatures inhabiting the continent of America—jaguar and cougar not excepted. Did he possess the swiftness of foot of either the lion or tiger of the Old World, he would be an assailant as dangerous as either; for he is endowed with the strength of the former, and quite equals the latter in ferocity. Fortunately, the horse outruns him; were it not so, many a human victim would be his, for he can easily overtake a man on foot. As it is, hundreds of well-authenticated stories attest the prowess of this fierce creature. There is not a 'mountain man' in America who cannot relate a string of perilous adventures about the 'grizzly bear'; and the instances are far from being few in which human life has been sacrificed in conflicts with this savage beast.

The grizzly bear is an animal of large dimensions; specimens have been killed and measured quite equal to the largest size of the polar bear, though there is much variety in the sizes of different individuals. About 500 pounds might be taken as the average weight. In shape, the grizzly bear is a much more compact animal than either the black or polar species: his ears are larger, his arms stouter, and his aspect fiercer. His teeth are sharp and strong; but that which his enemies most dread, is the armature of his paws. The paws themselves are so large, as frequently to leave in the mud a track of twelve inches in length by eight in breadth; and from the extremities of these formidable fists protrude horn-like claws full six inches long! Of course, I am speaking of individuals of the largest kind. These claws are crescent-shaped, and would be still longer, but in all cases nearly an inch is worn from their points. The animal digs up the ground in search of marmots, burrowing squirrels, and various esculent roots; and this habit accounts for the blunted condition of his claws. They are sharp enough, notwithstanding, to peel the hide from a horse or buffalo, or to drag the scalp from a hunter—a feat which has been performed by grizzly bears on more than one occasion.

The colour of this animal is most generally brownish,

with white hairs intermixed, giving that grayish or grizzled appearance—whence the trivial name, grizzly. But although this is the most common colour of the species, there are many varieties. Some are almost white, others yellowish red, and still others nearly black. The season, too, has much to do with the colour; and the pelage is finer and longer than that of the *Ursus Americanus*. The eyes are small in proportion to the size of the animal, but dark and piercing.

The geographical range of the grizzly bear is extensive. It is well known that the great chain of the Rocky Mountains commences on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and runs southwardly through the North American continent. In these mountains, the grizzly bear is found, from their northern extremity, at least as far as that point where the Rio Grande makes its great bend towards the Gulf of Mexico. In the United States and Canada, this animal has never been seen in a wild state. This is not strange. The grizzly bear has no affinity with the forest. Proximate to the settling of these territories, they were all forest-covered. The grizzly is never found under heavy timber, like his congener the black bear; and, unlike the latter, he is not a tree-climber. The black bear 'hugs' himself up a tree, and usually destroys his victim by compression. The grizzly does not possess this power; so as to enable him to ascend a tree-trunk; and for such a purpose, his huge dull claws are worse than useless. His favourite haunts are the thickets of *Corylus rubus* and *Amygdalians*, under the shade of which he makes his lair, and upon the berries of which he partially subsists. He lives much by the banks of streams, hunting among the willows, or wanders along the steep and rugged bluffs, where scrubby pine and dwarf cedar (*Juniperus procumbens*), with its rooting branches, forms an almost impenetrable underwood. In short, the grizzly bear of America is to be met with in situations very similar to those which are the favourite haunts of the African lion, which, after all, is not so much the king of the forest as of the mountain and the open plain.

The grizzly bear is omnivorous. Fish, flesh, and fowl are eaten by him apparently with equal relish. He devours frogs, lizards, and other reptiles. He is fond of the larvae of insects; these are often found in large quantities adhering to the under sides of decayed logs. To get at them, the grizzly bear will roll over logs of such size and weight as would try the strength of a yoke of oxen. He can 'root' like a hog, and will often plough up acres of prairie in search of the wapato and Indian turnip. Like the black bear, he is fond of sweets; and the wild-berries, consisting of many species of currant, gooseberry, and amelanchier (service-berry), are greedily gathered into his capacious maw.

He is too slow of foot to overtake either buffalo, elk, or deer, though he sometimes comes upon these creatures unawares; and he will drag the largest buffalo to the earth, if he can only get his claws upon it. Not unfrequently he robs the panther of his repast, and will drive a whole pack of wolves from the carrion they have just succeeded in killing. Several attempts have been made to raise the young grizzlies, but these have all been abortive, the animals proving anything but agreeable pets. As soon as grown to a considerable size, their natural ferocity displays itself, and their dangerous qualities usually lead to the necessity of their destruction.

For a long time the great polar bear has been the most celebrated animal of his kind; and most of the bear-adventures have related to him. Many a wondrous tale of his prowess and ferocity has been told by the whaler and arctic voyager, in which this creature figures as the hero. His fame, however, is likely to be eclipsed by his hitherto less-known congener—the grizzly. The golden line which has drawn half

the world to California, has also been the means of bringing this fierce animal more into notice; for the mountain-valleys of the Sierra Nevada are a favourite range of the species. Besides, numerous 'bear scrapes' have occurred to the migrating bands who have crossed the great plains and desert tracts that stretch from the Mississippi to the shores of the South Sea. Hundreds of stories of this animal, more or less true, have of late obtained circulation through the columns of the press and the pages of the traveller, until the grizzly bear is becoming almost as much an object of interest as the elephant, the hippopotamus, or the king of beasts himself.

Speaking seriously, he is a dangerous assailant. White hunters never attack him unless when mounted and well armed; and the Indians consider the killing a grizzly bear a feat equal to the scalping of a human foe. These never attempt to hunt him, unless when a large party is together; and the hunt is, among some tribes, preceded by a feast and a bear-dance. It is often the lot of the solitary trapper to meet with this fourfooted enemy, and the encounter is rated as equal to that with two hostile Indians. From a celebrated 'mountain man,' I had the following story or stories, which I give in the rude phrase of the narrator:—

'Young fellur, when you scare up a grizzly, take my advice, and gie'im a wide berth—that is, unless yur mukimmin well mounted. Ov coorse, ef yur critter kin be depended upon, an' thur's no brash to tangle him, yur safe enough: as no grizzly, as ever I seed, kin catch up wi' a boss, whar the ground's open an' clear. Fr' all that, whar the timber's close an' brushy, an' the ground o' that sort whar a boss mont stammel, it are allers the safest plan to let ole Eph'm slide. I've seed a grizzly pull down as good a boss as ever tracked a parairy, whar the critter hed got bothered in a thicket. The fellur that straddled him only saved himself by hookin' on to the limb o' a tree. I want two minuits afore this child kin up—bearin' the rumpus. I hed good sight o' the bar, an' sent a bullet—sixty to the pound—into the varmint's brain-pan, when he immediately cawalloped over. But 'twas too late to save the boss. He wur rubbed out. The bar had half skinned him, an' wur tarrin' at his guts! Wagh!'

Here the trapper lunsheathed his clasp-knife, and having cut a 'chunk' from a plug of real 'Jeemes's River,' stuck it into his cheek, and proceeded with his narration. 'Young fellur, I reck'n, I've seed a putty consid'able o' the grizzly bar in my time. Ef that thur chap who writes about all sorts o' varmint—Awdobough, I think, they calls him—hed seed as much o' the grizzly as I hev, he mont a gin a bul book consurnin' the critter. Ef I hed a plug o' bacon for every grizzly I've rubbed out, it 'ud keep my jaws waggin' for a good twel'month, I reck'n. Ye—es, young fellur, I've done some bur-killin'—I hev that, an' no mistake!

'Wal, I wur a gwine to tell you ov a sarenmstance that happened to this child about two year ago. It wur upon the Platte, atween Chimbley Rock an' Saranics'. I wur engaged as hunter an' guide to a carryvan o' emigrant folks that wur on thur way to Oregon. Ov coorse I allers kept ahead o' the carryvan, an' picked the place for thur camp. Wal, one arternoon I hed halted whar I seed some timber, which ur a scarce article about Chimbley Rock. This, thort I, 'll do for campin'-ground; so I got down, pulled the saddle off o' my ole mar, an' staked the critter upon the best patch o' grass that wur near, intendin' she shed hev her gatfull afore the camp-cattle kin up to bother her. I hed shot a black-tail buck, an' after kindlin' a fire, I roasted a griskin' o' him, an' ate it. Still thur wan't no sign o' the carryvan, an' arter hangin' the buck out o' reach o' the wolves, I tuk up my rifle, an' set out to rackynoiter the neighbourhood. My mar bein' someat jaded, I let her graze away, an' went afoot; an' that, let me tell you, young fellur, ar about the most foolichest thing

you kin do upon a parairy. I wan't long afore I proved it, but I'll hum, to that hy'm by.

'Wal, I fust elomb a consid'able hill, that gin me a view beyont. Thur wur a good-sized parairy layin' torst the south an' west. Thur wur no trees 'ceptin' an odd cottonwood hyu, an' thur on the hillside. About a mile off I seed a flock o' goats—what you, young fellur, call antelopes, though goats they ur, as sure as goats is goats. Thur wunt no kiver near them—not a stick, for the parairy wur as bar as yur hand; so I seed, at a glimp, it 'ud be no us a tryin' to approach, unless I tuk some plan to decoy the critters. I seen thort o' a dodge, an' went back to camp for my blanket, which wur a red Mackinaw. This I knew 'ud be the very thing to fool the goats with, an' I set out torst them.

'For the fust half a mile or so, I carried the blanket under my arm. Then I spread it out, an' walked behind it until I was 'thim three or four hundred yards o' the animals. I kept my eye on 'em through a hole in the blanket. They wur a growin' seamy, an' hed begun to run about in circles; so when I seed this, I knew it wur time to stop. Wal, I hunkered down, an' still keepin' the blanket spread out afore me, I lunged it upon a saplin' that I had brought from the camp. I then stuck the saplin' upright in the ground; an' mind ye, young fellur, it wan't so easy to do that, for the parairy wur hard friz, an' I hed to dig a hole wi' my knife. Howsomlever, I got the thing rigged at last, an' the blanket hangin' up in front kivered my karkidge most couplete. I hed nothin' more to do but wait till the goats shed come 'thim range o' my shootin'-iron. Wal, that wan't long. As you know, young fellur, them goats is a mighty curious animal—as curious as weemen is—an' arter runnin' backward an' forrard a bit, an' tossin' up thar heads, an' sniffin' the air, one o' the fattest, a young prong-horn buck, trotted up 'thim fifty yards. I jest squinted through the sights, an' afore that goat hed time to wink twice, I hit him plum atween the eyes. Ov coorse he wur throwed in his tracks. Now, you'd a jumped up, an' frightened the rest away—that's what you'd a done, young fellur. But you see I knowd better. I knowd that so long's the critters didn't see my karkidge, they wan't a gwine to mind the crack o' the gun. So I laid still, in behopes to git a wheen more o' 'em.

'As I hed calculated at, fust, they didn't run away, an' I shipped in my charge as brisk as possible. But jest as I wur raisin' to take sight on a doe that hed got near enough, the hull gang tuk scare, an' broke off as ef a pack o' parairy wolves wur arter 'em. I wur clean puzzled at this, for I knowd I hedn't done anythin' to frighten 'em, but I wan't long afore I diskivered the cause o' thar alarm. Jest then I heard a snift, like the coughin' o' a glandered boss; an' turnin' suddintly round, I spied the biggest bar it hed ever been my luck to set eyes on. He wur comin' direct torst me, an' at that minnit wan't over twenty yards from whar I lay. I knowd at a glimp he wur a grizzly!

'Tain't no use to say I wan't skeart; I wur skeart, an' mighty bad skeart, I tell ye. At fust, I thort o' jumpin' to my feet, an' makin' tracks; but a quinnit o' reflexshun shewed me that 'ud be o' little use. Thar wur a half o' mile o' clear parairy on every side o' me, an' I knowd the grizzly kud catch up afore I hed made three hundred yards in any direction. I knowd, too, that ef I started, the varmint 'ud be sartin to foljer. It wur plain to see the bar meant mischief; I kud tell that from the glint o' his eyes.

'Thar wan't no time to lose in thinkin' about it. The brute wur still comin' nearer; but I noticed that he wur a gwine slower an' slower, every now an' agin risin' to his hind-feet, clawin' his nose, an' sniffin' the air. I seed that it wur the red blanket that puzzled him; an' seein' this, I erep cluster behint it, an' cackled

as much o' my karkidge as it 'ud kiver. When the bar hed got 'ithin about ten yards o' the spot, he kim to a full stop, an' reared up as he hed did several times, with his belly full torat me. The sight wur too much for this niggur, who never afore hed been bullied by eyther Injun or bar. 'Twur a beautiful shot, an' I kuden't help tryin' it, ef 't hed been my last; so I poked my rifle through the hole in the blanket, an' sent a bullet atween the varmint's ribs. That wor, prehaps, the fooliest an' wurst shot this child ever made. Hed I not fired it, the bar moot a gone off, feard o' the blanket; but I did fire, an' my narves bein' excited, I made a bad shot. I hed tu'en sight for the heart, an' I ogly hit the varmint's shoulder. Ov coorse, the bar bein' now wounded, bekim savage, and shed no longer for the blanket. He roared out like a bull, tore at the place whar I hed hit him, an' then kim on as fast as his four legs 'od carry him.

'Things looked squally. I throwed away my empy gun, an' drewed my bowie, expectin' nothin' else than a regular stand-up tussle wi' the bar. I knowd it 'wur no use turnin' tail now; so I braced myself up for a desperate fight. But jest as the bar hed got 'ithin ten feet o' me, an idee suddenly kim into my head. I hed been to Santa Fe, among them yaller-birded Mexikins, whar I hed seed two or three bull-fights. I hed seed them munttydoers fling thur red cloaks over a bull's head, jest when you'd a thort they wur a gwine to be gored to pieces on the gaffer's horns. Jest then, I remembered thur trick; an' afore the bar end close on me, I grabbed the blanket, spreadin' it out as I tuk holt. Young fellur, that wur a blanket, an' no mistake! It wur as fine a five-point Mackinaw as ever kivered the hump-ribs o' a nor-west trader. I used to wear it Mexikin-fashion when it rained; an' in coorse, for that purpose, thur wur a hole in the middle to pass the head through. Wal, jest as the bar sprung at me, I stopped the blanket straight in his face. I seed his snout a papin' through the hole, but I seed no more; for I feelled the critter's claws touchin' me, an' I lot go. Now, thank I, wur my time for a run. The blanket mout him a kettle, an' I mont git some start. With this thort, I glid past the animal's rump, an' struck out over the parairy. The direction happened to be that 'at led t'ert the camp, half a mile off; but thar wur a tree near-r, on the side o' the hill. Ef I kud reach that, I knowd I 'ud be safe enuf, as the grizzly bar 'udn't climb. For the first hundred yards I never looked round; then I only squinted back, runnin' all the while. I kud jest see that the bar appeared to be still a tossin' the blanket, and not fur from whar we hed parted company. I thort this some'at odd; but I didn't stay to see what it meant till I hed put another hundred yards atween us. Then I half turned, an' tuk a good look; an' if you believe me, my young fellur, the sight I seed thur 'ud a made a Mormon lurf. Although jest one minnit afore, I wur putty nigh skourt out o' my seven senses, that sight made me lurf till I wur like to bring off a colic. Thar wur the bar wi' his head right athrough the blanket. One minnit, he 'ud rear up on his hind-feet, an' then the thing hung 'round him like a Mexikin greaser. The next minnit, he 'ud be down on all-fours, an' tryin' to foller me; an' then the Mackinaw 'ud trip him up, an' over he 'ud whammle, and kick to get free—all the while routin' like a mad buffalo. Jehosaphat! it wur the funniest sight this child ever seed. Wagh!

'Wal, I watched the game awhile—only a beetle while; for I knowd that ef the bar coukd git clur o' the rag, he mout still overtake me, an' drive me to the tree. That I didn't want, eyther, so I tuk to my heels agin, an' soon reached camp. Thur I saddled my mar, an' then rid back to git my gun, an', p'heaps, to give ole Eph'm a fresh taste o' lead. When I cloubd the hill agin, the bar wur still out on the parairy, an' I cud see that the blanket wur n-hungin' around 'im.

Howsomdever, he wur makin' off torat the hills, thinkin', maybe, he'd hed enuf o' my kumpany. I want a gwine to let 'im off so easy, for the skear he hed gin me; besides, he wur trailin' my Mackinaw along wi' 'im. So I galluped to whar my gun lay, an' havin' rammed home a ball, I then galluped arter de grizzly. I soon overhauled him, an' he turned on me as savagerous as ever. But this time, feelin' secure on the mar's back, my narves wur steadier, an' I shot the bar pluck through the skull, which throwed him in his tracks, wi' the blanket wropped about 'im. But side a blanket as that wor then—ay, sich a blanket! I never seed sich a blanket! Thur wunt a square foot o' it that wan't torn to raggles. Ah, young fellur, you don't know what it are to lose a five-point Mackinaw; no, that you don't. Cuss the bar!

PEOPLES AND PROSPECTS OF EASTERN EUROPE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the history of Eastern Europe in modern times, is the tendency of old races to reappear upon the political stage, and assert their right of independent existence. Although this tendency in itself is opposed to civilisation, which labours to efface the distinctive characteristics of nations, it may be useful, if properly guided, under present circumstances. The Slavonian movement, not so far advanced as some seem to imagine, is probably destined to play an important part in remodelling the map of Europe. But the most interesting specimen of peoples who have long slept, awakening and preparing a new destiny for themselves, &c., no doubt, the Greeks, the Bulgarians, the Roumans, the Servians, and the Magyars. We intend especially to direct the attention of our readers to the condition of those races which form, or have until recently formed, part of the Ottoman Empire; and may be now discerned with more or less distinctness through the breaches which are every day widening in that antique edifice, which it seems impossible to prop up, and which it will be certainly impossible to rebuild if it once comes to the ground.

There appears to be a misconception existing in the minds of many, that once the Turkish race or government is removed, there will remain only the alternative of a Byzantine Empire, subservient to the designs of Russia. A more careful examination of the state and character of the peoples now inhabiting the European dominions of Turkey, will lead to a different conclusion. It is quite certain that both Bulgarians and Roumans have been to some extent Hellenised, as the popular expression goes—that is, they have been imbued with the Greek religion, and are gradually receiving instruction in Greek literature. But this is a tendency totally opposed to that according to which nationalities are endeavouring to reconstitute themselves, and not at all capable of struggling with it. We shall endeavour to shew that all that can be done by the Greek idea, has already been accomplished in so far as the Bulgarians and the Roumans are concerned. They have accepted their religion from Constantinople, as Spain and Austria have accepted theirs from Rome; and they readily learn the arts of reading and writing, and the elementary principles of knowledge, from the Greek Papas, as Western Europe received new floods of learning from the Byzantine fugitives four centuries ago. But the border provinces of European Turkey have a life of their own, of which they have recently become conscious, and are decidedly yearning for separate and independent existence. There was, it is true, something grand in the conception of a new empire starting up at once in giant proportions on the banks of the Bosphorus, and uniting under its sway all the elements of the empire that was departing. It led away many minds

who have been since forced to admit that there was one thing lacking for its realisation—the presence of an imperial race.

The Greeks are certainly not the base, miserable rabble it has been thought of late advisable to represent them to be. They have many fine qualities—are brave, generous, hospitable, and laborious. But these qualities are possessed in as eminent a degree by many other barbarous races; and unfortunately, the Greek, like the Turk, whenever he attempts to be or appear civilised, rather degenerates than otherwise. This is the true reason why most persons, even travellers, have formed a low estimate of his character. It is difficult to come in contact with the genuine raw material, the peasant, the shepherd, the staff of which the Klefts were made, the ever-ready soldiers of an insurrection for national independence. We usually meet with persons engaged in commerce or in political intrigue, and find an extraordinary predominance of one faculty—cunning—over all other faculties, and often a very slight regard for the ordinary rules of fair dealing. Throughout the Levant, there is a feeling, which may be a prejudice, though it is hard to believe in a prejudice entertained indiscriminately by Turks and English, by Italians and Germans and French, that it is better not to have to do, in the way of business, with the Greeks. Some of their warm friends say, that this is merely a tribute to their superior cleverness; but it is perhaps more philosophical to admit a fact so generally stated, and endeavour to account for it. The truth probably is, that during long centuries of oppression, the Greeks, like the Jews in the middle ages, were forced, by their unfortunate position of servitude, to acquire the mental habits usual in subject peoples, and have not yet been able to shake them off. This is an excuse which it would be very unfair to suppress; but we have at the same time an explanation of the extreme improbability that any Greek empire, properly so called, can at present be established. Indeed, we believe that this idea was exclusively the product of the present university of Athens, where men of elegant minds suffered themselves to wander in speculative mazes regardless of all practical application. A more serious plan was that of a Christian empire, under a king appointed by Europe, with machinery that would have allowed each race to make its wants and wishes felt—the honest conservative Bulgarians in the centre forming the ballast by which the somewhat Frenchified Roumans, inclined to novelty and adventure, in the north, and the rather unscrupulous Greeks, keen in the pursuit of money, to the south, were to be steadied. Perhaps, however, it would have been wiser to wait until all the tendencies to disorganisation and reorganisation, now at work—some manifestly, others more obscurely—were perfectly well known. It is not our province to prophesy; but an attentive examination of the aspect of Eastern Europe seems to us to render it probable, that at no very distant day, the experiment of a federation of states—perhaps not free, in our sense of the word, but certainly not despotic—with Serbia, a new Switzerland, in the centre, will be tried.

We have hinted that we do not attach the same importance as do some to the Pan-Slavonic movement—at any rate, as likely to lead to events commensurate to or in accordance with its name. To calculate the orbit in which so vast a body as Russia is ultimately to move, would be a difficult task; but it may safely be said, that the fortunes of Austria and the German powers generally, must be modified by a theory which seems to have been invented for the very purpose of destroying Teutonic influence, and has been eagerly taken up by those who have suffered under Prussian or Austrian rule. To give an idea of the virulence of feeling that exists, the writer of this paper may mention that he was looking, with some Poles, at a map of

Europe, and listening to their projects of reconstruction. Of course, they reproduced the kingdom of Poland with its widest frontiers. But what was to be done with the colonies of industrious Germans which have been scattered here and there, forming a sober urban population, amidst an excitable mass of agriculturists? Western politicians would have accepted with joy this excellent element. The answer of the Poles was, that 'all Germans must be killed, or transported to Kamtschatka!'

This was but a violent expression of the tendency so hostile to civilisation, which exists in nearly all the families that inhabit the east of Europe. They all, with more or less candour, aim at exclusive possession, or, at any rate, exclusive dominion over the land in which they live. The only exception is, perhaps, the not very gracious concessions made by the Magyars to their Slavonian brethren. We have heard Greeks, warming into sincerity, admit that they believe in their right to govern wherever even the outposts of their colonies exist; contemplate the extirpation of the Turks; and promise to treat the subject races of the Bulgarians, Roumans, Servians, Albanians, Bosniaks, and so forth, with due regard to justice, so long as they did not claim imperial privileges. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, hate the Greeks, partly from some unknown religious causes, partly because they know them chiefly in their commercial character, in which, as we have said, the presumed descent of the ancient Hellenes are nowhere very favourably known. The peasant of the Danube, who, though he has adopted the Slavonic language, remembers his Tatar origin, dreams, as he sits by his mighty river, of a time when he, too, may aspire again to dominion over that degenerate crew which his race, ever since its establishment in Europe, has never seen but in servitude. He has heard of independent Greece, but does not understand what he hears. Independence under a foreign prince scarcely conveys any idea to his mind. He, too, is independent, he thinks, in that sense. He is waiting for some enthusiastic shepherd—perhaps some bandit from the recesses of the Balkan—a man of his own blood and language—to come forward and lead a truly national struggle—a Kossuth, a Shany, an Abd-el-Kader—or rather a new Lakhanas, the king-adventurer of the last years of their own independent history.

No Eastern people can comprehend our idea of a state. It is too complicated for them—the product of a stage of civilisation to which they will probably not attain for some time to come. It is the want of power to receive this idea that has checked the progress of the Greeks, who, strangely enough, study their ancient literature without imbibing any of the lessons of civil government it contains. All their political notions are Oriental. Now, the Oriental idea of a state is the authority of one man, controlled more or less by public opinion. Few of what are called Asiatic despotisms are strictly autocratic. The Greeks, and all their Christian brethren, are disposed, like their Moslem conquerors, to look upon a state as a natural being essentially connected with religion. As the Turks cannot be made to understand an authority existing by its own right, or delegated by races of different faith, so neither can their subjects. This is an important fact to notice. The Turk is, in one respect, a step in advance: he fraternises willingly with the Bosniak or the Albanian professing the same creed. The Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Servians are intolerant also, in matters of blood, and have not as yet been able to conceive anything beyond a Greek, a Bulgarian, or Servian state.

It is this divided condition of the races which, in obedience to a mysterious law, are rapidly rising into notice, that has enabled Russia to claim and exercise so great an influence over their fortunes. If similarity of religion has not created sympathy between

neighbouring nations, it has induced them all to look, with hope, not unmixed, perhaps, with fear, to a distant power. Strictly speaking, the Christians of Turkey find their *beau-ideal* of government already existing in Russia, and are disposed, at first sight, to consent to absorption. A nearer view, however, repels them. They miss one of the essential details of their organisation—the primary assemblies by which the people can convey to the head of the government their will and their desires. These assemblies they already possess. They appear to be rather of Slavonian than Greek origin, but may best be studied in the provinces of Thessaly and Macedonia. The Turks always made it a rule—if they were not rather governed by chance—to disturb the existing state of things in the countries they conquered only in so far as was necessary to the establishment of their own authority. Everywhere we find, therefore, the villages and boroughs, both of Greeks and Bulgarians, supplied with a kind of municipal government, in which all local interests are discussed. Traces of the same institution are even found in Russia, where it existed in full force until the time of Peter the Great. The existence of the forms enables the partisans of the northern empire to appeal most effectually to the prejudices of the Christian inhabitants of Turkey; but, as we have said, a closer inspection seems to alarm them; and they retire within themselves to meditate on the development of their own political individuality. The appeals made, however, serve to stimulate their religious bigotry; and the time seems approaching when, no matter under what leader, they may be led to join in an unreasoning crusade against the followers of the Crescent. The question, however, is, whether a unanimous impulse will lead to any political result corresponding in character.

THE CABARET OF THE BREAK OF DAY.

EVERY visitor to Paris must have observed the time-worn summit of the tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie rising darkly near the Place du Châtelet, as if in solemn contrast with the gilded statue of Victory upon the pillared fountain in the midst. This tower is one of the finest specimens of the declining style of pointed architecture in France, and is the only remaining portion of the church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, which once occupied the entire area of the cloth-market at its base, and which was demolished during the Revolution.

Close by this old church—so close, indeed, as to lie beneath the very shadow of its tower in the evening sunset—there stood, about the middle of the last century, a mean cabaret, called *Le Point du Jour* (The Break of Day). It was a small, ill-lighted, dirty place enough, with sunned floors, and benches stained with liquors, and tables cut all over with the names of revellers. An old man, gray, withered, and cunning-eyed, served at the bar, and a young boy waited on the customers in the parlour.

Le Point du Jour was, however, a well-known cabaret and a prosperous. M. Perpignan's cellar was famous for old Macon wine, and his parlour for being the daily resort of a celebrated landscape-painter, named Simon Mathurin Lantara, an artist whose genius trod closely upon the footsteps of Claude Lorraine. Like that great painter, he had taken Nature alone for his master and his model; like too many of those who are indebted for their success solely to the spontaneous promptings of native talent, he was indolent, careless, and self-indulgent. Tainted by the sceptical philosophy of the Voltairean school, gifted with a fund of wit and repartee, endowed with a natural taste for letters, an enthusiastic lover of beauty in all its phases, generous, thoughtless, affectionate, and kind-hearted, Lantara only needed to have lived a century later to have been

a happy, a prosperous, a respectable man. As it was, the age ruined him—the brilliant, licentious age of Louis XV. At the same time, it must be confessed, that M. Perpignan's old Macon wine bore some share in the errors of the landscape-painter. That old Macon was his fate—his bad angel. For its sake only, he frequented a low wine-shop such as this in the Place St. Jacques de la Boucherie; for its sake, mingled constantly with the uneducated crowd of fourth-class actors, strolling musicians, ruined gamblers, and sign-painters, which daily filled the back-parlour of *Le Point du Jour*; for its sake, sank lower and lower every year in poverty, intemperance, and degradation. Yet, despite the inferior natures by which he was surrounded; despite the atmosphere of low debauchery wherein he moved and breathed; despite the fumes of wine which obscured his better sense, and robbed his hand too often of its steadiness, Lantara was inspired with the true power of a master. To him, the flushing skies and dewy pastures were holy, yet familiar things. Looking upon his canvas, you seemed to see the very freshness of the past shower—to feel the summer wind blowing through the mountain-pass, and shaking the leaves of the forest. Above all, he delighted to represent the fleecy vapours of 'incense-breathing morn,' and those rare sun-mists in which our English Turner has since proved so great. Some of his crayon-sketches, which are yet preserved in the Musée des Dessins, and in various private collections, are wonderfully bold and effective. The materials, too, are sufficiently simple; the whole thing consisting merely of careless touches in black and white crayons on gray or blue paper. Upon the latter, he drew some moonlight views of a magical, dreamy loveliness altogether unique.

But the cabaret spoiled all his prosperity, and fatally interrupted his labours. The back-parlour of *Le Point du Jour* was Lantara's atelier. There stood a table, called 'Lantara's table;' it was stained all over with drops of oil-paint, and heaped at one end with boxes of colour, pallets, brushes, maul-sticks, and old frames. There he sat amid a throng of boon-companions and low admirers—there, inspired by draughts of the old Macon, he dealt the flashes of his wit upon unworthy ears—there he reproduced the unsullied bloom of earth and sky in his latest *chefs-d'œuvre*. And to this wretched place all those who desired to purchase his paintings were obliged to come. It will readily be seen how odious such a pilgrimage must have been to the rich and fastidious noblemen of the court of Louis Quinze, and what wealth and honour Lantara must have necessarily lost in the parlour of *Le Point du Jour*. Here, however, some patrons condescended to seek him; and amongst others, His Grace the Duke de Richelieu.

Carried to the door in a sedan-chair, and attended by servants on foot in gorgeous liveries, the duke made his way, with an air of supreme disgust, into the little noisome parlour at the back. 'Parbleu!' said he with a shrug and a grimace, 'you are a droll fellow, thus to establish your atelier at a wine-shop, in the quartier of St. Jacques de la Boucherie! Do you know, Lantara, one must love the arts to excess, before one can summon courage to wade through the sand and dirt of this parlour, for the sake of a picture.'

'Merit is modest,' replied the painter with a merry glance; 'and it is for the noble and enterprising to seek it in the shade. But what can I do in the service of monseigneur? Does he wish for the sacred or the profane? for silver moonlight, for purple sunset, for a rippling lake? Or would he prefer the vestal vapours of the morn? With twenty-four sous' worth of paint, I can supply him.'

'I wish,' replied Richelieu, 'for a landscape such as I will describe to you. It is to fill a particular place in my gallery. You must depict a little chapel and a humble manse, all overgrown with the creeping ivy.

Let the country around be wild and uncultivated—give a distant forest, a mountain-stream, some rocks: in short, I want something simple, yet savage; and enveloped, moreover, in one of your vaporous hazes. I say nothing to you about price—the Duke de Richelieu never bargains.' The painter bowed low over the nobleman's extended hand, and his Grace went forth from the cabaret, leaving behind him a strong odour of musk.

Lantara applied himself vigorously to his task; but, like the immortal Claudio, he could never paint the human figure; and so the duke's picture contained not a single one. It was completed in the short space of one month, and it was a marvel of romantic scenery, of mist, of finish. The Duke de Richelieu came back in about five weeks, and found Lantara stretched idly upon a bench in the back-parlour of the cabaret, drinking and smoking with two or three others.

'Is this the way to work?' asked the duke, with that air of *bonhomie* in which it was his custom to convey a reproach. 'What has become of my picture?'

'*Finis coronat opus*,' said the painter. 'Behold it finished! It is not my place, monseigneur, to vaunt my own skill; but I think you must confess that it is a master-piece.'

'It is very beautiful, Lantara,' replied his Grace, inspecting the canvas through his eye-glass; 'but there is one thing in which I am disappointed.'

'Indeed! and what may that be?'

'I am amazed at the freshness of the colours, at the *raisemblance* of the scene, at the purity of touch—but you have quite forgotten the figures. I see the forest, the valley, the chapel, the mouse—but not a human figure!'

'Monseigneur,' replied the artist, '*all the people are at mass*.'

'At mass, are they?' replied the duke. 'Eh bien! I will pay for the picture when they come out.'

'If that be all, I will make them come out directly, monseigneur.' And Lantara, snatching up a pencil, sketched a grotesque figure half hidden among the trees of the forest.

'There,' he said, when he had finished; 'I have soon satisfied you.'

'But what you have done is nothing! it is a blemish, not an improvement. Monsieur, your jest is in bad taste, and very ill-timed.' And the duke was really angry.

'But, monseigneur,' urged Lantara, 'when the mass was over, the good people hastened home. *They are all gone in*. The proof of what I say is, that this peasant, having lost his way in the forest, is so ashamed of being seen, that he is hiding himself from every eye. It would be scarcely decent or reverential to be strolling out at such a time.' It is almost unnecessary to add, that Richelieu, quite disarmed by this reply, paid instantly for the picture, which was nothing less than a *chef-d'œuvre*.

The money was soon spent in the back-parlour of Le Point du Jour; for Lantara, who, like most artists, was extremely improvident, would play the host to every comer, and was soon more deeply in debt than he had been before.

Shortly after this, a circumstance occurred which threatened for awhile to deprive M. Perpignan of his customer. Lantara rented a miserable garret at the top of an old house, behind the church of St Jacques de la Boucherie—a place with broken windows and an open chimney, and furnished with nothing but a mattress, a chair, a lame table, and a caged lapwing; which last was the sole charm and treasure of his comfortless home. One night, the painter, who had been indulging more than usual in the old Macon, was so intoxicated that he could not find his lodging; so he staggered up the steps, and fell fast asleep under the porch of St Jacques. Here he was awakened by the

sunshine of the next morning. He rose—the cabaret was just facing him—he crawled over, and went in. It was gray evening before he came out again; and this time, although he was sober compared with the night before, his brain was heated, and his step far from steady. He reached his own door—he descended the staircase—he entered his garret. Alas! in the two days' revel he had forgotten his poor lapwing. There it lay at the bottom of the cage, dead for want of food and water.

The bird had been his only tie, his only affection in the world! Lantara, in despair, would have thrown himself from the window, but that was prevented by a fellow-lodger, an old fiddler, who had been attracted by his cries of grief. Subdued by this man's persuasions, Lantara passed from his first stage of feverish excitement to a condition of listless melancholy. For three days and nights, he hung over the body of his little favourite, smoothing its feathers with his hand, and calling it by the most endearing names. But it was quite cold and dead, and could return his love and respond to his call no longer. 'Alas!' sobbed the painter, 'it is I who have murdered thee, my pretty bird! I have murdered thee, and there is no law to punish me, monster that I am! Thou art dead—thou canst not reproach me! But it is the wine-shop, the wine-shop, that has been the cause of thy death; and I swear upon thy corpse, never again to set foot upon the threshold of *Le Point du Jour*!'

Lantara kept his word—for eight days. The oaths of a drunkard are as readily forgotten as those of a lover; besides, the memory of the dead fades rapidly away. Lantara buried his bird in a field near Paris; and he was very soon to be found as constantly, perhaps more constantly than before, in the parlour of Le Point du Jour. However, he could not endure to stay in his old lodging—he could not sleep in the room which had witnessed the death of his poor lapwing. So he removed to a small room in the Rue du Chantre, which was in every respect, neater and more pleasant than the last. The proprietor of this house was a clever, calculating man. He knew his lodger's weakness in favour of old wine and good dinners, and he resolved to profit thereby. Thus, for a fat capon, a salad, some turts, and a bottle of the old Macon from M. Perpignan, the landlord secured a collection of valuable sketches, for which, at the death of the poor artist, he received considerable sums.

But in the meantime Lantara was getting more and more deeply into debt at the bar of the cabaret, and every inhabitant of the quartier St Jacques de la Boucherie might read the amount of his liabilities scored up close beside the door. This public announcement grieved the painter beyond measure; for with the habits, he had not lost the pride of a gentleman. He proposed to paint two pictures for M. Perpignan, in order to defray the debt. To this offer, the marchand des vins reluctantly consented. Night and Morning were the subjects chosen for illustration; and Lantara set earnestly to work. But such was the luckless painter's penchant for the old Macon, that, long before the pictures were half finished, the amount of his debt was more than trebled, and his score occupied three large slates behind the bar.

Lantara was as well known in the quartier as the tower of the church whence its name was derived, and his presence alone brought plenty of custom to Le Point du Jour. When he used the parlour for his atelier, the place came to be regarded by the inhabitants as a kind of free exhibition, and they used not only to crowd round him, watching every movement of the pencil, but would even assemble outside and peep in through the windows. It was a frequent custom with these visitors to treat the artist with a friendly glass, in return for the amusement his labours afforded them; and from this circumstance Lantara conceived a project

for liquidating his score. This was how he proceeded:—In the first place, he purchased a large canvas whereon he sketched the ruins of an old château, half-way up the side of a rugged steep, and in the background a valley all luminous with the phosphorescent vapours of morning. This picture attracted a large number of spectators, amongst whom were several generous enough to offer Lantara sundry glasses of his favourite wine. But he had one reply for all.

'I have given up wine,' said the painter, 'for Monsieur Perpignan has just imported a supply of capital gin from Schiedam, which I infinitely prefer.'

'Chacun à son goût,' replied they, with evident surprise. 'You shall have the gin, Monsieur Lantara, and we will drink the old Macon.' The Schiedam liquor was, in fact, remarkably good, and that day the painter drank some dozens of *petits verres*. The next morning he rose very early, and made his way to the cabaret, at an hour so unwonted that M. Perpignan could not forbear expressing his astonishment.

'What! up already, Monsieur Lantara?' exclaimed he. 'Surely something has gone wrong. Has anything happened?'

'Nothing. But I wanted to speak to you before the customers assemble, for I have something particular to say.'

'What may that be?'

'I owe you some account, Monsieur Perpignan.'

'Parbleu! I know that well enough. Why, here are three slates filled with your scores! Thirty pâtés—fourteen dozen of the old Macon—twenty-six capons—seventeen salads with—'

'Do not trouble yourself to recount the contents of the three slates, Monsieur Perpignan,' interrupted Lantara, somewhat angrily. 'I want to be out of your debt, and I am about to propose an idea to you.'

'I want money,' grumbled the marchand; 'I don't want ideas.'

'But the idea shall be worth money, and that is the same thing. Now listen attentively, and follow my instructions to the letter. I told all the people yesterday that I had ceased to care for anything but the gin of Schiedam. There was not a word of truth in what I said, mon ami. The old Macon still has, and ever will have, my preference. Send me a bottle at once, that I may prove it to you; and put it down to my score.' 'The wine was brought; he drank a tumblerful at a draught, and then went on: 'And could you for one instant believe that I really preferred the pale Dutch liquid to the red old Burgundy? Alas! no—I only said so; but I said it with a purpose. Attendez! When the customers offer me a glass of the gin, Monsieur Perpignan, serve up a glass of pure water, and thus you can set the price against my debt, and wipe away that horrible list which fills me with shame and anger all day long. Farewell, my old favourite!' he cried with a deep sigh, as he poured the last drop into his glass. 'Henceforth, I must taste nothing but water—truly, it is a punishment I have deserved!' And the painter that day drank no less than twenty-five *petits verres* of cold water, in expiation of his sin, and went home at night in a state of unusual sobriety, singing with a melancholy voice the refrain of a popular drinking-song:

Tous les méchants sont baveurs d'eau —
C'est bien prouvé par le déluge.

For several months, Lantara heroically persevered in this course, and the slates in time offered his pride no more. But the immoderate use of cold water, to which his pride or probity had urged the painter, produced the most baleful effects upon his constitution; and before half a year had elapsed, he became so ill that it was found necessary to remove him to the neighbouring hospital of La Charité, in the Rue Jacob.

Here, although his case received the utmost attention, he grew rapidly worse, and it was soon evident that all chance of his recovery was past. For some days, the spark of vitality flickered dimly in the lamp, and during that brief interval, his heart was opened to humility and penitence. On the 22d of December 1778, did Simon Mathurin Lantara close a long career of artistic merits and moral weaknesses; unattended by one familiar face—uncared for by wife, child, or friend—a lonely man without home or human tie, breathing his last sigh within the precincts of a public hospital.

A great portion of this artist's works were lost in the succeeding Revolution; and those paintings and sketches which bear his name, command a high price in the Parisian auction-rooms. Lantara is not so well known in this country as his merits entitle him to be. He was a really great and original painter, and his works deserve a place in our national collection beside those of Turner and Claude Lorraine.

A MARRIAGE-TABLE.

THUS was a marriage-table where One sat,

Mute and unmixed, till they asked his aid—

Henceforth it truly seems that he has made

All virtuous marriage-tables consecrate:

Therefore at this, where, without pomp or state,

We sit, and only say, or, mute, are fain

To smile the simple words: 'God bless these twain!'

I think that One, who 'in the midst' doth wait

Ofttimes, would not abjure our prayerful cheer,

But, as at Cana, list with gracious ear

To us, beseeching; that the Love divine

Will ever at their household-table sit,

Make all his servants who encompass it,

And turn his bitterest waters into wine.

WHAT A SHELL CAN DO.

Round shot and shells were perpetually whizzing through the air day and night, falling in all directions amongst and through the devoted houses of the city. By night, the shells assumed a magnificent appearance, resembling so many shooting-stars, though, alas! far more formidable. One day, a number of us were viewing the scene of destruction from a battery erected on the summit of a high hill. Whilst we anxiously observed the amount of damage committed by the shells, there arose suddenly from the centre of the fort what at first appeared to us a huge mound of earth, which gradually increased in size until it resembled a hill some 600 feet in height; then it almost imperceptibly changed, and assumed the appearance of an excessively dark thunder-cloud, which eventually spread far and wide, concealing both fort and town from our wonder-struck gaze; a few minutes elapsed, and it entirely enveloped the high position we were occupying, although 900 yards from the explosion. This terrific catastrophe originated in one of our shells fortunately bursting in a powder-magazine, containing several tons of combustible ammunition. The sublime spectacle that ensued will never be effaced from my memory, nor, I imagine, from that of any who witnessed the sight. For several minutes, the atmosphere continued very close, not even a breath of wind stirring, but a deathlike stillness prevailed, precisely similar to that which precedes a Scinde dust-storm. All the guns ceased firing—all eyes were directed upwards, gazing with awe at the scene thus suddenly presented them. Men even addressed each other in a whisper.—*James's Volunteer's Scramble.*

A chapter of 'Things as They are in America' was prepared for this number, but, owing to other arrangements, cannot appear till the next.

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PHILOSOPHY FOR FRESHMEN.

THERE is no epoch in the social career of a young man so fraught with danger as that period which, having overcome the probationary struggles of bubble-debbyism, he finds himself launched, with its limited amount of experience, admitted to be even more dangerous than none at all, on the great sea of society. He has acquired self-confidence enough to cut up a tongue without any serious manifestations of alarm; and his conversation, if neither very profound nor very brilliant, has, at all events, become weeded of the slang of the school-room and the college. Young married ladies, it is true, do not notice him particularly; but old ones pronounce him a gentlemanlike young man; and very young ones vote him great fun. The honours of the social world are opening to his view, not as unattainable abstractions, as they have hitherto appeared to him, but as advantages which he feels he one day may be able to make his own. I have frequently, from that arm-chair which, in my character of a sort of oddity, society has been wont to award to me rather before my time, had occasion to notice the chrysalis-struggles of this trying period; nay, I am not without a recollection of the difficulties which attended, not many ages ago, my own early efforts in a similar direction. The result has been an earnest desire on my part, from my safe anchorage, to lay down, for the advantage of these enthusiastic adventurers who are following in my wake, a few of the shoals and quicksands they will encounter on their first voyage across the troubled sea of society.

The first secret—to begin at the beginning—which we have to learn on our entry into the social world, and one not among the least difficult, is the apparently simple art of being quiet. It may safely be averred, that the error most usual on the commencement of a career is the

Vaulting ambition
Which overleaps itself, and falls;

the conviction that we are nothing unless we are everything; and the fear lest we should be supposed to be silent because we have nothing to say.

Apprehensive lest society should fail to concede to him the position which is his due, the neophyte will be apt to assume one that is not, and attempt to shine in conversation before he has earned the right to lift up his voice in it at all. An attempt to talk well will inevitably result in failure, since, in conversation, absence of effort is the grand essential to success; failure will induce fresh effort, and fresh effort renewed failure. From being loquacious, he will become in-

trusive; from intrusive, flippant, until persons who, had he been content to be quiet, would never have noticed him at all, are compelled to do so, while they set down his assumption to impertinence, and attribute to excess of confidence what has, in fact, resulted from the mere want of it. It may be well for the Freshman to remember, that, to people accustomed to the world, the silence of reserve is easily distinguishable from the silence of stupidity. Study, then, O youth, ambitious of admission within the inner circles of the social Maelstrom—study, quiet. Not that I would compel you to a mere gaping silence. The word quiet possesses, socially speaking, a far wider signification. It implies an unobtrusive amalgamation with the society in which one is placed for the time being—a power of self-command sufficiently strong to enable us to be content to take rank as one of a number, without aspiring too soon to be the one. The high places in a coterie, like the high places everywhere else, require an apprenticeship. We cannot step at once, full-armed, like Pallas from the head of Jove, into the enviable post of *infant chéri* of a circle.

In the course of his probation, the novice may perhaps observe amongst the most pretentious and successful of the party, men whom he may feel to be his inferiors in the very qualities to which they owe such success. He will, if he is wise, be careful how he yield to the temptation of entering the lists with them too soon; for if he does, he may be sure that, evince his superiority as clearly as he may, the attempt will result in his utter discomfiture. Society around, influenced partly by their sympathy with his rival as one of themselves, and partly by their want of faith in him as a stranger, will regard his challenge as an attack upon their self-love, and wait withstand him as a common enemy, were he ten times the conqueror. He must call his self-command into play, and bide his time. Although the age of the worst description of affectation in men went out probably when the dandies died, and the Tenth began to dance, there are still occasionally to be met with a stray weed of the genus, notwithstanding the blighting influence of the common-sense character of the present day. There are two especially observable, generally in not very deep soil, the growth of recent days, which seem to call for some slight notice in passing—the air worldly, and the air blasé. The affectation of worldliness generally comes first. Involving, as it assumes to do, such acute penetration and deep experience, it possesses an extreme charm for very young and not very vigorous intellects. There is my friend Browne, for instance, as well-principled and ingenuous a fledgling as I know, who edifies his acquaintances by the wariest maxims of human conduct,

and was swindled the other day out of his last quarter's allowance by a cheat so transparent as could hardly have deceived an intelligent school-boy. Our mutual acquaintance, Tom Smyth, the two-and-twenty years of whose life have been passed quietly enough at the Charter-house and the paternal mansion in Bryanston Square—with reasonable facilities for independent ingress and egress—is in the blast stage of the disease. He enjoys his comparatively limited opportunities of seeing the world with an apparition's zest which wiser heads might envy; but I am concerned to learn that this seeming enjoyment has no actual reality, as he assures me that he has long ceased to feel any pleasure in anything—having made the discovery—he does not say where, but I suspect at the Lyceum Theatre—that there is nothing in anything, and that he is literally 'used up.' In vain have I ventured to hint to Browne that a little more worldliness in practice, and a little less in theory, might conduce considerably to his comfort and general respectability; he continues to glorialise ancient ladies, and appal very young ones, by the most Machiavellian theories of human conduct. Fruitlessly have I pointed out to Smyth that the rapid air and wearied step which is excessively appropriate in Mr Charles Mathews as Sir Charles Coldstream, who remembered the comet of 1811, is particularly absurd in Tom Smyth, after the active enjoyment of his fifth polka, and whose social experiences extend no further than to the introduction of that comparatively recent, but happily nearly obsolete, enjoyment.

When the versatile Mr Puff, in that *Tragedy* which we are never tired of seeing *Rehearsed*, succeeded in effectively posing all his characters upon their knees in a row before the footlights, he was nude sensible, for the first time, of a simple but rather serious difficulty: he had made no provision for getting them off again. How often in society are we reminded of Mr Puff's dilemma! With how many a mortification have we not had to sympathise, arising solely from the omission of some one or other of our aspiring contemporaries to provide for this apparently simple difficulty, and to settle before his entry on the scene how he was to get off again. I happened, a short time ago, to be hidden, in company with my young friend Tom Spooner, to a social gathering at the house of one of those often excellent, but always inconvenient, acquaintances, whose invitations, either from want of experience in the hostess, or from some other cause, never convey the slightest idea of the nature of the entertainments they proffer us. Eight o'clock, the hour indicated on the present occasion, seemed, in these days of late visiting, rather suggestive of a few friends and a little music; but the copper-plate, and a fortnight's notice, appeared to point to something of a more elaborate character. My companion presented himself at my chambers on the appointed evening, appraised with great magnificence. Much fine linen and buttons, a white ribbon round his neck, gloves immaculate on his hands, a gibus under his arm, and a geranium in his button-hole, presented an ensemble of which, but for my misgivings, I should undoubtedly have been extremely proud. As it was, however, I feared. In vain I pointed out that the affair was a very doubtful one, and that something of a rather more neutral tone in exterior would, at all events, be safer. In vain I suggested to my friend to defy the *Hints on Etiquette*, and carry his gloves in his hands instead of on them, until he should be sure of needing them at all; to leave his gibus in the passage, and discard the geranium altogether. In vain: he would leave himself no exit. Not soon shall I forget the discomfiture of that unwary young man when we were ushered into a dubiously lighted room, and welcomed to the hospitalities of a tea-tray and the acquaintance of four matrons, in balustrade, a middle-aged spinster in a jacket, and two

school-girls in white muslin. My companion now felt the full value of the 'exit' to which he had attached so little importance. His gloves, which he would have given twice their cost to be rid of, were as tenacious as the shirt of Nessus; the crush-hat, of which, although it had been a charm, he had resisted all attempts of the servant to divest him, crushed his spirits like a spell; and the odour of the geranium, which imparted an agreeable sense of festivity to the surrounding atmosphere, was as poisonous to him as the breath of the upas-tree. His earnest denial to the not unnatural suggestion of the lady of the house, 'I am afraid you expected a party,' was scarcely more droll than the air of dolorous magnificence with which he proceeded, in company with a portion of the aforesaid ladies, and one or two subsequent arrivals in frock-coats and reasonable shirt-collars, to devote the remainder of the evening to the relaxation of 'vingt et une' at twopence a dozen. The moral which Mr Spooner, as a reflective man, will have derived from this little experience, will probably be something like this: If we would avoid placing ourselves in a ridiculous position—and if not a point of primal importance, it is always worth a little foresight to escape—we shall take no step in society, even across a drawing-room, without first considering and providing, so far as we are able, against any contingencies which may seem likely to arise from it.

Smartness of conversation is an art much studied by the youth of the present day; but as a means of acquiring popularity in society, it is certainly a mistake. 'Nobody ever acquired good-will by mere clever talking. On the contrary, it may safely be affirmed, that the persons who are really liked in the world, are the good listeners—those wise people who, like Montaigne, 'always put their company upon those subjects they are best able to speak of.' Persevere in this lesson, and be sure that society will not only find out that you are a very agreeable person, but also a very clever one, though you may never have opened your lips, save to ask a question. Do not, O enterprising aspirant, conscious though you may be of an abundant wealth of conversational currency in useful light-change, despise, as unworthy of your genius, the apparently humble rôle of Chorus! Be assured, it is far easier to talk well than to listen well; far less trying to your horsemanship to test your own hobby, than to ride double behind that of your neighbour.

That effort to gratify the personal feelings of those with whom we come in contact in society, which passes by the name of flattery, is one of the most powerful weapons of social conquest, but it is also by far the most difficult to wield. 'How happy am I,' observed a worthy who chanced to be once seated between Madame de Staël and the lovely Madame Récamier, 'at being thus placed between Genius and Beauty!' This mirror of chivalry—who, by the way, could surely never have been a Frenchman—did not perceive that this ingenious piece of flattery had much more in it of impertinence than of compliment, recalling, as it obviously must have done to each lady, the quality in which she was most deficient. Fortunately for this Solon, Genius was merciful, and came to the rescue. 'This is the first time I was ever called beautiful,' observed Corinnoe, gracefully referring, with true flattery, the compliment of intellect to her companion, whose beauty needed none. Direct personal flattery is impertinence, and will be always so regarded by any one who is worth flattering at all; because when we assume to a lady the right to praise her, we obviously claim also the title to censure. All flattery, like that of Madame de Staël, should be indirect—all compliment, inferential.

There is, at the same time, one description of flattery which, while it is the most easy, and may be safely employed with all persons, and on all occasions, is also by far the most unerring. Universal in its application,

it may be conveyed in a happy word, or be expressed even more speakingly in a judicious silence; may be visible in a bow, and audible in a tone; eloquent in a smile, and recognisable even in a dissent. I mean that flattery which is involved in an active consideration or forethought for the feelings of others in small matters. There are few of us sufficiently alive to the fact, how large a proportion of the impressions of pleasure and pain which make up our daily life arise from trifles. Every hair can cast a shadow. We may be satisfied that a differential attention to our words, however unimportant—an evidence of memory of our tastes, however slight—and an anticipation of our wishes, however trivial, is a flattery we can none of us withstand.

Many a small reputation for wit has been gained by saying smart things of people in their absence; for it is by no means difficult to appear rather clever, if we do not mind being very ill-natured. For my part, I never hear a man speak depreciatingly of other men with whom he comes in contact in society, without being irresistibly led to the inference that he is jealous of them. Of course, no man ever speaks ill of women, who desire it to be inferred that he has been well received by them.

Although I by no means regard excessive enthusiasm as a peculiarly marked failing in the character of the ingenuous youth of the present day, and would by no means desire to deal hardly with it if I did, I am sometimes sensible of a slight tinge of it leading to much discomfort and mortification, in the hasty impulses which often prompt us, in the apprenticeship of life, to form ill-considered friendships. Now, it may happen that I may have the satisfaction of meeting at my friend Wigby's rooms a gentleman of 'parts,' who, with me, admires Mr Thackeray, knows the difference between the favourite British Havanna and the real growths of the Val d'Abajo, and possesses the still higher qualification of being able to appreciate the merits of my conversation. But it is by no means necessary, therefore, that I should propose to that gentleman to share chambers with me, smoke calumets of Gebeli with him ten days out of the following fourteen, and, as I find to be the general termination of such acquaintanceships, consign him to the limbo of absolute indifference, nay, intolerance, because he has proved not to possess qualifications which I never had the slightest right to expect of him.

Friendships are not difficult to make; but even the best and most sincere, on both sides, require much wisdom and reciprocal forbearance to retain. In the first place, we must not exact too much of our friends, or expect of them developments of friendship which their natures may not enable them to give. It is not so much what you may be able to offer yourself, or may even have a right to require, that you must look for, but merely such return as the character of your friends enables them to make; remembering that you are probably exacting from them some similar concession in another way. For example, there are some persons—sincerely attached to us, too, in their way—in whose friendship, if we are not advancing, we seem to be going back, with whom we are ever either mounting the hill or descending on the other side. At one time, we find our popularity steadily increasing; the servant admits us at the most unusual hours, and our hostess makes room on the sofa beside her with *empressment* as we enter her drawing-room; our invitation to stay dinner is conveyed in a tone which says: 'You will really gratify us by remaining;' and our pleasantries, good or indifferent, are received with equal enthusiasm, and extensively quoted. At another time, somehow or other, our visits always seem to fall at unpropitious moments; our invitations to stay and dine become less frequent, and ring in our ears not quite like sterling coin when they do come; exuberant professions of regard replace

the warm manner and cordial tone which are its true exponents; our friend's friends, who never did think much of us, and had become rather weary of our praises, smile as they hear of us no more, and congratulate themselves cordially upon our ostracism; and we subside finally from 'Ever most truly yours,' to 'Yours sincerely.' Our first impulse is to renounce such ostracism as worthless, but this is an error. There are many degrees between acquaintanceship and the purest friendship, each worth having, and worth some sacrifice; and he is a poor philosopher who refuses a small pleasure because there are greater pleasures.

A little absence, a little forbearance, or some such small piece of self-denial, will enable us to preserve many a delicate friendship, of which less careful treatment would soon have deprived us.

By the way, speaking of friends' friends, there is no feature of our social experiences that requires more delicate tact than the conduct of our acquaintance with those we are in the habit of meeting at our friends' houses. *Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis*, say the French proverb. Rochefoucauld would never have said so. This social apothegm is to be received with considerable qualification. Our friends will always wish us to like their friends, and be popular with them: it is a tribute to their own taste and judgment. But the sympathy must not be too strong, and must be very gradually developed, or we are very likely to have to make choice between our old friends and our new ones.

There is a word for which I have a peculiar distaste, because it conveys to me an entirely false impression of the meaning which it is usually intended to express—I mean the word politeness. It is ever associated in my mind with the manners of a dancing-master, and the urbanity of a French cook, and in no degree represents that unobtrusive good-breeding which it is employed to describe. This quality—for it is a quality of the heart rather than a lesson of the head—is merely another form of that flattery of which I have spoken before, and which consists of a nice consideration for the feelings of others, and belongs to no age, to no period of life, and to no station in the world.

Such are a few of the ideas which a glance, a very little below the surface of social life, will probably give us, and which, like all just ideas, will be found to be based upon one simple principle. If we desire to attain to the privileges which society concedes to those whom it delights to honour, we must pay the same price for them we have to pay for everything else. We must be content, for a time at least, to put ourselves, our own vanities, impulses, conceits, and conveniences into our pockets, and practise, in the ever-varying forms our social apprenticeship requires, the wholesome duty of self-denial.

THE STOLEN SHOES.

A DORADO, where gold may be had for the gathering, has formed the subject of the traditions, or exercised the fancies, of most peoples. The Arabs have never had an opportunity of experiencing what such a place really is; but their story-tellers make use of the idea in the following manner:—

In very ancient times, there lived, say they, in Cairo, in one of the streets near the foot of the citadel, a man named Abu Daoud, whose poverty and misery were great. By trade, he was a cobbler; but destiny did not permit him to gain a living by the labour of his hands. Sometimes he remained for whole days without having a single pair of babouches to mend; and when work was brought to him, he was very frequently so beaten down in the price he asked, or cheated by dishonest people, that he found it absolutely impossible to earn even the expenses of his shop.

Fortunately for him he had no wife or relation of any kind; yet he considered this solitude as the greatest

curse that had befallen him, and, strange to say, when he went home in hunger, he regretted he did not hear. As he opened the crazy door of his house, the voice of children, even though they should be crying for food. As he scarcely ever spent any money, or was seen to bring home provisions, the neighbours used to say that he was a magician, or that he lived upon air; but it was evident that this kind of nourishment was not favourable to him, for he was as thin and dry as a nail. The truth was, that he passed a great part of his time wandering up and down the streets, seeking for the news of some marriage or of some death; and then he went with the beggars, and other sons of sorrow, to dip his fingers in the great wozzen bowls that are put out at the doors on such festive or mournful occasions. He found that in the scramble of the hungry, it was rarely possible for him to approach the dish more than once; but an old beggar of experience had taught him the art of scooping out, with one single plunge of his hand, the substance of a meal. In this way he managed to keep soul and body together; but as he was a man respectable in his ideas, he never asked for alms with the others when the wants of the moment were satisfied, but repaired at once to his shop, and sat waiting for custom until the going down of the sun.

From time to time, when he could get a little leathery, he had actually fabricated some fine red shoes—half-a-dozen pair, which he had arranged in a row in front of his shop; but at first he had asked too much for them, and would not lower his price until their lustre became tarnished, and then everybody passed by, and went to bargain with other dealers. Poor Abu Daood in vain invited the fastidious to come and buy, going so far, sometimes, as to offer his wares as a present. Nobody paid any attention to him. Destiny had decreed that he should not make his fortune as a shoemaker.

One day a very old man, whose dress and appearance revealed him to be a Maggrebby, or Man from the West, came down the street, evidently looking for a pair of shoes, or for a cobbler; for he carried a tattered baboosh in his hand. Abu Daood espied him afar off, and felt inclined to rush towards him, and seizing the skirts of his garment, to drag him by main force to his shop. But the Shah Bomdar of the merchants had married his daughter that morning, and the cobbler had not only succeeded in getting two handfuls of rice, but had snatched a rag of apurton from a greedy blind beggar, who was making off with it after having had his fill. Thus fortified, he was enabled to repress the undignified suggestion of his misery, and to wait in breathless expectation for the result. To his extreme surprise, the Maggrebby passed all his rapiers, and coming straight up to him, saluted him by his name, and said:

'I charged thee to mend this excellent pair of babooshes with the utmost care, and in the meantime, I will take of thy stock for my immediate use.' So saying, he slipped on two of the tarnished shoes, promised to return in the evening, and went away, leaving his own rags in pledge for the payment. Abu Daood was so delighted, that he ran immediately to three or four neighbours, and shouted with glistening eyes: 'I have sold a pair of shoes! I have sold a pair of shoes!' He set to work immediately to cobble the babooshes of the Maggrebby, but he found them in such a wretched state, that it was impossible to do anything with them. In vain did he put a patch here and a patch there, first renewing the heels, then the toes—it would have been far easier and cheaper to make a new pair. 'I must persuade this foolish Maggrebby,' said he to himself, 'to throw those miserable things into the street, and to buy new ones instead, if what he has already taken be not sufficient.'

Evening came, and no Maggrebby. Abu Daood had counted on a good supper, and kept his shop open until long after dark. All his neighbours put up their shutters, and went away one by one, but he remained obstinately

at his post, until the fear of robbers—superfluous fear!—overcame him, and he returned sorrowfully to his dismal dwelling. He lulled himself to sleep that night by curses on the Maggrebby, but was up before dawn, and on his way to his shop, still hoping that the owner of the ragged babooshes might come and clear up his character for honesty and fair-dealing. He could not refrain from relating his misadventure to his neighbours, who affected to pity him, but smiled maliciously one to the other, saying: 'Abu Daood has sold a pair of shoes!' and it became the joke in the quarter, when they observed the poor cobbler dozing over his hunger, to cry out: 'Here comes the Maggrebby!' But a whole year passed away, and he did not reappear.

At length one day the cry of 'Here comes the Maggrebby!' startled Abu Daood as usual; and looking forth to cast a reproachful glance at the waga, he actually beheld the same old man advancing towards him. His first impulse was to snatch up the pair of shoes, which he had cobbled during his interminable moments of leisure into something like shape, and thrust them down the throat of the dishonest customer; but he restrained himself, and when the Maggrebby had saluted him, as if nothing had happened, he said: 'The job thou gavest me was very troublesome. It would have been better to take a new pair.' Upon this, the Maggrebby laughed, and said: 'Verily, thou art a wise man, and a circumspect. I came expecting thy reproaches; but, lo! thou sparest me. This shall be counted unto thee.' So saying, he took out a piece of gold, and placed it in the hand of the cobbler, who well-nigh fainted with joy.

'Now, Abu Daood,' said the stranger, 'it will be fitting for thee to invite me to supper this evening. Take these two other pieces of gold, and buy what is necessary. I will come and join thee at sunset; and thou shalt conduct me to thy house.'

When the Maggrebby was gone, Abu Daood related his good-fortune to his neighbours, who shook their heads incredulously, and suggested that the pieces of gold were merely leaves of yellow paper; but the cobbler went and changed his money, and came back triumphant. Then the neighbours, who began to be jealous, warned him to take care lest he should fall into the hands of a magician. But Abu Daood replied: 'What can a magician do to me? He cannot slay me, unless it be the will of God: all he can do is to turn me into an ass, a buffalo, or an ape; and verily, this would be no great misfortune, for the asses, and the buffaloes, and the apes of this world have a more happy existence than I.' So Abu Daood went to prepare the supper of the Maggrebby; and going to meet him at the place appointed at sunset, found him already arrived, and took him to his house.

The supper was magnificent, according to the ideas of the cobbler, and had been prepared at a neighbouring cook-shop. The Maggrebby ate heartily, as did Abu Daood likewise. When they had washed their hands, coffee was brought and pipes; and the Maggrebby began to talk of travel, and foreign lands, and strange countries, whilst his host listened with eager ears, for a long time not venturing to speak. At length, however, he mustered up courage to say what he had upon his mind. It was this: 'I pray thee, O honoured master, if it be not impertinent—in which case, forgive me—tell me wherefore thou didst not return last year and pay me for my shoes. I knew that thou wast an honest man, and waited for thee in patience, until all the neighbours mocked me.'

'My son,' replied the Maggrebby, 'I would have refrained from telling thee this secret, lest it might introduce into thy mind covetousness and uneasiness; but since thou askest me, and since equivocal conduct requireth an explanation, I will state the whole truth; and may God pardon me if the consequence be the troubling of thy thoughts! Know, then, that I am an

Inhabitant of the city of Taroor, in Fozzan, and that my poverty and misery were great. But one day I learned from a pilgrim who rested in my house, on his way to Gabel Tor, that in the south was reported a land, the ribs of whose mountains, and the sands of whose rivers, were of gold, so that whosoever reached it might collect, in one day, wealth sufficient to make him envied of princes. I eagerly desired further information of this land; but he told me that its access was most difficult, and that, according to an ancient tradition, none of the sons of Adam could penetrate to it but he who should wear the stolen shoes of the cobbler Abu Daood. So I began to seek for a cobbler of this name, and travelled into many countries until age came upon me. I arrived at length in the city of Cairo, and heard of thy story; and stole the shoes in the manner which thou knowest. Then I set forth, and passed rapidly towards the regions of the south, until I reached a valley in the midst of great mountains. Here I found gold lying about like pebbles, and gathered together twice as much as I thought would be sufficient to support me in comfort to the end of my days. But the means of transport were wanting, and I looked round in despair until I saw a man with a yellow skin approaching me, and leading a camel. "Stranger," said he, "it is decreed that if any of the sons of Adam enter this valley, and collect gold sufficient to load one camel, he shall be suffered to depart, but if he collect more, he shall be kept as a slave." On hearing this, I thanked him who had inspired me with moderation; and having placed my wealth in two small panniers, prepared to return. Then the yellow man said: "Remember that half what thou hast taken belongeth to Abu Daood. Farewell!" and he went away. I travelled for half a day with my camel, and found myself in a large city, whence a caravan was about to start for Egypt, and I started with it; but to my surprise, learned we were distant a six months' journey from Cairo, whereas I had reached that place in a few days. This is the whole of my story, and I am now ready to deliver over to thee half of the wealth which I have acquired.

Abu Daood was bewildered and amazed by this concise narrative, which concluded by holding out to him a prospect of prosperity of which he had never dared to dream. Yet, says the tradition—in this matter eminently philosophical—he soon passed from joy at his good-fortune, to regret at not having been able himself to visit the land of gold. "Half a camel-load is little," muttered he, as he gazed with glaring eyes at the Maggrebby. The good old man, noticing the expression of his face, said meekly and kindly: "My son, thou art young, and I am ancient of days: take two-thirds, and be satisfied." "But I should have liked a whole camel-load," quoth Abu Daood, still talking as if to himself. "That was impossible," observed the Maggrebby humorously, "for thou couldest not steal thine own shoes." Upon this the cobbler, preserved from wicked thoughts by the will of God, laughed, and replied: "Think not that I envy thee what thou hast acquired; I receive what thou givest me with joy; but are there no means by which I, too, could visit this wonderful place?"

The old man hung his head for a time, and seemed to ponder deeply. At length he looked steadily at Abu Daood, and said: "In my regard for thy welfare, I concealed something from thee; but what is written must come to pass. Know, then, that the yellow man when he departed from me gave me a ring, saying: 'Should Abu Daood desire, in the covetousness of his heart, to come to this country, let him swallow that which he will find beneath the signet of this ring, and his wishes will be accomplished; but it will be better for him to remain in the quiet enjoyment of the wealth which thou wilt bestow upon him.'" Abu Daood held out his hand eagerly, and took the ring, and found within it a little piece of a greenish substance, which he swallowed. When he had swallowed it, all things

around him seemed to become confused: the Maggrebby's eyes grew round and red, his nose elongated into a beak, his mouth disappeared under his chin, his arms became wings, and his feet claws—in fine, he changed into a bird of strange aspect. The cobbler was at first frightened, and repented of his rashness; but the bird gave him no time to think, and snatching him up, clove the roof of the house, and carrying him high up towards the heavens, flew for the space of a night and a day, when he set him down, and immediately returned into the clouds.

Abu Daood found himself beneath a tree, forming part of a sweet grove, with branches full of birds of wonderful plumage and sweet song. He looked around in wonder, and rubbed his eyes, fearful that all this might be a dream. But having convinced himself that he was awake, he rose and walked until he came to the banks of a river, on the other side of which was a large city. "A ferryman, with a very yellow face, spoke to him in an unknown language; but, seeing he did not understand, made signs that he was to get into his boat, which he did. On reaching the other side, he saw many people all bustling about, but all with yellow faces; and he now noticed that every one had a careworn, baggard expression, and that their features were now and then distorted, as if by severe pain. 'Verily,' said Abu Daood, 'all these folks have the cholera. I will hasten to collect gold, and escape at once from the country.' He proceeded, however, through the streets, which were filled with shops of all descriptions, excepting provision-shops. There were mercers and drapers, and shoemakers and saddlers, but there were no butchers, or bakers, or fruit-dealers. 'This is a wonderful place,' quoth Abu Daood; 'verily, it is more wonderful than the valley which the Maggrebby saw.'

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a man touched him on the shoulder, and said: "Friend, it is the hour of the evening-meal. Thou knowest the law. Come in to my house, for I perceive thou art a stranger to this quarter." Then it is related that Abu Daood, fearful to transgress the law, obeyed this invitation, and was taken into a room dimly lighted, where was a table, and round the table a number of men and women, all yellow as fever-patients. But when the dishes were uncovered, lo! upon them was no food, but only heaps of gold, which, with moanings and contortions, and grimaces of disgust, the guests began to swallow. Abu Daood, obeying an irresistible impulse, put out his hand, intending to fill his pockets; but he soon found himself eating with the rest, and was unable to leave off until he had swallowed more gold than he had ever swallowed rice at a meal. After this strange supper, the guests dispersed, groaning and complaining; and the master of the house took the cobbler to a chamber where was a comfortable bed, and bade him rest until morning.

The tradition is luxurious in details respecting this extraordinary city, which was inhabited by the souls of misers and usurers, and covetous men of all descriptions, condemned for their sins to live on, performing all the ordinary functions of existence, except that their sole food was gold. A tone of burlesque satire pervades it; and the narrators, often in the true spirit of Dante, introduce amongst the various characters encountered by the cobbler, the marked portraits of people of their own day celebrated for avarice. An hour is sometimes occupied in this way, so that the story becomes merely a vehicle for satire, mingled with moral reflections. At length Abu Daood, well wearied of feeding on so indigestible a substance as gold, presents a petition to the princess of the city, and obtains an interview.

Dalabee, the princess, is a lady with golden hair, not of mortal origin, but a ginneeych—a spirit. She rules her kingdom with inexorable justice, and severely punishes the fastidious mortals who choose to fast in

order to escape the accused food alone allowed them. She herself feeds on fat pullets, on quails, on singing-birds, and other delicate morsels. The story of Abu Daoud amuses her; and, she even confesses that a single life had begun to be rather burdensome. She makes an offer of marriage, is accepted with dutiful resignation, and Abu Daoud becomes king of the Golden Land. All traces of avarice, however, have been eradicated from his mind. In vain the princess, who has her secret reasons, exhibits vast treasures; in vain she makes progresses with him through the provinces, where mountains of gold blaze on all sides; he remains perfectly unmoved, without a single access of cupidity, content to eat his quail or his pullet in her society, and condemning the precious metals as viler than dust. A year having passed in this way, Dahabec, with tears in her eyes, confesses, that since he has been proof against temptation, she has no right to retain him any longer, and that she is bound to send him back to his own country. He makes a show of unwillingness, but really feels a longing for Cairo; so one night she takes him up in his sleep, and carries him in her bosom to his own house, where she sets him down, and flies away with a long melancholy cry.

Some women were passing Abu Daoud's door, uttering the yughareet, or shrill scream of joy that announces a wedding. He awoke with a start, and dressing in an old habit, was about to run after them, to ascertain where the alms were to be distributed. But he remembered the events of the previous night, and of his dream. He looked round for the Maggrebby, but he was gone. In the place where he had sat, however, was a large bag filled with ingots of gold. There was enough to make him a rich man; and he lived ever afterwards a quiet and contented life, although he sometimes shed a tear to the memory of the Princess Dahabec.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

WASHINGTON.

This season was now considerably advanced, and I had just time to make a run southwards, previous to the opening of Congress at Washington on the 5th of December, at which I felt some curiosity to be present. The journey would unfortunately take me twice over the same ground; but for this there was no help. I proposed to go through New York to Philadelphia, and thence without stopping through Baltimore to Washington, leaving the return excursion to be performed with somewhat more deliberation. As a chain of railways is extended from Boston much further south than I had any intention of going, it was practicable to make the whole journey in from two to three days.

On a Monday morning, at eight o'clock, I bade adieu to my kind friends in Providence, and taking my place in the cars, hoped to arrive at Philadelphia late in the evening. But in this plan of operations I was destined to experience disappointment. The cars got on admirably for about a dozen miles, when on slowly leaving a station, they were by a sudden concussion brought to an abrupt halt. Quietly and apathetically a few persons sallied forth to see what was the matter—I went with them; and finally, everybody in the train came out to learn the particulars of the disaster.

There we all stood in a group near the locomotive, which, with the tender behind it, was placed in a highly critical position. By an act of carelessness exceedingly common on the American railways, the person in charge of a siding had neglected to adjust the points to suit the up-train, and the locomotive having run

right off the track, was stuck fast in the middle of a rudely constructed wooden bridge; one of its fore-wheels whirling in the air over the abyss beneath. A little more impetus would have sent the whole train to the bottom of the river, which flowed through the ravine. As no personal injury, however, was sustained, the accident was rather amusing than otherwise. I had again an opportunity of remarking the placid impassibility of the American character. In England, there would have been vehement upbraiding of somebody or other. Here there was perfect imperturbability. Everybody looked on in silence, as if nothing particular had occurred. The only person who made himself heard, was an umbrella-peddler, who, taking advantage of what he probably considered to be a fortunate assemblage of customers, rushed madly about recommending his wares to public notice, and assuring every one that he would never have such another chance of purchasing a good, substantial, and cheap umbrella. In a moment, I saw that my day's journey was cut short. The railway was only a single line, and the bridge, blocked up by the locomotive, was barely passable on foot. Our only hope was the arrival of a train in the opposite direction, which might exchange passengers and return on its track. Meanwhile, the morning was very cold, and most of us sought the refuge of a small station-house which was provided with a fire in an iron stove. Around the cheering blaze we clustered a solemn band, into the midst of which the everlasting umbrella peddler ever and anon thrust himself with his bundle under his arm, telling everybody that now was the time to buy a right good cotton umbrella. And so an hour was spent in the station-house, till the train from Worcester was heard approaching, and drawing up in time to avoid running in upon the unfortunate locomotive in its path.

"I say, conductor, how are we to get across that there bridge?" asked several passengers. "You see it is quite open, with only beams for us to step upon, and hardly room to pass."

The conductor paid no attention to any such inquiries, but began carrying across portmanteaus and carpet-bags, while the conductor of the other train did the same with the baggage under his charge; and for half an hour there was a scrambling of men, women, and children, conductors and baggage-masters, to and fro, till the exchange was wholly effected—the scene reminding one of the Vision of Mirza, no one, however, having the misfortune to drop through the openings in the bridge into the dark pool below. I had the honour of conducting a middle-aged lady and band-box across the gulf, and was rewarded with a warmth of thanks and good wishes which I had not on any previous occasion experienced. Having all successfully achieved the adventure of crossing, we took our places in the train, which then moved on to Worcester, leaving the passengers who had come with it to find their way to Providence as they best might. The last thing I saw was a crowd of them pulling at a rope which was attached to the errant locomotive; but how long they pulled, or whether they got the engine back to its proper position on the rails, I am unable to say. Without further detention, we arrived in Worcester, but so considerably behind time, that the morning train from Boston to New York had long since passed.

I did not altogether regret a delay of five or six hours

in what I found to be one of the prettiest and busiest towns in New England. The wide streets, ornamented with trees, were lined with large and handsome stores, while in the environs there appeared to be various manufactories of some importance. Worcester is a kind of American Birmingham; articles of hardware being its principal products, among which telegraph-wire and pistols have a prominent place. Recollecting the name of a manufacturer of railway-cars, I visited his establishment, and procured some information that promised to be useful. I was gratified with the respectable appearance of the operatives in the town, and learned that, in point of sobriety and other estimable habits, they were not behind their brethren in other parts of Massachusetts. At the hotel where I dined, the bar had been abolished; and as usual, the large company at the table-d'hôte drank nothing but iced-water. As the majority of the persons present seemed to be commercial travellers, the spectacle of such temperance contrasted strangely with what I knew to be customary in England.

Catching the evening train from Boston on its way to New York, I arrived at my old quarters in the Astor, an hour after midnight, and set off again, without delay, in the morning. The journey southwards from New York begins by crossing North River in a ferry-boat to Jersey City on the opposite shore; and there a train is waiting to carry forward the passengers. On this occasion, a large number required accommodation; for members of Congress with their families were taking their flight to Washington for the season, and others were on their way to regions still more distant.

The route through the state of New Jersey was tame and uninteresting. Much of the land is level, with a reddish sandy soil, yielding heavy crops of peaches and other fruits, and numberless orchards, some not quite stripped of their produce, were passed in the journey. At the distance of eighty-seven miles, the train was intercepted on the borders of the state by a navigable river, half a mile wide; on the further side of which was seen a large city of brick-houses, faced by at least a mile of wharfs and shipping. In a few minutes, we have exchanged our seats in the cars for the deck of a steamer, and are borne forward on the surface of the beautiful Delaware to the famed city of Philadelphia.

Reaching the city of Brotherly Love, I do not stay in my journey; but ungraciously passing over classic ground, hasten to the railway-station, where the cars are ready to set out. Now begins a fresh excursion, the train in the first place crossing the Schuylkill, and then proceeding through an old and settled part of Pennsylvania; but the land is still mostly level, and the soil appears thin, with a scrubby vegetation. It is usually understood that the river Delaware marks a change in climate. Here, we find the air milder than it is in the north; and the number of black faces which make their appearance give token of an approach to new social conditions. In the course of the day's run, several rivers and creeks of the sea are crossed on viaducts—one of them a long and low wooden erection on piles in the water; and at two places the *trajet* is performed, as at the Delaware, in ferry-boats. The first of the ferries is that of the Susquehanna, a large river in Maryland, flowing into Chesapeake Bay. The shifting here, to reach Havre-de-Grace, a small town on the southern bank, is complained of by some travellers; but I accepted it as rather an agreeable variety in the excursion. The interior of the steamer which carried the passengers across was fitted up with a restaurant where tea, coffee, and other light refreshments were served at a moderate cost. For the accom-

modation of persons of colour, an inferior place of refreshment, fitted up separately, was under the charge of a respectably dressed female mulatto. In this arrangement there was nothing very novel; for in the New England states, as well as in the state of New York, I had everywhere found separate churches and separate schools for the use of the coloured population. By such experiences in travelling, one is partly prepared for the more severe distinctions incidental to the states in which slavery prevails.

Baltimore, which I saw for a short time in passing, and also on my return, occupies a pleasant situation on a rising-ground overlooking the river Patapsco, and is one of the best built, as it is among the oldest, cities in the United States. Placed on a navigable water connected with the Chesapeake, it appears to be a busy mart of foreign commerce, with a considerable number of vessels loading and unloading at its quays. Like other eastern cities, it has competed for the trade of the west; and now, by means of a railway to Wheeling, on the Ohio, has largely increased its operations. Although only about a hundred and twenty years old, Baltimore, in 1850, contained 195,000 inhabitants, and at present is in as thriving a condition as any city in the Union. It is celebrated for the number of its public monuments, one of which is commemorative of those who fell defending the city against the attack of the British in 1814.

Maryland does not contain any slaves, and I believe the number in this state, as well as in Delaware, is gradually diminishing. The harvest being past, and the fields generally stripped of everything but Indian corn-stalks and other refuse, the country had a somewhat dreary aspect. At different places, in passing along, negroes in frieze-jackets and round hats were observed ploughing up the stubble—the work not exactly such as would gain a prize at a match on Tweedside, although both horses and ploughs seemed to be of the best kind. Generally, five or six teams were going in one field, with an overseer riding about on horseback. In the distance might be seen the neat villa residences of the proprietors, with clusters of white cottages for the slaves and their families. The whole routine of farming seemed, indeed, to be different from what is observable in the northern states, where small properties are cultivated almost entirely by the settler and his family—every one working diligently, and nothing being paid away for hired labour of any kind.

Brought thus in sight of slavery, though under no revolting circumstances, I could not, with all my anticipations, avoid feeling somewhat shocked; but what for the moment chiefly occupied my mind, was the apparently uneconomic practice of buying men at a considerable cost to labour in the fields, instead of hiring and dismissing them at pleasure. To a gentleman who was seated before me in the car, I ventured to hint that the practice of using purchased labour must here place the farmers at a considerable disadvantage. He acknowledged that such was the case to a certain extent. 'Slavery,' said he, 'does very well, nay, is absolutely necessary, in the hot southern states, where no negro would work but on compulsion, and where free white labourers could not work at all without falling a sacrifice to the climate. But hereabouts, things are different. Our crops could be cultivated by farmers and their families, as in the north.'

'Then,' said I, 'why is the system of slavery continued—if it can be advantageously done away with?'

'Ah! don't ask me that,' was the reply; 'it is here an old institution, and matters have arranged themselves accordingly. It is an unfortunate state of things, and I daresay will be remedied some day. My opinion is, that much mischief has been done by the rough manner in which the Abolitionists have abused the slave-owners,

many of whom are very worthy people. If the subject were treated calmly, the system of slavery in these middle states would soon drop away. At this moment, considerable numbers of New Englanders are buying farms in Virginia, and introducing their own vigorous method of working. Exhausted estates are constantly to be had at very low prices; and in the hands of the smart Yankee farmers, who know how to plough deep and to lay on plenty of guano, they turn out capital speculations.

'Do these fresh incomers,' I inquired, 'employ negroes?'

'I think not; they trust to themselves, though they may have one or two helps.'

'Will the free negroes readily work for them?' I asked, touching on a rather trying question.

'Not if they can help it. The truth is, sir, the whole coloured races, of every shade, are a poor, listless set of people; not but there are exceptions among them. I never knew any who would not amuse themselves, or idle away their time, rather than follow steady employment. They do very well as porters, house-servants, coachmen, barbers, waiters, or cooks—anything connected with eating they are good at. They also do tolerably well as preachers; in short, anything that does not involve hard continuous work.'

'Would they not make good railway excavators?'

'Not at all; the labour would be too heavy for them. Notwithstanding the numbers of free negroes, our railways have been made principally by Irish. Ah! sir,' was added with a grin, 'Pat's the boy!'

'I am sorry,' said I, 'to hear so bad an account of the poor coloured races. May not their unfortunate defects of character be traced in no small degree to the treatment they have received?'

'Cannot tell anything at all about that,' replied my companion. 'I just know this, that I am heartily sick of them; and should be glad to see the country rid of the whole concern. They are a regular nuisance, sir!'

The person who made these remarks was an officer in the uniform of the United States' navy, on his way to Washington; and they were made with the sincerity and frankness of a sailor. I have thought it proper to record what was said, in order to convey an idea of sentiments, far from uncommon in America, respecting the coloured population.

It was dark before the train reached Washington. About nine o'clock, it drew up at a handsome station, outside of which were in waiting a string of carriages, invitingly open for passengers. By the recommendation of my new naval friend, I seated myself in that belonging to Willard's Hotel, and was in a few minutes riding towards the further extremity of the city. The moon shone out as we passed the Capitol, and by its silvery light revealed a large white edifice, with a dome towering above us on the summit of a commanding eminence. At the distance of a mile westward along Pennsylvania Avenue, the termination of my long day's journey was reached; and I thankfully sought refreshment and repose.

Travellers do not usually speak flatteringly of Washington. Every one seems to think it his duty to have a slap at its pretensions, which fall so very far short of the reality. It is my misfortune in this, as in some other things, to differ from most of my predecessors, and to see little ground for either sarcasm or jocularity. All that can be said of Washington is, that it is a city in process of being built and occupied; and has already, since its commencement about sixty years ago, acquired a population of 40,000, independently of an increase from members of the legislature with their families, and visitors, during the sessions of Congress. After the witticisms at its alleged spectral appearance, I was rather surprised to discover that, instead of a few mansions scattered about among trees, with miles of interval, it consisted of a number of streets lined

with continuous rows of houses, several fine public buildings, and a fair show of stores and hotels. Why the Americans should aim at building a city specially for the accommodation of their government, is not quite clear to the minds of Europeans, who are accustomed to great overgrown capitals in which the wealth and grandeur of a nation are concentrated. Originating partly in the wish to remove the administration beyond the immediate action of popular influences, Washington, I believe, owes its rise chiefly to the desirableness of placing the political metropolis in a locality apart from, and independent of, any particular state. The situation, though no longer equidistant from the several states in the Union, was exceedingly well chosen by the great man whose name was given to the city. The Chesapeake Bay, one of the largest inlets of the Atlantic, receives, about half-way up on the western side, the large river Potomac, itself for a long way up a kind of firth or sea two to three miles in width. Where it narrows to about a mile, at the distance of 250 miles from the Atlantic, the Potomac parts into two branches; and between these, on the left or eastern bank of the principal branch, Washington has been erected. The peninsula so selected, is spacious, with gentle slopes, and would afford accommodation for a city many miles in extent. On a central ridge of ground, with a stretch of open down between it and the Potomac, stands the principal portion of the city; the Capitol, or seat of legislation, being at the eastern extremity, on a detached eminence, and the house of the President on the top of a rising-ground a mile westward.

Planned wholly on paper before a single house was built, the thoroughfares have been arranged in parallel, rectangular, and diagonal lines; those which run in one direction being called from the letters of the alphabet; and those which cross them being named First, Second, Third Street; and so on. The diagonal thoroughfares, the most important of all, are styled Avenues; and of these Pennsylvania may be considered the principal. I should think this is the widest street in the world. It measures 160 feet in width, the whole of the middle part for carriages being as well paved as the streets of London, and the footwalks laid with stone or brick. Along the sides of these footpaths are rows of trees, imparting an agreeable shade in the heats of summer. Built of brick, red sandstone, or wood, the houses throughout the city are of the smart and tasteful kind seen in the northern states; and as there is plenty of space for mews-lanes, nothing incongruous is obtruded on the eye of the stranger, unless it be the number of negroes of both sexes, principally slaves. At the period of my visit, much was doing in the way of levelling and paving the streets; and I learned that the value of property had lately risen considerably.

Having surmounted the initiatory difficulties, Washington may now be said to be in a course of improvement, creditable to the liberality of the nation; for all public works are undertaken at the expense of the Treasury. The district of Columbia in which the city is placed, a small territory, formerly a part of Maryland, and possessing no separate political character, is under the administration of Congress. Complaints are occasionally heard of the expenses to which the country is put on account of Washington; but if the people only knew the sums lavished by parliament on the palaces, parks, and police of the British metropolis, at the cost of the entire United Kingdom, they would have reason to be thankful for being so mercifully dealt with.

As yet, comprehended within a narrow compass, and open in all quarters to visitors, Washington may be satisfactorily seen in a single forenoon. The first thing done is to visit the Capitol, which is observed standing proudly on its eminence, surrounded by an enclosed pleasure-ground, at the eastern extremity of

Pennsylvania Avenue. In walking down this principal thoroughfare on the morning after my arrival, there was little bustle to remind one of being in a political metropolis of some celebrity. In the long line of street, there appeared only an omnibus on its way to George Town, in the vicinity, and one or two hackney-cabs. As the morning was fine, the steps of the various hotels were already crowded with lately arrived members of Congress; and the various parties clustering in debate, showed that matters in connection with the approaching proceedings were in agitation.

Built of light-coloured stone, and in the Corinthian style of architecture, the Capitol, with its wings, handsome portico, and lofty dome, is an edifice of imposing appearance. Advancing up the exterior flights of steps, and entering the portal, we are ushered into a central rotunda, ninety-five feet in diameter, and lighted from the cupola above. On the walls around this spacious vestibule, and on a level with the eye, are placed a series of large pictures representing scenes in American history; two of which, the surrender of Burgoyne and of Cornwallis, cannot but bring unpleasant recollections to the mind of the English visitor. Chairs are placed in front of the pictures for the benefit of strangers, who are further accommodated with a printed key to the figures. At different points, doors lead to inner lobbies, whence access is gained to the Hall of the House of Representatives, and to the Senate-chamber, the Library, and other rooms—all so frequently described, that I spare any account of them on the present occasion. I must not omit, however, to mention one thing, from its extreme novelty. This is the perfect liberty to roam at will, without question and without payment, over the whole building. Nor is there any want of attendants ready and willing to afford any sort of information. By one of these, I was obligingly conducted to the top of the cupola, whence a splendid view was obtained of the city beneath; the two environing arms of the Potomac, beyond which were the woody hills of Virginia, forming a framework to the picture. On descending from this giddy altitude, I ventured to offer a gratuity to my conductor, which he respectfully refused, with an explanation worthy of recording: 'I cannot take any money, sir, for doing my duty. I am a public officer, and paid by the public.' If there be a door or gallery keeper in either House of Parliament, who would in this way refuse half-a-crown, let him by all means be named, for he must unquestionably be a prodigy!

The grounds around the building are prettily laid out with shady walks; and near the entrance is a sparkling fountain with a drinking-cup, to appease the insatiate craving for water which seems a kind of disease among the Americans. In the grounds on the east, is the celebrated statue of Washington by Greenough; it is of colossal size, in a sitting posture, and being executed in Parian marble, the effect is striking, though the spectator is not inclined to admire the exploded fancy of representing a modern soldier as a half-naked Roman. There are several other figures connected with the Capitol, but none which appears to require notice.

The public buildings I next visited were the Post-office and Patent-office, two remarkably fine edifices of white marble, near the centre of the town. The Patent-office contains a most extraordinary collection of models of articles which have been the subject of a patent; and no other spectacle could furnish so comprehensive a notion of the inventive faculties of the Americans. A spacious hall, with ranges of glass-cases lining the walls and projected across the floor, is full of every variety of object in mechanical art and science. Adjoining are apartments devoted to the examination and enrolment of articles; and on the floor above is a museum of natural history and objects of antiquarian interest. Compared with the treasures of the British

Museum, the collection is insignificant; and as centralisation at the cost of a whole people is repugnant to the constitution of the States, it may be apprehended that the national museum will never attain the extent and grandeur exhibited in the collections of European capitals. The articles most worthy of notice are certain relics connected with American history—as, the dress, sword, and camp-equipage of General Washington, and the original document in vellum, declaratory of the independence of the States, bearing the autographs of the signers, very much faded. In a separate glass-case stands the old wooden printing-press at which Franklin wrought when a journeyman in London in 1725-6. Removed from the office in Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the young 'American aquatic' had laboured at his vocation, the machine underwent several changes of proprietors, till it was finally presented to the government of the United States by Mr J. B. Murray of New York. An inscription on a brass-plate narrates the circumstance of Franklin having visited the press in London in 1756, when he came to England as agent for Massachusetts.

Among the latest additions to the attractions of Washington, the Smithsonian Institute is the most important; for it bears reference to the culture of general knowledge, on so liberal a scale as cannot but prove valuable to the community. Originating in the bequest of an English gentleman named Smithson, in favour of the United States' government, a large sum has been appropriated to the erection of a building of red sandstone in the Norman style of architecture, comprising a number of towers and pinnacles. The building occupies a favourable situation in the middle of a lawn, nineteen acres in extent, to the south of the city, near the road towards the Potomac. On visiting it, I found that it was not yet finished. But the main portions, consisting of a library and lecture-room, were open, both being free to all. Some valuable treatises have already appeared for general distribution at the expense of the institution. About a quarter of a mile westward, overlooking the Potomac, a gigantic obelisk was in course of erection to the memory of General Washington—to whom, with all deference, the multiplicity of such testimonials becomes a little tiresome, besides tending to suggest that America has never produced any other person worthy of commemoration. This enormous pile, which is designed to reach 600 feet from the ground, is reared by voluntary subscription throughout the United States. I suppose nothing, since the days of the Pyramids, has been built on so stupendous a scale.

When a stranger has seen these things, there is nothing left to do but take a look at the mansion of the President, and the adjoining buildings devoted to the Treasury and other administrative offices. To this quarter—the court end of the town, as I may call it—I now adjourned, for the purpose of calling on a gentleman connected with the government. Here, I have pleasure in saying, I was received in the same perfectly urbane and unceremonious manner I had uniformly experienced in my interviews with officials in all the places I had visited.

'You will call on the President, of course,' said this newly acquired friend.

'I should be glad to do so,' I replied, 'but I know no one to introduce me. I know nothing of the etiquette to be employed on the occasion.'

'Come along with me, and I will introduce you. The President is perfectly accessible.'

So saying, we set out immediately; and after crossing an enclosed patch of pleasure-ground, arrived at the White House, which has a fine look-out from the brow of an eminence, in a southerly direction, over the Potomac. The edifice, with a lofty portico of Ionic columns on its northern front, has a massive effect, with accommodation, I should think, for a large

establishment. Neither as regards exterior nor interior appearances, however, was there anything to remind the stranger that the occupant was the head of a great nation. After seeing pretty nearly all the royal palaces in Europe, and being accustomed to observe that the persons of monarchs were surrounded, either for safety or distinction, with military guards, I was much struck with the total absence of force in any shape, around the dwelling of the President; which, undefended from real or imaginary violence, can only, in the simplicity of its arrangements, be compared with a gentleman's residence in a quiet rural district. The only person in charge was a door-keeper, who admitted us to one of the lower reception-rooms, a large apartment, decorated in the French style, in which we paced about a few minutes till our cards were carried up stairs to the President, who was said to be engaged with his cabinet.

'Mention to the President,' said my conductor in giving the cards, 'that this is a gentleman from Europe.'

Whether this recommendation had any effect, I know not; but after a short delay, we were requested to ascend. In going up stairs, my friend introduced me to several members of the House of Representatives who were coming down. Two of them, I was afterwards informed, had been originally operative bricklayers, who, by a course of industry and self-culture, had raised themselves to an honourable position.

Almost immediately on reaching the assigned apartment, General Pierce entered from a side-room, and shaking hands, received me in a most agreeable manner; at the same time stating, that, he was now much occupied, and hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me again before my departure from Washington. He was in a plain black dress, apparently about forty-five years of age, and I thought care-worn by the ceaseless and onerous duties he is called on to perform.

I regret that the demands on my time did not permit my waiting for any of the soirées at the White House, which usually commence with the congressional sittings; and it was not, therefore, my good-fortune to see any more of the President, to whom I am, however, indebted for the affable manner in which he was pleased to receive me. Returning to my hotel, I pondered on the singularly simple forms by which the President of the United States regulates his personal intercourse with the world.

I spent another day in Washington, making inquiries of various kinds, and forming some agreeable acquaintances in the place. It had been suggested to me that I should, as a matter of duty, call on the British minister. I endeavoured to do so; but after wandering about for two hours in a straggling suburb, west from the President's house, where his excellency was said to dwell, I failed in discovering his residence; no one to whom I applied knowing anything at all about it.

In these and other rambles about Washington, the number of negro slaves, of both sexes and all ages, in the streets and doorways, and serving in various capacities, was exceedingly conspicuous; and this anomalous feature in the social condition of the capital, within the very precincts of the executive and legislature, was felt to lower the respect which, on general grounds, we are disposed to entertain towards the federal government. It would almost seem as if Congress were ashamed of the existence of slavery within the district over which it exercises a municipal sway. According to a late enactment, no public sales of slaves or slave-pens are permitted within the district of Columbia. By this means, the more offensive attributes of the institution do not meet the eye in Washington; and those who desire to see sales by auction of human creatures, require to travel a hundred miles southward to Richmond, in Virginia. With no vulgar curiosity, but a wish to satisfy my mind as regards various

controversial particulars, I resolved to make an excursion to Richmond; and the account of this trip, a kind of episode in my visit to Washington, will furnish the subject of next article.

W. C.

LONDON AND LANGLEY-LEA.

RETURNING to London after a brief visit to that 'green nestling-place,' Langley-Lea, I seemed as much impressed with the contrast between the two localities as if I had for the first time entered England's Great Metropolis, instead of being, as I am, an old sojourner in the myriad-peopled city. It was in the first faint dawn of morning—that gray and shadowy light which belongs neither to night nor day—when I alighted from the railway-train; and as I knew that it would be some hours before our little, dirty, industrious Cinderella would be winking and blinking, and rubbing her eyes and gaping on the door-step, I resolved to save the expense of a cab, have a peep at London before it was thoroughly awake, get a breakfast somewhere when I felt hungry, and walk all the way to my little residence in the southern suburbs. The respectable-looking streets I passed through, for some distance after quitting the railway-station, seemed as silent as the stones I walked over; not even the measured footfall of a policeman broke the echo of my own tramp on the pavement, and I could almost have fancied that I had come into a deserted city, so hushed and motionless and lifeless was everything around me. At long intervals, I passed some blue-liveried 'guardian of the night' standing in the shadow of a doorway, as if waiting for the silent houses to awake out of their sleep. Now and then one would walk out of his hiding-place, look me full in the face, as if 'he would know me again;' eye narrowly the little carpet-bag I carried; then perceiving somehow that 'I was not wanted,' bid me a kind 'good-morning,' and pass on. A man who can give an account of himself, need not mind where or when he wanders about London: many a highly-respectable gentleman connected with the daily papers walks home at all hours, while to be seen out at such unreasonable times at Langley-Lea, would ruin his character for ever in the eyes of those primitive 'risers with the lark and liers down with the lamb.'

As I came into the business thoroughfares, and looked at the strongly barred window-shutters and massy doors, the grated fan-lights and iron-barred cellar-grating, I could not help calling up the shutterless windows, unlocked outhouses, the unguarded cattle and fowls, the open orchards and gardens which stood in unwatched security around the hawthorn-encircled village of Langley-Lea. I paused before a 'morning-house'—an early gin-palace, into which the night-revellers were rushing: it had just opened, and the gas was alight. (O what a scene! Among the crowd were young women, whose dresses told that they were visitors of casinos, wine and supper rooms, houses licensed for singing and music, that keep no count of the hours nor of anything else but what is eaten and drunk. Better a thousand times, thought I, the rustic ignorance, and homely happiness, and simple innocence of Langley-Lea, than a knowledge of this 'life in death'—than a taste of these poisonous enjoyments; and as I walked along, I pondered over our old 'biting laws' in what we moderns term the dark ages; and thought how the whip, the stocks, and the prison would have been employed by our forefathers to have silenced the bragging of those children of Belial, had they in former times congregated at such untimely hours. Then I pictured the porch of the Old Lamb Inn—the red and green chequers painted on the posts, the snow-white cat that lay asleep, and broke the mass of shadow which deepened that picturesque portico, as I had seen it a few mornings before, when I passed by to traverse the dewy uplands which rose above Langley-

Lea. I turned from the ghastly faces before me—from crushed bonnets and flattened and soiled artificial flowers, to the rosy-cheeked milkmaid, who went singing with her clean milk-pail on her head, along the green lanes that led into the bee-and-butterfly haunted fields of Langley-Lea, and wondered what she would have thought could she have witnessed that scene.

I passed the drowsy cab-stand, where the drivers, half-asleep, with bent heads, still raised their arms mechanically as they caught the tramp of footsteps, as if in their dreams they were still plying for a fare, though they had not energy enough to uplift their heads or open their eyes; and I turned from them to the farmer's boy I had seen on the previous morning driving his sleek horses to the beck, where the sweet springs threw up their silver cones of gray sand, and the speckled lark stooped to drink before soaring into the boundless expanse of heaven. A few dirty and draggled-tailed hens were pecking about under the feet of the head-drooping and jaded horses, their plumage the colour of the filth that had accumulated on the uncleaned cab-rank, and looking as if they belonged not to the same species as those I had seen in the early morning sunlight, strutting and foraging by the old horse-block and the long water-trough, and crossing the shadow which the tall sign-post threw across the sunshiny road at the front of the hostile in Langley-Lea. Three drunken youths, arm-in-arm, went by with crushed hats, blood-shot eyes, bawling out: 'We'll not go home till morning!' At that very hour, two days before, the bleating of lambs, the lowing of cattle, the singing of birds, and the hum of the early bee, had fallen pleasantly upon my ear, as I walked forth to see the sun rise above the green and wood-crowned summits that looked down upon the pastoral valleys of Langley-Lea. The very cats that were crossing the streets, or diving down arenas, had a low, rakish, town-look—a kind of guilty appearance, as they hurried off, as if afraid of the light; very different from those I had seen at the clean cottage-doors, or sitting on the moss-covered, pathings, looking up or lying in wait about the pleasant trees that every way fringed the landscape I had left behind. Even the houseless dogs that were coiled up on the steps before the closed doors, seemed to hear the approach of an enemy in every footstep, and to look suspiciously upon every passer-by, ready to run in a moment if their hard resting-place was approached: no children to fondle them, or shake down a handful of straw for a bed in some concealed corner of an outhouse, as the little rustics would have done for the ugliest mongrel that was ever saved from drowning out of the blind litter, and left to bark at the heels of the peaceful villagers of Langley-Lea. Yet even these dogs have their bedfellows in misery—human outcasts who have nowhere to lay their head, who share with them the dry arches of the railways, throw themselves down on the stony seats of the bridges, or coil themselves up wherever the shadow falls deepest in some receding doorway. None such as these haunt the sylvan solitudes of that far-away village I had so recently visited. I saw a barefooted, dirty girl, with her long, uncombed hair dangling about her face, come out of a dark, narrow court with a few bunches of water-cresses in a basket, that was hottoned with a patch of old cloth: she went up to a cab-stand, and dipped her cresses in the waterman's pail. I inquired of the old waterman where she had purchased them at that early hour, when, with a grin, he informed me that they were the remainder of her unsold stock of the previous day, which she had just brought out of the Common Lodging-house in the court, and would try to sell at the early coffee-houses. So, thought I, these breakfast-table luxuries have been lying all night in some close, unhealthy, and overcrowded room; and I pictured myself such a one as I had read about in a police report—the floor filthy, the walls blackened; and

resolved to renounce water-cresses, unless I knew that our greengrocer had them fresh from market. Then I glided backward to those I had seen growing about the sweet spring-heads and crystal streams that went dancing and singing through the flower-embroidered meadows of Langley-Lea, and thought how, even that which nature made so pure and refreshing, might become poison through being kept in those pestiferous and fever-engendering lodging-houses, where human beings are packed and huddled together like pigs in a pen.

As I plunged deeper into the city streets, I soon caught that old familiar city smell, which is a compound of smoke and sewer-gas, and garbage, channels, and undrained cellarage. Oh, how different from the smell of wood-fires, the aroma of trees, the odour arising from the newly-ploughed earth, and the breath I had here and there inhaled from garden-flowers, as I walked forth in the sweet air only the morning before, in that half-awakened village, from which I had just been borne away by the swift railway-engine! As I stepped over some area-grating, and caught for a moment the poisonous vapour that arose, I marvelled how any one could sleep in rooms filled with the ascending pestilence, or live at all in such a health-destroying atmosphere; and I thought that, rather than dwell in such death-hastening houses, I would inhabit the lowliest cottage, and live on the hardest fare, which the humblest peasant enjoyed in the pastoral hamlet of Langley-Lea. I looked at the uncleaned pavement, the marks of feet on door-steps, the dust and soot that lay thick on the projections of shutters and the banding of doors, and thought of the clean looks of the wind swept highways I had just left; of the white door-steps, on which the overhanging creepers threw a reflected net-work of leaves and branches; of the wooden porches and little arches of trellis-work, so cool, and clean, and refreshing, and that gave such a picturesque look to the village street of Langley-Lea.

As the morning advanced, I saw boys and girls waiting about the doors of shops and lodging-houses; many of them little, dirty, and half-clad things, with hunger-bitten looks; boys who had come to run errands, and clean shoes and knives in dark unwholesome cellars, where rats that come out of the sewers were ever running to and fro; and girls waiting to wash door-steps and shake door-mats, with a morsel of shawl over their thin, spare shoulders, and who would quickly become initiated in all the mean mysteries of those lodging-houses that had never been anything but lodging-houses. Some of these children are employed only for an hour or two in a morning; but where they go, and what they do, and how they pass the remainder of the day, it would puzzle even themselves to tell at night. I turned from them to those I had seen a day or two before, coming from the outlying homesteads along the green lanes and winding roads, with dinners in their baskets, on their way to school, or to fetch up or tend cattle, setting down their light load every now and then to look for a bird's nest, or a rare flower, or throwing down their books and slates on the roadside grass, to chase a bee or a butterfly—living images of health and happiness, and with no more knowledge of the world than the lambs whose bleating they were ever trying to imitate; and as I walked along, and contrasted the habits of these town and country children, I could almost fancy that they had sprung from different races, and belonged to nations that lay wide and far apart. Those town-children had an old look; there was a gray cunning about the corners of their eyes; the boys knew to a farthing what a marine store-dealer would give for a door-knocker, a scraper, a roll of lead-piping, or a brass or copper tap; the girls, what rags, and bones, and kitchen-stuff, would bring per pound, and what could be saved by fetching beer in their own pots; while the country children only

knew where the finest wild-fruit grew, where the most birds' nests were to be found, and where the sweetest and earliest flowers bloomed in the woods and valleys around Langley-Lea. One class represented cunning and artfulness in the highest natural degree, for they had been grown and reared in it; the other, green simplicity and artless innocence, and cunning so clumsily assumed, that it vanished the instant you gazed full and steadfastly into their large, round, staring truth-looking eyes. I could not help thinking, that there was more truth in the multitudinous line of the poet Gray than the world gives credit for, and that the want of that too-much worldly folly, which made these town-children wise, was less to be deplored than the ignorance which the children at Langley-Lea in their innocence enjoyed. I regretted that the wisdom of the former had to be purchased at such a sacrifice, and that the ignorance of the latter could not be enlightened, so as to place them on an equal footing with the other purchasers of head-headed and heart-indurating experience, without destroying their trustful nature, undermining the fair foundations on which innocence is built, and upturning the virgin soil in which pure and natural simplicity is rooted.

While these thoughts passed through the mind, my attention was attracted by a loud twittering to a bird-dealer's shop, the occupier of which was in the act of taking down his shutters; and as I paused for a few moments, and looked at the pretty prisoners trying in vain to wing their way into the flood of light which he had admitted, I became like them bewildered, as I thought of the miles of houses and the thousands of hungry London cats they would have to pass over and escape from before they could reach their free and feathered brethren, and in their low, sweet warblings, tell them all they had endured as they twittered among the doughts and 'sun-goldened' foliage that overhung the 'loosened silver' of the brooks which at that very hour flowed through Langley-Lea. And those town and country children, somehow, became entangled together with the birds, in the same net-work of thought, and for the life of me, I have not been able to unravel the meshes up to the present hour.

I passed through one of the London markets, where the laden wagons came pouring in from the country, with their produce of vegetables, fruit, and flowers, and contrasted the groups who were soon busy unlading them, with those who had gathered up and piled together those country treasures. There were coarse masculine women, wearing men's coats and hats, some with short pipes in their mouths, whom you could tell at a glance spent a great portion of their earnings in tobacco and 'drains' of gin, and carrying with ease heavy burdens which many a man would have borne with difficulty. I knew from the names of the places on the wagons, that they had come from a great distance; and many of the far-away villages I had visited, and seen the picturesque orchards, hedge-sheltered gardens, and open fields with the rural population busy at work—busy even then, gathering and piling together other loads which would be travelling all night, like those which had just come in—and which only a few hours ago stood in the dew and sunshine of those pleasant places, and were tended and handled by those peaceful country people, who knew no more of the manners and customs of these gin-imbibing Gibbonites, than the rustic inhabitants of Langley-Lea. I felt sorry for the flowers and the sweet green things, as I thought of the unwholesome shops and filthy streets into which they would soon be removed; and could almost fancy, while I looked on them, that many already hung their heads in grief, and pined for the sunshiny bowers they had left behind; for, like Wordsworth—

"Tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

Never more would the fresh dew hang like silver pearls upon their crisp leaves, or change, at a touch of the sun's sudden enchantment, into the burning brilliancy of deep-dyed rubies. As I walked on, the dust from the sweepings of shops caused me to sneeze again, and I thought that a little by-law, which would prevent Her Majesty's subjects from inhaling such kind of snuff, whether they liked it or not, would be very beneficial, and that a few green watering-pans would be quite as useful in those cloud-raising establishments, as in the little gardens of Langley-Lea. I saw a poor miserable cow driven along, and paused until the man milked it before the door of one of his customers. Poor thing! I wondered every drop of milk had not been churned into bad butter, through driving it along so many miles of streets, where it had to run every now and then from the barking curs and mischievous boys. I wondered where and how it lived. There was a cellar-stalled look about it, an appearance of having been fed on the refuse of greengrocers' shops and unpalatable grains. It ought at least to have been shod, for its hoofs were nearly worn off. It looked as if it had never had a holiday—never been out in the green fields for a day in its life; and I could not help wishing that it might have a few days' enjoyment, at least once a year, to plant its poor battered hoofs on the velvet grass, and moisten its mouth with the dew-bent cowslips that drooped their yellow heads on the springy and unploughed pastures of Langley-Lea. A pig that picked up its living in the gutters, arrested my attention in another street. It was a true London pig, made for running: long-legged, long-backed, lank-sided, looking very knowing, as if familiar with every ash-bin and hoard of filth in the neighbourhood. It bore the city-mark; and would, if painted by a Morland, on the same canvas with one of those clean cauliflower-coloured porkers which I had seen the other morning in the village, have stood well beside it for 'Town and Country'—a representative of London and Langley-Lea. I hoped and trusted that no portion of such a pig as that ever found its way in any shape to my table, either as Epsom sausage, York ham, Bath chops, or in any other disguise that such-like flesh is heir to.

I turned from that dusky grunter to the white sow and her creamy litter, which made a bright foreground to the high green tank where I had seen them the other day, and thought that even sucking-pigs had their enjoyments, and led a life of pleasure, equal perhaps to what we received when they were offered up to please our appetites. I heard the knife-grinding noise made by the London sparrows, and could not remember ever having seen one attempt to wash itself, either at sink, gutter, or water-butt; and I thought it not unlikely that in time they became cased like beetles, covered with congealed blacks from the sooty caves under which they roost, and lost altogether that bright brown primitive sparrow-colour, and wholly changed the country habits which were still followed by the successors of those feathered forefathers, whose long generations had built and chirruped for centuries about the gray church and thatched granges of Langley-Lea. Porters, shopmen, journey-men, errand-boys, hurrying to open and clean, to arrange the windows and serve, to work at their various trades, to run here, there, and everywhere, was the first great stir of life in London as the morning advanced. Woodmen, shepherds, field-labourers, farmer-boys, journeying leisurely along to fell or bark the trees, count the sheep, and look after the lambs, sow and plough, hedge and ditch, fetch up cattle, fodder and water those about the farm-yards, was, hours earlier, the life that stirred amid the surrounding landscape of Langley-Lea. The clamour of voices, the clattering of bars and shutters, and the mingled roar of hundreds of vehicles, told the former that the deafening day was fully awake: the slowling of herds, the bleating of cattle, the singing of birds, and

the humming of insects, proclaimed to the latter that nature had again shaken off her gentle slumber; and by the stirring of the leaves, they knew that the winds were again combing out her green tresses and drying up the dews, to make her ready to be re clothed in the golden garments, which, fresh from heaven, the world's great comforter, the sun, had ever ready to throw around her. The city streets, the bridges, the long lines of roads leading to the latter—the brown winding highways, the green lanes, the daisy-embroidered paths through the meadows, came and went, and crossed each other, as I regained the southern suburbs of London, while the picture-chamber of my mind was still hung with the fresh green dewy scenes of tree-embowered Langley-Lea.

Yet London has its charms, and these lie in its solemn associations, its gray antiquities, and hoary piles. I should miss the grim Tower, with its grinning and rusted portcullises; Westminster Abbey, with its mouldering monuments; Lambeth Palace, and its pious prisoners; the Bankside, with its memories of Shakspeare; St Mary's Overbury, and ancient Gower; Chancer's Tabard in the midated borough; and a thousand other places which history has hallowed, were I doomed to end my days amid the peaceful green fields and fragrant flowers of Langley-Lea. The long-lost garden of Eden, could it be replaced and reflowered, could never interest me so much as this great gray old city, over whose buried pavements Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman have marched—for there I could not recall Harold, the last of the Saxons, crossing the bridge in the summer sunset on his way to the field of Hastings; nor William the Norman sounding his trumpets, when, flushed with victory, he passed over those very stones—which the brave but ill-starred descendant of Hengist and Horsa never more trod—to take possession of that ancient Tower which now bears his name. Had Wordsworth's child continued to be 'father to the man' throughout life, he might have remained all his days playing with the lambs on Langley-Lea; but he picked up the shell, which the great poet in the same passage dropped unaware, and though inland himself, caught the sound of those murmuring waves, which told of far-away oceans as he held it to his ear; and so exchanged for the sea-like roar of London the Arcadian whisper and pastoral pipings of Langley-Lea.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

We have had a few noteworthy lectures of late, which, had they not been delivered at a time when a craving for news of feats of war proved too strong a diversion, would have occupied greater attention than has in the present instance fallen to their share. One was by Faraday, 'On Magnetic Hypotheses'—a great and pregnant subject, as the learned gentleman shewed in his usual clear and thoughtful eloquence. It is taxing many ingenious minds to find out what may be the meaning of its phenomena; and the lecture may be accepted as another step in the elimination of negatives, whereby we shall at last arrive at the positive. Another, also at the Royal Institution, 'On Silica, and some of its Applications to the Arts,' by Mr Barlow, was of a more practical character. Of all the applications mentioned, that of using flint as a varnish for building-stone seems of most importance. Extraordinary as it may appear to talk of such a varnish, it has long been known, and is made from flint-sand or powdered flint, either of which, when mixed with the carbonate of soda or potash, and a certain proportion of charcoal, and fused, forms a soluble kind of glass, described as 'water-glass.' If the stones of a building are washed over with this, a chemical action, protective

in its effect, takes place, and sufficiently lasting to make it well worth while in practice. It may also be used as a glaze for interior walls, by adding to the varnish a weak solution of carbonate of lime; and if mixed with mortar or cement, it assists in rendering them water-proof. In Berlin, it has been applied with much success in a process called *stereochrome*. A wall is plastered with a preparation of lime and quartz-sand, and lightly washed with the water-glass. The painter then begins, moistening the place on which he works with water from a syringe, and so continues until the picture is complete; after which the whole surface is glazed with water-glass, thrown also from a syringe, until none of the colour comes away on touching it with a sponge. A picture finished in this way on the wall of a house in Berlin, has resisted all open-air influences for a year or more; and so satisfied are the artists and architects of that city with the result, that they are now applying stereochrome to the decoration of their new Museum, which, as many are aware, is a magnificent building. If such things can be accomplished in Berlin, why not in London, where a little decoration and brightening up are so much needed? The process is said to be preferable to real fresco, as the painting can be retouched at any time, no joinings are required, and it is much less liable to injury from damp and other atmospheric influences. Leaving the stereochrome out of the question, London, and some of our larger towns, would be less smoke-begrimed if the houses were coated with the flint-varnish only.

Then there is Professor Graham's lecture on what he calls 'Osmotic Force,' a term intended to describe the endosmose and exosmose, or passage of liquids in either direction through membranous substances. The subject is much more important than appears at first sight, for it has an intimate bearing on the vital phenomena of living beings. The professor has been working at it for some years, and now tells us what are the results. He finds the osmotic force to be, not capillarity, but a species of decomposition of the substance in which it takes place: hence, the vital functions in our bodies are an effect of decomposition—that is, ceaseless waste and renewal. Here we see, therefore, that highly suggestive views are opened into an interesting department of organic chemistry. It shews us in what way chemical decomposition becomes motive-power, or, as the professor expresses it, supplies the deficient link which certainly intervenes between muscular movement and chemical decomposition.

When Sir James Ross was frozen up in Leopold Harbour during his abortive search for Franklin, he employed some of the weary winter-hours in a series of observations on the effect of atmospheric pressure on the surface of the sea; and he has now laid them before the Royal Society. He makes out a distinctly recognisable effect; and the barometer indicates it visibly by the oscillations of the mercury in its cistern. With a high barometer, the surface of the sea is low, and high with a low barometer; rising and falling with variations of the atmospheric pressure. It is believed that a large series of similar observations from many different places, would throw light on the phenomena of the tides. That certain physical effects—such as the rise and fall of the barometer, the swerving of the magnet, &c.—do take place day after day at the same hour, lends weight to the idea, that the influence of periodical laws on the ocean is more intimate and definable than hitherto supposed.

The astronomer-royal, unlike some other public functionaries, is contributing to our national advancement—that is, in astronomical science. He has introduced into the practice of the Observatory the taking of transits by a galvanic apparatus, as used in the United States, where the method was invented and first applied. For accuracy, it is beyond comparison preferable to the old method of taking transits by the

eye. The promised ball, too, is now set up at Deal, and being in communication with the Observatory at Greenwich, it indicates the clock to all vessels within sight in the Downs.

The builder of the *Lightning*, the swift ship that sailed from Boston to Liverpool in ten days, has just returned to the States with orders in his pocket from some of our leading merchants for first-class clipper-ships to the amount of a million dollars. Quick transport is the grand desideratum; and now that commerce is free to choose, she gets ships built where her purpose is best answered. But it is felt that with improvements in construction, there should be corresponding improvements in navigation: 645 ships and 153 steamers were built in this country last year, and in the same twelve months 569 ships and 12 steamers were wrecked. The inference is obvious—mariners must work by reason as well as by rule. The project for a 'floating shipwreck asylum' on the Goodwin Sands, is again revived; it may save life, though not property. The float, as the projectors say, 'will be moored in deep water, at the edge of the Sands, furnished with life-boats, and every other requisite for rescue; together with signals, and various appliances to warn vessels of danger, and prevent shipwreck, where the possibility of prevention exists.' Ericson has not abandoned the intention of crossing the Atlantic in his calorific ship: he has fitted condensed air-reservoirs to his engines, and with air not more than twice its natural density, he gets a sevenfold increase to the effective pressure. Whatever may be the result with locomotive engines, practical men in the States have come to the conclusion, that for all purposes of stationary power, air is three to one more economical than steam.

As regards motive-power, however, the most interesting fact therewith connected is, that a committee of the Academy of Sciences at Paris have reported favourably of M. Marié Davy's electro-magnetic machine, which will produce either a rotary or an oscillating movement. Their report has been followed by a grant of 2000 francs, to enable the inventor to perfect the machine; and they suggest to him the desirability of doing his best to discover a process for developing electricity, by any means whatever, so that it be cheap. The quantity of electricity held by the molecules of matter is immense: Faraday says, that the force which holds together a single drop of water is equivalent to a little thunder-storm; it is evident, therefore, that we have here a prodigious source of power, if we could but find out the way to work it. As is well known, we can already turn a portion of it to account; but the difficulty is, the recombination which takes place as soon as the bodies operated on are brought into contact. He who shall discover a way of preventing this recombination, so that the whole of the electricity may become available, will win fame and fortune, and be the Watt of electro-magnetic engines.

M. Gauguier has laid before the Académie a paper on the electricity of various kinds of flame, in which proof is shewn, that bodies during combustion are sources of electricity precisely analogous to the hydro-electric pile—a remarkable phenomenon, if true. With respect to the electric-light, the problem appears to be solved at Paris. We mentioned, a short time since, that it was in use to illuminate the works of the Napoleon docks, which were carried on by night as well as by day; and the apparatus was so complete, that for four months the light has been steadily burning. Economy is not its least recommendation, for the cost per night has not been more than 38 francs, which, as 800 men were employed, gives 4½ centimes—less than a half-penny per man. Of other matters which have come before the Académie, we may notice a further communication from Lord Brougham, carrying on his experiments on the refrangibility of light; and Foucault's investigations on the relative velocity of light in air and in

water, which are the more important, as he has discovered what has long been a desideratum—a means of detecting and determining the difference. The result is to shew the theory of emission to be incompatible with the facts.

Professor Abate of Naples, who brought specimens of what he called *metallography* to the Great Exhibition, has now added another to the many different processes for printing brought to light in the past few years. The process, to which he gives the name *thermagraphy*, is a species of nature-printing assisted by art; in other words, it is the taking of impressions from natural substances, which are perfect representations of the original. It is wished, for example, to take an impression of a block of bird's-eye maple or satin-wood: the surface is washed with some active chemical fluid, such as sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, and wiped so as to leave but a moderate degree of moisture; and then an impression is taken in the usual way on paper, calico, or on another block of wood. This, at first, is invisible; but being exposed to heat, it comes out with every line and shade perfectly reproduced. About twenty impressions may thus be taken, when another moistening with the acid becomes necessary; and in this way any number of impressions may be taken. The effect is said to be best with light-coloured woods, though the darker kinds, such as rosewood, mahogany, &c., shew well on a ground dyed with a light tint of their own colour. Judging from the description, *thermagraphy* should be neither a difficult nor expensive process: its application to decorative purposes is obvious; among which we shall probably see paper impressions of choice woods used as veneers for articles of furniture.

The French chemists are still pursuing their researches into the chemistry of vegetation, and in their zeal have got up rather a lively discussion, as to whether the azote of the atmosphere does or does not contribute to the nutriment of plants. As yet, experiment is in favour of the affirmative view. Boussingault, studying the composition of the air confined in vegetable earth, finds it notably different from the external air: even in land left without manure for a year, the carbonic acid is twenty-two or twenty-three times more in amount than in the atmosphere. On land recently manured, the difference is ten times greater, due to the slow combustion of organic matters in the soil. There is, he says, as much carbonic acid in one hectare of arable land manured within the year, as in 18,000 cubic metres of atmospheric air. These are highly significant questions in the science of agriculture, especially now that we begin to get glimpses of what the productive powers of the soil really are. Payen has proved that carbonate of lime does really exist in certain plants as such, and not, as long contended, merely in the form of other salts, which the heat of the analysis reduced and decomposed.

Among the experiments made for the preservation of food, those by Schröder and Dusch, two German chemists, are worth mention, as much for their philosophical character as their results. They boiled two portions of meat, and placed them with some of the broth in glass-jars. One of the jars was left open to the air; the other was so arranged as to receive air only through a tube filled with cotton, which acted as a filter. The meat in the open jar became putrid and offensive in less than two weeks, while the other, though kept shut up from February 9 to March 6, acquired no disagreeable odour whatever, and when warmed up again, had the perfect smell of fresh meat. A second experiment, continued from April 20 to May 14, was equally successful; and on sweet-wort, as well as on the meat, all tendency to ferment being effectually checked. An experiment made in a hotter part of the season failed; it failed also with boiled milk; but these failures are not regarded as fatal to the principle. It is known that heat will deprive the air of certain elements contained in it,

which seem to be essential to the processes of fermentation and putrefaction; and now we find the same effect produced by filtration.

Unger has published his *Essay on the History of the Vegetable World*, a work highly esteemed among the learned. He describes past, present, and future phenomena, the development of different geological periods, and the relations between them; how the geographical distribution of plants was accomplished; and the origin of different types. He shews further, that the work of change is still going on, and, reasoning from analogy, points out the modifications likely to be produced by the lapse of ages.

There is another book, too, which we may refer to, as its publication marks the progress of geological science. It is Sir Roderick Murchison's *Siluria*; a handsome illustrated octavo, on a branch of the subject with which the author's name is intimately associated. To quote his own words: 'Its aim is to mark the most ancient strata in which the proofs of sedimentary or aqueous action are still visible—to note the geological position of those beds which, in various countries, offer the first ascertained signs of life, and to develop the succession of deposits, where not obscured by metamorphism, that belong to such protozoic zones. In thus adhering to subjects capable of being investigated, he has taken the best means to augment the interest and utility of his researches. Not the least remarkable fact in connection with this work is, that some 1700 copies were sold within a few days of its publication; and no inconsiderable proportion among circulating libraries.'

SILVER IN BRITAIN.

On the high ground between Linlithgow and Bathgate, silver was dug in considerable quantity in the reign of James VI., the ancestor of the present Earl of Haddington being the proprietor. The king took the mine into his own hands; but it soon ceased to pay expenses. On the Ochil Hills, in Clackmannanshire, a silver-mine was worked at a later period, but ultimately without success. It is related that the proprietor, Johnston of Alva, taking a friend over his estate one day, shewed him a large excavation, with the remark: 'I took thirty thousand pounds out of that hole;' and soon coming to another equally large pit, added: 'And I put my thirty thousand pounds into that one!' At times small quantities of native silver, and some varieties of the ore, are met with in the copper-mines of Cornwall; but their value would hardly justify us in talking about silver in Britain. As we shall presently see, the metal we are in search of comes from other sources. Not fewer than £1,600,000 worth was coaxed out of matters brought from underground within the four seas in the year 1850. Silver in Britain is, therefore, no unimportant fact; and seeing that some curious and interesting processes are involved in establishing the fact, we have thought a quarter of an hour's reading might be profitably devoted to this modern alchemy.

Not to keep the reader longer in suspense, we tell him that our British silver is got out of lead. Everybody knows there are lead-mines in England: they have been worked from a very early period, as proved by the 'pigs' stamped with the names of certain Roman emperors, preserved in the British Museum. These were perhaps cast from the ore dug out by poor captive Angles, forced to work under the eye of the grim iron legionaries. And there is good reason to believe that, long before the time of the Romans, the natives of this country knew very well how to get the lead from the ground, and turn it to profit.

According to late returns, the produce of the lead-mines of Great Britain and Ireland, including the Isle of Man, is 60,000 tons a year. In all this lead, there

is more or less of silver; that of Cornwall containing from 10 to 20 ounces per ton; while the lead of Derbyshire has but about one ounce of silver to the ton; and between these two extremes, there are various proportions, some localities being richer than others. The best kinds are said to have disappeared. In the reign of Charles I., the Cardiganshire mines yielded 80 ounces of silver to the ton; while in those of Craven, in Yorkshire, the proportion was 230 ounces. Such richness as this would almost bear out the opinion of the old metallurgists—that lead was nothing other than unfinished silver; Nature having from some cause suddenly held her hand in the process of development.

Without attempting to decide the question, we will take a peep at the ordinary method of making the lead give up its silver. The crude ore having been crushed and washed, to cleanse it from impurities, is smelted and cast in thick, heavy bars, or 'pigs,' as it is the fancy of the workmen to call them. These swinish masses may be sold at once, or exported, at the pleasure of the owner, who, however, if there be hope of a profit, will prefer subjecting them to the refining process, which will yield him the silver. The refining-furnace has a movable dome-shaped roof, pierced with two valued openings, for the admission of a blast of air from powerful bellows—with what effect will be shortly seen. At the bottom of the furnace is placed a *cupel*—an oval iron dish, about four feet long, with a bottom, supported on bars, composed of a mixture of fern ashes and burned bones beaten firmly into a cake. This is of essential service in the operation, as by its nature it facilitates the separation of the oxides—a fact well known to assayers. The cupels used at the Mint are not larger than a tiny tea-cup, half-filled with charcoal made of the cores of ox-horns, the best substance hitherto discovered for the delicate assays of that establishment; widely different from those of lead-works, the furnaces of which will hold from three to five tons of metal.

Let us suppose this quantity to be lying in the furnace in a molten state: fumes rise, and the surface is quickly dimmed by a yellow film that forms upon it, for lead, while at a red heat, absorbs oxygen very rapidly. The fumes are neither more nor less than so much of the metal flying away in waste as vapour. The appearance of the yellow film is the signal for the bellows to be set to work; and the blast, directed at pleasure by means of the valves, drives the film towards a small opening at one side of the furnace, where it is raked off in a constantly accumulating heap of litharge, as oxide of lead is called. This, we may remark in passing, can be again reduced to a metallic form. The blast, to be effectual, should produce a succession of ripples on the glowing surface, travelling from the centre and round the margin to the place of exit. By adding more lead in proportion as the litharge is removed, the process may be kept up for any length of time, until at last there remains in the middle of the cupel about a hundredweight of lead, highly charged with silver, to be put aside for another fiery trial, or course of cupellation. Silver does not oxidize by exposure to a high temperature; consequently, when the accumulated masses of 'rich lead' are melted, the small residue of lead is driven off, leaving the liquid silver pure and undiminished, ready, when cooled, for the hands of the silversmith. The process, however, is so wasteful—the loss of lead being about one-eighth in weight—that unless the mass be rich in silver, there can be no profit on the cupellation. For this reason, the lead of Derbyshire and some of the poorer kinds have always been sent into the market with their silver unremoved.

This is just one of the cases which would tax the ingenuity of manufacturers, to whom the loss on 18,000 tons of lead refined annually, was a serious consideration. Projects for 'distillation,' and other cunning

methods were devised, but none proved adequate until, in 1822, Mr Hugh Lee Pattinson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, experimented his way to a satisfactory conclusion. Availing himself of the difference of character in the two metals, he worked out a method combining theory and practice in a way not less advantageous than interesting. In the course of his experiments, he had observed, that while melted lead is cooling, small crystals form round the edge of the pan in which it is contained; just as crystals are seen to form on the margin of vats filled with a strong solution of salt. Struck by this fact, he examined it attentively, and found, after a few trials, that the crystals contained less of silver than the fluid portion of the metal. There was an indication, which, if followed up, might be turned to account. If the crystals could be removed as fast as they appeared, would not the silver be left nearly pure at the bottom of the pan? So promising an idea was not lost sight of: the experiments were repeated on larger quantities of lead; and in 1838, Mr. Pattinson read a short paper on his discovery and its results to the meeting of the British Association.

A brief description will enable us to comprehend the new process. Three or four iron pans, each capacious enough to hold five tons of lead, are set in a row in a mass of brickwork, constructed with the necessary flues and fireplaces. A framed railway, supported on pillars, immediately above them, facilitates the lifting of the metal from one pot to another. We will now suppose the first pot to be full of melted lead, from which all the refuse has been skimmed, leaving a clear, bright surface, and the signs of cooling beginning to appear in the shape of slender crystals round the edge. The workman then shuts the damper, and stirs the lead slowly from time to time with a long iron rod, to facilitate the cooling; laying it aside occasionally to scoop out the crystals, with a ladle as large as a warning-pan, and transfer them to the second pot. He does not hurry himself, for there is no blist' to be managed, nor is the lead raised beyond its ordinary melting temperature; so he has neither to dread the waste of rapidly rising fumes, nor injury to his health by breathing them, which was more or less the case in the old process. Thus he proceeds, alternately stirring and scooping, until nearly the whole of the lead is removed, and a highly argentiferous fluid remains. The crystals in the second pot are then again melted, and in like manner carried over to the third pot, to undergo a third melting, which leaves so small an amount of silver in the lead—not more than fourteen or fifteen pennyweights to the ton—that it is without further treatment run into pigs for the market. The rich metal is afterwards cupelled, in the way before described; but so small is the quantity of lead remaining, that the loss by oxidation is reduced to a minimum—not more than 120th of the whole.

Thus, by taking advantage of the simple natural law, that melted lead will solidify while silver remains fluid, a large branch of trade finds its profit increased, and health promoted. Lead containing not more than three ounces of silver to the ton, may be profitably cupelled by the new process: hence it is that recent returns of the production of silver in England exceed those of former date, though still forming but a small portion of the 2,000,000 poundweights which every year are dug from beneath the surface in different parts of the world. Some idea of the consumption of silver may be formed from the fact, that the weight coined in England from 1816 to 1840, was 3,376,155 pounds; and nearly 1,500,000 ounces of silver-plate are annually manufactured and charged with duty. Great as is the consumption, it goes on increasing, aided in no unimportant degree by electrotypy, which, by cheapening silvered articles, has increased the demand.

We may add that Mr Pattinson considers the process that now bears his name to be an act of 'true

crystallisation, in which the homogeneous particles of lead are drawn together by virtue of their molecular attraction, to the exclusion of the foreign body, silver. It is not the first time that mechanical science has benefited by a natural process, and there can be no more hopeful subject of inquiry than that of seeking for others.

SOFT FELL THE SHADE OF EVEN-TIME.

[These elegant verses are from a little volume of poems, containing many of equal sweetness and poetical merit, but for the most part of too exclusively religious a character for a lay periodical.*]

Soft fell the shade of even-time;
Methought, quid its wan decline,
"I sat in quiet room,
Rich curtains veiled the window quaint,
The day was waning fainter, faint,
Up rose the lady moon.
As darker, darker grew the town,
In crimson light the sun went down
Beyond the hills afar;
Fair children, weary with their play,
Came toiling up the flower-scented way;
Like hope amid the clouds of doubt,
The lights below came beaming out,
Above came star on star.
As bright and brighter rose the moon,
Oh! soothing sweet, a quiet tune
Came streaming o'er the night;
A tender voice, a snow-white hand,
Woke echoes as from choral land,
And softly through the gloom
It sung: O heart, be strong! be strong!
Whatever may fall of blight or wrong,
There ever shines a light;
Look up, O sweet as eye of love,
A light to lead the heart above,
That seeks the pure and right.

* *Heart Histories.* By Marion Paul Aird. Johnstone and Hunter, London and Edinburgh.

CHARCOAL VENTILATORS FOR DWELLING-HOUSES AND SHIPS.

The principle of the charcoal-respirator which I brought under the notice of the Society of Arts during the month of February last, may, I apprehend, be very advantageously extended, under particular circumstances, to the ventilation of ships and buildings. If a thin layer of coarsely powdered charcoal is enclosed between two sheets of wire-gauze, and inserted into a suitable framework in those portions of ships and buildings where foul air is apt to accumulate—such, for instance, as in the vicinity of water-closets and similar nuisances—all the impurities in the air will be absorbed and retained by the charcoal, while a current of pure air will alone be admitted into the neighbouring apartments. The charcoal ventilators should be furnished with a slide at top and bottom, by means of which they may be easily filled or emptied at pleasure. Such an arrangement would frequently be found useful in the close wards of hospitals, and in the impure atmosphere of many of the back-courts and news-lanes of great cities. A layer of charcoal might be often advantageously placed in the lower portions of buildings, immediately under the wooden flooring, as it would keep the floors warm and dry, and likewise prevent annoyance from any sewerage-water or other impurities that might find their way into such situations. These are a few only of the useful applications to which charcoal-powder may be made available for sanitary purposes. Many others cannot, ere long, fail to suggest themselves.—JOHN STENHOUSE.

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THE GOODMAN'S CROFT.

IN Scotland, about two hundred years ago, there still lingered some traces of an ancient superstition of a curious kind. It consisted of the practice of keeping a certain field, out of those constituting a farm, consecrated to the potentate of the lower regions. This field was called the Goodman's Croft—a term evidently selected in the spirit of complaisance towards the personage in question, and therefore in conformity with the object in view, which confessedly was that of soothing a power which men felt it was difficult to battle with. The Goodman's Croft, of course, remained unploughed and unpeeped, albeit perhaps the best piece of land in the district. There it was, in eternal fallow, covered thick with weeds, and necessarily a nuisance to the useful fields around it. Synods fulminated against this cottoning to the enemy; special parsons used particular persuasives to get the practice abolished; but the Goodman's Croft was, nevertheless, maintained in many places till the time of the Civil War.

Absurd as the idea looks, we suspect it had some determinate foundation in our nature; for, look narrowly into the minds and habits of men, and you will scarcely fail to detect in every instance something of the character of a Goodman's Croft. Sometimes, it is a piece of the moral constitution abandoned to nettles, henbane, and deadly nightshade, while all the rest is kept under the most careful culture. Sometimes, it is a small district of folly in the midst of a somewhat rigorous rationality. Very often, you would think that the more sage and correct the man, the more decided is this strange exceptionality in his character. A fool or a scamp has a bad farm all over—weeds, broken fences, uneven ridges, and all the rest of it. But where the moral farm is generally good, there you see the one field of thorough inutility and devil-worship—the Goodman's Croft.

You find it in the clever man of business. To all appearance successful as well as active, he in his secret heart strains away towards some other pursuit, which, whether followed fully or partially, could never yield him a farthing. He perhaps struggles against the tendency, sensible of its absurdity, and disgusted with himself for giving way in the least to inclinations which he cannot avow before the world. But, generally, he is unable entirely to save himself from the besetting temptation, and at the best makes a sort of convention with himself, to be the judicious man of affairs for so much of the day, and the fantastic schemer, the bad artist, the unreadable rhymist, or whatever else it is, for the rest. Possibly, this apparently sharp-witted man of affairs indulges in a succession of aberrations.

We have known one who for years studied alchemy, and at another time was the dupe of a person who set forth claims to a dormant peerage, spending in both ways a large proportion of the income which he realised from his industrious mercantile career. You could not have in any way outwitted this gentleman on 'Change in matters of business; but he had one streak of whim in his composition, and this it was possible to work upon at private moments, to results of very serious consequence to himself.

You will find, again, an artist or an author who is equally liable to a temptation to desert his proper course, and with equally fatal results. Not many years ago, I—was at the head of a particular branch of his profession as a landscape-painter. He could produce a capital picture in a week, and no picture he produced failed to find a purchaser at a good price. He might, in short, have realised a competency in a few years. In point of fact, he was, with his family, in constant poverty; and the reason was an irrepressible tendency to out-of-the-way mechanical contrivances. As a specimen of his conduct—an old umbrella having been left one day at his house, he set to work upon it, took it all to pieces, and out of the pieces produced in a few days a curious novelty in the way of mill-engineering, to the admiration of his little children, but the extreme distress of his wife, who saw, meanwhile, the cash desert, and her larder empty.

So also it is not difficult to find an author of something like this description. He has been induced to write books of a certain kind, which he can execute well, and which, being useful to the public, are successful and remunerative. This is obviously the line in which Duty calls him to go, and he obeys the stern lady's behest to a certain extent. But all the time, taste or whim has established a literary Goodman's Croft in his mind. He has his tragedy, or his new system of physics (overturning Newton), or his History of the Lower Empire, demanding his attention. He would far rather be at one of these undesired works, which will never turn him in a penny, or bring him a single puff of the trump of Fame. So he goes to his legitimate task with reluctance, gives it little of the finer force of his mind, and hears of its success with indifference. He would rather spend twelve hard-working hours at the Goodman's Croft, than three at the proper business of the intellectual farm. With such difficulties from himself has the man of letters to contend, besides all those external ones of which the public have so often heard.

No philosopher is ever without his Goodman's Croft, in the form of some cherished fallacy or absurdity. Not even the men of highest reputation and most

venerated counsel are exempt from this law. One here and there may have the art to conceal it from all ordinary observation; but scan him closely, or wait for his demonstrations, and you will be sure, sooner or later, to get a glimpse of it. The fact is, they tire, like the vicar of Wakefield, of being always wise. *Semel insanabilis omnes*. Or it is not possible to maintain a vigilant guard over the judgment at all points; and so, while we are keeping out the flood at doors and windows, it finds its way in down the chimney. Perhaps, just the more deeply wise a man is in one direction, he is apt to be the more childishly simple in another; and thus it may come about that the public, in trusting to your dictum on a particular subject, because you have delivered yourself well on another, makes a great and dangerous mistake. We hardly know anything more perilous than to take confidential and uncorrected counsel from a philosopher on a point which chances to lie within the confines of his Goodman's Croft.

Does not all this look very much as if there were a pre-arranged determination that there should be no perfect intellect, no unflinching *morale*? There is a tedium in excellence which forces us to seek a relief from it. Entire sagacity frightens and distresses us. It does not do to keep the whole farm like a garden, without weed, every bit of space turned to use. That was for the Garden of Eden alone. As human nature goes, it calls for a Goodman's Croft.

YOUNG RUSSIA.

THE political character of the Russian Empire is much more Asiatic than European; we might even say, the Western elements of civilisation have been made use of in Muscovy, only to preserve Asiatic despotism from all those restraints which in the East form a check to the immense power of the sovereign. In Russia, just as in China, Persia, or in Turkey, there is no hereditary nobility, which, from the weight of its influence on the people, might be worth consideration by the sovereign. The nobility is entirely dependent on the favour of the court: it is a bureaucracy, not a landed aristocracy. The Russian prince has no other political rank than that corresponding to the civil or military office he fills: if he holds no office, he is, politically, a cypher. Just as in China, Persia, and Turkey, there is no caste, no peculiar class of the nation enjoying particular political privileges that give them some share in the administration, or even permit to them the exercise of a passive resistance without violation of the law. Just as in the Mohammedan countries, a great proportion of the inhabitants are excluded from many civil rights. Thus the evidence of the serf in Russia is not accepted against the lord; he has not even the right of free locomotion; he is bound to the soil; he is not allowed to choose his own way of livelihood; he dares not even give education to his children, without the consent of his master. But in China, Persia, and Turkey, there is one controlling power, superior even to the will of the Emperor, Shah, or Sultan—the power of religion and of traditions. The shah and sultan have no legislative power; the Koran is the law-book, which cannot be set aside by the sovereign; nor has he even the right to interpret it according to his own will. Whatever may be his interpretation, it must be submitted to the chief-priest and the council of lawyers, whose decision alone (Fetva) can give it the power of law. The shah or sultan cannot even declare war or conclude peace, before stating the question to the Sheikh-el-Islam (the religious chief), and receiving his approbation. But in Russia, the czar combines the civil and religious supremacy—the 'Holy Synod' has become an administrative bureau, presided over by a layman; in fact, by a colonel, the aid-de-camp of the emperor. Besides, there are no traditions, no legal precedents to regulate the administration. The will of the emperor is the supreme

law in every case; and even the judges of the supreme court must bow before a ukase of the czar, should any contending party be influential enough to obtain an order from the emperor to reverse their own sentence. The emperor, indeed, is more omnipotent than the English parliament, for his will is above both the common and statute law of the country. Herzen describes the legal position of his country in the following words:—

'It might appear strange that we applied the word *provisional* to the imperial administration; yet it expresses entirely the most striking character of the Russian government. Its institutions, its laws, its schemes, are evidently temporary and transient, without precise and definite form. It is not a conservative government, for it has nothing to conserve but its own material force, and the integrity of its territory. It began with the tyrannical destruction of the traditions, the laws, and the manners and customs of the country; and it continues to exist by a series of measures, one destroying the other, without acquiring stability or systematic rule. Every new reign brings into question the greater part of the rights and institutions. The government prohibits to-day what it ordered yesterday, and continually modifies, explains, abrogates the laws. The code published by Nicholas is the best evidence of that want of principle and unity in the imperial legislation. The code is a jumble of all the existing laws—of orders in council, of enactments and *ukases*, more or less contradictory, expressing much more the character of a particular sovereign, or the exigencies of the passing moment, than a spirit of rational legislation. The code of Czar Alexis is the foundation; the orders of Peter I., of quite a different tendency, are the continuation; and upon them are ingrafted laws of Catharine II., dictated in the spirit of Beccaria and Montesquieu, and orders of the day of Paul I., surpassing anything of the most absurd and arbitrary kind in the maddest edicts of Roman emperors. Since the Russian government has no historical root, it is not only not conservative, but it is enamoured of innovation. It leaves nothing at rest, and though it rarely improves, it always changes.'

Such being the character of the Russian government, it is quite clear that the individuality of the emperor, for the time being, imposing him to live for any considerable number of years, must influence the type of society, and the mould of intellect, to a degree equally unknown in Western Europe and in Asia. I do not mean to say that the czar has the power of moulding the character, and fashioning the thoughts, of his subjects; on the contrary, the result may be just the reverse of his wishes and plans, yet this result is always a natural consequence of his character. He may, of course, easily tinge society with the uniform varnish of French or German civilisation, just as his tendencies may lean to the one or the other; he may, by such a foreign tinge, destroy the connection between the bulk of the people—whom he cannot reach with his civilising varnish-brush—and the upper classes; he may then play off the serfs against the gentry, and the gentry against the serfs, in case either should be refractory; but he cannot command the march of intellect—he cannot accelerate, he cannot direct it. His custom-houses, his passport-system, and the difficulties thrown in the way of those who desire to visit foreign countries, cannot prevent the invasion of Russia by foreign ideas. He is able, indeed, to check their free development, but the compression only makes them the more powerful.

The necessary conflict between the soul-killing rule of a centralised bureaucracy and those Western ideas that cannot be kept out from the Russian Empire, introduces duplicity and deceit into the national character. From fear of the secret police, the Russian grows accustomed to hide his thoughts; his words are not the expression of his sentiments, but the reverse;

and if he realises that he has betrayed his feelings, he is tempted, as the only means of self-preservation, to evince his loyalty by denouncing the incautious words of another. The majority of the higher classes, who do not like the mean pedantry of Russian official life, and whose feelings revolt at the idea of being teased for a score of years by some overbearing German superior, until they themselves rise to higher official rank, and are able to spend another score of years in tormenting their inferiors, throw themselves frantically into a life of dissipation. Egotism becomes the all-pervading feeling, since the rule of the czar has isolated the individual, and made all openness of soul and all confidential conversation nearly impossible. Men of generous character and of a noble ambition have no open field—they are the victims of government policy. Nearly all the heroes of the national novels are portraits of such superior men, who must perish, because they cannot struggle against the constitution of society. Their prototype is Eugene Onegin, the hero of Pushtkin's poetical tale of the same name, the most popular of all the personages of Russian fiction. Herzen says of this character:—'Onegin is an idler, since he never had any serious occupation; a supernumerary in the sphere in which he is placed, without having the power and determination to step out of it. He is a man who tries everything in life down to death itself, and who would try that, in order to see whether it is not worth more than life. He has commenced everything, without pursuing anything; he has thought so much the more, that he has acted little; he is old at the age of twenty, and begins to grow younger through the agency of love when age creeps upon him. He has always waited for something, as we all have done; since nobody is foolish enough to believe in the stability of the present state of Russia. But nothing has happened, while life was passing away. The character of Onegin is so national, that it returns in every novel, and in all poetry that has had any success in Russia; and this, not because it was intentionally copied, but because we see it always around us, or feel it in ourselves. In fact, we are all Onegins, unless we choose to bury ourselves in a bureau or in a farm.'

'Civilisation leads us astray—it destroys us; it is civilisation which makes us a burden to others and to ourselves—a crowd of idlers, full of whims, and unfit for action. It is civilisation which drives us from eccentricity to debauchery, making us spend without regret our fortune, our heart, our youth, in seeking occupation and excitement for mere distraction. We do everything—we saturate ourselves with music, philosophy, love, war, or mysticism, only to forget the immense emptiness which oppresses us.'

'We receive a liberal education; the desires, tendencies, and sufferings of the contemporary world are imaged in our souls, and we are then told: Remain slaves, dumb and passive, or you are lost. For indemnification, we have the right of slaying the peasant, and of spending, in the gambling hell or the wine-house, the tax of blood and tears we wring from him.'

'The young man falls in with nothing which can fix his interest in this world of servility and low ambition; still, it is in such society he is doomed to live, since the people are still more distant from him. Society is at least composed of beings, however degraded, of his own stamp, whilst there is nothing in common between him and the people. The traditions have been broken by Peter I. so completely, that there is no human power to unite them again, at least at the present moment. There remains, therefore, nothing for a noble mind but isolation or struggle; and not having sufficient moral power for either, we become Onegins, if we do not perish by debauchery, or in the dungeons of a fortress. We have stolen a spark of civilisation, and Jupiter punishes us with the torments of Prometheus.'

The sickly and disheartening tone which pervades Russian literature, has filled the czar with disgust, and gives him the idea, that the civilisation of the West enervates his people, and makes them discontented; that it brings up coward conspirators and noisy demagogues, not men of action and energy. By degrees, therefore, he has changed the traditional policy introduced by Peter I. All the successors of that czar, especially Catharine II. and Alexander I., fostered the introduction of German and French culture; they treated Muscovite nationality with scorn, and opposed the outbreak of Græco-Russian fanaticism. Their aim was to be 'enlightened despots,' carrying on a patriarchal, paternal government, as mild and wise as that of any of the Western powers. They professed to be the friends of the wise men of Europe, and to adopt their liberal principles. Alexander even went so far as to acknowledge, in theory, the superiority of the constitutional form of government, and pleaded only the present low condition of his people in excuse for withholding from them a parliamentary representation. To engage the assent of England to his possession of Warsaw, he willingly granted a constitution to the Poles, and proudly pointed to Poland as to the forerunner in emancipation of Russia Proper. And those declarations were not altogether a tissue of falsehood. Catharine and Alexander really believed they were educating their people for freedom; for these sovereigns agreed with the theories of the Encyclopædists and the Doctrinaires; they had not yet come into collision with constitutionalism, and their authority was never hampered by the people. But Nicholas is a strong-headed, stiff-necked man, and the conspiracy of Pestal and Muravieff, which endangered his throne and life immediately upon his accession to power, gave him the first dislike to the ideas of the West. He quelled the outbreak in his capital by his courage and presence of mind; he destroyed the riotous regiments by grape in the streets of St Petersburg, and he appeared personally in the heat of the battle. His hatred against constitutionalism became soon apparent in Poland. The Diet was dissolved; the working of parliamentary government was first insidiously, then violently destroyed; and when the Poles, elated by the triumph of the French Revolution in 1830, rose in arms, he refused to enter into any negotiations with his rebel subjects; but defeating them after a severe contest, he banished those whom he could not trust. But so far from re-establishing the constitution, he even forfeited the Russian pledges of the treaties of 1815. He annexed the kingdom of Poland to the Russian Empire; whilst, according to the European compact of Vienna, it was to remain nationally separate from Russia, though subject to the czar. Thus he affronted all Europe; but England and France did not call him to account, either for the extension of his despotism, or for the infringement of treaties. His energy had triumphed over Russian conspiracy and Polish insurrection, and over the awe with which politicians looked upon the treaties of Vienna, as upon the basis of European international right. Can we wonder, therefore, that he despises constitutionalism and liberalism, and all the ideas of freedom that are held sacred in Western Europe? and that he believes that the effete nations of the West cannot be dangerous to him? He relies entirely upon his own rare energy, of which he gave a most appalling proof in 1831.

'Whilst the cholera was raging at St Petersburg,' says Count Gurovski, 'the lower classes in some way took it into their heads that the epidemic was generated by poison thrown into the wells by Poles. The rumour attained wide credence; and the peasants, to the number of some 80,000, rose, and wild with rage, paraded the streets, assassinating every foreigner they met. They assembled finally in the Place Stennia, and with frightful cries of fury and drunkenness, menaced the

capable with rebellion. This was so much the more to be dreaded, as at the moment there were no troops at hand. While the riot was at its highest pitch, and the excitement most dangerous, the emperor was seen approaching, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp, and followed by hardly a hundred Cossacks. He moved on slowly and steadily, through the incensed mob, to the very centre of the insurrection, and there looking steadfastly around, with undaunted gaze, he cried, in tones of thunder: "Down upon your knees! Upon your knees ask pardon from your God—you must expect none from me!"

The immense prestige which surrounded Nicholas at that time, combined with such an exhibition of daring, together with the effect of the mighty and sonorous voice, struck the insurgents with such awe that they with one accord knelt down, and offered no resistance, while a few of the Cossacks seized and bound many of their number, and flung them like so many animals into boats, by which they were transported no one knows whither. The rest dispersed in terror, and the rebellion was quelled as if by enchantment.

Did the sovereign in this moment of success draw any instructive lesson from that scene? Did he learn that masses may be governed by moral power as well as by brute force? Not at all. On the contrary, he drew the conclusion that they must always be ruled by terror; and the idea remained as strange to his mind as before, that if his people were still in their infancy, and the chastisement of the rod therefore sometimes necessary, it was his imperative duty, as a father, to make that childhood as happy as possible. He has spent this mighty energy of character in theatrical shows, never employing it against monstrous abuses, or in giving a moral and economical tendency to his administration. He has rather played with his power than laboured with it for the accomplishment of grand and beneficent ends. Thus history will speak of one as a great actor, who might have been a great man but for the want of a true understanding of the idea of good.

Yet his conduct on the occasion referred to was the finest act of his life, when seen from his own point of view; it aroused the enthusiasm of all who beheld it, even my own—and I feel rather reluctant to confess enthusiasm upon such a subject. I must admit that I was struck with admiration—a confession I make the more willingly, as it may seem to attest my impartiality when I act the part of the Slave in the train of the triumphant Caesar, crying "Caesar, thou art but a man!" The desire to be accurate in my sketches, forces me to bring into juxtaposition with the above anecdote one of an opposite character—the reverse of the medal.

On one occasion, the emperor's frowns and the contracted muscles of his face announced an approaching outbreak. No cloud of sedition had risen above the political horizon, no sign of public tumult appeared, and Prince Dolgorowsky, descended from the princely house which founded the city of Moscow, who was with him, anxiously awaited the thunderbolt of the imperial ire. "What is that?" cried the czar to the prince, in the awful tones of the Place St. Pierre, as he pointed to a spot upon the table-cloth! The prince remained silent, and was respectfully retiring, when the emperor, as little touched by the respectful submission of the courtier, as he was formerly by that of the peasants, kicked him—him the *grand écuyer* of the court, the most important personage of his suite, and one of the first dignitaries of the empire!

From the time of the Polish war, he met no more with any serious resistance, either at home or with foreign powers. He could, therefore, for a score of years, pursue his policy undisturbed by the policy of the West, which saw in him the protector of stability, and of the monarchical principle. His home-policy was, to wean Russia from Europe, to make her

independent of Western ideas and Western civilisation. The ties of faith connected a considerable portion of his subjects with Rome and Germany; he, therefore, unmercifully and unrelentingly oppressed Roman Catholicism in Poland, and Protestantism in the Baltic provinces. The peasants were allured to the Eastern Church by promises of emancipation; the higher classes, by promises of court favour. Religious toleration, which, under the Empress Catharine and Czar Alexander, was one of the leading principles of Russia, gave place to the most shameless system of proselytism. The Protestant missionaries were expelled; the United Greeks, mostly White Russians, were forced by violence to renounce their spiritual allegiance to the pope; and orthodox colonies were sent into Poland, where the confiscated estates of the Roman Catholic nobility, implicated in the revolution of 1831, were conferred upon Russian generals. But even the few Germans who, in this way, had become Polish landed proprietors, had to pledge themselves to bring up their children in the bosom of the Eastern Church. By and by, the German element in bureaucracy was discarded, and Muscovites obtained the command in the army and in the chief offices. At court, the Russian language supplanted the French, by command of the czar, although he himself never was able to learn it correctly enough to write it. The permission to visit foreign countries was restricted to the high aristocracy; difficulties were thrown in the way of foreigners, in order to deter them from travelling in Russia, the interior of which became soon as difficult to penetrate as the interior of China. Nicholas, indeed, has in many respects adopted the policy of China; not for defence, however, but for aggression.

In the character of Czar Alexander, there was an unmistakable vein of religious mysticism; with Nicholas, it has become glowing fanaticism. Immense and uncontrolled power has always had a tendency to madden the men who hold it. Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Commodus, Caracalla, all of whom began their career honourably, are instances of this fact, which obtains a new confirmation from the lives of the Russian emperors. The great misfortunes of Alexander, by humbling his mind, saved him from insanity; but the uncommon prosperity and good-fortune of Nicholas have overpowered his self-control. He earnestly believes himself to be the chosen engine of Providence for maintaining the divine right of kings, and for extending the orthodox faith. Western Europe—according to him, a prey to infidelity—must be saved by him. For Protestantism, he has no respect: it is only a different form of infidelity, which cannot impart firm faith. He judges thus from experience. During his own life, his family has been allied by marriage to Protestant princesses of Württemberg, Prussia, Saxecoburg, Saxe-Weimar, Mecklenburg, and Hesse; and not one of those princesses, virtuous as they otherwise are in their private life, could resist the bribe in the form of the hand of a Russian grand-duke. They have all abjured their religion without reluctance: not one of the Protestant princesses of Germany has ever refused a Russian grand-duke, although she knew that she had not only to profess a different creed, but solemnly to accuse the faith in which she was brought up, and in which, under other circumstances, she would have died. Hence Nicholas despises Protestantism just as much as he hates Roman Catholicism. According to him, the Russian Church alone, of which he is the chief, leads to salvation, and preserves the people from revolution, since it inculcates veneration of the czar next to the worship of God. The last ten years have increased his religious fanaticism to the utmost. Religion is for him no longer a tool of despotism—he believes in his divine calling as viceroy of the Almighty on earth; he prostrates himself with real devotion before the shrines, and kisses the images

of the 'mother of God' with unfeigned fervour. His language becomes scriptural; and when, in his late manifestoes, he appeals to God in the words of the Psalms, it is not an artifice for raising the spirit of the people—it is really the expression of his faith.

Still, he has not been able to inspire the higher classes with the same fanaticism. That they do not understand it, is because they do not feel it. It is the unhaven classes, not yet tainted by French and German ideas, who respond to the fanatical appeals of the czar. They hate Western civilisation, because they hate its representatives—the landed gentry, and the government officials; the emperor, they think, is to destroy the whole work of a hundred and fifty years, and to return to the old Muscovite policy, abandoned by Peter and his successors. It is, therefore, with frantic enthusiasm, they hear that their czar is standing up to fight the war of the double Cross against the Crescent—the latter supported by schismatic Rome, and infidel France and England. The present war becomes, therefore, a holy war for them; and whatever may be its issue, it will remain a great landmark in the history of Russian civilisation. The old Muscovite spirit, compressed for a hundred and fifty years, is now roused against the influence of Western ideas. It would be strange to expect that such a struggle could last but for a short time, and pass over without changing the face of Russia.

THE LAST OF THE QUESADAS.

It may be that the domestic life of Spain is, in the aggregate, as civilised and commonplace as that of Great Britain; but certain it is that incidents therein are not unfrequently brought to light which more resemble creations of the Radcliffe school of novelists, than the sober realities of the actual world. Of this kind is the recent story of Garcilas de Quesada, a young Catalan gentleman, which, in its material parts, has been judicially verified before the Spanish tribunals.

Garcilas de Quesada was, it seems, the sole surviving representative of a long line of ancestors, whose historic glories reached as far back as the days of Pelayo, and the first efforts to rescue Spain from the Moslem yoke, originating under that renowned leader, in the Montañas de Asturias, of which birthplace of Spanish independence the founders of the Quesada family were natives. Unfortunately, the heritage bequeathed the last of the race by eleven hundred years of glory, consisted of little more than the intense family pride engendered by those historic centuries, and an ancient castle, near Cardoña, in Catalonia, which time and violence had reduced to pretty much the condition of its owner—that of a gloomy, repellent ruin. The naturally arrogant disposition of the young man was fostered and inflamed by the teachings of his mother, who died a few months after he attained his majority; and it was said to have been early determined between them, that unless the young Garcilas could espouse wealth in his own rank, the superb line of the Quesadas should end with him, whilst yet unmingled with and uncontaminated by the common yarn of plebeian life. This preposterous arrogance gave birth, after a time, to an immitigable hatred of one particular person; chiefly, in the first instance, because of the afflicting illustration which the position of that person afforded of the wiser course pursued by his family, the De Velascos, who, in the matter of patrician pretence, might have held their heads as high as the De Quesadas.

José de Velasco, on succeeding to his inheritance, having found himself, like many other Spanish hidalgos, and even grandees of modern times, without the means of supporting his hereditary rank, at once resolutely brushed aside the cobweb prejudices that would have barred his path to fortune through the avenue of trade, and engaged, with remarkable energy, in the

salt manufacture, carried on in that part of Spain. Success rewarded his exertions; and its visible signs deepened, by contrast, the gloomy aspect of decay and ruin presented by the formerly rival family of the Quesadas. The ancestral mansion, once in as dilapidated a condition as the hereditary De Quesada 'castle,' was thoroughly restored, furnished, and decorated; the menial establishment, which had dwindled to two or three ill-paid, ill-clad servitors, was recruited up to a handsome complement; Señor Velasco's children—he had dropped the *Don* and the *De*—were carefully educated; and when his son, Alonzo, returned home in 1847 from the university of Toledo, he was pronounced by general consent to be the handsomest, best-dressed, best-mounted, and altogether the most generous and accomplished caballero of the neighbourhood for many miles around. For this young man, Garcilas de Quesada conceived from the first a violent dislike, which, the passing years bringing increased sunshine and splendour to the Velascos, and only clouds and gloom for him, exasperated to the deadliest hate. It was also said, that De Quesada had been for a time shaken in his resolve of perpetual celibacy, except under the before-named conditions, by the charms, personal and pecuniary, of Teresa Velasco, and that he attributed the repulse that had met his condescending advances towards a *mesalliance*, as he deemed it, with a family whose head had degraded its escutcheon by stooping to the status of a salt-contractor—to the opposition of the young lady's brother; his personal pride causing him, no doubt, to ignore the possibility of Teresa Velasco's declining the honour of his hand by her own choice. Some needless expressions, reported to have been made use of by Alonzo, relative to the moth-eaten dignity and poverty-stricken pride of his sister's rejected suitor, confirmed this impression, and led, moreover, to a duel with swords, in which Garcilas de Quesada was worsted, and owed his life to the forbearance of his triumphant adversary.

For about three years after this, no further intercourse took place between the young men, Garcilas de Quesada during that period being rarely seen out of his crumbling castle, where he dwelt in idle seclusion, his sole attendant one Gil Polo, who was born, bred, wedded, widowed, and hoped to die and be buried within the now much circumscribed precincts of the domain. At length, in the early part of 1850, when in his thirtieth year, a circumstance occurred which drew him forth once more into the thinly scattered society of the neighbourhood. This was a confident rumour of the approaching marriage of Alonzo Velasco with Isabella Riogos, a lady he had met with in Madrid, and to whom, as being neither distinguished for wealth nor birth, the elder Velasco and his wife had strongly objected, till subdued in acquiescence by the passionate solicitations of their son, who loved the beautiful Andalusian with a fervour remarkable even in the love-disposing clime of Spain. It was, as the sequel proved, the knowledge of this fact which determined and hastened De Quesada's reappearance in the tiny world which circled his solitude. He was kindly received by the Velascos, who, indeed, had never borne him serious ill-will; and had it been otherwise, his changed appearance, indicative not only of feeble health, but in the gray-sprinkled hair and stooping form, of premature old age, must, in generous minds, have converted any adverse feeling into kindness and compassion for one so early and untimely wrecked in the voyage of life. Isabella Riogos had arrived at Cardoña, on a visit to a relative, before the parental obstacle opposed to her union with Alonzo Velasco had been removed, and there it was since settled she should remain till the magic power of the wedding-ceremonial entitled her to a permanent home in the comparatively splendid abode of the Velascos. Garcilas de Quesada met her

they frequently in the interim; and although he could not avoid being struck with her singular loveliness, he paid her, it was afterwards remembered, but scant attention except when Alonzo was present, and then, as it seemed, merely by way of complimentary admiration of the enchanted lover's choice and taste. He and Alonzo Velasco soon became exceedingly intimate—so much so, that De Quesada consented to officiate as the bride's father at the marriage, which, it was arranged, should take place on the 12th of May 1850.

The bridal-day was distant only about a week, when thunder fell from the brilliant, unclouded sky. The Velasco family, the Lady Isabella Riosos, Garcilas de Quesada, who had joined them about half an hour previously, Dr Zorilla of Cardoña, and other friends, were enjoying themselves *al fresco* in front of the family mansion, with song and dance, when Alonzo's horse galloped up to the gate, covered with foam, panting with exertion, and riderless! The alarm and commotion were instant and intense. Alonzo, who had set out early in the morning to transact some business for his father at a salt-establishment near the Albufera de Valencia, had been expected to return several hours before, and it was now, of course, apprehended that some terrible accident had befallen him. But a few minutes had elapsed ere Señor Velasco, Garcilas de Quesada, Dr Zorilla, and several other gentlemen, rode off in anxious quest of the missing horseman; but the morning dawned upon their fruitless search, no tidings whatever having been obtained of the unfortunate cavalier, except that he had left the salt-works in time to have reached his home at least two hours before his horse arrived there. Quesada's house or castle was about a league distant from the residence of the Velascos, and not far out of the track the searching-party had been vainly exploring; and he proposed that they should rest there awhile before resuming their inquiries. The invitation was accepted the more readily by the grief-bowed father and his friend Dr Zorilla, that neither could divest himself of a haunting suspicion that Alonzo had met with foul play at the hands of De Quesada. Nothing, however, was observed in that gentleman's dreary abode, nor in the stolid, careless aspect and demeanour of its only other inhabitant, Gil Polo, to strengthen that suspicion. De Quesada himself appeared to be much and naturally affected by the distressing catastrophe; and before long, it was generally concluded that the young Velasco, though an excellent rider, must have been thrown from his horse, and hurled down one of the narrow and unfathomable fissures of the Sierra over which he was passing. Dr, after all, argued the Velascos with their more intimate friends, and notably with Dr Zorilla, what adequate motive could there be to prompt a man, himself apparently on the verge of the grave, to the commission of so foul a crime? There was no question now of the hand of Teresa Velasco, who had been long since married, and settled in a distant part of Spain; De Quesada was not in love, it was quite clear, with Isabella Riosos; and it was surely hardly credible that the slight quarrel which had occurred three years previously, could still rankle with such deadly power in his breast as to urge him to avenge the fancied wrong or insult he had sustained by murder!

This reasoning was scarcely satisfactory, especially Dr Zorilla, who thought he could read De Quesada's mind and disposition much more accurately than the others; but days, weeks, months passed away without throwing the faintest light upon the matter, till near the middle of October, when a strange freak of De Quesada's, viewed in connection with subsequent information, revived, and in some degree gave form and colour, to the strong though undefined suspicions of the Velasco family—with whom, by the way, Isabella Riosos had, since the mysterious disappearance of her

affianced lover, constantly resided. Garcilas de Quesada, who had shrunk back to his former gloomy seclusion, all at once startled his neighbours by issuing numerous invitations to a grand *gala*, to be held at his residence on the 15th of October, in celebration of the inviter's thirtieth birthday. The Velascos excused themselves; but the invitation was accepted by a considerable number of persons, who reported that the festival had been a joyous one—had gone off with much éclat, and must have cost the giver at least a half-year's revenue. This unaccountable extravagance on the part of an impoverished and dying man would perhaps only have lived in the gossip of a few brief days, but for the receipt of a letter from an acquaintance at Madrid, enclosing a paragraph, dated about a fortnight before, and cut out of the *Heraldo* newspaper of that city, which set forth in stately terms, that the for some time contemplated marriage between Don Garcilas de Quesada and the beautiful Señora Isabella Riosos, would, it had been decided, be celebrated on the 17th of October! The lady's correspondent added, that several paragraphs, to which she had given no credence, had previously appeared in the same paper, hinting, not at all obscurely, to persons acquainted with the parties, at the probability of the event at last positively announced. The writer was desirous of ascertaining if the statement enclosed—a very surprising one to her—was correct; and if so, she of course congratulated her charming friend upon the alliance she had contracted, all the more cordially, if the paper was also right in stating, that Don Garcilas had lately succeeded to a large property, and had quite recovered his health.

A tumult of wild conjecture, doubt, and apprehension arose in the minds of those to whom the letter was read; and one suggestion, half hinted by the Lady Isabella, and grounded upon the coincidence of the day of marriage named by the *Heraldo* with that of the *gala* given by De Quesada, struck them all as at once so likely and so terrible, that Señor Velasco's first fiery impulse was to set forth immediately and procure judicial assistance, to break into and ransack the suspected residence. A few moments of calmer reflection, however, sufficed to shew him that he had no tangible grounds, or at least none that the law would hold valid, for preferring such an accusation against De Quesada, whose shield of nobility, rusted and worm-eaten as it might be, still presented in Spain a strong defence against any but the weightiest charges and the clearest proofs.

The family were still anxiously pondering the most advisable course of action, when Dr Zorilla was announced. Before the new-comer, who appeared much excited, could open his mouth, the letter which had created such a panic was thrust into his hand, and his opinion thereon eagerly requested. Dr Zorilla's agitation visibly increased as he read; and he had no sooner concluded his hasty perusal of the important missive and enclosure, than he exclaimed: 'This but confirms my apprehensions; and I have to inform you, that whatever guilty knowledge Garcilas de Quesada may possess relative to your son's death or captivity, will in a few days be buried with him in the grave. He burst a blood-vessel in the lungs on the night, I am told, of his grand *gala*,' continued the doctor, breaking in upon the clamour of surprise which arose from his auditors; 'but I was not called in till this morning, when I at once informed him, that nothing short of a miracle could prolong his life beyond twenty-four hours. His pallid features,' added Señor Zorilla, 'flushed hotly, with a sort of fierce dismay as I spoke; and after a few moments of dumb bewilderment, he said in a faint struggling voice: "If that be so, I must bear my doom as I best may. In the meantime, do you, doctor, send me the strengthening cordial you spoke of as quickly as possible, and return yourself as early in the evening as you can." I obeyed him in

both particulars; and when I again saw him, found that he was shaking more rapidly than I had anticipated. It seemed to me," added Dr Zorilla, speaking with slow and significant emphasis—"it seemed to me, judging by his strangely excited manner and a few incoherent words he muttered, that he had in the brief interval since I left him finally accomplished some great purpose—perhaps if I said *great crime* I should be nearer the truth."

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed Señor Velasco, "what terrible meaning is shrouded in your words?"

"He is now entirely alone," continued Dr Zorilla, with the same significance and solemnity of tone and manner, "having, which is not the least curious part of the affair, just sent off Gil Polo to execute a trifling commission at a distance of some twenty leagues; and he has requested me to bring him, without delay, a monk in priest's orders from the convent of Los Apostoles, to whom, under the sacred and impenetrable seal of confession, he will doubtless reveal, for his soul's health, what we are all so anxious to be informed of. I need hardly go so far as Los Apostoles," added the physician with slow, emphatic emphasis, "for what with the moribund's fading sight, the gloom of the death-chamber at this hour of the evening, and myself being the only attendant, the Señor Velasco himself might officiate as confessor without fear of detection."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Señor Velasco, crossing himself, and sternly regarding the tempter, who, having served in the French army during the war of independence, was suspected to be something of a heretic, or an *esprit fort*—"Heaven forbid that I should commit such sacrilege! But it occurs to me that Gil Polo, who, I suspect, will not else be seen in this neighbourhood again, ought to be secured."

Dr Zorilla readily approved of this suggestion, and remarked that it would be as well to bring him at once into the presence of his master; "for be sure, Señor Velasco," added the physician, "that if you ever obtain a clue to the fate of your son, you will do so this night."

The conference immediately broke up; Señor Velasco, followed by his wife and daughters, hurrying off to arrange for the instant pursuit of Gil Polo; Isabella Riosos accompanied the physician. "You, lady, I perceived by the flashing of your eyes just now," said Dr Zorilla in a low voice as they passed along the corridor, "do not, although a devout Catholic, deem it sacrilege to further the justice of God?"

"I do not," replied Isabella Riosos, "especially as it is possible I may discover that—that—I hardly dare breathe the hope that trembles at my heart."

"That you may discover," said the physician, "if you have firmness enough to stifle all emotion that may betray you till you have heard De Quesada's confession to the end—that Alonzo yet lives, and how he may be restored to the world and you? That is a quite possible result—mind, I say possible only, for I have strong misgivings. Still, if you are the brave girl you appeared to be a few minutes since, you will not shrink from the venture."

"I will not shrink," responded Isabella Riosos; "and adamant shall not be firmer than I, till all is revealed. But pray," she added quickly, "step into the courtyard, and request Señor Velasco to bring a true priest with him to the castle. We shall either have failed or succeeded by that time, and De Quesada's soul must not flit unshriven to judgment."

Dr Zorilla smiled, but performed her bidding; and they were soon on their way to the presence of the dying man, the physician silently determining for his part to try what effect a threat of the *garrote*, coupled with a knowledge of who had been confessing his master, might have upon Gil Polo.

But for the pale, uncertain starlight which served to define the shadows of the cumbrous furniture of the

apartment in which Garcilas De Quesada was breathing out his last of life, and the white face of the dying man himself, Dr Zorilla and his companion would have had no other guidance than the faint voice of the sufferer to his bedside. "The glare of a lamp," said the doctor in a sufficiently loud voice, "would pain the eyes of my patient, and your mission, reverend father, does not fortunately require one. When you require my attendance, be pleased to ring the sonata on the table at your elbow." He then left the room, and descended the stone stairs with a sounding step, as if to assure the penitent that he was alone with his confessor.

The dying man did not speak, and the impatient listener repeated the first words of the *Confiteor*, as a suggestive invitation to commence. "True—true," muttered De Quesada, "the purpose for which you are here, reverend father, admits of no delay. "*Confiteor Deo omnipotenti*"—Ah, it is long since I repeated those words. "*Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beate*"—Memory is failing me as well as sight. Do you, father, say the words, and I will repeat them after you."

This was done, and the confession went brokenly on. After relating much that the reader is already aware of, relative to the insane hatred he bore Alonzo Velasco, he said that his burning thirst for vengeance during the three years he had feared it to be unattainable, had, he now felt, dried up the fountains of his life. "Mine was not," he continued hurriedly, "a hatred, that the mere compassing his death would satisfy. I panted to inflict a far direr vengeance than that; and his unbounded love of the beautiful Isabella Riosos at last afforded me the means— You start with horror, reverend father, at this avowal, and it is nothing compared with what remains to tell. Yet Holy Church can, we know, at the last moment, if the confession is unreserved—the penitence— Ah, what means that noise?"

The lady's quicker ear had caught the sound distinctly: it was her father's voice in contention with some one—Gil Polo probably. It ceased almost instantly; and De Quesada proceeded, but with a hurried incoherence which shewed that partial delirium already affected his brain. "Yes—yes, as I told you, I invited Alonzo Velasco to leave the road, and rest here awhile. He little suspected the potency of the pleasant wine he drank, nor how, when he awoke long hours afterwards, it had come to pass that he had exchanged the bridal-chamber he had dreamed of for a stone dungeon—that he was bound in stronger fetters than his lady's arms."

"Does he yet live?" burst from Isabella's lips in a tone which startled the dull ear of the dying man, and he strove to raise himself in bed, but failed to do so. "Live!—live!" he muttered, falling helplessly back upon the pillow; "yes, to be sure—at least he did a few hours ago—where Gil Polo and I know, and we alone. I would tell you, but that it grows colder—darker—colder"—The voice ceased, and Isabella eagerly applied a cordial Dr Zorilla had furnished her with, to the lips of the expiring wretch. It revived him, and after a few moments, he faintly resumed: "You could hardly believe, reverend father, that the newspapers Gil Polo took him to read should have plunged him into such agonies of rage. The *Heraldo*, I had contrived, should say that I was about to marry the beautiful Isabella. He seemed at times to have gone permanently distracted—mad; I, unobserved, looking on delightedly the while. Ha! ha! that, if you like, was revenge! What was I saying?—I knew it. He began to doubt the truth of the newspaper paragraphs—to hope, almost believe, they were inventions; and then it was I played the master-stroke. The newspaper announced our marriage—our marriage!—Isabella Riosos and mine; and I took care that the rejoicing revelry should convince him that it announced the

trans. Father, his fury was sublime in its wild extravagance, especially, oh! especially when, at the chime of midnight, the loud music played the bridal-str, you wot of appropriate, to the departure of the wedding-guests. He leaped, danced, raged, and I, too, continued De Quesada, with kindling animation, 'I too leaped, danced, raged, with sympathetic delirium, till my senses utterly failed me, and I reeled and fell down a flight of steps, bursting a blood-vessel, which at once destroyed the feeble hope I had till that moment entertained of prolonged life.'

'Wretch! fiend!' shouted Isabella Riogos, unable to control her emotions, which was of the less consequence as De Quesada relapsed immediately he ceased speaking into partial insensibility. 'Yet answer—does he live?—or are you in deed as well as in thought a murderer?'

'A murderer!' faintly murmured Quesada; 'why, yes, if the poison I poured into his water to-day can kill'—

The lady's convulsive scream was echoed by the loud voices of several persons hastily ascending the stair. Presently, the door was flung violently open, and gave to view a spectacle so startling as to cause De Quesada to spring up in his couch with renewed life. 'Alive!' he gasped—'alive!' as his fascinated glare rested upon the attenuated, corpse-like features of Alonzo Velasco, visible in the light of the torches held aloft by his father and Dr Zorilla.

'Yes, alive!' fiercely responded Zorilla: 'the pretended poison this fellow, Gil Polo, procured you, was, luckily for his neck, as innocent as water; and'—

'Silence!' interrupted the priest brought by Señor Velasco, as he stepped forward and elevated a wooden crucifix before De Quesada: 'an immortal soul is passing. Look upon this emblem of the Eternal's mercy,' he added, addressing the expiring sinner, 'and breathe—think of but one prayer to God.' A gleam of intelligence seemed to flash from De Quesada's darkening eyes, and a half smile parted his lips: the next moment he had fallen back upon the pillow—dead!

THE RADICAL MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

THE radical member of society, unlike his namesake of the senate, is a very unobtrusive personage. He was made before Adam, and his race has been multiplying on the face of the earth ever since the creation; yet, two centuries ago, men had but just become acquainted with the fact of his presence among them. He dwells familiarly in the midst of us, and yet ninety-nine in every hundred of us go down to our graves without knowing that he is there. He is essential, too, to our being. We cannot do without him, even for an instant. He ministers to our physical wants, renders himself subservient to our enjoyments, and even charges himself with the superintendence of our mental operations. Simple in his habits, and humble in his bearing, he is, nevertheless, a mighty potentate in his way. If the Emperor of all the Russias were to prove his fitness to sit in a high place, by blowing a generation of his fellow-men into dust, our little patient friend would quietly ply his craft, and by the time the autocrat had joined the smoke of his own explosion, and had become ashes with ashes, a new generation of living human forms would fill the vacant place.

The radical member of society is not given to the adornment of his person with factitious decoration, neither does he stand six feet without his boots. This, indeed, is why he is so commonly overlooked, even when in the act of rendering important service to the state. If the truth must be told, he is but a pigmy in stature—so small, indeed, that unless when he chances to have outgrown the ordinary standard of his race, he cannot be discerned by unaided human eyes. He is, in fact, *microscopical* as well as radical. Until the ingenious Robert Hooke had put his apparatus of

magnifying-lenses together, to 'pry into all things,' as it has been *judicially*, but not very reverentially expressed—it was not possible that he should be seen. So minute are his dimensions, that a clever hand might put a million of his little bodies to bed side by side upon the face of a shilling. As many as twenty millions, indeed, have been known to be comfortably accommodated within the same area, when the individuals happened to be only dwarf specimens of the race.

The radical member of society has been planned with a view to convenient package, as well as to fitness for active work; hence he is without any kind of awkward incumbrance. He has neither arms, legs, nor head: he is all body, and this body is generally as compact as a dumpling; so that it may be rolled freely about when engaged in locomotive operations, or, even when not so employed, be stored up, as Dutch cheeses are packed away in cellars. He is, nevertheless, very cunningly and beautifully made. His compact body is composed of an exquisitely delicate film of skin, covering a reservoir of rich liquid. Sometimes this skin is defended by a rigid coat-of-mail, spread over it externally; at other times, it is strengthened by a stout lining attached to the inside. In either case, the radical fact, nevertheless, still remains—that our radical friend is a *little bladder* full of fluid. On this account, he has been named by scientific sponsors a *vesicle*, and very appropriate is the denomination: *vesicula* is the Latin word for a little bladder. Many people prefer to speak of the subject of our consideration as a *cell*: *cella* is a chamber where valuables may be stored away. A cellar, for instance, is a place where we pack our wine; but a cellar may be a hole hollowed out in the ground, or it may be a structure built up of walls. Now, our friend is not a hollow space, excavated in a lump of continuous substance: he is really a structure made of walls that have been built up regularly of smaller parts. In each of the twenty millions of bodies that can repose together upon a shilling, there are myriads of little atoms, as they are termed, fixed and fitted together, as bricks are fitted in common buildings. When our vesicle is strengthened and stiffened by outer coatings, or thickened by inner deposits, it may be convenient to speak of it as a cell; but the term must then be understood to comprise both the walls and contents, as well as the chamber or cavity in which the latter are held.

But a bladder is no person: it is only a thing; hence it may be urged we have not at present established any good and sufficient ground for speaking of our vesicular acquaintance in the language we have employed. Our answer is, that we have yet more to tell. The object of our allusions is really a *living* vesicle, and has an absolute personal individuality of its own. He grows from infantile into mature age, arranges the matters of his own internal economy, transacts his own business, and even brings up a family, and manages to get his descendants off in the world at an appropriate time. To make all this as evident to our readers as it is to ourselves, we will drop in upon our friend in one of his favourite places of resort, and spy out his doings by means of our microscope. We need entertain no scruples in committing the act of espial, for he will be altogether unconscious of our operations: he has no telescope to turn upon us.

In pools of still water—especially if on open moory ground—a layer of greenish, half-fluid, cloudy-looking substance nearly always collects at the bottom. If a portion of this be carefully raised by the hand, or by a net of fine muslin insinuated along the mud beneath, and be then examined by the microscope, it will be found that it is occupied by swarms of minute objects, possessing an immense variety of appearance, and yet agreeing together in certain essential particulars. Some look like little balls; others are elliptical or boat-shaped; others cylindrical, quadrangular, or even

triangular. Some resemble flat circular disks, and are covered by symmetrical patterns worked in lines and dots. Many are beautiful crescents, or yet more graceful spindles, lengthened out and bent opposite ways at the extremities, with a sort of sigmoid curve. All of them are, however, hollow cases of thin membrane, and contain inside a clear liquid, in which numerous small granular specks, often of a bright green colour, float. Now, if some of these curious objects be carefully watched for a little time, it will be noticed that they do not remain altogether stationary where they have been placed; all at once, they get restless, and advance by a series of little jerking starts in one direction—then they stop, and return upon their previous course with the same halting gait. Occasionally, some very brisk individual of the community will, in this fashion, make a journey an inch long in a few minutes: the more circumspect travellers take a day to accomplish the same distance.

But if the observation be carried on for a sufficient length of time, it will be seen that these fitful creatures grow as well as move. They get larger and larger, in some cases by puffing out their sides; in others, by extending their length. All the while this is going on, a strange commotion is taking place in their insides: legions of granular specks hurry now this way and now that, until at length a result of all the bustle begins to appear. A thin partition commences to form all round the inside of the case, and creeps onward, step by step, until at last it has divided the original chamber into two perfectly isolated parts. The partition then thickens, and finally splits into two distinct layers, of which the one attaches itself to one cavity, and the other to its neighbour; and thus the case itself tumbles into halves. Each half then grows, until it attains the mature dimensions of the parent, and after this deposits its partitions, and falls to pieces; and so, individual after individual, and generation after generation, are formed.

These little multiplying vesicles—for such the bodies are—acquire the substance that is used in the augmentation of their own dimensions, and in the formation of their partitions, from the liquid in which they are immersed. There are no perceptible openings in their delicate membranous walls; but those walls are, nevertheless, full of inconceivably minute pores, through which liquids can slowly infiltrate. Water will not run through a piece of bladder; but the bladder will, notwithstanding this, soak water up into its substance, and get thoroughly wet throughout. Under this soaking power, if sirup be tied up in a bladder, and the bladder be tossed into a pail of pure water, the water will be drunk in and mingled with the sirup, rendering it thinner and more dilute in consequence of the admixture. Just in the same way, the living vesicles under consideration imbibe the thin fluids in which they float, and mingle the same with the thick rich matters they contain within. They then select from the imbibed fluid, principles that are useful for their constructive work, and reject the rest. This is what the restless movements of the granular specks alluded to above mean. Those little floating masses are necessarily carried to and fro by the arriving and departing currents. In this way, then, our radical member manages to feed himself without either head or hands. He is mouths all over his skin, and is always swimming about in a reservoir of nutritious liquid, which he can appropriate at need.

Every vesicle that falls under observation is not, however, equally fortunate in this respect. Some of the little flattened or lengthened cells have their skins defended by large impervious horny plates, or by flinty shields and mail-pieces applied closely to their external surfaces. These uncovered spaces, for purposes of imbibition, are only left along the margins of the plates, or under holes bored through their dense substance.

When this is the case, it occasionally chances that the insinuating or outflowing current of liquid becomes so strong in one direction, that the light vesicle is suddenly pushed before it, just as it has been recently proposed to propel steamboats by jetting water out from pipes, instead of by the revolution of paddle-wheels and threaded screws. The jerking movements of these rudimentary vesicles are now generally conceived to be, not properly locomotive acts, but simply hints of this nature thrown out to our mechanicians, to shew them how to set about their work.

Microscopic living cells of this kind do not dwell in placid pools alone; they love the fresh water which is still and clear to the bottom, and that allows the genial sunshine to penetrate to its utmost depths. But they also abound in all moist situations: they cover the surface of rocks in the sea; they cling to the submerged parts of aquatic plants, both marine and fresh; they cluster in ditches; and wherever running-streams lag by the way, they assemble in crowds. In every trough or cistern where water is allowed to stand, their presence may be easily detected by skilful seekers. Scientific men have called these omnipresent multitudes of self-multipliers by the name of *diatoms*, the epithet being a reflection upon their origin—the word is taken from two Greek terms that signify 'cut through.' Some of the microscopic community that possess angular forms, shew a little inclination to cling together by their corners; these are especially classed as *desmidiæ*, a word derived from the Greek for a chain.

There is one curious fact regarding the constitution of the true diatoms: so soon as their delicate membranes are fully formed, and freely exposed to the influence of the water in which they float, they collect from that fluid minute particles of hard flint, and out of these fashion for themselves solid shields or shells, which they attach to the outside of their bodies, merely leaving narrow grooves and dots of the membrane free from the dense investment, that the liquid nourishment may there still flow through. These flinty shields are so indestructible that they may be boiled in aquafortis, and will come out from the ordeal only the more perfect and clear. Time seems to possess scarcely any power over their forms, for beds of them many feet thick are found lying where they must have been deposited by lakes that have been dried up for thousands of years. Many of them are embossed and worked over by very beautiful ridges, arranged in symmetrical patterns. There are shields of some of the diatoms known as *navicula*, which are quite invisible to the unaided eye, and which appear only as thin films, without any discernible tracings upon them, when magnified 150,000 times. But when the magnifying power is increased to some million and a half of times, the film is seen to be entirely hatched over by obliquely crossing lines, like those which engravers execute in producing shadows upon their work. When the amplifying power is raised to four millions of times—for the instruments of modern days can accomplish even this wonderful feat when wielded by skilful hands—those lines themselves are resolved into rows of projecting beads ranged side by side, each separate from its neighbour, and each distinctly raised from the general surface of the silicious film. But each one of these beads must be formed of myriad particles, in their turn quite invisible, even when increased by optical power to four millions of times more than their proper dimensions. There is an infinity in littleness as well as in vastness, at least so far as the capacities of the human lenses are concerned.

These surprising little objects discovered by microscopical research at the bottom of still pools of water, and in other convenient situations, are, then, really living creatures, as wonderfully perfect after their kind as lordly man is after his kind. Each one is an organ or instrument, accomplishing important work by

the transformation of dead matter into its own living structure, and by the production of generations of bodies like to itself, which are to take its place in the scheme of nature, when its frame has been swept away from the scene; hence these lowly receptacles of life are termed *organisms*; and still further to distinguish them from more complex efforts of creation, they are expressively designated *single-celled organisms*. As each cell or vesicle is an organism, so each organ is complete in a single cell. But having determined the fact, that these simple bodies are living organisms, there still remains for consideration the question of what kind the life is that they possess. Are they merely single-celled plants vegetating in the water? or are they single-celled animals, endowed with the higher privileges of vitality? This problem has proved a somewhat knotty one to solve. The observers who have studied the diatoms and desmids the most carefully during the last few years, have waged a fierce war over their unconscious forms. Ehrenberg, with a small band of gallant allies, has, on the one hand, claimed them on behalf of the animal tribes, only conceding that they may be designated *animalcules* on account of their microscopic dimensions. He maintains that he has seen them put forth and draw back retractile limbs; that he has watched them while performing distinct acts of locomotion; and that he has fed them with indigo, and noticed the food disappearing into open mouths. Nägeli and Siebold, on the other hand, with a more imposing array of supporters, insist that they are not even animalcules, but only plants; and that the retractile limbs and swallowing mouths of Ehrenberg are merely extraneous particles of solid matter quivering before the alternating currents of liquid setting into and out from the permeable tracts of absorbing membrane. Before we attempt, Jove-like, to hold the scales for these contending heroes, we purpose to shift our position a little, in order that we may perform the service circumspectly, and with a firm and safe support beneath our feet. It will not do, in this iron age, for an arbiter of destiny to stand upon the clouds.

If a careful search is made among the fronds of duck-weed growing in turbid water, instead of in the clear pools in which the diatoms abound, a small speck of transparent jelly-like substance may often be detected clinging to the surface of the green leaves. When this speck is submitted to microscopic scrutiny, it is found to consist of a little bag of limp membrane, containing a quantity of fluid inside. It is, in fact, a vesicle; but it is a vesicle of a very curious kind. Instead of being rigid, and wearing a fixed form, like the diatoms already considered, it is soft and yielding everywhere, and it is every moment altering its shape. Now, it looks like a round ball; now, a little projection is pushed out on one side, like the finger of a glove—the ball rolls after this, and a new finger points in another direction, and the ball is resolved into an altogether grotesque and indescribable object, unlike any other creature discoverable beneath the sun. This very odd concern is called the *amœba* (the 'always changing,' from the Greek word for 'to change'). It also is really a living vesicle; it is a single-celled organism, like the diatoms, but it is unlike the diatoms or the desmids in this particular: it possesses the power of bending, and folding, and rolling its own thin membrane about, which they never do. It moves about, indeed, habitually in search of its food, and it carries on its search in this way: it sets up a current or stream of liquid in its inside, in some definite direction, and before this current its thin membrane is pouched out; the body then falls over after the pouch, and yet another pouch projects. If, during this progress, the point of the pouch gets at any time into contact with a morsel of appropriate substance fit to serve as food, the limp membrane folds itself completely round it, and thus forms a sort of

interior sac. It makes, in fact, an extemporaneous stomach, and in this the morsel is digested or dissolved. The dissolved material is then absorbed through the membrane, as any other liquid might be; and the stomach, having accomplished its work, is unfolded so become skin again. Thus the *amœba* furnishes the curious spectacle of a living creature rolled along in search of its food, by means of internal streams that push its limp skin before them. It is, in fact, a living vesicle, furnished with locomotive power, and travelling about in search of food, instead of merely absorbing what chances to come into contact with its skin, as is the case with the diatoms. Now, this locomotive cell is unquestionably an *animal organism*: it certainly belongs to Ehrenberg's animalcule tribe. It is in the scale of animate creation what, in all probability, the diatoms and their congeners are in the vegetable creation. It is the radical member of society in his animated garb, as the diatom is in his vegetative form. The primitive organism of animal life is a limp, restless, changeable structure. The primitive organism of vegetable life is a rigid, changeless, and immovable structure. The soft, unarmed *amœba* is the type of one, and the stiff, mailed diatom is the type of the other. Free mobility in the membrane of the vesicle at once marks it as belonging to the animal domain. The mere power of moving from place to place is not sufficient for the purpose, for vegetable cells often do change their position under especial circumstances; but when they do so, they move, as a whole, without bending or altering their shapes, as the *amœba* has been described to do. It may also be added, that when vegetable cells travel, they never avoid obstacles that chance to be in their way: they go on in straight lines, until they knock against some rock ahead, and they then stick there, without any attempt to extricate themselves from the difficulty. Animalcules, on the other hand, steer themselves adroitly round whatever chances to lie across their path. Animalcules are locomotive by design and through intent, but vegetable cells are never locomotive excepting from some extraneous or accidental influence.

Some very curious forms occur among the active animalcules, which, at the first glance, appear to be wide departures from the simple vesicular type of being instanced in the *amœba*, but which are really, after all, very slight deviations from that condition. These animalcules look like bags with open mouths, instead of being closed bladders, and they take their food into their interior cavities by an apparent act of swallowing, and retain it there until digested. In these cases, however, the interior cavity is merely a fold or pouch of the general surface thrust inwards. If, when the *amœba* has folded its membranous wall round some morsel of food, it were permanently to retain the form it had thus taken, leaving an open mouth where the inward folding occurred, it would exactly represent the state of the bag-animalcules. Some of those creatures, indeed, have been turned inside out—the skin being made to take the place of stomach, and the stomach of skin, and no harm has resulted to their economy.

We have now shewn that the little vesicular bodies we have been contemplating are living structures: they prove themselves to be living by the performance of five distinct and wonderful operations, which dead matter can never accomplish: they select certain nutritious principles that are suitable for employment or building purposes; they transform these principles into membrane like that of which they are themselves composed; they appropriate this membrane to the enlargement of their own bodies; they vitalise it at the same time—that is, they enable each addition made forthwith to take upon itself the same selecting, transforming, and vitalising functions; and they multiply their forms by falling to pieces, and contributing each piece as the foundation of a new growing organism,

capable of becoming in every respect like to themselves. All these first things every little diatom, every ameba, every individual of an allied host of creatures, is able of itself to perform. As, therefore, these microscopically minute bladders must be assumed to be the radical, or to use a synonymous term, the primitive form of living structure—we can hardly conceive any other form either smaller or simpler—we are in a position to state that the radical or primitive attributes of life, those characteristics by which it is distinguished from mere physical existence, are the capacity to select, transform, and vitalise matter, and the capability to extend the dimensions of its own structures, and to reproduce its kind.

But we have yet to make good our assumption, that little living vesicles are radical members of society as well as the radical forms of life. This we shall now be able, in a very few words, to do. If we leave placid pools and stagnant ditches, and attack with our 'prying' instruments the fastnesses of vitality—such noble structures as the trees of the forest and the beasts of the plain—we shall find that they, too, are but heaps of microscopic vesicles: we shall see cells in the green leaf, in the solid wood, in the coursing blood. Man himself is but a pile of vesicles. By the microscope, we detect evidence of their presence in bone, in flesh, in fat, in veins, in skin, in hair, and, in short, in every organ and in every piece of apparatus of his wonderful system. The fact is merely, that in these complex productions of life, the successive generations of vesicles that are formed out of the primary ones, are attached together to build up the several parts of the connected frame, instead of being scattered abroad as a swarm of independent creatures, each being then altered in character and form subsequently to its first construction, to render it suitable for some special purpose in the organisation, or for some particular position in the fabric. All plants, all animals, and even man himself, are made up of multitudes of little vesicles; and of these vesicles each one is a living structure, capable of selecting, appropriating, and vitalising its food, and of growing and reproducing its kind; hence there is in all these creatures a vesicular life, which sustains the life of the individual, and ministers to it, so to speak. This vesicular life is called *organic life*, because it carries on all the work of organisation, and is quite distinct from *animal life*, which is made up of various powers of motion and sensation. Plants possess only organic life. Animal life is the life of the complex individual viewed as a whole, rather than the life of the component cells; still, it is supported through the activities of those cells, and comes to an end the moment the cell activities are stopped; hence the radical form of life is also the radical member of society.

A HINDOO WEDDING:

A RECOLLECTION OF 1805.

It is well known in England that the Hindoos marry or are betrothed very young; and also, that the fair sex is so confined to the house, that the young women, after they are ten or twelve years of age, see no male persons, not even their own brothers. The houses of wealthy persons are all constructed so that they have no windows that look into the streets, but are built in squares, the windows looking into the interior. The only entrance is by one large gate, where the *doorwan*, or porter, sits night and day, for he eats, drinks, and sleeps inside the gate; and when he has occasion to go to the river to bathe, and say his prayers—which he does regularly every morning—he is relieved by a trustworthy person, so that no one can go in or out without the fact being known. All Europeans of any note also keep a *doorwan*, who, when any stranger goes into the house, calls after him: '*Bhar Co—Sahib, yah,*

chubber, di joe;' that is, to inform the servants of the house that a stranger gentleman has gone in, and to let the master know. By this, you will see the place is strictly guarded; and it is very difficult to get in, except at the Durga Pooja, and other great holidays, when three sides of the house are opened to strangers, and the women of the family removed to the zenana, or the side of the square opposite the gate, the windows of which are generally glazed with ground-glass, that gives light, but cannot be seen through. The great baboos have their children betrothed when very young, and as they are never allowed to see strangers, the father looks out for suitable matches for them; the mothers are out of the question, for they see no person but their husbands or servants. The fathers, when they have sons or daughters come to the age of betrothal, which is generally when the boy is twelve, and the girl eight or nine, look out for a match for them in some respectable family of their own caste, and who can likewise give a suitable portion with their children. There are also female agents, or match-makers, who go about under pretence of selling fine dresses, clothing, or trinkets, and who make a profitable trade in looking out for good-looking girls, and recommending them to the mothers who have sons come of age. After they have made an eligible match, the fathers make a bargain for the sums that each is to give to the children to set up housekeeping, and fix the time when the wedding is to take place. To make the arrangement sure, a native *vakeel*, or lawyer, is employed to draw up the deed, with a penalty in case of failure. When the wedding is to take place—that is, when the young couple are to live together, which is, generally, when the boy is eighteen, and the girl fourteen—all their male relations and acquaintances are told there will be a great *tamassa*,* or procession at the wedding, and they are invited to attend. If the boy's father is rich, he will spend a great deal of money on this fortunate occasion.

I remember, in 1805, a very rich baboo, with whom I had frequent dealings, and who made all his money by trading with Europeans, having a grand *tamassa* at his son's wedding, which lasted three days. There was a gorgeous procession through the streets of Calcutta during that time, at which not less than 1000 hired persons assisted; and besides other devices, there was a large mountain made of bamboos and paper, on which were placed numbers of trees and bushes, with wild animals and birds, from the elephant and tiger to the squirrel and mouse, and from the cassowary (the Indian ostrich) to the wren—all made of the same material, and painted to the life. This was carried through the streets on the heads of probably not less than a hundred men, a curtain hanging down to prevent the bearers from being seen. A guard of a hundred men in uniform went before, and the same number followed, all with imitation muskets on their shoulders, covered with gun-cases of red and yellow cloth, and intermixed with numerous bands of drums (tom-toms) and other instruments. The bridegroom in his palkee, finely dressed in gold embroidered muslins, carried by four men, and the girl in her dowlah, closely covered up with cloth, followed close in the rear, guarded on each side by a number of men dressed as sepoys. I think the procession was a quarter of a mile long in the broad streets, and half a mile long in the narrow streets, where the black population live. After much show and parade of this kind for three days, it was intimated when the marriage-ceremony was to take place; and as there is often a great deal of money given away among the poor at this time, there is always a great attendance of such wedding-guests. The marriage-ceremony is performed in the square of the father's house by a Brahmin of high caste, who pronounces

* *Tamassa* means a great deal of fun.

an elaborate harangue on the good qualities of the bridegroom's and bride's father; then on those of the bride and bridegroom themselves; and then a prayer that they may prosper, multiply, and replenish the earth, there being great mourning in the house if there are no children even in the first year.

The time is now come when the bridegroom first sees his bride. They having been placed in their palkees under the zenana—that side of the square where none of the company are—the bride is closely covered up in her dowlah, and the Brahmin, holding a looking-glass in his hand, gently opens the cloth, and, holding the mirror in front of the bride, desires the bridegroom to look in it, and say whether he is satisfied to take this lady for his wife. If he says Yes, then the ceremony goes on, and is concluded with a grand invocation to the gods, ending with a great huzza, and mighty drumming of the tom-toms. During the noise, there is generally a scramble in the streets for money, which is scattered to the poor. The company then disperses; the square is searched by the doorwans; the door is locked; and the next day that part of the town is as quiet as if nothing had happened. But if, on the fateful question being put, the bridegroom says No—a thing which rarely occurs—then there is a stop put to the whole proceedings; the company is dismissed, and the girl taken home to her father, who returns the duplicate of the marriage-deed. I have only to add, that it is not easy for a stranger to get in to see one of these marriages. I happened to have a Brahmin of high caste as a writer in my office, who went with me on the occasion referred to, and he had only to hold up his finger to the doorwan to procure my admission. I threw the doorwan a rupee as I passed, which I knew was expected. There were a number of Europeans there, but as they were all dressed in white cloths, with hats off, they attracted little observation.

JOTTINGS FROM THE CAPE.

THAT the columns of a newspaper, when read with due appreciation, may be used as a storehouse of information concerning the usages and general progress of society, is an opinion we have before expressed, and endeavoured to illustrate, in a short Article a few months ago.* Of course, the home and foreign news, the debates, the markets, the meetings, the leaders, the 'court circular,' the opening of new railways and the launching of new ships, the making of monster wire-ropes and the laying down of interminable electric-telegraphs, the bankruptcies and insolvencies, the theatres, the concerts, the Exhibitions, the strikes, the lock-outs, the new patents, the scientific discoveries—these not only tell of the progress of society, but they are the best register of such progress. It is not of this, the main body of newspaper matter, we speak, but of the advertisements, the voluntary announcements of those who, for the most part, do one of three things—offer commodities in exchange for money, offer services in exchange for money, or offer money in exchange for services and commodities.

We have before us the *Mercantile Advertiser*, or *Shopkeepers' Journal*, a newspaper published at the Cape of Good Hope on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. It is one of those journals which are maintained chiefly by the money received from the advertisers; it is distributed gratuitously in Cape Town, on board ships in Table Bay, and at Rondebosch, Mowbray, Claremont, Wynberg, Simon's Town, Stellenbosch, and Paarl—all places near Cape Town; while it is distributed in the country districts of the colony at a charge of 1d. per number—intended, apparently, to cover the expense of conveyance. Our

number is of the date February 1, 1854; but there is no reason for believing that this differs in character from any other which might have fallen to hand. There are six pages of tolerably large, but, as is frequently the case in colonial newspapers, very thin paper.

The first fact which strikes the eye is, that many of the advertisements are in Dutch; while some are printed in two different parts of the paper, one in English and one in Dutch. This gives a significant reminder of the nature of the population. We know that after the Portuguese had discovered the Cape of Good Hope—the 'Cabo Tormentoso' of Bartholomew Diaz—the Dutch effected a settlement there about the middle of the seventeenth century. They easily mastered the mild and timid Hottentots, and gradually extended their settlements into the interior. Thus matters remained until 1795, when the English captured Cape Town; at the Peace of Amiens, it was restored to the Dutch; but in 1806 the English again took it, and it has ever since remained in our possession. The Dutch settlers have not been disturbed in their holdings, except by Caffre inroads; and a mingled society has grown up, in which the English and Dutch elements take part. In all probability, the two nationalities remain distinct, under circumstances where good-fellowship would advocate a closer union; but still it cannot be otherwise than that commercial and social relations must spring up in a colony so situated.

The shipping advertisements are certain to occupy a prominent position in a Cape Town newspaper, situated as the colony is on the high-road from the Atlantic to India and Australia. There is an Australian screw advertised, as about to drop in on its homeward trip; and there are many of the steady-going, old-fashioned Indianmen, such as were built before these our clipper-days. There are ships, too, bound for Melbourne and the Diggings. A circumstance of much local interest, is the establishment of routes to South African ports of which we have hitherto a slight knowledge in England. There is one ship, for instance, to Mossel Bay; another, to Port Elizabeth; a third, to East London; a fourth, to Port Natal; while St Helena and Ascension Island, in their Atlantic loneliness, have a sprinkling of ships from the Cape.

The general dealers have, of course, their miscellaneous advertisements, relating to miscellaneous assortments of goods. A little of the quackery and puffery style has crept into South Africa, though far below the level in this respect of the 'old country' and of the United States. We here copy from the *Tri-state Union*—a weekly newspaper, published in one of the country districts of New York state—an advertisement from a general dealer, which throws into the shade all Cape Town advertisements:—'Bennett deals in any and every thing. If you want a good coat, he can shew you one cheap. If you want a hat or cap, he is at hand. Boots and shoes—his stock is complete. Family groceries and good flour is what he prides himself on selling low. Butter always on hand; and if you are out of potatoes, he has got them. In fact, he has the goods just what you want; and he wants to sell 'em. So call.'—There is a grandeur of decision about this, which no inferior genius could arrive at. Nevertheless, the Cape Town advertisers know how to announce their goods to the best advantage. It is, however, more interesting to note the different character of the goods received from England and from America. One dealer announces for sale, as recent arrivals, pianofortes, oilman's stores, ale and porter, fish-sauce, crushed and loaf sugar, Price's patent candles and night-lights, soap, leather, Blucher-boots, ironmongery, iron bedsteads, plated ware, patent fuel, paints and varnishes, doekins and vestings—a miscellaneous lot, truly! An American assortment, advertised by another dealer, is also miscellaneous; but it is noteworthy in respect to the eatables, and to the large number of manufactures

* 'The Columns of Society,' No. 322, C.E. J., p. 420.

in wood, which it comprises, quite a characteristic in some of the states of America:—Prime and mess pork, hams, oysters, and peaches, cheese and butter, coconuts and Baltimore chairs, cane and wood-seat chairs, pails and tubs, axes and axe-handles, hatchets, reaping-machines and ploughs, pipe and hogshead staves, lower and top mast spars, flooring-boards and planks, wooden houses and stores. Many such advertisers are, of course, consignees, who dispose of everything which the ships bring over, without confining their attention to any one kind in particular. Some, however, deal in one class of commodity chiefly—grocery—in one case, drapery in another, glass and earthenware in a third, wine and spirits in another, chandlery in another—millinery, bricks, tobacco, toys and bijouterie, paper-hangings, tea, hats, furniture, coffee, steel, pine-apples, ostrich feathers, all succeed each other in a strange jumble, very little attempt being made to classify the advertisements.

It is observable that the Dutch advertisements relate for the most part to country matters—sales of farming-stock; and so forth. This is consistent with the nature of the population; for the shopkeepers in the towns are English rather than Dutch, whereas the farmers in the country are Dutch rather than English. There is some landed property to be sold at Swellendam, and this is advertised both in English and in Dutch; the 'valuable landed property' in the one language is the 'kostbaar vastgoed' in the other; the 'dwelling-house,' and 'het woonhuis'; the 'water-mill,' and 'de watermolen'; the 'splendid garden and vineyard,' and the 'prachtigen tuin en wyngaard'; the 'other articles too numerous to mention,' and the 'andere artikelen te veel om te melden'; and so forth. The landed estates, farms, and houses in the country, are advertised in some considerable number; while the 'extra fat sheep,' 'fat and heavy slaughter-oxen,' 'very fat sheep and goats,' 'very fat slaughter and draught oxen,' and 'extra fat wethers,' shew that livestock is reared in considerable abundance.

In Cape Town, and in the towns generally, the masters and mistresses who seem to require workmen and servants, exceed in number the workmen and servants who require masters and mistresses—a hopeful fact for emigrants, it would appear. 'Eligible cottages,' and 'comfortable board and lodging,' are to be met with at Cape Town as well as in the mother-country. There are not many pleasure-seekers, however, for pleasure-seekers. For an admission-fee of 1s., we can see the 'American Patent Sewing-machine,' which is to be exhibited for a few days preparatory to its employment in tailoring. We can attend an organ performance of sacred music.* But there are fewer exhibitions and entertainments advertised than is customary in our colonies; and we have been recently informed, that there is much want of pleasant sociable recreation at Cape Town.

Local politics, as may be supposed, occupy a portion of the advertising columns. We learn in another part of the paper, that an election is going on; and in the advertisements one of the candidates is thrust forward as follows: 'The Conquering Hero, Vigne, has beaten every candidate at the poll into immortal sinash, and he is now sure of coming in with the largest suffrage, upwards of 600 votes. Vote for Vigne. (What a Sell!!!)' How to interpret the last three words, we know not: perhaps they contain a bit of satire. There must be something like satire, too, in the following: 'It is admired by all the neighbours at Mowbray, how healthy and fat Mr Caffin and his family have got since

he came to live at the back of a butcher's shop at Mowbray. They are surprised that he should complain of nuisance, when he has got so healthy and fat with the smell of it.—N.B. A very healthy spot.' There is another advertiser, a shopkeeper, who heads his advertisement, 'Everting Hyperbole.' Whether this is a combination of Nigger with Greek, we cannot say; but the advertisement itself is a magniloquent announcement of Refrigerating Zephyrs, at 10s.—'under a good faith assurance, that the nominated garment is at least equal in style, finish, and material to any summer garb heretofore sold in this colony for 15s.'

There is one advertisement which sounds very much like the runaway-slave notifications met with in another region. It purports that, on a certain day, there absconded 'a South African Der Mozambique boy, with large eyes, has a fine mouth, and is about four feet high, answering to the name of Flip. Had on a painted (green) canvas hat, a black summer-cloth jacket, and a pair of leather trousers; was last seen near Hardekraaltje, on the main road. All persons kindly requested to lodge him in the nearest jail, and to give notice to the undersigned. Any one harbouring him will be prosecuted.' We are not aware that any kind of slavery exists in Cape Colony; and therefore it is probable that little Flip with the painted hat had done something wrong, and, to escape punishment, had absented himself without leave. Mozambique, it may be observed, is a Portuguese settlement on the east coast of Africa, inhabited by Portuguese, half-castes, or creoles—Banyans from Hindostan, free coloured persons, and slaves; but these slaves, we presume, would not be such in British territory.

The Cape wine, which we bolster up by imposing heavy duties upon better wine from other places, is an object of some importance to the colony. Many of the advertisements relate to vineyards; one of them announces the sale of a vineyard having 30,900 vines in luxurious growth.

These matters are perhaps small in themselves, but they are not without value, in so far as they illustrate life at the Cape.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

WHATEVER we may think of other campaigns, the literary campaign this season has certainly been an unsuccessful one. We have been all absorbed in reading newspapers, and have found enough to do to understand their contradictory narratives. The suspicion that language *was*, after all, given to man for the purpose of concealing the truth, has forced itself on many a mind, and may help to account for the fact, that men of the pen are now set aside for men of the sword. Books, at any rate, have given way to battles; and authors who were beginning to acquire quite a status in society, venturing even to make love to real ladies of the world, are now once more repulsed in the direction of Grub Street. The red coat and the epaulette carry all before them; and if we scribes intend to earn a living, we shall be obliged, for several years, to make our stylo bristle with bayonets, and to substitute cannon-balls for full stops. There will be great competition, however. We learn that some seventy officers in the Eastern army alone are keeping journals, with a view to publication. Let the Queen's English take care of itself.

Meanwhile, our library shelves are already filling with warlike publications. Scarcely a day passes that some fresh work does not make its appearance. Old

* We are reminded that 'those who have visited the Teagardens at Little Paradise should do so again; those who have not, should do so now, whilst it is in its glory.' (We must remember that January and February occur in the South African summer.) 'Passengers, pleasure and wedding parties, will find this the only place where they can enjoy themselves in the open air, free of sun, wind, and dust, during the summer months.'

reminiscences are reprinted; new ones are hastily thrust through the press. Forgotten articles in magazines are dug up, and forced to do duty again in glossy covers—veterans in a modern uniform; every man who has once written on Turkish affairs, thinks it incumbent on him to write again; every man who has spent a few days in the East, or passed a week or two in the North, hastens to relate his experiences and explain his policy. Admirals and generals will be much to blame if they do not know what to do—if Cronstadt be not pulverised, and Sebastopol devastated with fire and sword.

Perhaps one of the most interesting contributions to the literature of the war, is one that was not meant as such—namely, the Baron von Haxthausen's work upon Transcaucasia, describing the nations and races between the Black Sea and the Caspian to the south of Circassia. Although the writer has a strong bias in favour of Russia, his opinions seem to be honestly given; and his statements, when justified by his own observation, bear the stamp of accuracy. Of the hatred of the Circassians to their Russian rulers, he makes no disguise. So strong is this feeling, that all matrimonial alliances between the two people are looked upon with horror, the Circassian girl preferring slavery to marriage with the Cossack. Now that the independence of Circassia is becoming a question of policy, not unlikely, perhaps, to receive a speedy solution, such information as that which the Baron von Haxthausen imparts, assumes double interest and importance in whatever light considered. With the exception of this class of works, however, there is, as we have said, little other literary activity visible. The increasing price of paper no doubt checks many speculations, though it ought to have but a moderate effect on the book-trade. However, it is certain that what is called 'the season,' has been thorn of at least two good months; and they say that there is not the slightest hope of any revival of business until the end of autumn. At the same time it is worth observing, that in practice the publishing year has ceased to be divided, properly speaking, into seasons. Setting aside the disturbing influence of the war, the book-buying public is quite as ready to purchase 'now as at any other period. The general diffusion of a taste for literature among classes not migratory, who remain all the year round in London, taking weekly trips only to Brighton, Hastings, Margate, or Gravesend, during the hot weather, is sufficient to account for this change.

Meanwhile, literary men are, of course, working actively whilst waiting for a demand. Mr Thackeray was last heard of under the shadow of Vesuvius, diligently flying the pen; Mr Macaulay is studying Dr Sacheverell and the bed-chamber intrigue for the new volumes of his history; Mr Hallam is adding new notes to his historical works; Rogers, the veteran poet, is engaged in a somewhat similar occupation; Lord Mahon has just completed the seventh and last volume of his *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles*; Mr Wilson Croker is still occupied in preparing a new edition of the works of Pope, and has just come into possession of an unpublished 'character' of the Duke of Marlborough, intended to have been introduced into the *Moral Essay on the Use of Riches*. Such are some of the items of intelligence in circulation from the Republic of Letters, where also there is talk of a new novel or novels by Victor Hugo—for which a sum of £5000 has been offered and refused.

Among the books that have been published with more or less success during the month, may be mentioned M. Lamartine's *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters*. The author intimates that this is his last work, and that he will now withdraw, as did Bellini, whilst yet his voice has power. We confidently expect, however,

some 'more last words;' and, indeed, should regret to see the parting work of so great a man so far beneath his best performances. M. de Lamartine says: 'We have formerly sung the poet's language for the idle and the happy of earth; we have since spoken the language of orators in the tribune, and of statesmen among the storms of the Republic: more humble to-day, and perhaps more useful, we blush not to learn the phraseology which reaches the intellect through the heart, to be simple with the simple, and childlike with children.'

The reader might expect from this, that the work in question would be distinguished by greater simplicity of style than characterises M. de Lamartine's previous productions. But this is far from the case; while there is less picturesqueness, less truthful eloquence, than in his former works, there is a greater profusion of unnecessary ornament, afithesis, and glittering verbosity. The portraits he presents us with are distortions; their features are overlaid with touches which may give a certain kind of dramatic effect, but which destroy all reality. We scarcely recognise even familiar historical acquaintances in the strange garb in which M. de Lamartine has arrayed them. Throughout there is a great straining after originality, and the effort is to some extent successful; but it is not a satisfactory success. We are more startled than pleased, more offended than convinced. We learn that Cromwell was 'a fanatic, led away by a miasma;' that Milton was also a 'fanatic,' and the accessory to a 'cold-blooded murder;' that Socrates was 'inspired with the disinterested and divine passion of improving others,' exhibiting, however, 'little sympathy with human nature.'

M. de Lamartine professes to be aware of the responsibility attaching to the task he has undertaken, but it is a responsibility which never appears to weigh very heavily upon him. He disregards established authorities, and adopts those which are more than apocryphal; he passes judgment off-hand, though we see well he has not sufficiently weighed the evidence, or considered his opinion. No wonder, then, that we should dispute his sentence, and question his decrees. Midway between fact and fiction, these memoirs may take their stand awhile in contemporary literature, but in the realm of sober historical biography, we predict that they will find no permanent place.

In the *Memoirs of the Life of Amelia Opie*, selected and arranged from her diaries, and other manuscripts, by Cecilia Lucy Brightwell, we are presented with an unpretending, but exceedingly interesting account of the life of a good-hearted clever woman, whose reminiscences take us back into another generation, amid persons and events that have become historical. Amelia Alderson—such was Mrs Opie's maiden name—was the daughter of a physician, and was born at Norwich in 1769. While yet a mere girl, only fifteen years of age, her mother died, and the future authoress became the head of her father's household—a position which tended to develop the peculiar and rather precocious tastes and talents she possessed. Her first literary productions were simple ballad-songs, which she learned to sing with a pathos that melted the hearts of all hearers. Afterwards conceiving a passion for the drama, she wrote a tragedy, the merits of which were tested with success by a private performance, in which she herself took part. It was doubtless owing to this predilection for the drama that she became acquainted with the Kemble family, with whom she formed a close friendship. A few years after the production of her tragedy, she visited London, was introduced into various literary circles, and formed an intimacy with Opie the painter, whom she married in 1788. For some time she found it convenient to follow literature as a profession; writing several successful novels, and some sketches of Paris, which city, shortly after her union, she visited with her husband. Upon his death, in 1807, Mrs Opie left the gay world in which she had

for some time been living, and sought the seclusion of her native city. There she employed herself in preparing her husband's lectures for the press, and in other literary occupations, occasionally disturbing the calm of this existence by visits to London, and to her literary friends. In 1824, influenced, doubtless, by Elizabeth Fry, with whom she was acquainted, Mrs Opie formed the resolution, strange for a woman so full of vivacity and cleverness, and so fond of animated life—of joining the Society of Friends; and in 1825, she was formally admitted into that religious denomination. Although, until the end of her days, she remained a member of the sect, and frequently seemed restrained by her self-imposed fetters, she paid two visits to Paris, and occasionally re-appeared amidst the gay society from which she had banished herself. Although censured by some of the more strict among the body to which she belonged, her acknowledged goodness of heart shielded her almost completely from animadversion. Dying serenely, at a great age, only a few months ago, she left a name fondly endeared to a numerous circle of friends by the many acts of kindness with which it was associated. The book is highly interesting, as presenting us with the portrait of an amiable and talented woman, whose life and character shew us many remarkable contrasts. Almost equally interesting, too, are the anecdotes of the notabilities with whom Mrs Opie was acquainted, and which include the names of Sir Walter Scott, Madame de Staël, Byron, Sheridan, Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, Northcote the painter, and many others.

There are two other books recently published, likely to be interesting to the respective classes to which they are addressed. The first is M. Van de Veld's *Travels in Palestine*, in which the author, not very successfully, attacks M. de Sauley's alleged discoveries near the shores of the Dead Sea; and the second, Sir Henry Bunbury's *Narratives of some Passages in the Great War with France*, containing much valuable information, and several piquant sketches of celebrated characters—as Sir Sydney Smith, Sir Ralph Abercromby, &c. The tendency of the writer is rather to depreciate our favourite heroes, and he contrives to represent the defender of St Jean d'Acre in somewhat a ridiculous light. It is to be hoped that he is not actuated by any feelings of jealousy or disappointment.

THE STUDIO.

The opening of the Crystal Palace is an event in the history of art, the importance of which it would be difficult to overestimate. There, in one fairy building, recalling the glittering palaces of our dreams, are accumulated the richest treasures of the past—the most graceful forms of beauty that the genius of man has called into being—the art-records of every age and of every country, for the world to read and ponder on. It is not too much to predict, that an Art Museum of such resources will ere long be the means of purifying and elevating the public taste, and of creating a love for the beautiful amongst those to whom such an emotion had been previously unknown. The Crystal Palace may be looked upon as a great school in which many will learn much; all, something. Such a spectacle of beauty will refine, to a certain extent, even the coarsest mind. It will awaken new thoughts, new emotions. It will yield a pure and satisfying pleasure, such as, perhaps, hundreds who throng its courts would have deemed themselves incapable of experiencing. It may not make us all artists; but it will make us lovers of art. It will become the great studio, where, amid the master-pieces of Phidias, of Praxiteles, of Buonarroti, and of the gifted of all time, the sculptor may for ever learn new lessons in his art, and the mere spectator find unceasing pleasure. A sight of the well-displayed statues of the Crystal Palace has, however, one disadvantage—it recalls in full force to

our recollection the miserable accommodation afforded to the same branch of art at the Royal Academy. How much longer will that august body be pleased to shew the works of our sculptors in such a dismal, dreary cellar, where a few boards, judiciously spent, might at least allow a little daylight to enter the cheerless cavern? Since the opening of the Crystal Palace, this subject has been much discussed. It is to be hoped that something will be done in the matter ere long.

At length the 'finest site in Europe' has received the concluding addition to its attractions. The last of the bass-reliefs of the Nelson Column has been added to that structure, the subject being Nelson receiving the sword of the commander of the *San Josef*. The figures are bold and masterly, and the whole effect is striking. The number of years which have been consumed in the erection of this Column, induced at one time a belief that only to another generation would be accorded the pleasure of seeing it completed. As an additional proof of the active vitality of the government, I may mention that preparations are being made for restoring the public monuments in Westminster Abbey at the nation's expense. A grant of £5000 has been made for the purpose; and operations, under the superintendence of Mr Scott, the architect of the Abbey, are to be immediately commenced. In the present state of public affairs, with a war which is the huge apologist for all kinds of neglect, it is gratifying to find government mindful of a duty so likely at such a time to escape their attention.

Some little alarm has of late pervaded artistic circles, owing to the arrival in London of Dr Waagen, at the invitation of Prince Albert, for the purpose, as was rumoured, of taking first command at the National Gallery. Dr Waagen is the director of the Royal Gallery of Pictures at Berlin, and is the author of a work upon the *Treasures of Art in Great Britain*, which, despite several errors that are discoverable in its pages, is a valuable and interesting addition to the branch of literature to which it belongs. Although Dr Waagen is acknowledged to be a man of great ability, it was scarcely credited by the more reflective that he had been invited here by the Prince to take an office which he could not have held without giving umbrage to the national feeling; and this view of the case has proved to be correct. Dr Waagen, we are told on authority, is here simply for the purpose of classifying and cataloguing the collection of early German art, the property of Prince Louis d'Ottingen Wallerstein, at Kensington Palace.

It may be mentioned as almost a new feature in this age, distinguishing it from the past, that few men of note are allowed to pass away without some visible monument being soon raised to their memory. James Montgomery, our latest loss, is to have a bronze statue erected to him at Sheffield, his native place. A committee is now conducting the preliminary proceedings. A statue of another Sheffield poet, Ebenezer Elliot, is also just completed. The work has been executed by Mr. Byrnard, a young sculptor of great promise, and possesses considerable merit. It is to be sent to its destination immediately. A somewhat novel monument to James Watt—to whom the world is so largely indebted—has been projected by Mr John Gray, a very energetic member of the Watt Club at Greenock. Mr Gray proposes to erect on a high rock, near Watt's birthplace, a monument composed of a number of stones, each stone to bear the name of its contributor. A similar tribute to Washington already exists in America. From the favour with which the project has been received—promises of support having already arrived even from Canada—it seems very likely that the plan will be adopted. Perhaps the proposal to give such marked prominence to the names of the donors is injudicious. It may be seized on as a means of

advertisement; and, at any rate, looks like a bait to catch contributors. Many people are ready to commemorate themselves whilst pretending to commemorate others.

Marlborough House has added another very interesting feature to the already large collection it possesses—consisting of various specimens of arms, swords, pistols, daggers, breastplates, Damascus and Toledo blades, arabesque shields, brassards, battle-axes, and other implements of warfare, ancient and modern—the whole having been lent by Her Majesty and Prince Albert. This exhibition, extremely interesting even to the casual visitor, is of the greatest value to the student; or rather will be so when a suitable catalogue and description have been published.

A Report, that has been published by the Department of Science and Art, gives a very satisfactory account of the success of the Schools of Design lately established on the self-supporting system throughout the country. In little more than a year, twenty of these schools have been founded; whereas sixteen years had been found necessary to establish a similar number previously. The practical working of these schools is shown in the fact, that manufacturers are already availing themselves of the talents of the students, many of whom are young women, to whom a lucrative and elegant means of existence is thus afforded. We do not perhaps properly appreciate the value of this art-movement which is going on, because it is so near to us; but the next generation will have to thank us for introducing a refined taste, and opening up intellectual sources of enjoyment which have always been so much wanted in this country.

HALLUCINATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Spinello, who had painted the Fall of the Angels, thought that he was haunted by the frightful devils which he had depicted. He was rendered so miserable by this hallucination, that he destroyed himself. One of our own artists, who was much engaged in painting caricatures, became haunted by the distorted faces he drew; and the deep melancholy and terror which accompanied these apparitions, caused him to commit suicide. Müller, who executed the copper-plate of the Sixtine Madonna, had more lovely visions. Towards the close of his life, the Virgin appeared to him, and thanking him for the affection he had shewn towards her, invited him to follow her to heaven. To achieve this, the artist starved himself to death. Beethoven, who became completely deaf in the decline of life, often heard his sublime compositions performed distinctly. It is related of Ben Jonson, that he spent the whole of one night in regarding his great toe, around which he saw Tatars, Turks, Romans, and Catholics climbing up, and struggling and fighting. Goethe, when out riding one day, was surprised to see an exact image of himself on horseback, dressed in a light-coloured coat, riding towards him.—*Rudcliffe's Fiends, Ghosts, and Sprites.*

BRANDY ON THE MOUNTAINS.

It is astonishing the effect produced by spirits upon persons of even the strongest constitution, when indulged in at an elevation of 10,000 or 12,000 feet. I have had opportunities of observing this; and Captain S— informed me, that at 12,000 feet it is perfectly dangerous to take any quantity of raw spirit, as even half a wine-glass of brandy produces intoxication. I would recommend all hill-travellers to drink nothing but hot tea; for travelling up mountains and down valleys, across bridges of very questionable security, requires a firm and steady nerve, which it is impossible for those who indulge freely in the use of spirits to retain long in the snowy regions.—*James's Volunteer's Scramble.*

LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL ALBERT.

A correspondent informs us that a mistake has crept into the above article, that the actual length of the Royal Albert is 272 feet, and that of the Duke of Wellington 270 feet.

THE SEA-SHORE.

Mourn on, mourn on, O solitary sea!

I love to hear thy moan,

The world's lament attuned to melody,
In thy undying tone;

Lo! on the yielding sand I lie alone,

And the white cliffs around me draw their screen,

And part me from the world. Let me disown

For one short hour its pleasure and its spleen,

And wrapt in dreamy thought, some peaceful moments
glean.

No voice of any living thing is near,

Save the wild sea-birds' wail,

That seems the cry of sorrow deep and drear,

That nothing can avail;

Now is the air with broad white wing they sail,

And now, descending, dot the tawny sand,

Now rest upon the waves, yet still their wail

Of bitter sorrow floats toward the land,

Like grief which change of scene is powerless to
command.

The sea approaches, with its weary heart

Moaning unquietly;

An earnest grief, too tranquil to depart,

Speaks in that troubled sigh;

Yet its glad waves seem dancing merrily,

For hope from them comes the warning tone;

Gaily they rush toward the shore—to die,

All their bright spray upon the bare sand thrown

While still around them wails that sad and ceaseless
moan.

And thus it is in life, and in the breast

Gay sparkling hopes arise,

Each one in turn just shews its gleaming crest—

Then falls away, and dies;

On life's bare sands each cherished vision lies,

Numbered with those that will return no more;

There early love—youth's dearly cherished ties—

Bright dreams of fame, lie perished on the shore,

While the worn heart laments what grief can ne'er
restore.

Yet still the broken waves retiring strive

Again their crests to rear,

Seeking in sparkling beauty to revive

As in their first career;

They strive in vain—their lustre, bright and clear,

Forsakes them now with earth all dim and stained;

And thus the heart would raise its visions dear,

And shape them now from fragments that remained,

But finds their brightness gone, by earth's cold touch
profaned.

Long have I lingered here, the evening fair

In robes of mist draws nigh,

The sinking sun sighs forth its sad despair

More and more distantly;

Hushed is the sea-bird's melancholy cry,

For night approaches with the step of age,

When youth's sharp griefs are softened to a sigh,

And the dim eye afar beholds the page

That holds the records sad of sorrow's former rage.

And nature answers my complaining woe

With her own quiet lore,

Bids me observe the mist ascending slow

From the deserted shore,

And learn that scattered and defiled no more

The fallen waves are wafted to the skies.

That thus the hopes I bitterly deplore,

Though fast they fall before my aching eyes,

Fall but in tears on earth to Heaven unstained to rise.

I. R. V.

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THE HEIR-AT-LAW.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE annals of the British aristocracy have already furnished the historiographer with numerous chapters of family romance; but those archives of an order, wherein a place is esteemed by the many as the highest guerdon that beauty, bravery, genius, can win, must necessarily be inexhaustible in such revelations. Here is one that not long ago fell within my own experience; and, by simply restoring the original names and localities—altered by me for reasons that will be obvious—it would in all essential particulars faithfully reproduce an episode in the domestic history of one of our great county families; not, it strikes me, interesting only from the collision and evolvment of curious and striking incidents, but pointing an instructive moral, which they who run may read—although the catastrophe may not be thought to reach quite to the ideal standard understood by poetical justice—an objection to which the romance of real life will, I fear, be always more or less obnoxious.

The bankruptcy, in 1812, of Mr Ansted, a city merchant, in whose amiable family, domiciled in one of the squares of Tyburnia, I had officiated as governess since I left Lancashire—a lapse of nearly seven years—threw me once more upon the world in search of dependent bread. As I was an orphan, and had no relative that I knew of capable of assisting me to reach a more eligible path of life, there was, of course, nothing before me but to obtain as quickly as possible a like situation to the one of which Mr Ansted's commercial calamity had deprived me of: even that would not, I feared, and with reason, judging from the crowded state of the governess' columns in the *Times*, be of very easy accomplishment. Happily a caprice, that of advertising in my own name, Miss Redburn, instead of the stereotyped 'A Lady,' dissipated my apprehensions, and in a very unexpected and startling manner. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the day my advertisement appeared, a fashionable barouche and pair dashed up to the door of the house in Upper Seymour Street, where I had taken temporary lodgings, and a lady alighted, elegantly attired in a slightly mourning carriage-dress, whose important presence was instantly announced by a footman on the knocker, with a vehemence that brought half the first and second floor habitants of the quiet street to their windows. 'Is Miss Redburn at home?' was asked by a female voice, the rich tones whereof struck my ear familiarly. The scared serving-girl replied, I suppose, in dumb show, by pointing to the door of my room; for with hardly a pause between,

the same voice said: 'Thank you; that will do! I will introduce myself:' and the next moment the carriage-lady was before me—in my arms! The flashing light of her dark brilliant eyes greeted me as joyfully as did her sisterly embrace and glad exclamation: 'Dear, dear Gertrude, I am so delighted to have found you! Surely,' she added with a gay laugh, and partially yielding to a sort of instinctive effort I made to free myself from her claspings arms—'surely you cannot have forgotten your old friend and pupil, Clara?'

'Clara Selwyn!' I exclaimed, forcibly releasing myself, as a dreadful thought arose involuntarily in my mind—'Clara Selwyn!'

The lady's flushed cheek and haughtily curling lip shewed that my ungenerous suspicion was read aright. 'Yes,' she coldly replied, 'Clara Selwyn, when you knew me, Gertrude, but Mrs Francis Herbert not very long after you left Lancashire, and now for several years a widow.'

'Francis Herbert, of Asha Priory!'

'Just so. Should that so much astonish you?' she added, glancing proudly at the mantle-piece mirror. 'You perhaps imagine that the magnificent Mrs Herbert, the dowager, would have sufficient influence over her son to dissuade him from such a *mésalliance*. It did not prove so,' continued my charming visitor with a sweet silvery laugh, and resuming her previous caressing tone and manner: 'those are obstacles, dear Gertrude, which light-winged, youthful love easily overleaps; and we were privately married within, I think, six months of our first meeting.'

'Privately married!'

'Certainly. My husband's stately mother's many excellent qualities, both of head and heart, were strictly subordinate to her all-mastering pride of birth, and to have asked her consent would have been an absurdity. Nay, the after-chance discovery of what had taken place almost proved fatal to her life, suffering as she did from disease of the heart. Happily, that peril passed away, and we were *quite pour la peur*. Still forgiveness was not to be hoped for, and we left England to vegetate in obscurity abroad, till time and the stars should permit us to return and assume our proper position. Exile, poverty, in a comparative sense,' added Mrs Herbert—a dark cloud for a moment veiling her lustrous loveliness—'would have touched me little, but for the loss of my husband barely three years subsequent to our marriage. Since then, I continued to reside in the south of France, with our only child, little Francis, and mamma, till about two months ago, when the sudden death of Edmund Herbert summoned us home to fortune—greatness.'

'What a bewildering turn of the wheel! I read a

notice of Mr Edmund Herbert's death in the newspapers. He died of tetanus, or locked-jaw, did he not, resulting from a gunshot wound in the hand?

'Yes; and his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, did not survive the shock more than a few hours. He was, you are aware, my husband's elder brother, and several years his senior, but had never married. I knew him by reputation only—not, it so chanced, personally—and that he was one of the highest-minded, most generous of men. But enough of this for the present. We shall have plenty of time hereafter for indulgence in gay or gloomy reminiscences. My present business here, Gertrude, is to offer you a home at Ashe Priory, as preceptress to my son—as companion and friend to myself. You will not refuse, I see,' she added, affectionately kissing me. 'We shall be sisters, as we were in the old time. So extremely fortunate—was it not?—that I to-day glanced over the advertisement part of the newspaper—so rare a thing for me to do.'

I expressed my grateful thanks as clearly as the strong emotion which agitated me permitted, and readily said: 'Your sister Mary, dear Mrs Herbert, she who so well deserves happiness, has not, I fear, drawn a prize in the strange lottery of life?'

Beautiful Clara, variable and sensitive as a child, was instantly sad again. 'Alas! no; and she, too, is a widow. But Mary and her little boys must, and shall,' she added, 'spite of mamma's unreasonable objections, take up their abode with us; and therein, Gertrude, I shall also need your aid and sympathy. But of this hereafter. That which we have now to understand thoroughly is, that you breakfast with us to-morrow morning at the Clarendon, Old Bond Street, where we have been staying for the last ten days, and whence we set off, at twelve precisely, for Ashe Priory.'

It was so settled; and Mrs Herbert left me, half doubtful that I had heard aright; and it was far into the night before my brain had ceased to throb and sparkle with the thick-coming images—the rekindled memories of some twenty years—which her unlooked-for presence and strange news had awakened into life. A brief resumé of those thronging reminiscences must necessarily precede the telling of the story sequential to them, in which I was now about, unwittingly, to become an actor as well as auditor.

The Selwyns and ourselves were next-door neighbours, though living half a mile asunder, in a rural parish of Lancashire, the metropolitan village whereof—about a quarter of an hour's smart walk from our sequestered dwellings—was as dull, decorous, old-world a place as could, I imagine, be found in the most agricultural county in Great Britain. Both families had been thus domiciled as far back as my own personal experience extended, but I knew that in his early manhood, Mr Selwyn had attempted to practise as a solicitor in our little market-town, with such lamentable fortune, that he contrived not only to lose the only suit of importance he had ever been intrusted with, but to blunder so outrageously in the conduct of it, as to render himself liable in heavy damages to his own client. These first-fruits of his legal exertions so disgusted Mr Selwyn with the profession, that he resolved to espouse forthwith Mary Everett, the daughter of a deceased clergyman, and withdraw from ungenial business avocations, to the sylvan quietude of Beach Villa, a largish and showy cottage orné, standing in its own

grounds, of about an acre in extent, with the hope of there gliding through life untroubled by the cares, vanities, and ambitions of the rude, bustling, outer world. As he was possessed of a clear eight hundred a year, and married a gentle, well-principled, true-hearted woman, this expectation, though not destined to be realised, cannot, I think, be said to have been unreasonably based. His wife, unfortunately, died in giving birth to their first child, a girl; and deeply as Mr Selwyn was thought to feel her loss, his plastic nature so readily again yielded to feminine influence, that the orthodox year of mourning had barely expired, when he appeared for the second time at the marriage-altar—his bride on this occasion being Clara Stapleton, an intimate acquaintance of his first wife, though an altogether different person. Clara Stapleton must have been endowed with rare personal charms, for she was still singularly handsome sixteen years later, when I had attained an age capable of appreciating such attractions; but the spirit within matched ill with the unflawed beauty of its mortal covering. Not that Mrs Selwyn was a bad person in a direct and positive sense: she would not have uttered an absolute falsehood—have committed a manifestly evil deed; but vanity and pretence—the prolific sources of not less real, if unspoken deceit, meanness, and injustice—were her besetting sins. Though greatly bettered in circumstances by marriage, she quickly wearied of the dull monotony of Beach Villa; and as her empire over good, easy Mr Selwyn was absolute, an absurdly pretentious style of living was attempted, which treble her husband's income would hardly have justified. The result was not only pecuniary embarrassment, but frequent social mortification and discomfort at the hands of the local aristocracy, sought to be propitiated by a tinsel imitation of their own, after all, not very splendid glories. Two considerable legacies were squandered in bolstering up and prolonging Mrs Selwyn's ambitious aims; but the end was visibly at hand by the time Clara, Mr Selwyn's only child by his second wife, was in her eighteenth year.

Mr Selwyn had been for some time rapidly breaking—borne down, not by years, he was little more than five-and-forty, but by mind troubles—when the crash came, and put the finishing stroke to his broken fortunes and failing life. An execution which he could not pay out, was sent into Beach Villa, and, driven to extremity, he did that which, a few years previously, might have saved him—placed his affairs in the hands of his old friend, Mr Thornley, a thorough man of business, and now, I have heard, one of the largest holders of railway stock in the kingdom. That gentleman readily undertook the ungracious charge; and a thorough investigation ensued, by which it was ascertained that when all just claims were satisfied, not more than one hundred a year, at the utmost, would remain to the Selwyns, exclusive of Beach Villa—upon which there was a heavy mortgage—and its gewgaw furniture. This decisive disclosure frightened Mrs Selwyn into submission, and she peevishly acquiesced in the discharge of the servants, with the exception of a maid-of-all-work, and the sale of the phaeton, horses, Clara's Arab pony, &c. Poor Mr Selwyn did not long survive this calamitous downcome. I was at home at the time, having not long previously returned from Liverpool, where I had been studying to qualify myself for the precarious profession which, it had been for some time foreseen, would, ere many years—perhaps months—be my only earthly resource; and being a good deal with Mr Selwyn, I soon came to know that the carking anxiety which chiefly weighed upon his mind, was not for his wife, whose criminal follies, weakly acquiesced in by himself—that was the sharpest pang—had greatly lessened, not to say destroyed, the love he once bore her; nor for his eldest daughter, Mary, was his mind haunted by sinister forebodings—she would, he

felt, walk erect and answeringly along the slipperiest and most perilous life-path she might be required to tread; but Clara, what with that dangerous gift of unmatched loveliness—that impulsive, ambitious disposition derived from her mother, though, it might be hoped, attuned to loftier issues—what, in the dark future, might become of her, left unbuckled from the sordid world by his, her father's, dastard lack of firmness! That was the sting of death; and eagerly did his fainting spirit toil to devise means of atoning, if but partially, for his grievous fault. A will was drawn up and executed, by which Mary Selwyn, who had just passed her majority, was constituted sole trustee of all he might die possessed of, and absolute guardian of her sister Clara. To the last, this thought dominated all others. I was present when the final summons came and well do I remember that closing scene. His will had been almost forcibly removed, at the dying man's request; her wild, remorseful outcries rendering it impossible that he, feebly struggling in the close grasp of the Destroyer, should fulfil the purpose nearest his heart—the earnest commending of Clara to her sister's watchful care and tenderness; and of impressing upon Clara that to her sister—not mother—she must look for counsel and guidance, and in all essential things yield her true and loving obediences. The pledges so solemnly demanded were as solemnly given by the weeping daughters; and a gleam of placid joy lit up for a moment the darkening eyes of the dying father, whose quivering lips, whilst his wasted hands rested upon the bowed heads of his children, seemed to be invoking a blessing on them. Presently, the feeble hands slipped aside, the slightly raised head fell gently back upon the pillow, and the faint light and smile passed away with a sigh, and the murmured ejaculation, 'Thy will be done!'

Death passing through a household but transiently darkens and interrupts its daily life. The old cares, duties, vanities, quickly resume, and till another arrow strikes, maintain their accustomed sway. Mrs Selwyn's passionate self-reproaches soon changed to fretful lamentations over the cruel and quite unmerited reverse of fortune that had befallen herself and Clara—Mary, her step-daughter, never having been included within the circle of her selfish sympathies. Clara's radiant bloom stole gradually back to her cheeks—ay, and Mary's genial cheerfulness before long again cast its sunny glow on all around. A very admirable person was Mary Selwyn, of a rare sweetness of temper, and gentleness of disposition, combined with unbending firmness and rectitude of character—qualities which required not the attraction of physical beauty to win for her the love and esteem of all worthy hearts that came within the range of their unobtrusive influence. Not that Mary Selwyn was wanting in feminine comeliness and grace—very far, indeed, from that; but her beauty was of a more subdued, less striking type than that of her sister, and especially to unfamiliar eyes, seemed eclipsed in Clara's presence. Mary was now the sole stay and hope of the bereaved and impoverished family. Mrs Selwyn ungrudgingly resigned to her the desperate task of keeping house upon a hundred pounds a year; a judicious economy took the place of careless extravagance, and the future gradually assumed a more hopeful aspect. It was settled, that as soon as Beach Villa could be advantageously let, they would seek a less expensive home, at a distance from the scene of their former comparative splendour; and, in the meantime, Mary, with my assistance, set vigorously to work to perfect Clara's educational accomplishments, which a blind indulgence had permitted to fall in some respects sadly behindhand. She was, however, apt and willing, and, no longer interfered with by Mrs Selwyn, who seldom, indeed, stirred out of her bedroom, made rapid progress.

Some five or six months had passed thus pleasantly and profitably away, when Mrs Selwyn's ambitious longings, partially rebuked, but inefficaciously, unfortunately revived again in the dazzling light of her daughter's beauty, which, she had finally persuaded herself, could not, if judiciously brought into play, fail to secure Clara, and of course Clara's mother, a far higher position in the world than that mother's cruel folly had despoiled her of. It was quite true that the younger Miss Selwyn's rare personal gifts had begun to excite a sort of agitation in our corner of the county, and that her name was in the mouth of every feather-headed fopling for miles around, suggesting sinister or fortunate auguries, as the envious or benevolently hopeful dispositions of the prophesiers determined. One consequence of all this was numerous impertinent calls at Beach Villa, under pretext of inquiring the terms upon which it could be let, and of viewing the premises, by parties who had not the remotest intention of becoming tenants. As soon, however, as it came to be well understood that such visitors would see nobody but Mary Selwyn, or myself, if I happened to be there, the annoyance abated, to be renewed in some instances under a more decorous and less transparent mask. One gentleman, of about my own age I judged, which was a few months more than that of Mary Selwyn, and, to our unskilled appreciation, of remarkably aristocratic appearance and manners, would not be denied an intimacy to which he had no legitimate nor conventional claim. Finding that Miss Selwyn's icy reserve could not be otherwise broken through, Mr Calvert, as he called himself, produced, with evident reluctance, blushing the while like a school-girl, and presented to Mary a letter written by her father—there could be no doubt about that—expressing the warmest thanks for some service or favour which the writer had received at the hands of the person addressed. Miss Selwyn read it with emotion, but presently remarked in a partly apologetic tone: 'There is no address, sir, at the foot of this note. You have the envelope, of course?'

The gentleman, instead of firing up, as I should have thought he would at the implied suspicion, changed colour, and with something of agitation in his voice and manner, said: 'No, I have not; it has been mislaid or lost. But surely Miss Selwyn cannot think so meanly of me as to believe that I would assume, falsely and basely assume, to have rendered the trifling service alluded to; that I—I—'

He stopped for want of words or matter, and Mary, who had intently observed him, said: 'I do not believe so, Mr Calvert. Will you walk in?'

From this time, Mr Calvert became a very frequent visitor indeed; but invariably, as I afterwards frequently recalled to mind with a pang of regret at my own want of penetration, at such hours that he would be sure of meeting with none but the family. I very much liked this Mr Calvert withal; his conversation was refined and intellectual; and, witless dogmatist that I must have been, if what I heard of him about a year after my removal to London was correct, I—piquing myself, too, upon accurate perception of character, and especially male character—pronounced him to be a person of large conscientiousness and self-sacrificing amiability! Constancy, indeed, if we had rightly divined his mission at Beach Villa, was not of the number of his virtues, for it was before long very apparent to me that Mary Selwyn, not her all-conquering sister, was the compelling lode-stone that drew him there; and it was becoming pretty clear, moreover, that his preference would at no great distance of time be reciprocated, when an unexpected incident shewed me, or seemed to do so, how little I comprehended Mr Calvert, or the impulses by which he was governed: Clara and her mother had accepted an invitation to pass a week with the Lumadens, retired and tolerably wealthy trades-

people, who had removed not long before the Selwyns' departure from our neighbourhood to a place about ten miles off; and a letter from Clara, ostensibly to announce a prolongation of the visit, startled her sister and myself, not only by informing us that Captain Toulmin, son of the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, a widow lady related to the Herberts of Ashe Priory, was a daily guest at the Lumdens; but by the girlish exultation of tone in which she wrote, evidently inspired by the belief that she had made a serious and important conquest.

Mary Selwyn was both vexed and angry. 'This meeting between Clara and Captain Toulmin,' she said, 'has, I have no doubt, been concerted between him and the Lumdens—worthily, well-meaning people enough, but incapable of saying "No" to the son of an Honourable: I will write to-night, and insist upon her immediate return home.'

I agreed that it would be proper to do so, and was leaving the room, when Mary said with a kind of anxious bashfulness, a bright blush the while mantling her sweet face with scarlet: 'Mr Calvert, Gertrude, will probably look in for a few minutes this evening. He, I have no doubt, knows this reputedly gay and fashionable captain; and if you, when I am not present, were in an off-hand, indifferent manner to sound him relative to the said gentleman's character, I should, or I err greatly, be furnished with reasons for insisting upon Clara's instant return, which even Mrs Selwyn could not gainsay.'

I undertook to do so; and very blunderingly did I redeem my promise. Mr Calvert, with his quick, eager, confounding interrogatories, drew from me, before I well knew what I was saying, the exact motives of my awkward questioning; and the effect which that knowledge produced upon him was extraordinary. The flush and animation of his countenance, which, in my wisdom, I had attributed to his expectation of presently seeing Miss Selwyn enter the room, became, as I spoke, pallid and stern—with jealous anger, I concluded, what else could it be?—and his tone was high and wrathful as he replied: 'Inform Miss Selwyn that I do know Captain Toulmin, and so well, that I advise, that I entreat, beseech her, not to lose an hour in removing her sister from the contamination of his society. She must be firm, too, as well as peremptory, for Toulmin is not a man to be easily turned aside from any purpose, however infamous, he may have formed. He will follow Clara Selwyn here, of that be assured; and ought but evil can ensue if he be permitted, under any pretence, to thrust his presence upon this family.'

Surprise at this fiercely uttered outburst held me dumb, and three or four minutes' silence, meditative on Mr Calvert's part, followed; then starting suddenly from his chair and seizing his hat, he said: 'Make my excuses to Miss Selwyn, if you please, for thus hurrying away; but it just occurs to me that an important business-matter, which had slipped my memory, must be attended to at once: good-evening, Miss Redburn.'

He was gone; and before he could have reached the else unused stable, where his horse was usually haltered during his visits, Mary came in, to whom I of course related what had just passed. She was greatly surprised—shocked is the more accurate word—and it was plain that a pang of wounded pride mingled with the painful solicitude excited by Mr Calvert's words and manner as reported by me; for Mary Selwyn, good and amiable as she might be, was still a woman withal. She had turned from me, and was looking out of the window: 'He must, indeed, be greatly agitated,' she said, with a tremor in her tone almost successfully repressed. 'Look, Gertrude.' I did look, and saw the usually mild Mr Calvert galloping fiercely off, as if life depended upon his speed. 'He does love her, then,' murmured poor Mary, as horse and horseman

disappeared at an angle of the road. 'Well, he could hardly help doing so.' A minute or two afterwards she kissed and left me, her fine eyes bright with excitement and wet with tears.

A HANDFUL OF HALF-PENCE.

THE spectacle of the formidable bowls of new copper-money which, having lately been issued from the Mint, has found its way into the shop-windows of the London grocers and provision-dealers, to whom, being a glittering novelty, it serves the purpose of an advertisement, recalls to our remembrance some curious particulars respecting copper coinage, which it may be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable briefly to recapitulate. The copper coinage of this country, as European travellers have not failed to notice, is by far the best, the most substantial in manufacture, and approaches the nearest, in sterling worth, to the money-value it represents of anything that is found in circulation upon the whole surface of the globe. It is, doubtless, from this reason principally that it is subject to a continual and abnormal drain, which renders a new coinage necessary, and ever indispensable, at frequent periods, and often, in large manufacturing districts, occasions a dearth of small-change in spite of the periodical overflows from the Mint. One cause of this drain is the shipment of copper-money to the colonies, which, not being done in sufficient quantities by the government, is often undertaken by private individuals as a matter of traffic. We were intimate, some years ago, with an exporter of this singular sort of merchandise, who, without saying much about it, from prudential motives, had, in the course of a few years, realised a small competence by transmitting to a friendly agent in a South African colony repeated cargoes, packed in barrels, of the old penny-pieces of the coinage of the year 1799, which being, as all the world knows, about a fifth heavier than some of the more recent coinages, passed among the Dutchmen, who chiefly inhabited the colony, for five farthings each, and consequently yielded the exporter a profit of 25 per cent., besides the premium which the colonists could afford, and were willing to pay, for the convenience of small-change. The value of this convenience, of which we have at home but an imperfect notion, may be estimated from another circumstance, for the truth of which we can personally vouch. Some thirty years ago, or thereabouts, a gentleman, whose mercantile speculations had failed in London, emigrated with his family to Canada, intending to purchase land and settle upon it with his children. While casting about for an eligible settlement, he was struck with the annoyance and inconvenience everywhere resulting from the dearth, almost the total absence, of copper coin. The complaints that met him were loud on all sides; continual loss being suffered from the necessity of expending fivepence, the value of the smallest silver coin, for the most trifling article that had to be purchased. After considering the subject, and taking counsel on the matter from a few of the settlers at Toronto, he resolved to supply the desideratum himself. Returning to Birmingham, he caused the requisite dies and machinery to be constructed; and on again arriving in Canada, commenced the issue of pence and half-pence, bearing the head of King George on one side, and—if we recollect right—his own promise to pay on the other. The metal of the money cost him less than half its current value; but, notwithstanding that, so great a premium did it bear, that his profits were more than cent. per cent. In a very short time, he recovered the fortune which he had lost by speculation in England. His issues, swallowed up by the necessities of commerce, never returned to him, and he settled in the country upon a handsome estate, purchased with the gains of his improvised mint.

It is most likely that the above successful experiment was suggested to the mind of the speculator by the practice which prevailed at home during the last war, and which was countenanced by the government. At that time, it would appear that every tradesman who chose to do so, coined copper-money on his own account, inasmuch as we have seen a collection of these provincial tokens, amounting to above a thousand in number, all of which were issued in the course of a very few years. Some have nothing but inscriptions on both sides; some are ornamented with views of the issuer's business establishment; and some bear the head of the sovereign, with the name of the issuer on the reverse. Many have whimsical devices, in ridicule of the French; and others are really elegant medals, admirably designed, with classical and allegorical figures, supposed to have some mystical allusion to the events of the period. There were, doubtless, regulations and restrictions by which those who issued them were rendered amenable to law; but whatever these were, we have a suspicion they were not in all cases rigidly adhered to; looking to the fact, that no sort of uniformity in the size or weight of the coins is observable, everybody seeming to give as much copper to his coin, and no more, as accorded with the dictates of his own conscience—one man's half-penny being almost as large as another man's penny. At the time when these tokens constituted a large proportion of the circulating copper coin of the realm, gold was alarmingly scarce, guineas being bought up by collectors at a price varying from twenty-five to twenty-nine shillings apiece, and their place in the circulation being supplied by one-pound notes. The bullion went off to the continent, to defray the charges of the war; and it may be that the government of the day were glad to connive at the issue of any species of coin which might, even in the smallest degree, make the loss less perceptible. The provincial tokens were all suppressed by proclamation in the early part of the present century, long before the war terminated; and as stringent penalties enforced their suppression, they disappeared almost simultaneously from circulation, and are now to be rarely met with, save in the cabinets of the curious, or the stores of dealers in coins.

As late as the years 1815-16, there was in circulation throughout the country a large amount of the copper coinages of the first and second Georges. It was lighter in weight by nearly a fourth part than some of that now in use, and, so far as we can recollect, consisted entirely of half-pence; at least, we have no remembrance of a single penny-piece. Being very much worn and defaced, for want of the protecting rim, government, as early as 1800, or thereabouts, proclaimed it an illegal tender in the provinces; and thus it gradually all came up to London, where it continued to pass until after the termination of the war. We have a distinct recollection of travelling to London in the year when the Russian campaign commenced, and of the clamorous solicitations of the market-women of Reading, where the coach stopped to halt, who brought their old half-pence to the coach-doors, and induced the passengers to exchange them for silver, by offering a dish of fruit, a bunch of flowers, or a few new-laid eggs as a premium. We recollect as well, that, long after, the practice prevailed in London, among blacksmiths' boys and workers in metal, of beating the new farthing of George III., by a few smart blows upon an anvil, into a passable old half-penny. These old coins, however, vanished shortly after the declaration of peace, though specimens of them are yet occasionally to be met with in the till of the retail-shopkeeper.

Just before the new silver made its appearance in 1819, an attempt was made, on the part of the government, to suppress the circulation of the Irish copper coin in England. Of this coin there has been for the last

fifty years a prodigious amount in use. It is known by the harp of Erin, which takes the place of Britannia on the reverse, and is enormously deficient in weight—about three of the Irish half-pence balancing one of the pennies of 1809. For some time the people, as perhaps it was their interest to do, countenanced the attempt to do away with them, and 'harp half-pence,' as they were called, fell into disrepute as base coin. Owing, however, to their vast numbers, it was found impossible to get rid of them, and the attempt was finally abandoned. An old blind beggar, a rather comical character, who daily took his stand opposite the writer's window, avowed that for his part he couldn't see the propriety of rejecting the Irish coin—and having got a friend to write upon the begging-board which hung from his neck the words, *Harp half-pence taken here*, came in for a tolerable shower of them—and when the attempt to do away with them was given up, took the credit of having worsted the authorities in their endeavours to carry out an unwise measure, by making a patriotic stand against it.

But the most prodigious uproar that was ever made about a half-penny took place in Ireland in the days of Dean Swift—an uproar in which the savage and witty dean was the principal person concerned, as all who have read the celebrated *Draper's Letters* know perfectly well. The history of that characteristic affair was briefly as follows:—In the year 1722, the Duchess of Kendal obtained from George I. an exclusive patent for coining half-pence and farthings for Irish circulation. This patent she sold to one William Wood. If we are to believe the Irish records of the time, Wood coined the half-pence of such abominable metal that they were worth almost nothing, and threatened the Irish people with all the evils that could ensue from a debased currency—though what these evils were they appear to have had but a very confused notion. Archbishop King, however, declared that the new half-pence would 'sink the kingdom,' and the whole of Dublin was soon in a wild commotion in expectation of that alarming event. The character of their panic may be gathered from the *Irish Cry*, which was then in every mouth, and a part of which ran as follows:—

The half-pence are coming, the nation's undoing—
There's an end of your sploughing, and baking, and
brogging;
In short, you will all go to wrack and ruin—
Which nobody can deny!

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall
men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall
men,
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men—
Which nobody can deny!

The archbishop wrote vigorously and well in defence of what he supposed to be the independence of his country, threatened by the rascally brass half-pence. But the English government, not recognising the ruinous nature of the patent, would have enforced the circulation of the so-called spurious coin, when the first of the *Draper's Letters* appeared, in the summer of 1724. This was followed by a second Letter in August of the same year. The excitement on the subject now became terrible and formidable. Lord Orrery says: 'At the sound of the *Draper's* trumpet, a spirit arose among the people, that, in the Eastern phrase, was like a tempest in the day of the whirlwind. Every person, of every rank, party, and denomination, was convinced that the admission of Wood's copper must prove fatal to the commonwealth. The papist, the fanatic, the Tory, the Whig—all listed themselves volunteers under the banners of M. B. Draper, and all were equally zealous to serve the common cause.' Soon after the appearance of the *Draper's* third Letter, a change took

place in the British cabinet, and it was attributed by the Irish solely to the influence of that witty and energetic production. The Earl of Carteret was now despatched as governor to Dublin, in the hope that he would be able to restore peace, and induce the acceptance of the coinage. He was met almost instantly on his arrival by the publication of the Drapier's fourth Letter, a document more audacious and uncompromising than either of its forerunners. "The earl offered £300 reward for the discovery of the author of that 'wicked, malicious, and seditious pamphlet;' but the author was not betrayed. The unfortunate printer was cast into prison, and died shortly after his release, it was averred from the cruel effects of his confinement. When the grand jury of the city and county of Dublin met, they presented all such persons as should attempt to impose Wood's coin upon the kingdom as enemies of his majesty's government, and acknowledged with gratitude the services of such patriots as had exerted themselves to prevent the passing of the base coin. The strife terminated in September 1725, by the government relinquishing their attempts to enforce the patent. The dean grew upon a sudden immensely popular, and no doubt enjoyed his popularity for a season—though it is easy to imagine how much he must have enjoyed the circumstances that gave rise to it in his later promotion-hunting days.

It is more than probable that the dean cared not a straw for the cause he advocated, and that he had not a particle of apprehension as to the effects of the obnoxious coinage; but he could not resist the opportunity of harassing a government which he hated, because they were oblivious of himself; and therefore he made of the brass half-pence a convenient stalking-horse to carry his vehement, patriotic, and caustic diatribes.

The effects of a debased currency, however, even when that currency is copper, are not to be ignored. There is always an intimate connection between a good pennyworth and a good penny; and though the substitution of representative for real value is rarely accompanied by a rise in the price of commodities, yet that rise is sure to ensue from it in the long-run.

The copper coinage of France presents some curious anomalies, and it tells, besides, an interesting tale. The sous and two-sous pieces of the old regime are of pure copper, and when not clipped—for the clipping of even copper coin has been aforesaid a practice in France, as is sufficiently evident from the state of the old currency—are of full weight. The revolutionary half-pence, on the contrary, are of mixed metal, and many of them of light weight. There is, or lately was, a vast quantity manufactured from bell-metal seized by the governments of the day from the churches, when the services of religion being suppressed, the church-bells offered the cheapest and readiest resource. "The sovereigns who succeeded Napoleon coined millions of copper pence not much bigger than an English sixpence, and spread them over with a slight coating of white metal, the major part of which rubbed off in the course of the first year's wear. These continued in circulation for many years; but shortly before the Revolution of 1830, a band of Birmingham boys went over, and forged them in such numbers, and so successfully, that it was found impossible to separate the real from the spurious coin. The fact was, there was no difference whatever in the values between that which had been issued from the French Mint and that produced by the forgers—neither being worth much more than a tenth of the sum they represented. There has been from time to time no lack of spurious half-pence in our own country, but they have generally been made of lead; and their manufacture, which can yield but a very small profit, is chiefly the result of experiments by tyros in the art of casting spurious silver coin for the supply of the smashers.

A copper is but a trifle in itself, and the term is colloquially expressive of something verging on the despicable; but in a densely populated city, the comfort, the very existence of thousands is dependent upon the maintenance of an abundant circulation of copper-money. It is almost the only money which multitudes ever receive in reward for their services, or in compliance with their supplications; and were it withdrawn in any considerable quantities from the general market, its absence would be signalled by corresponding evidences of deprivation among the multitudinous classes with whom it is the principal if not the only medium of exchange.

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF ART.

It was observed of the English textile manufactures in the Great Exhibition, that however excellent they may have been in themselves, no justice was done to them in the arrangements. The French carpets, for instance, were not only beautiful individually, but they were displayed in such a manner as to have the effect in the aggregate of a single beautiful carpet with the colours artistically grouped; while the English fabrics of the same kind were thrown together without the slightest knowledge or feeling of their mutual dependence. This marks a defect in our national taste, which appears to us to go far in rendering nugatory the lessons of the Schoolmaster of Art, who is now striding throughout the length and breadth of the land.

But how can it be otherwise, since the Schoolmaster is himself English, and since his taste labours under the same national restriction? Look at his carpets, his paper-hangings, his draperies of all kinds—they are in themselves not seldom admirable; but to do them justice, they should be allowed to lie in the ware-room, and be admired among their congeners, for the old gentleman has little more knowledge than his pupils of the part they could properly take in general ornamentation. It is quite distressing to look at the gorgeous carpets that now enrich so many shop-windows, and mark the unearthly flowers that have sprung up over their whole surface at the Schoolmaster's approach, like the impromptu couch spread for Jove and his Saturnia on Mount Ida—

Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers;
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,
And clustering lotos swell the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrew,
And flamy crocus makes the mountain glow.

Such carpets, it is true, are beautiful objects in themselves, and make us proud of the skill and industry that have been exercised in their construction. But what to do with them? The ornaments of our rooms—on which some of us spend thousands of pounds—are pictures, gilding, chandeliers, cabinets of precious wood, small objects of vertu; and to all these things the magnificent carpet acts like a wet blanket. The landscapes on the walls, with their embowering groves and receding distances, become as flat as pancakes; the colours of the cabinets are extinguished; and the minutest ornaments lose fifty per cent. of their value at one blow. The Schoolmaster says not a word of all this. He sees only the carpet he is superintending, with its elegance of form and miracles of colouring; and as his eyes never open wide enough to take in the picture of which it is to form a part, he is content. Did he ever watch the proceedings of Nature in her pictures? Did he ever observe the effect of the ornamentation she lavishes on the eastern and western sky at the rising or the setting sun? Did he ever mark the subdued tints of the carpet she spreads on such occasions—a soberness that renders more glorious the

illumination of the horizon, and receives from it in exchange additional grace and charm?

In the rooms in Eastern countries, where there are no ornaments at all, and where almost the only furniture is a divan along the walls, our splendid carpets and hangings would be in their proper place; but here, their very beauty individually makes a general deformity. It cannot be denied, however, that, taken as individual objects, they exhibit of late years a very remarkable improvement in the national taste. Nothing can be more wholesome than those gorgeous carpets, with their suggestions rather than pictures of flowers, their dreams rather than delineations of the beautiful in nature. In hangings, we have got rid of Lady Emmeline's 'cocked-hats collapsed, and deformed tadpoles on tiptoes;' and with them the necessity that was imposed upon our imagination of giving such things a name. More especially, we have got rid of the deplorable resemblances of human faces thrown together by the casual meeting of impish angles, which haunted us on our sick-beds as we stared at the ghastly wall, and which, if the truth were known, have haunted over not a few nervous patients into the hands of the mad-doctor. This is much; and the real beauty that has taken the place of such monstrosities, is more. What we have to do is, either to adapt the coverings of the floors and walls to our rooms, or our rooms to the coverings of the floors and walls. If you must have carpets and hangings of a gorgeous character, down with your pictures, and out with every stick of furniture but the plain and massive. If, on the other hand, you must have pictures, and chandeliers, and cabinets, and objects of virtue, down with your rich hangings, and out with your splendid carpets, substituting for the one nothing more obtrusive than drab of a subdued pattern; and for the other, something like French white and stone-colour, interwoven in figures that will please the eye without exciting the curiosity.

But of all the mistakes committed by the Schoolmaster for the want of a widely enough opened vision, the architectural one is the worst, because the least reparable. The old gentleman, considering that sculpture and architecture are both fine arts, treats them exactly alike. Their works are works of genius. Different styles and proportions are required for a Hercules and an Apollo, for a Parthenon and a cathedral; and having obtained his material data, the master—as contradistinguished from the mason—proceeds to business. But there is this difference, Dominic, between a house and a statue, that the one is movable, and the other not—that the one may be placed in a church, or a room, or a museum, while the other is a part of the site on which it stands, the centre of the picture it adorns. There is a difference, likewise, in the genius of the two artists. The architect proceeds by mathematical rule, just like the musical composer; and so does the sculptor—but only up to a certain point. In the composition of a statue, where the workman ends the master begins. To symmetry of parts, he adds attitude and expression; and as the god stirs within him, he is able, by means of which he is perhaps himself unconscious, to

Snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

The sculptor may be said to resemble the composer and the singer in one. He gives sound, motion, life, to abstract beauty, and music breathes from the still, cold marble. The province of the architect is more restricted, yet ample enough to satisfy the ambition of genius. Being denied mobility in his lines, his power is displayed in a single expression, whether of grace, beauty, grandeur, sublimity; but in this the magnitude of his form gives him a great advantage. The comparative smallness of the sculptor's material adds to his plastic power: a statue of vast proportions would be an edifice.

In building a permanent abode for himself, man is careful to adapt it to the nature of the ground on which it is reared. With this view he sinks his foundations according to the soil, and makes all his arrangements correspond with the circumstances by which he is surrounded. But when the grand point in view is architectural beauty, it is wonderful how independent he feels of everything extraneous. He deals with the edifice as if it was a bit of sculpture which could be moved at pleasure, and exhibited wherever he chose. It never occurs to him that even the movable sculpture is placed with reference to light and background—in short, to the picture of which it is to be the centre; and that in placing an immovable structure, of great magnitude and importance, his taste ought to be governed by a similar law. This is the point in which the Schoolmaster fails. He looks at the edifice just as he does at the carpet—as an individual object, which must be constructed according to the rules of art; and he does not look at the effect desired, at the picture it is intended to form. In the matter of the carpet, the remedy is easy: spread it in a room where its gorgeousness will not injure the ornamentation, or turn out the ornamentation to make room for it as the main object. But when a building is once placed, there it must stand, to be either a sorrow or a joy for ever.

We do not mean to say that the Schoolmaster does not wish the work to be erected where it will be seen to advantage. He does wish this; but not as a condition of art. It will be all the better, he thinks, if it can be brought about; but if not—if a good site is too dear, or too much out of the way—he must just be content: the building itself is the main thing—that is his business. Now, in our opinion, the site is as much the architect's business as the edifice. This immovable object belongs to the ground, and is to form a picture; and if the ground is not adapted for it, it must be adapted for the ground. It is improper to say, as we often do: What a pity that so fine a building should be lost in such a situation! It is no pity, but a crime against art: if the situation was not suitable for the building, why place that particular building there, as if architecture afforded us no choice?

The same narrowness of vision has deluged the country with arguments about the relative merits of different styles of architecture. Those who indulge in such polemics have their eyes fixed upon a particular order, profoundly unconscious of everything else. Site, country, purpose, adjuncts, are nothing to them. Greek or Gothic, that is the question:

Under which style, Bezonian, speak or die!

Churches, palaces, streets, villas, huts—all must be put into one and the same uniform, because that uniform is at once the most convenient and the most sightly. And the arguments on both sides are stated in good set-terms: it is impossible to find a flaw in them, if you only take them as they stand, and shut your eyes to everything else. But, convenient for what, Dominic? Sightly under what circumstances? Is the style that would sanctify a cathedral equally appropriate for a tavern? Are a temple of the fine arts and a Burgher meeting-house to be erected on the same principles of taste? We are even told by one of the parties that, being descendants of the Barbarians, it is absurd to go back within that classic pale which it was the mission of our fathers to destroy. But if the Barbarians had found no classicism to come into collision with, if their wild genius had not been refined by the betraying charms they subdued, what direction would the civilisation of Europe have taken? The truth is, this present world is compounded of the old and the new; the sunset hues of the one mingle with the golden dawn of the other; and instead of being imprisoned in material forms, the taste of an eclectic age roams over all nature and over all art.

But an enlightened eclectic is not satisfied with objects individually: it compares, classifies, arranges. What the Schoolmaster has to do, is to open his eyes a little wider, to take in the picture as well as the individual details that are to be introduced, and so teach the growing intelligence of the time to adapt the one to the other.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

RICHMOND, IN VIRGINIA.

'When does the carriage leave the door for the steamer down the Potomac?' asked the book-keeper of Willard's Hotel in Washington.

'At six o'clock in the morning, and nine in the evening,' was the reply.

I preferred setting out in the morning, and was ready accordingly—Mr Willard being up at this early hour, and cheerfully providing each guest at his departure with a cup of coffee (without charge).

The ride to the landing-place of the steamers, across an open stretch of ground, occupies about half an hour, and on my arrival, I found that a number of persons who had just come by the northern train, were going on board a steamer, which was lying at the extremity of a wooden pier. Speedily everything was adjusted. A very droll-looking negro lad, in a kind of cocked-hat, and boots pulled over a pair of ragged pants, drew in the rope, and we were off.

The Potomac, more like an inland sea than a river, and here a mile in width, forms the connecting-link between the northern and southern railways. The line, as yet, stopped at Washington; and to get again upon the track, it was necessary to descend the Potomac fifty-five miles, to a place called Aquia Creek, where the railway to Richmond commences. An English traveller has said such sore things of the steamers on the Potomac, that I did not feel quite at ease in making so long an excursion in one of them: but I am bound in justice to say, that so far as my experience went, there was nothing to complain of. For a company of about fifty persons, two tables were prepared for breakfast in a manner that would have done no discredit to a first-class hotel. A good-humoured negro barber plied his vocation in his little apartment. And the toilet apparatus comprehended no wooden bowls—such articles having utterly vanished, if they ever existed anywhere but in the imagination.

In fine weather, the sail down the Potomac from Washington must be exceedingly pleasant; for the river, though broad, is not so wide as to give indistinctness to the scenery on the banks. On the right, we have the woody heights of Virginia, and on the left, the hills of Maryland, with frequent glimpses of villageresidences and farm-settlements on both sides. At the distance of six or seven miles below Washington, but on the Virginia side, we come abreast of Alexandria, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, with a good deal of shipping at its quays, and signs of manufacturing industry on a considerable scale. Eight miles further down, on the same side, is seen upon a green knoll among the picturesque woody eminences, an object of interest which, cold as the morning is, attracts nearly all the passengers from the well-warmed cabin. This is Mount Vernon, once the residence of General Washington, and where, in a vault amidst the grounds, the remains of the great man were intombed. It is a neat country residence, with a tall veranda in front, changed in no

respect from what it was sixty years ago; but a local authority speaks of the grounds, which were kept in the greatest trimness by Washington, being now in a discreditable state of disorder—a circumstance which, if true, demands the attention of the American people. Unfortunately, the spot is not easily reached by land, otherwise I should have gladly made it the object of a pilgrimage.

As the day advanced, the chilliness of the atmosphere wore off, and on arriving at Aquia Creek, the air felt mild and agreeable, although it was the 1st of December. The train was in waiting on a long jetty, and in less than ten minutes it had received its freight of passengers and luggage, and was under-way. Such was my entrance into Virginia—that fine old state, settled by English gentlemen of family, and whose history calls up such melancholy thoughts of the unfortunate Raleigh.

Much of the country through which we passed was uncleared of woods, which had a wild appearance, and the land, where opened to agricultural operations, seemed to be of a poor description. Among the trees growing naturally in the patches of tangled forest, was the *arbor vite*, which here attains a considerable size. Rhododendrons hung their faded blossoms by the roadsides, where they grow like common weeds; and in other kinds of vegetation, there was still the lingering aspect of autumn. On crossing the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, the agricultural character of the country was much improved; but even at the best, and all the way to Richmond, a distance of sixty miles from the Potomac, it fell short of what I had seen in Western Canada and Ohio. Yet possessing, as it does, the elements of fertility, what might not be expected from the land, if put under an enlightened system of tillage! The ploughing, performed by slaves under the inspection of overseers riding about the fields on horseback, was very defective; for it seemed scarcely to tear up the soil, and left large pieces altogether untouched. As the train passed, the negro ploughmen invariably stopped in their labour to look at, and speculate on, the phenomenon, as if their heart was not in their work, and they took every opportunity of shirking it. From the way they seemed to be proceeding, I feel pretty safe in averring, that two ordinary Scotch ploughmen would get through as much labour in a day as any six of them, and do the work, too, in a greatly superior manner.

In the course of the journey, a number of passengers were set down at different stations, leaving so few in the train, that at length another gentleman and myself found ourselves alone in one of the cars. My companion was a man of probably forty years of age, stout made, with sandy hair and whiskers, and had I seen him in England, I should have said he was a working-mechanic, probably a stone-mason, dressed in his Sunday clothes, and out on a holiday. I am particular in referring to his appearance, in order, if possible, to throw some light on the habits in which he very freely indulged. Apparently engaged in deep thought, he continued chewing tobacco with a voracity I had never seen equalled, and which provoked such an incessant torrent of expectoration, that at last the floor around him presented a most unsightly spectacle.

I think travellers, generally, in their descriptions, exaggerate the chewing and spitting of the Americans. It is, in reality, only here and there you meet a person who abandons himself to these nauseous practices, while to the mass of the more respectable people in

the States, they are probably as disagreeable as to any well-bred European. The invectives, however, directed against the Americans on this score, dispose me to believe that the English who visit the United States, and pick out so many faults, are either ignorant or neglectful of the manners of their own country. Among the less-instructed classes in Great Britain, spitting in the streets, and other places, is exceedingly common; and since young gentlemen bestook themselves to smoking tobacco in common clay-pipes, the vice may be said to have become fashionable in the junior departments of high-life—at anyrate, we do not see that it meets with public censure. Now, if it be considered that in the United States, the rise from one condition of life to another is astonishingly rapid, and that all classes travel together in the same cars, and live together in the same hotels, it will not be difficult to understand how certain obnoxious practices should obtrude themselves on the notice of the more polished class of travellers.

The train arrived at Richmond about two o'clock in the afternoon; and by an omnibus in attendance, I was transferred to a hotel, which proved to be no way inferior to the establishments in the states further north. The whole of the waiters were negroes, in white jackets; but among the female domestics I recognised one or two Irish girls—the sight of them helping to make good what I had everywhere heard stated about the Irish dispossessing the coloured races. At Willard's Hotel, in Washington, all the waiters, as well as the female servants, were Irish, and here, also, they will probably be so in a short time.

Situated on a high and sloping bank on the left side of the James River, Richmond is much less regular in outline than the greater number of American cities. Its streets, straggling in different directions on no uniform plan, are of an old-established appearance, with stores, churches, and numerous public buildings. Besides the principal thoroughfares, there are many narrow streets or lanes of a dismal, half-deserted appearance, generally dirty, and seemingly ill drained and ventilated. Everywhere, the number of black faces is considerable; for in a population of 27,000, as many as 9000 are said to be slaves. The dwellings occupied by the lower classes of coloured people are of a miserable kind, resembling the worst brick-houses in the back-lanes of English manufacturing towns. In the upper part of the city there are some rows of handsome villas, and in this quarter is a public square, with the Capitol, or seat of legislature, in a central and conspicuous situation. In walking through this public edifice towards dusk, I observed that it was guarded by an armed sentinel, the sight of whom had almost the startling effect of an apparition; for it was the first time I had seen a bayonet in the United States, and suggested the unpleasant reflection, that the large infusion of slaves in the composition of society was not unattended with danger.

A fine view is obtained from the front of the Capitol, overlooking the lower part of the city, the river with its falls, and the country in the distance. The falls of the James River appear to have determined the situation of the town. These falls unitedly amount to a descent of eighty feet, and are made available for turning a number of large mills for grinding flour, and other purposes. The occurrence of such falls is only one of a series of similar phenomena, along the east coast of America, where, by recessions of the sea, a terrace-range crosses the rivers at a less or greater distance from the ocean, causing an abrupt descent, which is valuable as a water-power. The falls of the James River cease in front of the city, where there are several rocky and woody islets, and at this point two long wooden bridges afford communication with a manufacturing suburb on the right bank.

Although, in many respects, inferior in point of

appearance as compared with the smart New-England cities, Richmond shewed various symptoms of prosperity and progress. A species of dock for shipping was in process of excavation adjoining the bridges, and several large cotton-factories were in the course of erection. In the streets in this lower quarter, there was an active trade in the packing and sale of tobacco, quantities of which, like faded weeds, were being carted to the factories by negroes. The cotton manufacture is carried on in several large establishments, and will soon be extended, but principally, I was told, by means of northern capital, and the employment of hired white labourers, who, for factory purposes, are said to be preferable to persons of colour.

Richmond is known as the principal market for the supply of slaves for the south—a circumstance understood to originate in the fact that Virginia, as a matter of husbandry, breeds negro labourers for the express purpose of sale. Having heard that such was the case, I was interested in knowing by what means, and at what prices slaves are offered to purchasers. Without introductions of any kind, I was thrown on my own resources in acquiring this information. Fortunately, however, there was no impediment to encounter in the research. The exposure of ordinary goods in a store is not more open to the public than are the sales of slaves in Richmond. By consulting the local newspapers, I learned that the sales take place by auction every morning in the offices of certain brokers, who, as I understood by the terms of their advertisements, purchased or received slaves for sale on commission.

Where the street was in which the brokers conducted their business, I did not know; but the discovery was easily made. Rambling down the main street in the city, I found that the subject of my search was a narrow and short thoroughfare, turning off to the left, and terminating in a similar cross thoroughfare. Both streets, lined with brick-houses, were dull and silent. There was not a person to whom I could put a question. Looking about, I observed the office of a commission-agent, and into it I stepped. Conceive the idea of a large shop with two windows, and a door between; no shelving or counters inside; the interior a spacious, dismal apartment, not well swept; the only furniture a desk at one of the windows, and a bench at one side of the shop, three feet high, with two steps to it from the floor. I say, conceive the idea of this dismal-looking place, with nobody in it but three negro children, who, as I entered, were playing at auctioning each other. An intensely black little negro, of four or five years of age, was standing on the bench, or block, as it is called, with an equally black girl, about a year younger, by his side, whom he was pretending to sell by bids to another black child, who was rolling about the floor.

My appearance did not interrupt the merriment. The little auctioneer continued his mimic play, and appeared to enjoy the joke of selling the girl, who stood demurely by his side.

'Fifty dolla for de gal—fifty dolla—fifty dolla—I sell dis here fine gal for fifty dolla,' was uttered with extraordinary volubility by the woolly-headed urchin, accompanied with appropriate gestures, in imitation, doubtless, of the scenes he had seen enacted daily in the spot. I spoke a few words to the little creatures, but was scarcely understood; and the fun went on as if I had not been present: so I left them, happy in rehearsing what was likely soon to be their own fate.

At another office of a similar character, on the opposite side of the street, I was more successful. Here, on inquiry, I was respectfully informed by a person in attendance, that the sale would take place the following morning at half-past nine o'clock.

Next day I set out accordingly, after breakfast, for the scene of operations, in which there was now a little more life. Two or three persons were lounging about,

smoking figure; and, looking along the street, I observed that three red flags were projected from the doors of these offices in which sales were to occur. On each flag was pinned a piece of paper, notifying the articles to be sold. The number of lots was not great. On the first, was the following announcement:—'Will be sold this morning, at half-past nine o'clock, a Man and a Boy.'

It was already the appointed hour; but as no company had assembled, I entered and took a seat by the fire. The office, provided with a few deal-forms and chairs, a desk at one of the windows, and a block accessible, by a few steps, was tenantless, save by a gentleman who was arranging papers at the desk, and to whom I had addressed myself on the previous evening. Minute after minute passed, and still nobody entered. There was clearly no hurry in going to business. I felt almost like an intruder, and had formed the resolution of departing, in order to look into the other offices, when the person referred to left his desk, and came and seated himself opposite to me at the fire.

'You are an Englishman,' said he, looking me steadily in the face; 'do you want to purchase?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I am an Englishman; but I do not intend to purchase. I am travelling about for information, and I shall feel obliged by your letting me know the prices at which negro servants are sold.'

'I will do so with much pleasure,' was the answer; 'do you mean field, and/or house-servants?'

'All kinds,' I replied; 'I wish to get all the information I can.'

With much politeness, the gentleman stepped to his desk, and began to draw up a note of prices. This, however, seemed to require careful consideration; and while the note was preparing, a lanky person, in a wide-awake hat, and chewing tobacco, entered, and took the chair just vacated. He had scarcely seated himself, when, on looking towards the door, I observed the subjects of sale—the man and boy indicated by the paper on the red flag—enter together, and quietly walk to a form at the back of the shop, whence, as the day was chilly, they edged themselves towards the fire, in the corner where I was seated. I was now between the two parties—the white man on the right, and the old and young negro on the left—and I waited to see what would take place.

The sight of the negroes at once attracted the attention of Wide-awake. Chewing with vigour, he kept keenly eyeing the pair, as if to see what they were good for. Under this searching gaze the man and boy were a little abashed, but said nothing. Their appearance had little of the repulsiveness we are apt to associate with the idea of slaves. They were dressed in a gray woollen coat, pants, and waistcoat, coloured cotton neckcloths, clean shirts, coarse woollen stockings, and stout shoes. The man wore a black hat; the boy was bareheaded. Moved by a sudden impulse, Wide-awake left his seat, and rounding the back of my chair, began to grasp at the man's arms, as if to feel their muscular capacity. He then examined his hands and fingers; and, last of all, told him to open his mouth and shew his teeth, which he did in a submissive manner. Having finished these examinations, Wide-awake resumed his seat, and chewed on in silence as before.

I thought it was but fair that I should now have my turn of investigation, and accordingly asked the elder negro what was his age. He said he did not know. I next inquired how old the boy was. He said he was seven years of age. On asking the man if the boy was his son, he said he was not—he was his cousin. I was going into other particulars, when the office-keeper approached, and handed me the note he had been preparing; at the same time making the observation that the market was dull at present, and that there never could be a more favourable opportunity of buying. I

thanked him for the trouble which he had taken; and now submit a copy of his price-current:—

'Best Man, 18 to 25 years old	1200 to 1500 dollars.
Fair do. do. do.	950 to 1050 ...
Boys, 5 feet, . . .	850 to 950 ...
Do., 4 feet 8 inches, . . .	700 to 800 ...
Do., 4 feet 5 inches, . . .	500 to 600 ...
Do., 4 feet, . . .	425 to 450 ...
Young Women, . . .	800 to 1000 ...
Girls, 5 feet, . . .	750 to 850 ...
Do., 4 feet 8 inches, . . .	700 to 750 ...
Do., 4 feet, . . .	350 to 450 ...

(Signed.)

Richmond, Virginia.

Leaving this document for future consideration, I pass on to a history of the day's proceedings. It was now ten minutes to ten o'clock, and Wide-awake and I being alike tired of waiting, we went off in quest of sales further up the street. Passing the second office, in which also nobody was to be seen, we were more fortunate at the third. Here, according to the announcement on the paper stuck to the flag, there were to be sold, 'A woman and three children; a young woman, three men, a middle-aged woman, and a little boy.' Already a crowd had met, composed, I should think, of persons mostly from the cotton-plantations of the south. A few were seated near a fire on the right-hand side, and others stood round an iron stove in the middle of the apartment. The whole place had a dilapidated appearance. From a back-window, there was a view into a ruinous courtyard; beyond which, in a hollow, accessible by a side-lane, stood a shabby brick-house, on which the word *Jail* was inscribed in large black letters on a white ground. I imagined it to be a dépôt for the reception of negroes.

On my arrival, and while making these preliminary observations, the lots for sale had not made their appearance. In about five minutes afterwards they were ushered in, one after the other, under the charge of a mulatto, who seemed to act as principal assistant. I saw no whips, chains, or any other engine of force. Nor did such appear to be required. All the lots took their seats on two long forms near the stove; none shewed any sign of resistance; nor did any one utter a word. Their manner was that of perfect humility and resignation.

As soon as all were seated, there was a general examination of their respective merits, by feeling their arms, looking into their mouths, and investigating the quality of their hands and fingers—this last being evidently an important particular. Yet there was no abrupt rudeness in making these examinations—no coarse or domineering language was employed. The three negro men were dressed in the usual manner—in gray woollen clothing. The woman, with three children, excited my peculiar attention. She was neatly attired, with a coloured handkerchief bound round her head, and wore a white apron over her gown. Her children were all girls, one of them a baby at the breast, three months old, and the others two and three years of age respectively, rigged out with clean white pinafores. There was not a tear or an emotion visible in the whole party. Everything seemed to be considered as a matter of course; and the change of owners was possibly looked forward to with as much indifference as ordinary hired servants anticipate a removal from one employer to another.

While intending purchasers were proceeding with personal examinations of the several lots, I took the liberty of putting a few questions to the mother of the children. The following was our conversation:—

'Are you a married woman?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How many children have you had?'

'Seven.'

'Where is your husband?'

'In Madison county.'
'When did you part from him?'
'On Wednesday—two days ago.'
'Were you sorry to part from him?'
'Yes, sir,' she replied with a deep sigh; 'my heart was almost broke.'

'Why is your master selling you?'
'I don't know—he wants money to buy some land—suppose he sells me for that.'

There might not be a word of truth in these answers, for I had no means of testing their cogency; but the woman seemed to speak unreservedly, and I am inclined to think that she said nothing but what, if necessary, could be substantiated. I spoke, also, to the young woman who was seated near her. She, like the others, was perfectly black, and appeared stout and healthy, of which some of the persons present assured themselves by feeling her arms and ankles, looking into her mouth, and causing her to stand up. She told me she had several brothers and sisters, but did not know where they were. She said she was a house-servant, and would be glad to be bought by a good master—looking at me, as if I should not be unacceptable.

I have said that there was an entire absence of emotion in the party of men, women, and children, thus seated preparatory to being sold. This does not correspond with the ordinary accounts of slave-sales, which are represented as tearful and harrowing. My belief is, that none of the parties felt deeply on the subject, or at least that any distress they experienced was but momentary—soon passed away, and was forgotten. One of my reasons for this opinion rests on a trifling incident which occurred. While waiting for the commencement of the sale, one of the gentlemen present amused himself with a pointer-dog, which, at command, stood on its hind-legs, and took pieces of bread from his pocket. These tricks greatly entertained the row of negroes, old and young; and the poor woman, whose heart three minutes before was almost broken, now laughed as heartily as any one.

'Sale is going to commence—this way, gentlemen,' cried a man at the door to a number of loungers outside; and all having assembled, the mulatto assistant led the woman and her children to the block, which he helped her to mount. There she stood with her infant at the breast, and one of her girls at each side. The auctioneer, a handsome, gentlemanly personage, took his place, with one foot on an old deal-chair with a broken back, and the other raised on the somewhat more elevated block. It was a striking scene.

'Well, gentlemen,' began the salesman, 'here is a capital woman and her three children, all in good health—what do you say for them? Give me an offer. (Nobody speaks.) I put up the whole lot at 850 dollars—850 dollars—850 dollars (speaking very fast)—850 dollars. Will no one advance upon that? A very extraordinary bargain, gentlemen. A fine healthy baby. Hold it up. (Mulatto goes up the first step of the block; takes the baby from the woman's breast, and holds it aloft with one hand, so as to shew that it was a veritable sucking-baby.) That will do. A woman, still young, and three children, all for 850 dollars. An advance, if you please, gentlemen. (A voice bids 860.) Thank you, sir—860; any one bids more? (A second voice says, 870; and so on the bidding goes as far as 890 dollars, when it stops.) That won't do, gentlemen. I cannot take such a low price. (After a pause, addressing the mulatto): She may go down.' Down from the block the woman and her children were therefore conducted by the assistant, and, as if nothing had occurred, they calmly resumed their seats by the stove.

The next lot brought forward was one of the men. The mulatto beckoning to him with his hand, requested him to come behind a canvas screen, of two leaves,

which was standing near the back window. The man placidly rose, and having been placed behind the screen, was ordered to take off his clothes, which he did without a word or look of remonstrance. About a dozen gentlemen crowded to the spot while the poor fellow was stripping himself, and as soon as he stood on the floor, bare from top to toe, a most rigorous scrutiny of his person was instituted. The clear black skin, back and front, was viewed all over for sores from disease; and there was no part of his body left unexamined. The man was told to open and shut his hands, asked if he could pick cotton, and every tooth in his head was scrupulously looked at. The investigation being at an end, he was ordered to dress himself; and having done so, was requested to walk to the block.

The ceremony of offering him for competition was gone through as before, but no one would bid. The other two men, after undergoing similar examinations behind the screen, were also put up, but with the same result. Nobody would bid for them, and they were all sent back to their seats. It seemed as if the company had conspired not to buy anything that day. Probably some imperfections had been detected in the personal qualities of the negroes. Be this as it may, the auctioneer, perhaps a little out of temper from his want of success, walked off to his desk, and the affair was so far at an end.

'This way, gentlemen—this way' was heard from a voice outside, and the company immediately hived off to the second establishment. At this office there was a young woman, and also a man, for sale. The woman was put up first at 500 dollars; and possessing some recommendable qualities, the bidding for her was run as high as 710 dollars, at which she was knocked down to a purchaser. The man, after the customary examination behind a screen, was put up at 700 dollars; but a small imperfection having been observed in his person, no one would bid for him; and he was ordered down.

'This way, gentlemen—this way, down the street, if you please!' was now shouted by a person in the employment of the first firm, to whose office all very willingly adjourned—one migratory company, it will be perceived, serving all the slave-auctions in the place. Mingling in the crowd, I went to see what should be the fate of the man and boy, with whom I had already had some communication.

There the pair, the two cousins, sat by the fire, just where I had left them an hour ago. The boy was put up first.

'Come along, my man—jump up; there's a good hoy!' said one of the partners, a bulky and respectable-looking person, with a gold chain and bunch of seals; at the same time getting on the block. With alacrity the little fellow came forward, and, mounting the steps, stood by his side. The forms in front were filled by the company; and as I seated myself, I found that my old companion, Wide-awake, was close at hand, still chewing and spitting at a great rate.

'Now, gentlemen,' said the auctioneer, putting his hand on the shoulder of the boy, 'here is a very fine boy, seven years of age, warranted sound—what do you say for him? I put him up at 500 dollars—500 dollars (speaking quick, his right hand raised up, and coming down on the open palm of his left)—500 dollars. Any one say more than 500 dollars? (560 is bid.) 560 dollars. Nonsense! Just look at him. See how high he is. (He draws the lot in front of him, and shews that the little fellow's head comes up to his breast.) You see he is a fine, tall, healthy boy. Look at his hands.'

Several step forward, and cause the boy to open and shut his hands—the flexibility of the small fingers, black on the one side, and whitish on the other, being well looked to. The hands, and also the mouth, having

given satisfaction, an advance is made to 570, then to 580 dollars.

Gentlemen, that is a very poor price for a boy of this size. (Addressing the lot): Get down, my boy, and show them how you can jump.

The boy, seemingly happy to do as he was bid, went down from the block, and ran smartly across the floor several times; the eyes of every one in the room following him.

Now, that will do. (Get up again. (Boy mounts the block, the steps being rather deep for his short legs; but the auctioneer kindly lends him a hand.) Come, gentlemen, you see this is a first-rate lot. (590—600—610—620—630 dollars are bid.) I will sell him for 630 dollars. (Right hand coming down on left.) Last call. 630 dollars once—630 dollars twice. (A pause; hand sinks.) Gone!

The boy having descended, the man was desired to come forward; and after the usual scrutiny behind a screen, he took his place on the block.

Well, now, gentlemen, said the auctioneer, 'here is a right primo lot. Look at this man; strong, healthy, able-bodied; could not be a better hand for field-work. He can drive a wagon, or anything. What do you say for him? I offer the man at the low price of 800 dollars—he is well worth 1200 dollars. Come, make an advance, if you please. 800 dollars said for the man (a bid), thank you; 810 dollars—810 dollars—810 dollars (several bids)—820—830—850—860—going at 860—going. Gentlemen, this is far below his value. A strong-boned man, fit for any kind of heavy work. Just take a look at him. (Addressing the lot): Walk down. (Lot dismounts, and walks from one side of the shop to the other. When about to reascend the block, a gentleman, who is smoking a cigar, examines his mouth and his fingers. Lot resumes his place.) Pray, gentlemen, be quick (continues the auctioneer); I must sell him, and 860 dollars are only bid for the man—860 dollars. (A fresh run of bids to 945 dollars.) 945 dollars once, 945 dollars twice (looking slowly round, to see if all were done), 945 dollars, going—going (hand drops)—gone!

During this remarkable scene, I sat at the middle of the front form with my note-book in my hand, in order to obtain a full view of the transaction. So strange was the spectacle, that I could hardly dispeel the notion that it was all a kind of dream; and now I look back upon the affair as by far the most curious I ever witnessed. The more intelligent Virginians will sympathise in my feelings on the occasion. I had never until now seen human beings sold; the thing was quite new. Two men are standing on an elevated bench, one white and the other black. The white man is auctioning the black man. What a contrast in look and relative position! The white is a most respectable-looking person; so far as dress is concerned, he might pass for a clergyman or church-warden. There he stands—can I believe my eyes?—in the midst of an Anglo-Saxon, sawing the air with his hand, as if addressing a missionary or any other philanthropic meeting from a platform. Surely that gentlemanly personage cannot imagine that he is engaged in any mortal sin! Beside him is a man with a black skin, and clothed in rough garments. His looks are downcast and submissive. He is being sold, just like a horse at Tattersall's, or a picture at Christie and Manson's—I must be under some illusion. That dark object, whom I have been always taught to consider a man, is not a man. True, he may be called a man in advertisements, and by the mouth of auctioneers. But it is only a figure of speech—a term of convenience. He is a man in one sense, and not in another. He is a kind of man—stands upright on two legs, has hands to work, wears clothes, can cook his food (a point not reached by monkeys), has the command of speech, and, in a way, can think and act like a rational creature—

can even be taught to read. But nature has thought fit to give him a black skin, and that tells very badly against him. Perhaps, also, there is something wrong with his cranological development. Being, at all events, so much of a man—*genus homo*—is it quite fair to master him, and sell him, exactly as suits your convenience—you being, from a variety of fortunate circumstances, his superior? All this passed through my mind as I sat on the front form in the saleroom of Messrs —, while one of the members of that well-known firm was engaged in pursuing, by the laws of Virginia, his legitimate calling.

Such were a forenoon's experiences in the slave-market of Richmond. Everything is described precisely as it occurred, without passion or prejudice. It would not have been difficult to be sentimental on a subject which appeals so strongly to the feelings; but I have preferred telling the simple truth. In a subsequent chapter, I shall endeavour to offer some general views of slavery in its social and political relations.

W. C.

LIMITED LIABILITY.

THE commission appointed to consider this question has reported on the whole unfavourably to it. We must candidly confess that we are sorry for the decision, whether it be right or wrong. If right, we should be indeed the more sorry, since it would shew that the one thing above all others to which we looked for moral redemption to the labouring masses, is a fallacy. We hope, however, that the decision is wrong, and that the commission has only delayed a little longer what we think the most powerful means of raising the people.

The question is just this—shall there be freedom in this country, as there is, under certain restrictions, in France and America, for the possessors of spare sums to club them for certain mercantile purposes, without each proprietor becoming answerable for whatever the rest may do in regard to the concern? The commission says, that to allow a man to be a partner for that sum, with no responsibility beyond it, would be to lower the credit of the British merchant, and would be dangerous to the public. They speak as if all legitimate ends were served by the existing system. In short, with a slight exception, their cry is, let well alone.

The decision happens to be in remarkable accordance with the views of all the great capitalists. When two or three such men can accomplish a mercantile purpose of magnitude, or are already conducting such a concern, it is obviously their interest to prevent any five hundred other people from clubbing their smaller means, and coming into the field as competitors. The terrors of unlimited responsibility, of course, act powerfully in preventing such associations. Ergo, great capitalists relish unlimited responsibility. This principle, in the language of the *Times*, 'creates a species of monopoly in favour of those who already possess capital.' We must therefore say, that we view the commission's decision with suspicion, if not something more.

The great mistake on that side, is in quietly assuming that the present system is one which protects the public. As the law now stands, a man may be carrying on—as many do carry on—a business far beyond the powers of his capital. It is not too much to say, that many have not one thousand pounds of true means, while their business would require at least twenty thousand. The law permits this man to borrow from a

'bill-discounter,' or to get support, as it is called, from some wholesale-house, which re-imburses itself by enormously overcharging some article which he takes from them in large quantities; and these usurers go on for years absorbing three-fourths of his profits, and preventing his concern from ever righting itself. When he ends, as he is pretty sure to do, in bankruptcy, it is found that the usurers have contrived to get out, or nearly so, while hundreds of honest creditors are in. To all intents and purposes, then, these men have been partners, and highly profiting partners, too, and yet have escaped responsibility. On the other hand, the concern having all along had some good profits about it, the trader might have easily obtained a few thousands from *bona-fide* partners, if these could have been safe from loss beyond the amount of their investments. In this case, it would have been kept in a sound, instead of an unsound state: no one would have lost by it. But then small capitals would have had a chance—the feature which large capitalists cannot endure!

Can the public, moreover, really be said to be protected, when the perils of the existing laws are so great? The *Times* describes a few of them: 'One man has taken a few shares in a joint-stock for a bad debt, and has been first roused to a sense of the true nature of the transaction by finding himself responsible, to his last penny, for the debts of a thoroughly insolvent concern. Another has shares standing in his name as a trustee, and is astonished to find that he is called upon for a contribution under the Winding-up Act. Another is a shareholder in a highly flourishing bank, dividing regularly, keeping a reserve fund, possessing a manager of the greatest talent, and directors of unimpeachable integrity; but while he is felicitating himself on the excellence of his investment, the directors have reduced the assets to nothing by discounting each other's bills; and in order to protract exposure for a few weeks more, contract a large loan by pledging to a neighbouring bank all they have to pledge—the credit of their shareholders, who, at this very moment, believe the concern solvent, and are little aware that their last shilling has been handed over, by virtue of the law of partnership, to pay creditors of whose existence they have no idea.' Call you this protection? It seems to be forgotten that indiscretion and roguery are sometimes connected with the name of creditor, as well as with that of debtor.

The most curious circumstance connected with the other side of the question is, that unlimited liability, while proclaimed to be necessary to British credit, is departed from in numberless instances, though in a most arbitrary manner. Had it been entirely carried out, 'we should have had no railways, very few steamships, and the electric-telegraph would have still been in its infancy.' As the *Times* remarks: 'The prohibitive and the dispensing power cannot both be right. If there be involved in the question of limited liability any question of morality, it must be wrong to violate that morality in large cases as well as small; and if, on the other hand, these matters ought to be regulated by the contract between the parties, and notice of that contract given to the public, the agreement ought to have full effect in small matters as well as in great.'

We are little concerned to discuss the question beyond what we see to be the effects of unlimited responsibility on the humbler classes of society. What is the great distinction between a mercantile person and a well-paid workman? Mainly this, we would say—the trader has a strong tendency to take care of what he realises—to make the little a mickle—to strain on to the possession of property; and you see in his quiet frugal life, and the peculiar virtues connected with it, an immediate effect of the anxiety to possess. The highly-waged operative, on the other hand, is remarkable for his indifference to saving and accumulation—he spends the gains of the week within the week, lives

between the hand and the mouth, is often dissipated—anyhow, shews little of the temperate virtues which we see connected with property in the trader. There is, in short, a moral force in property; and the operative, not having the property, wants the moral force. But why does he not save, like the trader? Obviously, because, while the trader feels additional power in every pound he adds to his capital, the operative sees no immediate good from the saved pound. And this is because he cannot make any profitable use of it, at least none that awakens the feeling of gain, or holds forth the hope of a permanent improvement of condition. Now, were there limited liability, there would be thousands of small concerns, generally, perhaps, conducted by mercantile persons, but taking up the savings of the workers, and exciting in them those hopes which we see to have such a sustaining effect on humanity. In such circumstances, drinking habits would come to an end—an immense amount of capital now lost through dissipation and immorality would be saved and turned to profitable use—and one large and most important class in the community would be converted from a recklessness and discontent, to a condition at once satisfactory to themselves and the rest of the community.

THE KITCHEN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Crystal Palace at Sydenham aspects all kinds of calculations made by all kinds of people. The enterprise is so novel, that the guesses made beforehand in respect to it are found in most cases to have either fallen far short of, or to have gone far beyond, the truth. The railway company thought that third-class passengers would so preponderate, as to render very little first-class accommodation necessary. They were wrong; for the first-class passengers are so many, that there are barely carriages enough to contain them. They thought that the rush of visitors would be so great, as to render necessary the sale of tickets at other places besides the London Bridge Station—a judicious plan, albeit that the booking-office for Crystal Palace trade works very smoothly and steadily. It was thought that so many thirsty souls would reach the building by road-conveyance, that hotel-keepers, tavern-keepers, coffee-shop-keepers, and ginger-beer sellers, began to speculate largely in the surrounding neighbourhood; but nearly all—an immense majority, at least—travel by railway, and do not leave the territories of the two companies from the time of starting from London Bridge to the time of their return to the same terminus; and we are inclined to think, that the extra-palatial refreshment—if we may coin so high-sounding a phrase—will be less than was at one time expected. It was thought that our larger manufacturers would exhibit their machines and engines as they did in Hyde Park, and would shew the routine of manufacturing operations. It may be so; but all this is written in the future—to be developed, we hope, as the various arrangements became completed. It was thought that the most monstrous of all monster-organs would be necessary to give the visitors any taste of Crystal Palace music; but this, too, was wrong; for Herr Schallehn's well-selected, braided-coated, gold-banded, martial-looking band of sixty performers produce such music as rolls gloriously along and around the vaulted arches of the Palace. It was thought—But here we will begin a new paragraph, for we touch upon the very matter which is destined to be the subject of the present article.

It was thought that, although the visitors would need a little refreshment during their sojourn within the building, this refreshment would be a subordinate affair, occupying a little space, and the services of a few persons. It was thought so by most persons, at least; although the directors seem to have had a notion that something great was 'looming in the distance' in

Do this as it may; whoever thought that the Refreshment Department would be small, and quiet, and unimportant, thought erroneously. It has become one of the characteristic features of the place—impossible to be overlooked even if we would overlook it, which no one seems inclined to do. And there is such an evident relish about it all—such a determination to attend to gastronomy, as well as to sculpture, architecture, botany, ethnology, manufactures, and fountains, that gastronomy may be regarded as one of the 'institutions' of the place.

It is amusing to watch the expression of wonder on the faces of many of the visitors, as they, on their first visit, wend their way along the almost endless corridors, colonnades, galleries, and staircases, which intervene between the Palace railway-station and the main building of the Palace itself. We alight from a railway-carriage upon a stone or slated platform. We ascend sixty steps—wooden at present, but probably to be replaced by others of stone by and by; and then pass through a ticket-office, which separates the territories of the railway company from those of the Palace company. We then traverse a colonnade, glazed overhead, with movable windows on one side, and, by and by, with choice flowers and plants on both sides—a flowery path 400 or 500 feet in length. We then enter the extreme corner of the south wing of the Palace, by an ascent of something like forty steps from the colonnade. Here the first thing that meets the eye is a screen which partially hides a sort of third-class refreshment-room, with viands, and servitors, and eaters within, and viands and eaters without, seated around marble-topped round tables. We ascend forty more steps, and traverse a gallery, with marble-topped pastry counters and chocolate counters, marble-topped round tables, and servitors, and eaters, and drinkers. We mount forty more steps—for such a 'gettin' up-stairs' has been seldom before seen as is now seen at the Crystal Palace: the ascent of the hill is so formidable, that the railway could not have been carried up to a higher level without such gradients as would have staggered an engine-driver—and arrive on a level with the main floor of the building; but not in the main portion of the building itself, for we are still in the south wing. There, just at the corner where the wing is connected with the main building, we meet with such a 'gastronomic display as bewilders one: marble-topped counters, scores of feet in length; round tables, almost innumerable; carvers and waiters as thickly placed as they can be without tumbling over one another; the counters laden with comestibles; chairs so numerous that we have to thread our way between them; platefuls of good things on all the little round tables, and visitors attending to those good things with remarkable intelligence and energy. Such is the view just before entering the vaulted expanse of the Palace itself. We emerge from the south wing into the Palace, and still find our path strewn with counters, tables, chairs, carvers, waiters, eaters. We traverse the extreme southern margin of the building, from east to west, and still it is the same: tables, and waiters, and eaters; eaters, and waiters, and tables; waiters, and eaters, and tables—ring the changes how we may; and it is only when we turn resolutely northwards out of this department that we get to the exhibited contents of the Palace proper, and exchange body-food for mind-food.

We find it so difficult to croak or grumble when roaming within or thinking about the Crystal Palace, that we will get rid of any little croaking at once, and have done with it. Our croak, then, is this:—We could have wished that the railway-entrance and the Refreshment Department were at opposite ends of the building. We could have wished that a visitor, on entering the Palace, were met by smiling flowers, or beautiful sculpture, or grand architecture, or gushing fountains, or illustrations of natural history, or

products of manufacturing skill; and that when 'tired nature' needed a little restoration, it should be sought for in other parts of the building. We have alluded to the wonder which the gastronomic display excites in the minds of most visitors, and this wonder is in some cases combined with a wish that the arrangements were otherwise. As it is, we meet with a roast fowl; then with a beautiful screen of the kings and queens of England; then with a white-cravated waiter; then with a brown-skinned, bare-legged Sandwich islander; then with a lobster-salad; then with a palm-tree from the tropics; then with a small bottle of pale ale; then with a tiger climbing up a tree; then with a plate of ham: or, if these objects are not actually mingled up together, they are in such juxtaposition that the mind is somewhat puzzled to arrange itself in proper order for the due appreciation of what is to come. It may very likely be, that this arrangement is a natural consequence of the peculiar locality on which the structure is built: the railway-station could scarcely have been other than it is; for the great ascent of the ground rendered it necessary to approach by a wide, curve the southern end of the building; and it may have been that the southern end offers more conveniences than the northern for the construction of a kitchen, and the general management of the Refreshment Department. We censure no one; we simply say that, *ceteris paribus*, it would better please the eye if the railway-entrance and the Refreshment Department were at opposite ends of the building. Those who approach the Palace by road, and enter at the western front, do not encounter this gastronomic display; but the road travellers are, as we have said, few compared with the railway travellers to the Palace.

This refreshment subject is a remarkable one in many particulars, and deserves a little notice. The department is kept wholly in the Company's hands, for reasons which will be better appreciated when we look back to what occurred three years ago.

The commissioners of the Great Exhibition in 1851, deeming it necessary to provide some kind of refreshments for the expected millions of visitors, but not willing to trouble themselves with the details of managing penny-buns and bottles of ginger-beer, advertised for tenders from parties willing to take the contract. The tender of Messrs Schweppé, the soda-water manufacturers, was accepted; they agreed to pay a certain sum for the privilege of supplying all the refreshments in the Hyde Park building, under certain regulations stipulated by the commissioners. Messrs Schweppé sublet their contract to Messrs Masters and Messrs Younghusband: one firm took the central refreshment-room, while the other took those at the east and west ends of the building. The Exhibition opened; no one could say whether the consumption of refreshments would be more or less than moderately large; but it soon became apparent that the contractors had made an advantageous bargain; the demand for eatables and drinkables was large, and the number of attendants necessary for serving out the supply for this demand became very considerable. It was well known and candidly acknowledged, that the speculation was a 'good thing'; but it was not until some time after the close of the Exhibition that the money results were published. One of the Reports made by the commissioners to the government contained special reports from the contractors and others; and among these was one relating to the Refreshment Department. The Exhibition was open rather less than six months; and during that time no less a sum than £75,000 was expended in refreshments. This, too, was in very small items; for the average amount spent by each five-shilling visitor, at each visit, was only 4d.; 4d. for each half-crown visitor; and 2d. for each shilling visitor; some of the visitors expended nothing for refreshments; but if the whole sum of £75,000 were

divided equally among 8,040,000 visitors, it would give an average of about 3d. each per visit. The expenditure within the building for refreshments varied from a minimum of £198 to a maximum of £909 per day—the lowest and highest days being 2d. May and 19th June. The average expenditure on the shilling-days was exactly £800 per day. As to the refreshments sold, they were mostly of a light character—something on the Wolverton standard. Of the 50,000 quarter-loaves, the 1,800,800 buns, the 33 tons of ham, the 2400 quarts of jelly, the 14,000 pounds of coffee, the 33,000 quarts of milk, the 32,000 quarts of cream, the 36,000 pounds of tongues and potted meat, the 360 tons of ice, the 1,100,000 bottles of soda-water and other aerated beverages—of all these, the list shows that light articles became very heavy by multiplication; while the more solid dinners in the Exhibition refreshment-room made an addition to the list in the substantial shape of 113 tons of meat, 86 tons of potatoes, and 1000 gallons of pickles.

Now, when the Sydenham Palace was being planned, the directors, like prudent men, looked steadily at this refreshment question. They saw very plainly that, out of an expenditure of £75,000 for light viands and beverages, the net profit must have been considerable. They resolved, therefore, not to let off this department by contract; they adopted, in preference, the plan of rendering this a part and parcel of their great enterprise—on one ground, for the sake of any profit which might legitimately arise therefrom; and on another ground, that they might adapt the working arrangements to the requirements of the place, varying them if variation seemed necessary. This principle being decided on, the directors proceeded to work it out with the same bold spirit which has been infused into all their proceedings. They built a large kitchen, with all appliances on the most complete scale; they built store-rooms and larders, pantries and bread-rooms, sculleries and ice-houses; they built dining-rooms and refreshment-rooms of various kinds and sizes; they provided marble-topped counters and tables in enormous extent; they ordered plate, and china, and glass, and vessels of all sorts, for the due serving of a prodigious amount of eatables and drinkables; they engaged, as general superintendent, one who has been conversant with hotel arrangements on a large scale; they secured the services of scientific cooks, and confectioners, and ice-makers; they organised in the kitchen a staff of cooks and assistants, and in the refreshment-rooms a staff of waiters and attendants, and in the store-rooms a staff of clerks and store-keepers; they entered into contracts with millers and bakers, butchers and poultry-ers, green-grocers and fruiterers, for the supply of provisions on a great scale; they made provision for a due supply of fuel, gas, and water—they did all this, and then they waited to see whether the world would make use of this gigantic restaurant.

The kitchen is one of the busiest imaginable places, almost every inch of space being well applied throughout the entire day. For reasons that will be obvious, such a place cannot be opened to the view of visitors generally; but we may say a few words in connection with a peep with which we have been favoured. The kitchen, then, is a rectangular apartment, mostly of brick, iron, and glass. On two sides, the walls are lined with stoves and ovens of the most approved kind—stoves in which the efficiency of gas-cookery is most amply proved. Many persons to whom this subject is new, would be much surprised at the principle and practice of cooking by gas, so difficult does it seem to understand how jets of gas can cook meat without imparting to it a gas-like odour. Let us steal a look, then, into this gas-stove before us, and see how it is all managed. The stove is a sort of quadrangular box, say forty inches high by thirty inches square. It has air-holes and flues somewhere or other, which we do

not see. It has a dripping-pan covering the bottom; and at a few inches above the pan is a single row of gas-jets running round the four sides of the stove: this is the whole of the apparatus employed for heating. At a height of two or three feet above the jets is a kind of gridiron or grate; and on this gridiron are placed—not four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row, but four-and-twenty fowls all in a square. Those who have the best means of judging, say that the cooking realises all that can be wished for; while the ease and facility of the processes are most important advantages. We were assured that, in this same stove, a few days before the writing of the present article, a piece of beef, weighing 300 pounds, was roasted in eight hours—not scorched without and half-done within, but honestly roasted from the skin to the bone—a great achievement this, we think, with the aid merely of a few dozen little jets of gas.

All the other appliances are very complete. There are baking-ovens, and soup-making stoves, and bread-baking stoves, and pasty-ovens, and beef-boiling coppers, and pots and pans of varied kinds, nearly all of them heated by gas. Then there are tables and boards whereon meat is cut up, poultry dressed, vegetables prepared, lobsters extricated from their shells, lobster-salads decked out, meat-pies made, and all sorts of nice things 'dished up' for the waiters to carry into the refreshment-rooms. Then, in the bread-rooms, confectionary-rooms, ice-rooms, and other subsidiary departments, all is arranged in as systematic a way as the operations of a large commercial establishment. Indeed, this is a large commercial establishment, the book-keeping of which must be something considerable. The letters C. P. C. are all around, as denoting that the entire apparatus, culinary and otherwise, is the property of the Crystal Palace Company; and a formidable sum it must have cost. In one cool brick-room we saw several men making ices and ice-creams—a work which occupies them all day long, especially when hot days render the visitors more than usually solicitous for cooling refreshments.

Now, the willingness on the part of the sight-seeing public to partake of these refreshments has shewn itself to be such, that the producing powers of the kitchen are often taxed to the utmost. The total number of persons engaged within the building, under the presidency of Mr Horne, in preparing and dispensing the refreshments, from the clerks who make record of all the provision sent in by the purveyors, to the battalion of waiters who attend in the refreshment-rooms, is not much less than three hundred; and there are certain hours of the day when all are as busy as busy men and women can be. The cooks have indeed an active time of it; they are at work from morn till a late hour in the evening; for they must take care, when one day's demand is supplied, to have a sufficient store-cooked for the earlier hours of the next day's visitants. All the viands are cold, with a few exceptions which do not apply to visitors generally; and therefore the fowls, and hams, and so forth, must be cooked some few hours before they are to be eaten.

It is quite evident, both from the accounts of the Company, and from what meets the eye of a looker-on, that the visitors spend very much more in refreshments than was the wont in the old Crystal Palace. Whether it is that the rattling rido up to Sydenham gives folks an appetite, or that the cold collation is really cheap—a matter of opinion on which each one will judge for himself—or that visitors who are usually out of the way of roast-fowl and lobster-salad, resolve on a treat on these special occasions; whatever may be the reason, the fact certainly is, that the number of those who partake of a two-shilling luncheon or cold dinner, is beyond all conception greater than one would have expected. We speak here of the partakers of a meal for which a definite charge is made, and not of the purchasers of

smaller and lighter refreshments, such as disappear in the same way as they did in Hyde Park. The money taken for refreshments has, it is said, on one or two occasions actually equalled that taken for admission. Of the balance-sheet, as regards the Company, we know nothing, and can surmise nothing; it may be that the luncheon is not so profitable to the vendors as lighter refreshments would be; but on this point we have nought to say. Be the profit great or small, the consumption of provisions is something astounding. A short time ago, 1000 fowls were roasted and eaten in two days! The consumption on one of the shilling-Thursdays, about a month after the opening of the Crystal Palace, included, among other items, 500 fowls, 150 pigeons, 60 large joints of roast-beef, 40 of boiled beef, 20 breasts of veal, 20 quarters of lamb, 20 loins of mutton, 150 moulds of jelly, 100 moulds of cream, and 400 lobsters, which took part in the formation of lobster-salads. Not even the monster-hotels of the United States can talk about such an absorption of eatables as this. We say nothing about the drinkables; for it is the solids rather than the beverages which disappear in this surprising way. Many well-meaning persons have quaked a little concerning the probable or possible drinking at the Crystal Palace; they may allay their fears, for the drinking is, by no means a prominent feature; the visitors take a little, and only a little, and then set off again on their rambles through the Palace.

On looking back at our account of the appearance of the Refreshment Department on entering the building, we find that no mention has been made of a central department near the great transept, or of a northern department at the further end—"next door to Nineveh," as some persons describe it. So profuse is the array of marble-topped counters and marble-topped circular tables, that on a late occasion we gave ourselves the somewhat hopeless office of determining their number; we got as far as 900 feet in length of counter, and 350 circular tables, and then, tired of the self-imposed task, we gave it up. These counters and tables are, as will be inferred from what has been before said, in three groups—southern, central, and northern. Many of the counters are, under arrangement with the Company, rented by the Paris Chocolate Company, by whom are vended chocolate hot and chocolate cold, chocolate with vanilla and chocolate with milk, chocolate bonbons and chocolate papillotes, chocolate crackers and chocolate pastilles, chocolate statuettes and chocolate cigars, chocolate with taraxacum and chocolate with sarsaparilla, chocolate diablotins with honpauills and without, chocolate at threepence per cup and chocolate at a shilling per cup.

The reader will, we trust, not misinterpret the purport of the present paper. He will not suppose that we are silent about the wonders and beauties of the Crystal Palace, because we deem the commissariat department more important. The truth is, that this remarkable undertaking seems likely to afford many unexpected illustrations of social, artistic, and commercial facts, worthy of a thought and a glance from all of us. Gastronomic achievements struck us as being one of the number; and we think the reader will not be disinclined to learn these few details concerning a singular development. Other developments there will be in abundance, if we have space to touch upon them here now and then.

PRODUCTIONS OF JAPAN.

Japan abounds in natural and artificial productions of great value. Its mineral riches are enormous, and include metals of various kinds, especially gold, silver, and copper. Sulphur and nitre are also found in large quantities: there is no want of coal, and there are precious stones of almost every variety—emeralds, sapphires, jaspers, cornelians, and

even diamonds; while pearls are found in great plenty among the shells upon the coast. Then the fertility of the soil is very great. The mulberry-tree grows extensively, and affords food for countless myriads of silk-worms. The *hadai*, or paper-tree, serves innumerable useful purposes, including the manufacture of cloths, stuffs, and cordage. The *cerusi*, or varnish-tree, is another valuable production of the country, yielding large quantities of a milky juice which the natives employ to varnish, as Japan, as we call it, various articles. Then there are the bay-tree, the camphor-tree, the fig-tree, the cypress-tree, with very many more, more or less valuable, and from which a great variety of useful articles are made; and last, though not least, there is the tea-shrub, from the leaves of which the common drink of the people is brewed, and which is capable of yielding a valuable article of commerce. Trees growing nats of various kinds are abundant; the maple is extensive and excellent; bamboos are very plentiful, and of great use, as they are everywhere in the Indies. They cultivate as much hemp and cotton as they can find room for in their fields; and as to rice, which is the main food of the natives, that grown in Japan is considered the best in all Asia, and it can be produced in almost any quantity. Their corns are of several sorts: besides the *komi*, or rice, there are the *obmuggi*, a kind of barley; the *hoomuggi*, their native wheat; and the *daidsou*, a species of bean—all of which abound with superior farina.—*Country Gentleman*—*Albany*.

M I N E !

FOR A GERMAN AIR.

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,
And I drink up joy like wine;
O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,
For the lovely girl is mine!
She's rich, she's fair, beyond compare—
Of noble mind, serene and kind;
O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,
For the lovely girl is mine!

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,
In a music soft and fine;
O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,
For the dearest girl is mine!
She owns no lands, has no white hand—
Her lot is poor, her life obscure;
Yet how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating,
For the dearest girl is mine!

CEMETERY OF PERA.

On this grave-yard, which covers the whole side of the hill, is the fashionable promenade of the fair Peraites; it is a place where *kainals* or porters resort to, to bask in the sun, whenever there is any—where drives of donkeys are passing guests—and where the dogs have established a permanent settlement. These dogs make their beds in the graves, and slumber in the shade of the turban-surmounted tombstones, which mark the last resting-places of the male among the true believers. Each one of these wild dogs has his grave, which is his peculiar property, and which he defends against the invasion of some canine czar, anxious to increase his territories. Puppies are born in the graves, and there reared to mature doghood; and fierce combats take place, and many a wretched dog is torn to pieces by his savage associates; and from early dusk to the dawn of day, there is a howling and gnashing of tusks among the cypress groves of this last resting-place of the dead. You have some difficulty in making your way through the various groups of tombstones and trees, some falling and some fallen, which obstruct your path.—*Commonwealth* (*Glasgow paper*).

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THE EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITION AT ST MARTIN'S HALL.

THE Great Exhibition of 1851 seems destined to be the forerunner of numerous humanising enterprises, calculated to give all classes and all nations an insight into the better part of the character and doings of their neighbours. It set our Irish brethren busily to work, to establish an exhibition such as Ireland never saw before, and such as called forth a large measure of liberality and friendliness of sentiment. It urged our transatlantic fellow Saxons to try their hands at a Crystal Palace, and at a display of industry which English manufacturers do well to treat with respectful attention. It is impelling France to the formation of a majestic international Exhibition, in which Englishmen—now brought into a surprising state of good-humour with their former enemies—will take part in an industrial tournament in 1855. It has been the parent of that unequalled structure, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, which has a future career before it whercof it would be difficult even to guess the extent or scope. It has led to the purchase of a large estate at Kensington Gore, which, albeit that governmental proceedings are terribly slow and ineffective, may one day be the home of art, science, and industry. It has led to such increased classes, lectures, and museums, at Marlborough House and the School of Practical Science, that men of science and working-men are brought together now as they seldom were before. It has led to special exhibitions at the Society of Arts, one each year, which have illustrated certain departments of knowledge in a very agreeable way. And now it has led to the organisation of an Educational Exhibition, such as is quite novel in this country.

The Educational Exhibition, now being holden at Mr Hullah's rooms, St Martin's Hall, in Long Acre, is highly interesting, and worthy of attention; since it is connected with a kind of centenary of art and education, and brings into one focus things and appliances which have never been brought together before. The Society of Arts is just one hundred years old; a venerable centenary, that gets more vigorous as it gets older—its renewed vigour dating from the year when the Prince-Consort became president. Praise to the Prince, say we; praise, given without the smallest tendency to fawn or flatter. This, then, being the hundredth anniversary, the council bethought them how they might worthily commemorate the year 1854. They have done the eating and drinking part of the commemoration already, and we need say nought about that; but they resolved on something less evanescent than eating and drinking. In 1852, a plan was commenced

of receiving into union the literary and scientific institutions, philosophical societies, athenaeums, and mechanics' institutes, established in various parts of the United Kingdom; and this with the object of assisting them, in any practicable way, in carrying out the great work of education which all of them have more or less in view. Down to the present time, more than 350 such societies and institutions have joined this union; and it would belie all past experience, if some good should not spring out of such co-operation. At a conference of representatives of these institutions, held in June 1853, it was resolved to invite the Council of the Society of Arts to establish an Educational Exhibition in 1854, as a worthy commemoration of the centenary. The Council took up the matter in a right spirit; they applied to the foreign and colonial departments of the government, who assisted them in making the object known in foreign and colonial countries. In order to facilitate and encourage the exhibition of foreign appliances, the government permitted the admission at our ports, duty free, of all articles destined for the Educational Exhibition. At first, it was intended that the exhibition should be held at the rooms of the Society of Arts; but the number of contributors and contributed articles became so great, that St Martin's Hall was selected as the locality.

Such have been the 'antecedents' of the Educational Exhibition; and when we look at the bulky shilling-catalogue, it becomes evident that the number of exhibited articles must be very large. A visit to the place itself confirms this idea; for the great hall, and its galleries, staircases, passages, and approaches, are packed as closely as they can well be—irrespective of a long suite of rooms, somewhere up aloft near the sky, where the booksellers and mapsellers have matters all their own way. The articles are exhibited partly on walls, partly on counters and tables, and partly in cases; and as most of them are numbered with figures corresponding to those in the catalogue, their identification is tolerably easy.

Perhaps we shall best impart to our readers a general notion of this exhibition, if we say a few words first concerning the exhibitors, and then concerning the articles exhibited.

In the first place, then, the principal exhibitors are the societies and institutions which are engaged in fostering the great work of education. These are surprisingly numerous—comprising the National Society, the British and Foreign School Society, the Home and Colonial School Society, the Congregational Board of Education, the Wesleyan Education Committee, the Religious Tract Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Irish Education Commis-

signers, the Schoolmasters' Association, the Liverpool Collegiate Institution, the Government Department of Science and Arts, the Government Inspectors of Schools, the Royal Naval Schools at Greenwich, the Cheltenham Normal College, the Committee of Council on Education, the Norwich Training Institution, and numerous schools—Training, Infant, Parochial, Ragged, Proprietary, National, Industrial, Roman Catholic, and Jewish—in various parts of the country. Next come those excellent institutions which work earnestly to educate the poor unfortunates who have one or other of the inlets of knowledge closed: the Blind Schools in London (three in number) and in Yorkshire; the Deaf and Dumb Schools at Doncaster, Exeter, and Liverpool; and the Asylum for Idiots—all exhibit. Then come persons who have written books on education; persons who have invented apparatus useful in school-rooms; persons who manufacture and sell all the material appliances for education. Next come the publishers—the Longmans, the Whittakers, the Varty's, the Simpkinses, the Parkers, the Dartons, the Maberclys, the Bagsters, the Blacks, the Blackies, the Blackwoods, the Chamberss, and others—all of whom become exhibitors, not in respect to their general publications, but in respect to such as bear directly upon the subject of education. Lastly—for we need not aim at any great minuteness—there are exhibitors whose display is of very great interest—comprising those from the United States, the British American colonies, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Malta, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland. Some of these foreign exhibitors are private individuals; but many of them are societies and government departments—such as the New York Board of Education, the Church Schools at Halifax, the Abendberg Asylum for Crétins, the Norwegian Governmental Department for Education, the Educational Council of Norway, the Council of Education at Thurgovie, and others. The number of articles exhibited, it is quite impossible to name with any pretension to accuracy; for, generally speaking, each number in the catalogue refers to the entire contributions from some one exhibitor.

One of the first facts which attracts the attention in this exhibition, is the great diversity of articles now supplied by the chief educational societies. Without touching upon any of the controversies between Churchmen and Dissenters, it is well known that these societies have approached by slow steps their present position. At a period not very far distant, many well-meaning persons—persons who had both the means and the wish to advance the position of the humbler classes—had quite a dread of anything beyond the meagre rudiments of education for the children of working-men. The Bible, and a little reading, writing, and ciphering, were considered to be all that could safely be introduced into the machinery of popular education. But first one society, and then a second society, slightly extended their range; and then others did so likewise, that they might not be left behind in the race. Then, knowing that teachers and school-mistresses must have higher acquirements, if they are to impart a higher education, and knowing that the then existing masters and teachers had had to pick up their own education in a piecemeal and imperfect manner, the societies saw the necessity of establishing Normal Schools, to teach those who are in their turn to become teachers. And then, as there ought to be some means of judging of the relative fitness of the teachers, it was felt that a college of preceptors might be useful, to award certificates that would, to a greater or less extent, afford a guarantee for the qualifications of teachers. And lastly, the very machinery whereby

pupil-teachers are taught, supplies easy means for improving the school machinery for the humble everyday scholars. It is by some such steps as these that the National Society, the British and Foreign School Society, the Home and Colonial School Society, the Congregational Board of Education, the Irish Commissioners of Education, and similar bodies, have sanctioned and accumulated a stock of school machinery which has become quite formidable.

It matters little which we take as an exemplar of the societies generally; but let it be the National Society, whose schools are so well known all over England. Of the Society's school materials and books, there is a specimen of everything, we believe, at the Educational Exhibition; at any rate, the exceptions are but few. First, we find 'Copy and Elementary Writing-books,' foolscap and post, ruled and plain, common and superfine, 12-leaved and 18-leaved, outline and graduated, which the Society supplies to schools at prices varying from 9d. to 4s. per dozen. Then come ruled books for manuscript music, of various sizes and shapes; then ciphering and memorandum books, still more varied in size and price. A full classification of papers—writing, blotting, letter, and note—is provided; together with all such writing-desk appliances as envelopes, sealing-wax, wafers, quill and steel pens, pen-holders, India-rubber, ink-bottles, ink-stands, &c. Slates and slate-pencils form a more interesting series than would generally be supposed; for besides the ordinary framed slates for writing, there are slates ruled with lines, slates with outline-maps scratched or engraved upon them, slates ruled for music, slates with engraved alphabets, large slates for diagrams, and slate-globes with a few geographical elements outlined upon them. Then there are globes, in box or on stand or pedestal, varying from 2s. to eight guineas each; school-clocks, silent or striking; black-boards for diagrams; desks, forms, and standards for them; cases and lesson-stands; abaci, or arithmetical frames; millboards, for lessons and prints; drawing and mathematical instruments, from the very cheap to the moderately dear; sponges, penknives, desk-knives, book-markers, school-bells, school-whistles, portfolios, pen-trays, half-hour glasses, blotting-pads, and a number of useful trifles, which it would be no easy matter to enumerate. For teaching special branches of education, the apparatus is in some cases very complete. There are copies for writing, prepared in very varied forms. There are copies for drawing, still more varied, comprising trees, flowers, animals, buildings, landscapes, common objects, the human figure, &c.; and to aid in the use of these, there are all the usual kinds of drawing materials, such as drawing-paper, sketch-books, Bristol-board, pencils and crayons, crayon-holders, drawing-boards, boxes of colours, squares, and parallel rulers; and so forth. There are chemical laboratories in portable cases; cabinets of shells, minerals, crystals, and common objects; folding drawing-models; solid models, susceptible of separation and re-adjustment, for illustrating geometry and many departments of science and art; diagrams of large size, illustrative of the mechanical powers, astronomical phenomena, natural philosophy, geological strata, and manufacturing processes; sheet-lessons of large size and of varied character. There are the numerous cards and tickets now used in the practical conduct of schools—such as admission-cards, suspension-tickets, confirmation-cards, admonition-tickets, reward-tickets, late-tickets, punishment-tickets, 'clean-and-tidy' tickets, and many others well known to persons familiar with the working of popular schools. The little girls are not unprovided for, since their needle-work studies are aided by due supplies of needles, pins, sewing-cotton, thimbles, and scissors. In relation to prints, maps, and books, the Society's publications have become numerous: prints for infant schools and prints for more advanced schools;

maps in single sheets and maps in atlases; books for general reading; and books for studying grammar, etymology, arithmetic, mechanics, mensuration, geography, history, needle-work, the principles of teaching, &c.

Now, so far as the Educational Exhibition is concerned, this display made by the National Society may be regarded as the Society's declaration of what they can do, what they propose to effect, and how they select material aids to facilitate their work. If another society be deficient in any of these aids, a careful and systematic examination will enable them to measure the extent of the deficiency, and to fill up the blanks so far as they may think proper. On the other hand, should this second society have adopted useful aids in which the former is wanting, a return benefit may result; and, as in morals and in magnetism, each may gain strength in giving. It is not, or ought not to be, a vain emulation. All the societies have, we believe, frankly and candidly put forth their real evidence—have really pictured what they are doing, and how they do it; and the juxtaposition of contributions from different quarters, renders comparison very easy. We may pass from the National Society to the British and Foreign School Society, and examine the latter's models of school-rooms, model-maps, objects for object-lessons, objects to illustrate manufactures, models of machinery, plaster casts for model-drawing, appliances for teaching writing and arithmetic, maps and globes, drawing-materials, diagrams, lesson-tablets, class-books, &c. And so of the Home and Colonial Society, the Sunday-school Union, and the rest. In so far as the government has become an educator, it employs material aids somewhat largely; and thus the Department of Science and Art has very properly sent to the Educational Exhibition specimens of nearly all the apparatus employed, comprising drawing-instruments, colour-boxes, strained canvas, copies for outline-drawing, drawings of machines, drawings of architecture—marine and engineering, diagrams and catechisms of colour, copies for shaded-drawing, copies for coloured-drawing, solid models and folding models, selected specimens of art-workmanship in pottery, plaster, and metal.

And as it is with the societies, so is it with individuals. If a schoolmaster, by his own clear sense, aided or not by a little pecuniary help, has devised something new or useful in educational apparatus, he is just the sort of person whose contributions to this Exhibition would be valued; and we consequently find numerous examples of this kind—examples of small contrivances which may be usefully adopted by others besides the contriver.

To those who are not especially connected with education in its ordinary routine, the apparatus for the blind is perhaps more interesting than the materials for general schools. The excellent society whose asylum is at Avenue Road, in the Regent's Park, for instance, have sent specimens of all the apparatus used by them in teaching the blind. Those who have studied this subject, are aware that an interesting controversy has been long carried on respecting the question—whether the raised letters for the blind ought to be in ordinary alphabetical characters, or in some kind of arbitrary short-hand. It would be out of place here for us to offer an opinion on this matter; and we will therefore simply say, that the society just named adopt an arbitrary character, composed of straight lines, curves, and dots. In this character they have printed numerous books. They have also embossed music, embossed chess-boards, embossed geometrical-boards, and embossed maps, for the blind. Mr Wood's embossed music is highly curious. The notes are represented by short strokes; the direction of the stroke represents the pitch of each note; the position of a dot represents the time or duration of a note; and thus—the pitch and the duration of each note being both shewn by one

character—the ordinary music-staff of five lines may be dispensed with, and the music is brought into one line, like common writing. The Blind Asylum in St George's Fields adopts the ordinary Roman alphabetical character; and it is pleasant to see, at the Educational Exhibition, a copy of the world-renowned *Robinson Crusoe* embossed in this type: the letters are beautifully distinct, and are so large, that Defoe's story occupies two quarto volumes; but, then, as these volumes are sold so low as half-a-crown each, they are really cheap in respect to the object in view.

No part of the Exhibition is better, worthy of study, than the contributions from foreign countries. Travellers and politicians, artists and moralists, place the men and women of foreign countries before our eyes; but here we have the boys and girls, in respect to the means whereby they are taught, and the practical results of the teaching. Why it is that a region so far north and out of the world as Scandinavia, should be better represented at this Exhibition than any other country, we cannot say; but such certainly seems to be the case, and Norway and Sweden are well worth attention at this reunion of nations.

It appears that, so far as regards these two countries—both under one monarch—the contributions come from the Government Department of Education, and from several managers of public and private schools. The contributions include, among other things, drawings of Swedish and Norwegian school-houses and school-rooms; ground-plans of school-buildings; programmes of schools, in respect to divisions into classes, subjects taught, weekly arrangements of lessons, and the number of pupils in each class; models and drawings of school apparatus; reports and records of various schools; models for teaching drawing, and specimens of drawings made by the school-children; the collection of apparatus used for teaching natural philosophy; selections from a zoological collection for teaching natural history; specimens of exercises, from various schools, in writing, Norwegian and Swedish composition, mathematics, German, English, French, and Latin; collection of class-books from various schools; collection of maps published at Stockholm and Christiania; and an instrument called the psalm-dicon, for teaching music. Now, all this is excellent. It takes us at once into the boyhood and girlhood of those northern countries; it shews us what Young Scandinavia is about, and how it learns, and how it is taught. A detailed examination is in many parts curious, and worth the time it takes, even if it were merely to ascertain whether school-children fill up their books in Sweden as they do in England. We find that, where an English boy practices large hand in such long words as 'Transubstantiation,' 'Incommensurability,' and so forth, a Swedish boy has likewise his long words, which will frighten an English eye, as the following may perhaps shew: Rättfärdiggörelsen, Urskillningsgåfva, Yttranderättigheten—words, the equivalents of which in English we need not trouble ourselves to ferret out. Without professing to have a taste in needle-work, we may yet like to look at specimens of 'plain work' from the 'Trondjem Redskole,' especially the shirt wristband done in the 'Figeskolens Begyndersäse,' or the beginning-class in the girls' school. There is an ingenious writing-frame for the blind in the Swedish Department, nearly like some of those used in England: there are two parallel rulers, the distance of which, asunder, is equal to the height of the letters to be made. These rulers have a little sliding-piece, which regulates the slope of the letters: the rulers rest on grooves in a frame; a tablet is placed within the frame, paper is placed upon the tablet, and thus the pupil writes in the oblong space between the two rulers, shifting the rulers from groove to groove as each line becomes finished. There is, in the machine, a sheet of paper, which purports to have been written

by some poor little Swedish blind boy or girl; and although the copy or sentence, that 'Europa är den mest bildade verldsdal,' simply corresponds with our own home-copies respecting the superior civilised condition of Europe, it is yet interesting as coming from the pen of a Swedish *aveugle*.

In the Danish Department, there are a few written specimens which seem to recognise a sound principle. They are, apparently, examples of school-pennmanship: each is headed at the top with the name of some distinguished Dane, such as Oersted, Schwanthaler, or Ohlenschläger; and underneath are a few verses commemorative of the hero. If the verses have any merit—if they rise above the level of mere rhyming—there is a spirit in all this which we like. There are not wanting English worthies who might be similarly placed before the eyes of English school-boys, provided always that the verses were in some degree worthy of the worthies—a point of no small difficulty.

It is just possible that those who have no opportunity of visiting this Educational Exhibition, may obtain a slight notion of its character from this brief sketch of ours. To those who can go, and who feel any pleasure in the advancement of education, we would say: Go by all means: you will obtain more than the money's worth for the trifle of money spent.

THE HEIR-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER II.

MARY SELWYN rose early on the following morning, and when I joined her at breakfast, she had, in appearance at least, quite recovered her usual cheerfulness and equanimity. She had determined, instead of writing, to go personally, and insist upon Clara's immediate return home. Another consternation awaited us: a note arrived from Mr Calvert, containing, beside the ordinary compliments, &c., a brief intimation that important affairs obliged him to leave that part of the country, and that some months would probably elapse before he could promise himself the pleasure of again calling at Beach Villa. 'Very extraordinary conduct this,' I exclaimed; 'upon my word, the man is a perfect riddle!'

'True,' was the low-voiced reply; 'and one which those who have duties to perform should not waste time in endeavouring to solve. Ah! here comes the fly Susan has ordered. Good-by, Gertrude, till the evening. We shall not be late home, I hope.'

It was, however, past ten o'clock before the fly returned, bringing the two Misses and Mrs Selwyn, the last still swelling and panting with the but partially abated storm of rage which Mary's determined insistence upon her sister's return with her to Beach Villa had thrown her into. Clara who, one could see, had been profusely weeping, retired to bed at once; but Mrs Selwyn, whose excitement precluded rest, or a wish for it, remained up to vent her indignation—first upon Mary, and when she had withdrawn, upon hapless me, who could not well refuse to listen. I gathered from the irate lady's objurgations, that there had been a violent scene at the Lumsdens; that Mary Selwyn's firmness prevailed with difficulty, and not all Clara herself—upon being reminded, I had no doubt, of her father's dying injunctions, ever a potent spell with her—had decided for her prim half-sister against her own mother. It seemed, moreover, that two gentlemen had been dangling after Clara—Captain Toulmin, the young lady's favourite it was

intimated, and his friend, Mr Francis Herbert, the second son of the dowager Mrs Herbert, of Ashle Priory, the towers whereof were on a bright clear day, dimly visible from the garret-windows of Beach Villa, whom Mrs Selwyn was evidently mad enough to hope might be hymenically caught in the meshes of her own and her daughter's ambition. This struck me as so utterly preposterous, the Herberts ranking amongst the highest magnates of that division of the county, that I could hardly forbear laughing in the silly woman's face. Reflecting, however, that maternal vanity has ever been a chartered dreamer, I maintained, though with difficulty, a serious expression of face; and Mrs Selwyn, having at last exhausted for a time the phials of her wordy wrath, muttered a sour good-night, and went to bed.

The next day but one, Beach Villa was let upon terms which had been several times previously refused; and within twenty-four hours of the completion of the bargain, the Selwyn family were on the road to Preston, near which a habitation more suitable to their means had been taken for them by Mr Thornley. Personal intercourse with my young friends was thus necessarily terminated; and that by letter, chiefly from the swift coming or of trouble in my own home, soon became infrequent, and before I left Lancashire, had entirely ceased. My father, a lieutenant in the royal navy, who had served with Nelson, was released at last by the welcome hand of death from sufferings he had bravely borne for several years: and in about two months only my mother sickened of the malady which was soon to reunite both parents in their long home. In the presence of these griefs, all minor regrets were of course repressed and hushed; the Selwyns and their self-created difficulties were for the time forgotten; and I nerved myself to pursue with hope and courage the strange and solitary path of life before me, and over which thick darkness had so early fallen.

It was some time before I succeeded in obtaining the engagement with Mrs Ansted; and how that terminated, together with the sudden apparition of Clara Selwyn, bewilderingly transformed into Mrs Francis Herbert, of Ashle Priory, the reader has already been informed. The only tidings of the Selwyns which reached me after leaving Lancashire, was a hurried answer to a question addressed by me to Mr Thornley, whom I met at the Euston Station, just as the train in which he had taken his seat was about to start. I had inquired after Mary Selwyn, and his reply was to the effect, that she had long since thrown herself away upon a mean adventurer of the name of Calvert, and was, he understood, living in obscurity somewhere in Wales with her husband and one or two children. He had not time to add, that his information was solely derived, as I afterwards knew, from Mrs Selwyn, or I should have more correctly estimated the probable truth of the imputation upon Mr Calvert.

After this recapitulation of bygone events, it will not, I hope, appear surprising that I was bewildered by the unexpectedly announced and marvellous change in Clara's fortune, drawing after it a minor but still very appreciable improvement in my own. And, for the life of me, I could not at all realise that change. It seemed to be an impossible, dream-like extravagance—a *coup de théâtre*, only to be met with in a play or a novel, and I was half tempted to doubt, whilst proceeding the next morning in a cab to the Clarendon, whether I should really find the Selwyns in that aristocratic hotel. So far, however, there was

no illusion; Mrs Selwyn, who was looking exceedingly well, received me with prodigious condescension, and *Redburn'd* me over again and again with untiring self-complacency. With Clara, I was still 'dear Gertrude,' as in the old time; and her son, a nice little boy of about five years of age, had, I found, been tutored to address me as his mother did.

Precisely at twelve o'clock, we set out in a travelling-carriage, with four post-horses, for Ashe Priory—Mrs Selwyn being of opinion that journeying by rail was essentially vulgar and plebeian—and in due time were safely deposited at our destination. Arrived at that splendid abode, the feeling of unreality—a sense of the precarious tenure by which the lordly pile and its adjuncts *must*, I felt, be held by the present apparent mistress, returned upon my mind with aggravated force; and if I rightly read Clara's brightly flushing face, and nervous, unquiet looks, the same thought was beating at her heart, as, encompassed in each other's arms, we, with a shrinkiness, a timidity impossible to shake off, ventured through the stately and solitary apartments. 'Clara Selwyn'—this ran my thoughts whilst making a hurried dinner-toilet—'Clara Selwyn the indisputable mistress of all this splendour—impossible! The same law-legal-remain which has installed her here in right of her son, will, I fear, by some counter-trick dissipate the glittering dream! In right of her son! Ay, that must be the substance which casts these ominous shadows! Clara's grandeur, at the best, can be commensurate only with the life of that frail boy; and not grandeur only, but bare competence; for now, when calling to mind the fragments of conversation between Clara and Mrs Selwyn during our journey, I remembered they talked of a legal opinion having been given that Clara's husband, Francis Herbert, having died before his elder brother, when he was consequently not possessed—said, I recollect, the term was—of the property, she therefore, as his widow, was not entitled to her thirds of the personals. They spoke, too, of a sealed packet of papers found in the elder brother Edmund Herbert's escritoire, directed to an intimate friend of his, a colonial bishop, and of course duly forwarded, which, it is thought, may possibly contain a will disposing of the large personals, the landed property being strictly entailed on the heirs-male; and the alarming conclusion is, that the death of her son, the child heir-at-law, would at once hurl Clara from her present brilliant position into the abyss—by contrast made more terrible—of poverty and dependence! This boding train of thought pursued me as I sat at dinner—a cumbrously comfortless one, by the by, except to Mrs Selwyn, who really seemed to feel that dining with a tall lackey posted behind her chair was her natural though shamefully delayed destiny; and I intently scanned the *physique* of the pale boy, whom his mamma insisted should dine with us, in fruitless quest of decisive indications pointing to a brief or a prolonged life.

These panic terrors had, to a great degree, subsided by noon on the morrow: the air was bright, clear, and invigorating to both mind and body: rest had restored the child's ruddy colour, and it was, after all, I reasoned in my improved mood of thought, likelier, or, at all events, quite as likely, that he would live to be the father of a family, as perish prematurely in his nonage. And the affair altogether, after a time, no longer struck me as being so monstrously absurd, so utterly incredible. The servants, old as well as young, all acquiesced, undoubtingly, in the rule of the new dynasty; the numerous cards left by the notabilities for miles around were, to my silly thinking, so many attestations of the belief of those persons in the stability of the existing state of things; and I gradually ceased to torment myself by too curiously prying, or striving to do so, into the fateful and impervious future.

Clara, notwithstanding Mrs Selwyn's vehement

discussion, did not delay writing to her sister Mary—Mrs Calvert—urging her, in the kindest terms, to come and take up her abode with her two sons at Ashe Priory. Mary's answer—dated from the neighbourhood of Douglas Isle of Man, where she had chiefly resided since her marriage—was a refusal of the invitation, at all events, for the present. She did not propose leaving home till the arrival of a gentleman, then abroad, to whom the settlement of her deceased husband's affairs had been intrusted. Clara, the letter stated, had been misinformed with respect to her, Mary's, pecuniary resources, which had always sufficed, not for the necessities only, but for the elegances of life, and would do so amply in the future. One brief phrase, alluding to the writer's bereavement, was conclusive with me, spite of Mr Thornley's second-hand story, afterwards very positively re-indorsed by Mrs Selwyn, that Mr Calvert had been in every respect worthy of the strong love which dictated it. More immediately addressing Clara in the old tone of affectionate warning, Mary adjured her with almost pathetic earnestness, not, spite of the present cloudless sunshine of good-fortune, to rest her future happiness and peace upon worldly elevation and grandeur. This was repeated again and again, in varying terms, but always with a fervency which shewed they were not mere cant words of course, but grave, and, in the writer's judgment, much-needed counsels. The menacing fancy, then, that Clara's son might die during legal infancy, had painfully impressed her sister's mind as well as mine!—not prophetically, I could only hope and pray.

Although Mrs Calvert declined an asylum at Ashe Priory, another lady, the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, whom her son, Captain Toulmin, had by his reckless follies, it appeared, literally beggared, gladly accepted it, when pressed upon her with much delicacy and generous feeling by Clara. A remarkable compound of pride and kindness, buckram and benevolence, was that tall, pale, dignified, and very courteous personage. She could not but feel, and that acutely too, that Captain Toulmin, the next male heir to the domains of her ancestors, as well as of the Herberts, had been barred from the succession by the madcap marriage of his cousin, Francis Herbert, with a beautiful Nobody; yet did she soon come to love warmly the child of that marriage, who alone stood between her own son and a splendid heritage; and was as proud of the charming mistress of Ashe Priory as if Clara, instead of being a mere *parvenue*, could have boasted of a pedigree as long and unexceptionable as that of the last winner of the Derby. One curious trait in the good lady's character afforded us—that is, Clara and myself—much quiet amusement. Most persons, I have heard, derive pleasure, like honest Dogberry, from being able to boast of their losses; but this, I suppose natural propensity, was, with the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, exaggerated to monomania. Over and over again, we used to watch her making elaborate and corrected estimates of the money-value of the family plate, jewels, furniture, books, horses, carriages—of every valuable, in brief, whereof she or her son—the same thing—had been despoiled by the law of succession, her self-importance evidently increasing, *pro rata*, with the vastness of the sums thus laboriously ascertained; and when, as sometimes happened, a property was spoken of in her presence—a farm, for instance—of which she had not before heard, she would eagerly inquire its gross value, note it instantly with a pencil upon her ivory tablets, adding it to the previous total, and then mentally glorify herself upon the additional wealth she was thus proved to have lost! In sooth, my own opinion is, that all the Herberts were more or less of eccentric intellect. In the dowager Mrs Herbert before spoken of, the erratic mental predisposition manifested itself in a pride of lineage—of which I could give many ludicrous anecdotes—approaching to insanity in its fantastical

extravagance; in Francis Herbert, on the contrary, it displayed itself in contemptuous disregard of the marital code governing his order; and in the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, not only as just related, but in other modes which it is needless further to allude to. Before this narrative is concluded, the reader will perhaps discover additional proof of the soundness of my theory.

The presence of the Hon. Mrs Toulmin at Ashe Priory naturally drew after it that of Captain Toulmin; and it did not fail to occur to me, that Clara might have had some notion of the kind when she pressed the invitation upon that lady. However that might have been, September was no sooner at hand, than Captain Toulmin rented a sporting-box in the neighbourhood, and thenceforth was a daily guest at the Priory. A gay, handsome, specious man of the world, of about, I should say, five-and-thirty, was Captain Toulmin; a gentleman of polished address withal, and completely master of the little arts of society, which, being constantly in requisition, are so effective in making a company reputation, and concealing essential defects of education and character. Fully determined, too, was he to render himself exceedingly agreeable to Mrs Francis Herbert, and to marry her, if her little boy's health should not—as it had already evinced some indecisive symptoms of doing—fatally decline. There was another frequent guest at the Priory, the Rev. Charles Atherley, rector of the parish, though only eight-and-twenty, possessor of a handsome income, and a very different man from Captain Toulmin; the fate of his timid matrimonial aspirations also depended, I could not help believing, upon that of Clara's son. 'Poor boy!' I silently soliloquised one afternoon, as, partially hidden by a sun-screen, I watched the demeanour of the two gentlemen, who had been affecting to read, as an excuse for non-intercourse, both being implacably jealous of each other—'Poor boy! you little know with what intensity of interest they are contemplating the sudden pallor that has overspread your pretty face—the languid listlessness with which you have just laid aside your play-toys, and stretched yourself upon that couch. You did not see, and seeing, would not have comprehended, the exultant flash, as lurid as fire from the bottomless pit, which broke from the dark eyes of the captain; no more than you would the rector's involuntary glance—not of grief—quickly followed by the pang of self-reproach, which has sent him hurriedly across the room to you with those oranges and jujubes, and causes him to speak with such gentle tenderness, that you look up lovingly in his face, and take his hand as if it were your mamma's or mine.' The good rector has since then often declared that my surmise wronged him; but I am not for that the less convinced that I was right. The truth was, he was over head and ears in love with Clara, and could not shut out from his mind, try as he might, an instinctive conviction, that were Mrs Herbert no longer the lady of Ashe Priory, and mother of the heir to the Herbert estates, Captain Toulmin would at once cease to be his rival; and moreover, that possibly the rectory, and something approaching to two thousand a year, might not, in that case, be thought beneath her acceptance.

All this, I say, was as plain to me, a looker-on at the play of cross and selfish purposes in progress—looker-on proverbially knowing more of the game than the actual players—as if the Rev. Charles Atherley, A.M., and Captain Toulmin, had told me so in as many words; but Clara's inclinations I could not so positively determine. I saw that the handsome *roué* was her shadow, whether she remained at home, or walked, or rode out; and that she was flattered, pleased with his obsequious courtesies; but this was all; and she invariably, moreover, laughed off every attempt I made to treat the matter seriously. Then Mrs Selwyn was indefatigable in his praises, which I could very well

understand and excuse; forasmuch that Captain Toulmin, being the next heir to the entailed estates after little Francis, a marriage with him would insure Clara's future, and of course her own, in any eventuality. The Hon. Mrs Toulmin also greatly favoured her son's apparent intentions; and after much cogitation, and considerably influenced by the recollection of what I heard Mr Calvert say of Captain Toulmin, I determined upon writing to Mary, and informing her of my conjectures, doubts, and fears; not forgetting to add an injunction to keep my name out of any controversy that might arise upon the subject. My letter was quickly responded to, and in person: Mary Selwyn—Mrs Calvert, I should say—making her appearance at the Priory as soon as a letter by return of post would have reached me. Surprised, delighted, I need hardly say Clara and I were to see her; and looking so wonderfully well, too, spite of the tint of recent sorrow which shaded and softened the fine glow of health, and a certain matronly, yet youthful grace and air which seemed, so to speak, to radiate from her. I had no idea she would ever have been so handsome, and the same thought was, I saw, sparkling in her sister's eyes. Mrs Selwyn's greeting was of the coldest, grimmest; and her discontent was greatly increased the following day when Mary directly questioned her sister concerning Captain Toulmin; and upon receiving, what she deemed, unsatisfactory replies, peremptorily insisted, as if Clara was still a child, and she her absolute guardian, that the intimacy should be forthwith and unmistakably broken off. This brusque mode of proceeding was certainly not in accordance with the dictates of Mary's usual calm good sense. Clara, as might have been anticipated, accustomed as she had of late been to the most obsequious deference, would not tolerate such rude schooling, even from her sister; and Mrs Selwyn fired up with ungovernable fury. Mary soon recovered her rarely lost command of temper, listened for some time with unruffled composure to the dual storm she had rashly evoked, and at last said in her quietest manner, in reply to a rude taunt of Mrs Selwyn's relative to her own comparatively beggarly match with that Calvert, and rising as she spoke to leave the room—'I do not reply to you as you deserve, because my father's wife and Clara's mother will always be at least passively respected by me, even when, as now, she grossly falls in respect to herself. Come with me, Gertrude: I wish to speak with you.'

We passed out of the house, and for some time walked silently about the lawn and shrubberies, Mary, as I could feel by the trembling of her arm, for I did not like to speak or peer into her face, being very much agitated—I supposed in consequence of Mrs Selwyn's coarse and unfeeling allusion to her husband. After awhile, her emotion passed away, and she had recommenced questioning me of her sister's intimacy with Captain Toulmin, when that gentleman came galloping up the avenue, gallantly waving his hand as he neared the house towards the window of the apartment where we had left Clara and her mother. Mary's countenance flushed scarlet, and she said quickly: 'Go, Gertrude—go at once and inform Captain Toulmin—privately will be best—that I must speak to him immediately in the library; you, of course, returning with him. This audacious insolence shall be endured no longer.'

I was a good deal startled by the energy of manner she displayed, as well as by her words, but nevertheless hastened promptly to perform her bidding. I awaited the captain's return from the stables in the hall, delivered my message *sotto voce*, at which he seemed a good deal surprised, but of course bowed graceful acquiescence, and followed me to the library. Mary was standing at one of the windows, and as the door opened, turned and confronted the nonchalant man of fashion with a commanding sternness of aspect that

not only confused and astounded me, but appeared to disconcert greatly the gallant captain himself.

'Mary—that is, Mrs Calvert,' I stammered—'Clara's, I mean Mrs Herbert's, sister—Captain Toulmin.'

Captain Toulmin bowed fiercely, and ejaculated 'Ha!'

'I have sent for you, Captain Toulmin,' said Mary with an air befitting an empress, 'to request that you will immediately discontinue the offensive attentions which this lady, Miss Redburn, informs me'—

'Good heavens, Mary!' I burst out, interrupting her; and there I stopped, literally for want of words or breath—perhaps both. Talk of spontaneous combustion—I was red-hot from head to foot in an instant!

'That you will immediately,' resumed Mary with inexorable persistence, 'discontinue the offensive attentions which this lady, Miss Redburn, informs me you have presumed to obtrude upon my sister, Mrs Herbert.'

The man's frame seemed to dilate with passion, and his fierce eyes glared at Mrs Calvert as might those of a wild animal at bay, and about to spring upon the hunter. For a moment only could he confront her steady gaze, and he presently blurted out: 'Why—who—what is all this?'

'The request I have made,' continued Mary, 'is, in fact, a command which Captain Toulmin will not dare to disobey; and for this reason, that I happen to know where his wife, his cruelly abandoned wife, Lydia Burdon before marriage, is now residing.'

A dreadful imprecation, with which I will not stain the paper, burst from the detected culprit's lips; but he was thoroughly cowed, as well as all but maddened; whilst Mary, in her calm nobleness of contentment, looked positively beautiful—Juno-like.

'Upon condition, Captain Toulmin, that you at once cease those insulting attentions—that your visits here are very brief, not oftener than once in each week—and that your deportment is that of a person whose presence is barely tolerated from respect to your mother, Mrs Toulmin, which is the exact truth—I will not, for the present at least, disclose your disgraceful secret to my sister; my only motive for this forbearance being, that were I to do so, Mrs Toulmin would be, there can be no doubt, immediately deprived of the only home her son's vices have left her. Now, Gertrude, let us begone,' she added, after a slight pause, the captain's convulsing rage not permitting him articulate speech. 'This gentleman, I have no doubt, perfectly comprehends his position, and the line of conduct it behoves him to pursue.'

We then quitted the library, I in a perfect maze of wonder and excitement, not untinged with passing anger. 'Let us return to the shrubbery,' said Mary; 'we can converse more freely there. You are surprised, and a little vexed, dear Gertrude,' she went on to say as we left the house, 'that I should have mentioned you in connection with this unpleasant affair; but you will forgive me, I am sure, after hearing the reasons which induced me to do so. In the first place, it could do you no possible harm.'

'I am not quite sure of that. Captain Toulmin has numerous and influential friends; and should it happen that'—

'Listen, love,' interrupted Mary, 'till I have finished, and then object as much as you please. It is necessary, for several reasons, that appearances should, for the present, be saved with regard to Captain Toulmin; and, above all, that Clara's name shall not in any way be mixed up with that of a married man in the giddy, indiscriminating public ear. I have now a slight hold of him through his mother, which, were Clara supposed to be in my confidence, would of course be at an end. I fear, besides, that his showy exterior and plausible manners may have in some degree captivated my sister's fancy; and nothing is more certain to dissipate

that preference, if it exists, than the substitution, on his part, of an apparently careless rudeness and neglect for the honeyed courtesies with which he has of late assailed her; because, thereby wounding her vanity—dear Clara's weak point, as you and I may confess to each other. Poor child!' added Mary, in a low, musing tone, 'she shall not, if I can help it, have her fall from the giddy state which so delights her, imbibed by the violent disruption of even an imaginary contract of affection.'

'You believe, then, that the life of little Francis is tainted mortally?'

Mary looked sharply in my face, hers at the same time faintly colouring, and said: 'To be sure—yes; and that is also your opinion, is it not?'

I confessed it was, and Mary proceeded with her reasons. 'I heartily wish Clara had never been placed in her present position. She arrived here a fortnight, as it chanced to fall out, before I had even heard of the dreadful accident—the sudden death, I mean, of—of the elder brother, Edmund Herbert'—

'You are trembling like a leaf, Mary, in this sharp wind: let us return to the house.'

'No, no; I have a few more words to say. Do you know,' she resumed quite briskly, 'that I very much like the Rev. Charles Atherley, who spent last evening with us—chiefly, I daresay, that he is so evidently devoted to Clara. That, now, is a connection which I would do all a sister might to foster and promote. Engaged to so worthy, so agreeable a person, a handsome independence assured to her, the fall of the present house of cards would not be felt so keenly by her, as otherwise I fear it will be.'

'You are not unworldly, Mary,' I said, with an involuntary smile, 'at least for others.'

'Nay, nay, Gertrude; do not say that. The chances are, you know, that a will has been made, and that Clara will have a fair share of the Herbert personal property; so that, expectations included, there is no such great disparity of fortune between her and the rector. And now, Gertrude,' concluded Mary, 'that we perfectly understand each other, let us in, and for the future endeavour, by every means within our reach, to promote dear Clara's permanent happiness and welfare.'

THE SERIOUS MASK OF THOMAS HOOD.

HOOD's popularity as a comic writer has tended to obscure his reputation as a poet, which might otherwise have been higher than that of many of his contemporaries whose poetry has received a more liberal recognition. The reading public knows him, mainly as a quaint satirist, or a merry jester, and seems to be unaware, or to have forgotten, that he is the author of some of the most impressive and beautiful poems in the language. His earlier performances, perhaps, were not much calculated to attract the general attention; being for the most part deficient in human interest, and built up too exclusively of imagery and trains of sentiment remote from ordinary feeling and conception. The *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, published in 1827, though so refined and graceful poem, and containing many exquisite descriptions, must, upon the whole, be pronounced a somewhat tedious and unintelligible production. For one thing, the fairies are now incapable of exciting modern sympathies; and therefore a long poem on their imaginary proceedings can seem little else, in serious times, than a mere frivolity or impertinence. There are abundant beauties in this little allegory, fine and original images, elegant, scholarly allusions—all prettily wrought in; and yet one cannot help perceiving, that all this exquisite blossoming of a

gifted intellect is next to purposeless; that whatever aim it may profess to have, it serves no moral or æsthetic object, contains the seed of no abiding principle or feeling, and is, in short, nothing but an ingenious elaboration of images and poetical conceits.

In *How and Leander*, we have a more attractive theme; in Hood's management of which, however, there is much to be objected to. One cannot see the need of that mythological agency which he has introduced as a means of accounting for Leander's death. It is assuredly a more natural and human incident, and therefore a more poetical one, for a man to be drowned in an ordinary way through lack of strength in swimming, than to be intercepted and dragged down into the deep by a mermaid who had fallen in love with his fine face; and this for the simple reason, that nobody can in these days believe in the existence of the mermaid; and even if we are to consider her as a personification of the dangerous qualities of the ocean, she only serves to represent, in a circuitous manner, what would be sufficiently intelligible and more affecting if presented to us in a more natural and direct description. Nevertheless, this poem displays the presence of a rich poetic genius, and images and expressions might be taken from it worthy to live for ever. As one small specimen of its musical and masterly versification, we will quote a stanza that seems to us absolutely perfect. The sea-nymph having carried down Leander to the bottom of the waters, and unconsciously drowned him in the process, fancies him to be asleep, and endeavours to awaken him by many solicitous endearments. Among the pleasant things she says to him is this:—

Now lay thine ear against this golden sand,
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land—
Is't not a rich and wondrous melody?
I have lain hours, and fancied, in its tone,
I heard the languages of ages gone!

In the same strain of sustained melody and picturesque expression, most of the poem is composed; and were it the object of a poem simply to pile up and connect a number of beautiful images and descriptions, there would be little or nothing to find fault with in Hood's performance. But we conceive the subject, from its intrinsic nature, required a totally different management. It is a story of passion, danger, and bereavement; it therefore demanded a form of representation in which all those violent elements should be passionately exhibited. Instead of this, Hood has turned the story into a pretty and fantastic allegory, and made its interest and attraction to depend on the fanciful ornaments with which he has adorned it in the telling. The effect of the poem, accordingly, lies not in any defect of poetical expression and illustration, but in what may be styled an organic misconception of the poetical attributes of the subject. The author, indeed, professes to have traced the story from 'the course of an olden relief,' and thus to have only written down in words what had been previously pictured to the poetic vision; but this cannot be offered in answer to our objection, inasmuch as the objection will apply equally to the sculptured as to the poetical representation. As it is, the poem, though abounding in fine fancies, is eminently found to be tedious in the reading; and hardly any one is likely to recur to it, unless it be a few leisurely persons who are so peculiarly organised as to find a pleasure in minute analogies, or elaborate imagery without a purpose.

In *Lycus the Centaur*, Hood has attempted a different style, and seems to us to have succeeded considerably better than in the two preceding poems. It is open to one of the objections before mentioned—that is to say,

the existence of a centaur is as *unbelievable* as that of a mermaid or a fairy; but, granting the centaur possible, a discriminating reader will not fail to perceive, that the poet has in a manner entered into the very nature of the creature, and reproduced all the qualities and sensations which it is supposable that a human being so transformed would be likely to possess. Lycus is thoroughly human in all respects, except his shape. The story being a classic one, Hood has properly enough aspired to give it a classic form. In this particular, we hold him to have been upon the whole successful: the piece reads like a fine translation of some Homeric fragment, save that it is less direct and simple, and more profuse of imagery than is the wont with Homer. The argument runs to this effect: Lycus being allured and detained by Circe within her magical dominions, comes, after a time, to be beloved by a water-nymph, who, desiring never again to part with him, sought to render him immortal, and for that purpose had recourse to the great sorceress. Circe, agreeably to her vindictive and deceitful nature, gives her an incantation to pronounce, by which Lycus would be turned into a horse; but, owing to the horrible effect of the charm upon the patient, she suddenly breaks off in the midst, and Lycus becomes a centaur. This, at first sight, does not seem a very poetical subject; but Hood's genius has thrown a life and beauty into it which are exceedingly striking and attractive. Lycus is made to tell his own story; and the narrative has a tone of profound pensiveness, which seems suitable to his condition—that of a conscious intellectual being imprisoned in the body of a brute. It is touching to follow him through the relation of his sorrows, heightened as they are by the remembrance of intense delights which he had for a short while experienced in the region of enchantment. In the depths of his degradation, the form of the fair water-nymph still haunts him, and would seem to be still beloved, notwithstanding the miseries that had befallen him through yielding to her passion. In his memory, she remains an imperishable fascination. Hood has also made her, as it were, alive with the glorious breath of his poetry. Let the reader note the mild splendour of this exquisite description:—

Thus far

I had read of my sorrow, and lay in the lush
Of deep meditation; when lo! a light crush
Of the reeds, and I turned and looked round in the night
Of new sunshine, and saw, as I sipped of the light
Narrow-winking, the realised nymph of the stream,
Rising up from the wave with the bend and the gleam
Of a fountain; and o'er her white arms she kept throwing
Bright torrents of hair, that went flowing and flowing
In falls to her feet, and the blue waters rolled
Down her limbs like a garment, in many a fold,
Sun-spangled, gold-broidered, and fled far behind,
Like an infinite train. So she came and reclined
In the reeds, and I hungered to see her unveil
The buds of her eyes, that would open and reveal
The blue that was in them.

O my heart, it still dances
When I think of the charm of her changeable glances;
And my hoarse, low wail when it sank in the deep
Of her eyes where her soul was—alas! now they weep,
And none knoweth where. In what stream do her eyes
Shed invisible tears? Who beholds where her sighs
Flow in eddies, or sees the ascent of the leaf
She has plucked with her tresses? Who listens her grief
Like a far fall of waters, or hears where her feet
Grow emphatic among the loose pebbles, and beat
Them together?

After his transformation, Lycus escapes from the enchanted precincts, and wanders lonely about the world, shunning the abodes of men, yet from a distance looking down upon them with an inextinguishable interest and yearning. A profound longing at length seizes him to visit his native land; but he forbears, out

of regard to considerations which are thus beautifully expressed:—

Thus I wandered, companioned of grief, and forlorn,
Till I wished for the land where my being was born;
But what was that land with its love, where my home
Was self-shut against me; for why should I come
Like an after-distress to my gray-bearded father,
With a blight to the last of his sight?—let him rather
Lament for me dead, and shed tears in the urn
Where I was not, and still in fond memory turn
To his son even such as he left him. Oh! how
Could I walk with the youths once my fellows, but now
Like gods to my humbled estate?—or how bear
The steeds once the pride of my eyes and the care
Of my hands? Then I turned me, self-banished, and came
Into Thessaly here, where I met with the same
As myself.

The sense of outcast desolateness, the burden of immovable regret, and the stoical resignation, which are here blended and wrought together with such mild mastery and proportion, evince a poetic genius little short of the very highest, and which, if employed upon subjects of popular and universal interest, might have produced works of as high a reputation as any that have appeared in modern times.

Hood's only remaining poem of any considerable length, is the *Golden Legend of Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg*—a satirical performance of the most extravagant whimsicality, in ridicule of the folly of mammon-worship. Nothing can exceed the richness of grotesque invention, the riotous play of fancy, or the felicitous turns of witty and humorous expression, which are the distinguishing features of this prodigious production. It is, perhaps, the most characteristic of all the author's writings; inasmuch as all his comic peculiarities—all the excellences and all the faults of his individual style—are crowded and fused together in a sort of prepossession and deliberate amalgamation, as though he had determined to shew what, in the way of eccentricity, his genius could produce. It abounds with all conceivable conceits—with every variety of fun, and farce, and drollery—with caricature, parody, puns, sly insinuations, and the most quaint and ludicrous allusions and similitudes—making altogether perhaps the most singular medley of humour, wit, and fanciful exaggeration that is to be found in the English language. But, running throughout, there is a distinct and serious moral purpose, which all this profusion of levity is designed to illustrate. We cannot say that, in an artistic point of view, it needed so profuse an illustration; yet the facetiousness and brilliancy of what is actually superfluous not only inclines one to tolerate it, but even to delight in it for its own intrinsic pleasantry. Within our present limits, we have no space to give any outline of the story, which, it must be confessed, is in some respects absurd; but, as a necessary introduction to the following extract, we may mention that the heroine, Miss Kilmansegg, having by an accident lost a leg, and, through her passion for affluent display, supplied its place by a member of solid gold, she is in due time sought in wedlock by a dashing foreign count, to whom, after an appropriate courtship, she is married. The count turns out to be a scamp of the first magnitude, and after squandering the lady's riches to a large extent, by gambling and other extravagances, begins at last to entertain sinister designs upon the golden limb. This much being stated, we presume the quotation will be intelligible.

Now the Precious Leg while cash was flush,
Or the count's acceptance worth a rush,
Had never excited dissension;
But no sooner the stocks began to fall,
Than, without any ossification at all,
The limb became what people call
A perfect bone of contention.

For altered days brought altered ways,
And instead of the complimentary phrase,
So current before her bridal,
The countess heard in language low,
That her Precious Leg was precious slow,
A good one to look at, but bad to go,
And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,
Like Collin's foot in going up stairs—
As the wife in the Scottish ballad declares—
It made an infernal stumping;
Whereas a member of cork, or wood,
Would be lighter and cheaper, and quite as good,
Without the unbearable thumping.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,
The Leg kept its situation;
For legs are not to be taken off
By a verbal amputation.

Persisting in her whim, and scornfully opposing the mercenary insinuations of the count, conjugal squalls and storms arise; and at last one day, in a passion, the countess destroys her will, thereby intimating her intention of cutting off her faithless partner from the future possession of her fortune. He, however, endures the business mildly, inwardly resolving to be at least

The Golden Leg's sole legatee,
And that very night to administer!

So he kills the countess with her Golden Leg, and therewith departs somewhere into the 'subterraneous realms of Rascaldom,' and the reader hears of him no more.

In the verses just quoted, the reader will not fail to observe, that, though unquestionably witty, there is nothing in them which can be properly called poetry; there are, however, occasional passages in the poem where the strain rises into the real poetical element, and has a momentary sound of something like solemnity. The runaway ride in the Park and Piccadilly, whereby the lady is in danger of her life, and loses at least a limb, is strikingly and imaginatively described—the description being filled with all the terrifying images, all the sights and sounds, and fears that would naturally crowd upon a person in so perilous a situation; and we notice a soft and melancholy reflectiveness in such lines as the following, which form a sort of prelude to the catastrophe by which, at length, the hapless heroine is hurried out of existence:—

'Tis a stern and startling thing to think
How often mortality stands on the brink
Of its grave without any misgiving;
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
Is dying, and Death is living!

Ay, Beauty the Girl, and Love the Boy,
Bright as they are with hope and joy,
How their souls would sadden instantly,
To remember that one of those wedding-bells
Which ring so merrily through the dolls,
Is the same that knells
Our last farewells,
Only broken into a canter!

But breath and blood set doom at nought—
How little the wretched countess thought,
When at night she unloosed her sandal,
That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,
And that Death, in the shape of a death's-head moth,
Was flitting round her candle!

From Hood's comparatively long poems, we turn

now to his smaller pieces, wherein, as we conceive, he has attained his highest and most memorable success. These are of several varieties of style, the best of which belong to what is termed the homely tragic narrative, and a peculiar form of the lyric, in which lightness and pathos are intermingled. Of the former sort is his *Dream of Eugene Aram*, wherein, we think, he has fully realised the only poetical conception of which Aram's story is susceptible. Hood depicts him as telling the tale of his own crime, under the similitude of a dream, to an innocent schoolboy in a nook of the cricket-ground of the school at Lynn, where he was an usher at the time of his arrestment. It is a thrilling and ghastly tale, rendered all the more effective by the contrast of peaceful images presented in the scene wherein it is described to be related. Never was the poetry of misery more admirably conceived, nor more naturally and powerfully represented. The reader is made to sympathise with the sorrow, the remorse, and fears of a man who had committed a great crime; but the sympathy extends only to his wretchedness, and never for a moment to the deed of which he had been guilty. Herein, as we conceive, Hood has accomplished a feat of poetic art which has very rarely been equalled, and wrought a moral effect into his poem which, considering the subject-matter, could not have been achieved except through the operation of a pure and refined genius.

Of our poet's grave and pathetic lyrics we may mention, as among the most excellent and striking, his well-known *Song of the Shirt*, and another which is entitled *The Bridge of Sighs*. The former is notable, perhaps, more for its immense popularity, gained through its publication in the pages of *Punch*, than for any great artistic beauty or brilliancy of execution which it can be strictly said to possess. As an appeal in behalf of the distressed needlewomen of London, it would appear to have produced a great impression on the public mind, and undoubtedly stimulated, if it did not altogether originate, the social enterprises designed subsequently for their relief. It has been remarked, that not the least striking and impressive quality of this song, is its half-jesting tone, its light-some and jocular presentment of the tragic elements which form the burden of its purpose. With an adroit and delicate hand, the poet has cast into the plaintive wailing of the forlorn seamstress here and there a quaint conceit; thereby wonderfully enhancing the touching and melancholy impression of the strain. Let us quote, in the way of illustration, the two following stanzas:—

Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band—
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And see them on in a dream!
O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

From the specimens now given of Hood's serious poetry, we suppose the reader hitherto unacquainted with it will obtain a tolerably fair impression of its leading characteristics. It will be seen that a subtle and fertile fancy, the liveliest wit, a delicate perception of minute and remote analogies, and an exquisite command of language, are the most prominent of his intellectual qualities; while, as regards his moral peculiarities, it will be noticed that, with a constant tendency to light-

someness and levity of manner, he always, more or less, inclines to sound the depths of that unfathomable solemnity, and even awfulness, on which the hopes and fears of mortals are for ever tossed or resting, as on a sea whose shores and limits are unknown. Life is immensely serious to him; but in the dimness and uncertainty towards which so many of its adventures tend, he would exhort his fellow-voyagers on the grand abyss to take heart and cheer themselves, to laugh and genially while away the time, and even to temper their inevitable despondency by quaint and fantastical diversions. Often, under his grotesque masking, there is an earnestness too profound for tears, and which fails not to impress us the more intensely because of the disguise in which we find it. Strictly speaking, one cannot call Hood a great poet; but that he is a true, pure, and very admirable one, there can be no hesitation in declaring; and we would here commend his poems to the more general attention of English readers, who, as far as we can perceive, have not yet given them any very extensive consideration. It is nine years since they were first collected in two small volumes; and at the present writing, they would appear not to have passed through a first edition. This we must esteem a circumstance very much to be regretted, and rather indicative of something of that popular indifference to genuine poetry which has been ascribed to the present age; though when we call to mind the numerous editions which some of our paltriest versifiers can point to in proof of a popular appreciation, we could almost hope that poor Hood has somehow been simply overlooked; and that the readers of poetry are not sufficiently aware of the beauty, truthfulness, and wisdom which, in unpretending forms, he has left behind him for their delight.

CAPE HORN.

If any intelligent school-boy were asked to name the three most geographically remarkable capes in the world, he would probably answer, after a moment's consideration—Cape Horn, Cape of Good Hope, and North Cape of Lapland. He would be quite right. The trio mentioned are undoubtedly the foremost of landmarks, and the richest in historical and romantic associations. It is usual to speak of them as the respective continental terminations of America, Africa, and Europe, but this is only literally correct as regards the Cape of Good Hope. A glance at a map of the globe will shew that some degree of resemblance exists in the positions of Cape Horn and the North Cape. To describe the former, is the object of this paper; but we may here speak briefly of the latter, on the score of geographical contrast. An arm of the sea, called Magerö Sund, or Sound, flows between the mainland of Finnmark—the real termination of the continent of Europe in a northern direction—and the island of Mager—which we may roughly estimate at a score of miles in length, and a dozen in its greatest breadth—the northern headland of Mager forming the North Cape; and another remarkable projection to the eastward is known as *The Horn* (so named from its shape), and is a noted landmark for ships sailing to and from the White Sea. During the greater portion of the year there is little daylight in this high latitude: during upwards of two months in winter, the sun never rises; and during a corresponding period in summer, it never sets. The reader may imagine the aspect of the Cape in its season of storms and darkness.

The mighty continent of America gradually tapers southward, until it ends with the desolate country of Patagonia—fitting home for a race of gigantic savages!

* See 'Visit to the North Cape,' in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. No. 392, Second Series.

The Straits of Magellan—so named after the daring Spanish captain who was the first to penetrate through them into the unknown Pacific Ocean—separate the extremity of Patagonia from the large and singularly shaped island of Tierra del Fuego, which very evidently was torn by some mighty convulsion of nature from the mainland long ages ago. Ships sometimes, but rarely, prefer risking a passage through the Magellan Straits to weathering Cape Horn. Staten Land is an island separated from Tierra del Fuego on the eastward by the Straits of Le Maire. Numerous small, sterile, rocky islands are grouped to the southward of Tierra del Fuego, and are known by various appellations; but the most southern and desolate cluster are very appropriately named *The Hermits*;* and of these Hermits, the one furthest of all to the south terminates in the celebrated Cape Horn. Beyond Cape Horn are yet other islands, but they are much too remote to be spoken of in connection with the continent of South America and its contiguous isles. Cape Horn itself is in latitude 56 degrees south. Who first discovered it, is not positively known; but it certainly received its present designation from the Dutch navigator Van Schouten, who reached it in the *Uniey*, in January 1616.

Individually, our earliest ideas of Cape Horn were derived from the voyages of Dampier—who, by the way, influenced many succeeding navigators by the success of his resolute attempt to double the dreaded Cape. The *Wager*, one of Anson's squadron, was wrecked on Tierra del Fuego, and her crew underwent a long series of unparalleled sufferings, which are vividly detailed in the narrative of Admiral Byron (grandfather to the poet), who was a midshipman in the *Wager*, and was one of the very few survivors who reached England again, after five years spent in dismal wandering and adventure subsequent to the wreck. What Anson himself experienced off Cape Horn may be gathered from the words of the writer of the voyage, who says: 'We had a continual succession of such tempestuous weather, as surprised the oldest and most experienced mariners on board, and obliged them to confess that what they had hitherto called storms, were inconsiderable gales compared with the violence of these winds, which raised such short, and, at the same time, such mountainous waves, as greatly surpassed in danger all seas known in any other part of the globe.' Captain Cook was thirty-four days tempest-tossed off the Cape on his first voyage, although on his second he met with more calms than storms on the same spot. No marvel that we are impressed with an appalling notion of the dangers of doubling Cape Horn from the perusal of such narratives. The ill-fated *Bounty*, for instance, on her outward voyage, encountered tremendous weather off the Horn, and after fighting against the elements for thirty days, Lieutenant Bligh gave up the attempt to double it in despair, and ordering the helm a-weather, to the extreme joy of his worn-out crew, bore away for the Cape of Good Hope to refit.

Down to a comparatively recent period, seamen, influenced both by tradition and personal experience, almost universally regarded Cape Horn as a spot of the most evil omen, and associated the idea of doubling it with every imaginable danger and unimaginable suffering. Nor were these terrors, ascribed to the vicinity of the Cape, altogether fanciful, but rather the reverse, as we shall presently shew. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the ships which doubled, or attempted to double, the Horn, down to even fifty years ago, were very poorly fitted to contend with such tremendous elemental warfare as frequently prevails at the junction

of the Atlantic and Pacific. Only those who are conversant with nautical matters, can conceive the prodigious improvement which has taken place during the present generation in the build and outfit of ships destined for long voyages; and, we may add, that seamanship, both theoretical and practical, so far as any rate as the officers are concerned, has improved in a commensurate degree. Compare for a moment the ships sailed by Captain Cook, or Bligh's miserable little ship the *Bounty*, with the magnificent Australian liners of the present day! What astonishing progress is manifest! Let us also remember, that until the commencement of the nineteenth century, very few ships of any description were sent into the Pacific. At rare intervals, discovery-ships penetrated round the Horn, and a few South Sea whalers were beginning to follow, but the majority of the vessels which doubled the Cape were Spanish and Americans, bound to Chili, Peru, and California. Until even a dozen, or at most a score of years ago, nearly all ships which proceeded to Australia from England, returned by the same route as they went (that is, by Good Hope), but now they all, except the mail-steamers, circumnavigate the globe by boldly doubling Cape Horn. For one English ship that doubled the Horn in the time of Captain Cook, five hundred or a thousand now do so—and their captains never think of publishing even a sixpenny pamphlet to narrate the feat for the admiration of posterity. A quarto volume would hardly have sufficed in Cook's time! Fifty years ago, it was a rare thing to meet with a sailor who could boast that he had sailed round the globe; but now you have only to step down to the dock-side in any large seaport, and you will find that probably one-half, if not two-thirds, of all the grown-up, long-voyage seamen you question, have doubled Cape Horn—some of them, it may be, a score of times. Let not the reader, however, entertain the idea that these men have actually seen the Cape. On the contrary, we do not believe that one ship in a hundred that doubles it ever approaches sufficiently near to distinctly sight the redoubtable Cape; for so little do seamen love it, they always stand well off to the southward in rounding. Staten Land is much more frequently seen by passing ships; but the men who actually know most of Cape Horn and its vicinity, are the daring North American sealers, who have long pursued their hazardous tugging thereabouts. And should the long-projected Darien Canal ever unite the Atlantic and the Pacific—thereby saving ships bound to the South Sea Isles, or to California and Peru, the immense labour of going round South America—the number of vessels doubling the Horn will materially decrease.

And how for a more particular description of the Horn itself. In 1820, his majesty's ship *Conway*, commanded by Captain Basil Hall, had occasion to double it, and approached unusually near. One night, they saw a bright red light, which appeared to them only eight or ten miles distant; but in the morning 'we found,' says Captain Hall, 'by means of bearings taken with the compass, that it actually was upwards of a hundred miles from the ship, on the mainland of Tierra del Fuego. It is not improbable that this or a similar volcano may have led Magellan to give the title of "Land of Fire" to this desolate region. By six o'clock in the morning of 26th November, we had approached within ten or twelve miles of Cape Horn, and in sailing round to enter the Pacific, had an opportunity of seeing it on a variety of bearings. Under every aspect, it presents a bold and majestic appearance, worthy of the limit to such a continent. It is a high, precipitous, black rock, conspicuously raised above the neighbouring land, utterly destitute of vegetation, and extending far into the sea in bleak and solitary grandeur.' Thus far Basil Hall, and we cannot do better than to subjoin to his brief sketch a more animated picture of Cape Horn

* We believe, however, that this group is not so named on account of its solitude, but from Jacques l'Hermite, who commanded a Dutch squadron that visited, or discovered, the islands in 1623.

by Behnmore Cooper, in one of his latest and most remarkable books, *The Sea Lions*:—'The land was broken, high, and of the most sterile aspect.... a sort of pyramid, which, occupying a small island, stood isolated, in a measure, and some distance in advance of other and equally ragged ranges of mountains.' He describes Cape Horn as an irregular peak of considerable height, and says: 'The earth probably does not contain a more remarkable sentinel than this pyramid. There it stood, actually the Ultima Thule of this vast continent, or, what was much the same, so closely united to it as to seem a part of our moiety of the globe, looking out on the broad expanse of waters. The eye saw to the right the Pacific; before, was the Southern or Antarctic Ocean; and on the left, the Great Atlantic. Turning north, they beheld the high lands of Tierra del Fuego, of which many of the highest peaks were covered with snow. The pyramid on which they were, however, was no longer white with congealed ruin, but stood, stern and imposing, in its native brown.' We may add, that the aspect of Cape Horn has frequently been compared to that of a recumbent lion—an out-sentinel of Nature, guarding the termination of the American continent. The resemblance to a crouching lion is said to be surprising from some points of view.

At Cape Horn, the month of February may be considered midsummer; and the worst and stormiest month of the year is said to be July, when the sun rises at 8-30 A.M., and sets at 3-30 P.M. Even in the finest weather, the air in the vicinity is usually dark and menacing; and the waves fall on the rocks with a deafening hollow boom, now and then varied by a thundering prolonged roar, as though a thousand hungry lions were roaring in concert; and the spray dashes high up in the air, which fills with vapoury mist, so that the grim old Horn is usually enshrouded with a ghost-like veil. The jagged rocks split up the waters, so as to form countless currents and miniature whirlpools; and the tides, also, have a very heavy rise. Albatrosses, Cape-pigeons, stormy-petrels, gulls, and other wild sea-birds fly around, adding their discordant, startling screams to the incessant din of the elements. In the sky, directly overhead, may be seen at night the Magellan clouds, three in number—one dark, and two white. Yet more interesting is the Southern Cross—four lustrous stars of great magnitude, which form an extremely luminous and striking constellation in the shape of a cross; as celebrated in the southern hemisphere, as the North Star and Great Bear are in the northern portion of the globe. The junction of the two mightiest oceans at all times produces a swell of the sea off the Cape, surpassing any similar phenomenon elsewhere; and by the peculiar feel of that swell alone, the experienced mariner can tell if he is on the point of entering the Pacific. Waves are here sometimes seen more than a quarter of a mile between trough and trough. The heaviest seas of all generally tumble in from the south-west. Such, as we have thus briefly sketched, is the aspect of the Cape and the adjoining ocean at even favourable seasons; but try to imagine what the spectacle must be in stormy weather, when the days of winter are short and dense, and the nights long and dark—the snow and hail pelting mercilessly—the cold intense—the salt-water freezing as it falls on deck—the shrouds and rigging coated with ice—the sails as stiff as sheet-iron—the billows mountainous—icebergs rolling in all directions—and the ship, perchance, deep-laden and weak-handed! This is no fancy picture, but a frequent reality. Sailors may well call it 'man-killing' work under such circumstances, even if they manage to carry through everything into the lower latitudes of the Pacific or the Atlantic, as the case may be. As an instance of what even a powerful, well-manned ship may have to encounter, the American frigate *Brandywine*, some years ago, was exactly two months battling with

the elements off the Cape, and lost many brave men during that protracted struggle. Not a year passes without several ships foundering off Cape Horn, and very few indeed weather it without a sharp taste of its proverbial quality. It is true, that sometimes a ship, by keeping well to the southward, and being favoured with a fair and powerful wind, will rapidly and easily pass from one ocean to the other; but such a case is decidedly exceptional. A large and stout steamer would undoubtedly be able to double the Cape at any time, and in any weather, much sooner than the swiftest and finest sailing-vessel, as steam would enable her to make headway in the teeth of a gale; but even the mightiest steamer would at times be almost or altogether baffled.

Beyond all comparison, the most vivid and enthralling account of doubling Cape Horn ever published, is that by Dana, in his *Two Years Before the Mast*. We never have forgotten the extremely vivid impression that narrative made on us on its first perusal: it clenched all our former notions on the subject. The reader knows what is before him when Dana tells how they patched and quilted their jackets, trousers, &c., for a 'Cape Horn rig,' consisting of 'thick boots; south-westerns, coming over our necks and ears; thick trousers and jackets; and some with oilcloth suits over all. Mittens, too, we wore on deck.' How affecting and suggestive, too, is this passage, after the worst of their long struggle was over, and Staten Land was not far distant: 'A bright gleam of sunshine broke out, and shone down the companion-way, and through the sky-light, lighting up everything below, unpeeping a warm glow through the heart of every one.' It was a sight we had not seen for weeks—an omen, a God-send! Even the roughest and hardest face acknowledged its influence.' Dana did not see Cape Horn, but we may appropriately conclude this paper by quoting his description of what he saw of Staten Land:—'The land was the island of Staten Land, just to the eastward of Cape Horn; and a more desolate spot I never wish to set eyes upon—bare, broken, and girt with rock and ice; with here and there, between the rocks and broken hillocks, a little stunted vegetation of shrubs. It was a place well suited to stand at the junction of two oceans, beyond the reach of human cultivation, and encounter the blast and snows of a perpetual winter. Yet, diurnal as it was, it was a pleasant sight to us, not only as being the first land we had seen, but because it told us we had passed the Cape, and were in the Atlantic; and that, with twenty-four hours of this breeze, we might bid defiance to the Southern Ocean.'

THE WHORTING-PARTY.

'A HOLIDAY! a holiday!' exclaimed Everard Damon, bursting into the school-room where his sisters and his little brother were busily preparing their lessons and exercises for the next day. 'Away with your books, girls! down with that slate, Phil! papa has proclaimed a holiday for to-morrow, in honour of Jackie's birthday; and there is no need of preparation when no work is to be done. So away with it all, and come and settle our plans with me, and Bob, and Otto'—and ending this uproarious harangue with an equally uproarious 'hurrah!' Everard threw his cap to the roof, and then standing for a moment on his head, with his legs quivering in the air, he suddenly 'righted,' and bounded out of the room, calling again on the others to come into the garden. But the young gentleman was speedily recalled by the united voices of the children and their governess, who, unseen by him, had been seated in a deep window-seat; and not a little was he abashed when he found that his ecstasies had been witnessed by her. 'Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Colville,' said he, returning; 'I really did not see you, or I should not have made such a row in

your presence. But do, please, let the girls come; we want them so much to help to settle about to-morrow.

Miss Colville, the kind friend of the children, either suspecting that little would be done whilst their young minds were afloat on other subjects, or else feeling that a few additional hours of summer joy would do more good than harm, gave a smiling dismissal to the three fair girls and the curly-pated Phil, whose eyes all waited on her glance; and soon were the brothers and sisters assembled in gay consultation on the shaded bank in the paddock.

'And what is to be done, Evvie?' said Rachel, a sprightly girl of thirteen. 'I hope we are to go somewhere.'

'Somewhere! I should think so,' exclaimed Robert, their eldest brother, who came up at the moment; 'but where—what is it to be? Now guess, girls; guess, Phil; and 'Guess,' was echoed by all who were in the society.

'I guess a sail on the river,' said one; 'And I guess a picnic to Halswell and Langore,' shouted another; and a third exclaimed: 'And I think it will be to go to Burnham, and dine on the sands, and pick up shells.'

'All wrong—all wrong!' screamed the boys in delight. 'Now I tell you,' added Robert: 'it is a picnic, and it is not—at least not a true picnic—for we are to take all the grub, or get it there. It is to be a grand whorting-party in the Quantocks. You know Jacinth will be nineteen to-morrow, and it is papa and mamma's wedding-day too; so papa is going to give this party—only, instead of having it in the house, it is to be in the beautiful valley among the hills, where Mrs. Maine lives; and now, which of us are to go? Guess!' and again the guessing, of which children are so fond, went from lip to lip. The elder ones seemed pretty secure that they would have part in the projected party; but the younger branches of the family looked sobered and doubtful, for, of course, in so large a family, it was not usual for more than a few to be included in such arrangements.

'Well, Phil, you for one do not expect to go, I should think?' said Otto, a good-humoured lad of sixteen, but who rather delighted in teasing the young ones. 'As you happen to be seventh, you will allow that you have not much chance?'

'Come, come, Otto,' said Robert, seeing poor Phil beginning to fight with some most unmanly tears, which appeared disposed to overflow: 'we will not allow any nonsense. Cheer up, my boy; I have some of the best of the whole to tell: we are all to go—all—every one—and you have to thank Jacie for it! Papa said it was her day, and he would give her her choice, either to ask the Seymours and Celthorpes, and some more gay people, and take only two or three of us elder ones; or to turn out all the contents of the school-room and nursery, and have every one, down to Nance and "baby-boy;" and Jacie chose the latter. Now, I ask you all, wasn't it good-natured of her?'

'Oh, it was just like her!' echoed from one to another of the children. 'She is always trying what she can do to give us pleasure.'

'If I had heard papa ask her, I'd have wagered anything,' said little Phil, whose eyes now beamed with delight, 'that she would have said just what she did. Well, now, go on, Bob, and tell us all about it.'

'Well, then, the short and the long of the matter is, that papa and mamma say they cannot manage for more than twenty-two, besides the necessary servants; and we are all to get there the best way we can—some on the ponies, and some in the cab way, and those who can do no better, in the great wagon that is to carry the servants and the provisions; that is to set out an hour or two before the rest, because it will go slower. But we are all to start early, to be in time to pick whorts for the pies and puddings before it gets too hot. Whort-picking is to be the grand object of the day; but those who prefer it to fish; and mamma and Alicia mean

to sketch; and Jacinth is going to botanise; and the babes can swim little boats in the brooks, and grub about for flowers, and make any fun they like; and a capital day it will be, I suspect.'

And now we will leave our young ones to consult about what fishing-tackle, and baskets, and other gear they should take, and to fill up the hours which must intervene between the present moment and the prospective pleasure in the best way they can, only asking those of our readers who have reached the summit of the hill of life to look back a little, and recollect whether they have not sometimes found, in earlier days, that the gush of pleasure which the prospect of such a time of simple enjoyment, and that which lay before our young friends induces, is not a very precious thing? and whether the hours of anticipation which precede such a period, are not in themselves often more full of life's gayest hopes and enjoyment, even than those hours they forestall?

We will ourselves fill up the interval by inquiring a little into the nature of the fruit which it was the object of our merry party to 'victimize.' The very pretty little shrub which bears the berries—called in different localities by the names of whorts, whortle-berries, hurts, hurtleberries, bilberries, and blaeberryes—grows about a foot, or from that to two feet in height, and very bushy and thick, like a little myrtle. Its leaves are small, and something like the myrtle in form, but serrated at the edge; of a delicate green when young, but becoming more dark and hard towards autumn. This shrub bears very abundant flowers, each placed separately; in form bell-shaped, like some sorts of heath, waxy, and of a delicate greenish white, richly tinted with pink. These pretty blossoms appear in May, when a branch of the plant is a lovely addition to a nosegay. In July, the berries they produce are ripe, and almost as pretty as the blossom which precedes them. They are about the size of currants; but of course, as the blossoms stand separate, so do the berries, and not in strings or branches; so that each berry must be severally gathered; but as there are a great many on each branch, this is not so long a process as might be imagined. There is no relic of calyx remaining on the fruit, as that organ is what is termed 'superior,' and the swollen receptacle which grows below it is the edible part; neither do the remains of petals so cleave to the berry as in the currant; its form is globular, like a tiny plum, only that there is a little cup-like depression on the top, and it is covered with an elegant blue bloom, like an untouched grape. Its colour is a deep purplish black. This plant is of the natural order *Ericacea*, and its proper name *Vaccinium myrtillus*.

The geographical range of the whortleberry is extended through the north of Europe, Africa, and Asia. It is found also in North America, and grows at a very high degree of north latitude. In Iceland, it is abundant; and at Noytka Sound, and in Nova Scotia, it may be found, but nowhere is it more plentiful than in some parts of our own land; and yet, although so freely produced in some counties, that all the world seems to eat nothing but whorts in the season, there are other counties where such a berry has never been found, and the inhabitants—poor things!—have not the least idea of what is meant by a whort-pie.

This little lowly shrub is one of God's gifts to the poor of the land. It does not grow in pasture-fields or cultivated and enclosed lands. It defies the gardener's skill, and the agriculturist's cupidity. Where the heath and hill are wild and uncultured, free to man and beast, there does it spring up in its simple beauty and its rich profusion, and there may all who are willing gather of its abundant produce, none saying 'Nay.' In Somersetshire, Devonshire, and other counties where it abounds, it is eagerly collected by the poor women and children of the district, and sold at about

ed. a quart. Nor is a market ever wanting; for so delicious are the berries, that poor and rich alike delight in them, either made into pies and puddings, or stewed with currants, and eaten cold with rich cream and bread, or boiled rice. It is a juicy, cool, rich fruit, and considered especially wholesome; though it certainly has one fault—that of leaving a deep purplish stain on the lips and teeth of those who eat it; and you may pick out from your row of scholars or teachers at the Sunday-school, those who have partaken of whortles, in some form or other, by the deep tinge with which their mouths are dyed. This evil may, however, be in a great degree obviated, and the flavour of the fruit greatly improved, by the addition of about one-third of red or white currants, their acidity tending to counteract the effect. In the Black Forest, there is a variety of *Vaccinium myrtillus* that bears white berries. Many kinds of game eat the whortleberries, and, indeed, chiefly live on them in the autumn.

But to return to our holiday-party. The wagon set forth at six on the brightest of July mornings. It contained Nance, and her assistant Hester; Phil, who kept his resolution to 'take time by the forelock,' Emily, Kate, Blanche, and baby Basil, a roundabout pet of some two years old, not the least vociferous of the party. Moreover, there were two or three extra servants. It would not be easy to tell what the wagon contained beside the living freight. Hampers full of chickens, and cold meat, and veal-pies; great cakes and fruit-tarts for those who had not taste enough to like the provincial dainties that were to be prepared on the spot; and abundant supplies of pale ale and pleasant British wines, besides all the paraphernalia of plates, knives and forks, &c., usual on such occasions, were among its contents. A highly approved part of the plan was, that the young ones were to breakfast in the wagon; to facilitate which, a large basket of ready-cut bread and butter was packed; and they were to call at a farm some two miles on their way, and there obtain supplies of new milk, fresh and warm from the cow, and so jog on, eating and drinking as they went. The rest of the party breakfasted at home, and set forward on their way in joyous spirits, their guests being to meet them at the end of the little journey.

The scenery of the spot on which they had agreed to meet—O how lovely was it! but too rich in verdant straths, deftly wooded combs—as low hills rising from a valley, and clothed with trees, are called in the south-west of England—gushing streams, and lovely herbage, to be described with mere pen and ink. Then the stretch of heathy hills, all flecked with coppices and thickets, with sunny banks whereon not only 'the wild thyme blows,' but others where the fragrant wood-strawberries might be found in abundance; and between these banks and thickets, broad spaces, covered with purple heath and golden gorse, all alive with bees and butterflies; and the pure full blue of the cloudless vault of heaven hanging over all the radiant sunlit landscape in unbroken splendour. It was a glorious day and a glorious scene, to which all the fair and gay young beings who now stood gathered round the door of a rustic farm, which lay in one extremity of the valley, consulting over their separate plans of amusement, added a new and most attractive feature. They were a merry group, and we must introduce them individually to the reader. Jacinth Damon, the queen of the day, must take the lead. No doubt, having heard of the young lady's good-nature in giving up the power of inviting gay young friends, for the purpose of making room for a whole host of little brothers and sisters and their nurses, our readers will have depicted her in their imaginations as a fair soft blonde, with a mild countenance, and probably a little what boys would call 'muffish.' We are sorry to disappoint them, if such is their idea of her; but our Jacinth—or, as she

was usually called, *Jacie*—was no such thing. She was as merry and sparkling a brunette as Rosalind, and almost as saucy—full of life and frolic, and liking nothing better than a scamper on the hills or a dance in the green-sward. Alicia, her next in age, a plain but intelligent girl, with abundant good-humour. With Robert, Otto, Rachel, and Everard, we have already made acquaintance; and these, with the five younger ones who had come in the wagon, went far to make up half the number of allotted guests. Then there were Mr and Mrs Damon, and Aunt Margaret, who was Mrs Damon's sister, and Miss Colville, the girls' nice governess, making up the number fifteen, so that seven visitors only were of the party. There had been some consultation as to who these should be; some had been elected by acclamation; but there had been long balancing before it could be decided which of several regular 'eligibles' should be included, and which, by consequence, excluded. Annie Cleveland, Jacinth's inseparable friend, was of course called for *nem. con.*, and this involved Salome, her sister, who could not be left at home. Then Phil besought for Billie to go too, Billie being his inseparable, so the three Cleverlands were fixed on; then some one suggested Hugh Scott and Alice—'they must go.' 'Well, be it so,' said Mr Damon; 'and we will then ask Mr and Mrs Scott; they will be companions for Jacinth and me, and that will make up our number.' And now just intimating that Mr Scott was a lively, agreeable barrister, and his wife the delight of all young people, from her cheerful sociability and great capabilities of amusing; that Hugh was a young Cantab, of some distinction in the schools; and Alice a fine gentle, almost child of sixteen—*we will leave the party to speak for themselves.*

All being assembled in and round the porch of the farmhouse, a lively discussion was going on respecting their several projects for passing the morning. Mrs Damon and Alicia, together with Salome Cleveland, were soon seated in a sheltered nook amongst some trees, a little way down the combe, surrounded with pallets and moist colours, and all the other belongings of water-colour drawing; and each so much absorbed in transferring the likeness of some stately group of trees, or picturesque gable-end of a cottage, to her paper, that no sound save the ripple of the brook, or other such sweet reminders of country seclusion, was to be heard in their neighbourhood. The little ones had gambled away with Hester and their baskets, too eager to await the settling of preliminaries, and the rest stood still deliberating. It was so far decided that one party should go with the young ones to the whortleberry-thickets to gather fruit; and the rest were, with rod and line, to follow the brook, and strip it of its finny inhabitants, bringing home—as they hoped—enough of fish to dine all the farmhouse family and the servants, besides their own fifteen selves and friends. But there was a hitch somewhere as to who would be of either party. Hugh Scott could not make up his mind. He was an undoubted adept in the art of angling, and known to be especially fond of it; but, strange to say, on this occasion he declared eventually that 'he did not care a straw for fishing; give him 'the fine open hillside, and the merriment of the little ones!'—he should 'go whorting.'

A latent smile flickered on the eyes of some of the party at this sudden fit of love for children, for it was quite a new feature in his character. There certainly was lurking mischief in the minds of some of the party; and we are sorry to say that a comical movement of the lip, and a saucy light in the eye, gave indications that Miss Jacie had a share in it. Alas! that we should have to confess it; but truth compels us to say that a spice of coquetry, or something that, under less wise guidance than that of her excellent parents, might have become such, might be found in Jacinth's character; and dearly did she delight in shewing her power. On

the present occasion, it had been generally understood that she was to join the hillside detachment; she had said nothing, but the others had reckoned on her for the whorting-party, and named her as one of them; and it was guessed that Hugh's enthusiasm for children arose from his desire for their sister's company.

Both parties were to proceed together as far as the entrance of a copse, which lay in their road to the meadows; here the fruit-seekers were to branch off, and here they all paused for a few moments.

'I go with you, papa,' said Jacinth. 'I shall not disturb your fishing; but you know I want to look for the "skull-cap," and some other plants that grow by the brook: come, Annie;' and away sprang the two girls, without casting a glance at the other party.

'O Jack, don't go; we cannot do without you,' shouted the younger ones; but it was all in vain: Jacie and Annie were already out of hearing. Poor Hugh! his dilemma was serious; however, after for some time striving to join in the laughter and mirth which surrounded him, he found that he could no longer endure 'letting I dare not wait upon I should'—and suddenly remembering (lucky fellow!) that he had some part of his father's fishing apparatus in his pocket, he shot off down the hillside in the direction of the brook, and as the old allegories say, 'we saw him no more!'

And now, as we proceeded onwards, the copse became an exceedingly animated scene. We should, however, scarcely call it a copse; it was rather a succession of thickets and bits of underwood, scattered over little knolls and banks, with fine strips of soft hillside turf between; and it might well be questioned whether were the gayest and most lovely—the multitudinous of birds and gorgeous butterflies and dragonflies winging about in the air, or the brilliant and joyous children, and young girls and boys, who sprang about among the flowers on the earth, shouting with joy as they discovered grove after grove of the pretty whort-shrubs laden with their blooming fruit.

Soon were the baskets filled to the brim with the sweet berries; and despatching some of the motley crew to the farm with them, and strict injunctions to Mrs Maine, the farmer's wife—who, before her elevation to that rank, had been for many years their cook—to be sure to make plenty of pies and puddings, 'enough for dinner and supper too,' our young ones seated themselves in groups to enjoy the hour as they listed. Here was a party of what Robert called 'habees,' gathering wood-strawberries, and threading the scarlet gems like beads on long spikes of grass, some of them every now and then springing up to chase some glittering insect which passed speedily by, or to make an excursion to a neighbouring bank, where some floral treasure was thought to lurk; there was a group gathered round Mrs Scott, who was delighting some of the elder ones by reading to them some scenes from *The Midsummer Night's Dream*; whilst a third party were stretching themselves on a 'flowery lay,' in earnest talk, enjoying those outpourings of mutual confidence so essential to the joy of youthful hearts, and planning, with perhaps a full allowance of sentiment and romance, schemes for their future lives—dream-like anticipations, full of bright lights and vivid expectations.

The hour proposed for dinner now drew near; and Nance, gathering her charge together, drove them before her like a flock of young frolicsome lambs to the home-pastures, frisking and gamboling, and upsetting themselves and each other in their mirth, as untired as if they had not all been up from five in the morning. The elders followed, as gay at heart, though a little more restrained in manner; and near the farm they fell in with the fishing-party, who, having consigned the contents of their baskets to the hands of Mrs Maine, were comparing notes, and greatly exultant in the full success of their piscatorial efforts.

Jacinth, and Annie too, had been successful in their

pursuit. 'It was lucky that I had my father's reel in my pocket, Miss Damon,' said Hugh. 'You would scarcely have been able to get at that asphodel without my help, for the bog was rather of the wettest.'

'Well, my good fellow,' observed his father, 'I am glad you found something to do in that way; for really I do not see any other particular good you did us. Why, Hugh, you boast of being a good fisherman: I do not think you caught a fish to-day.'

Hugh blushed, and the same odd smile glanced from eye to eye. We wonder why; for what can be more orthodox, than that a gentleman should not allow ladies to ransack bogs for flowers without assistance? Why should a young man blush or stammer when his politeness is remarked on? O consciousness! what tricks dost thou play us!

The party was large; but Farmer Maine's fine old hall was by no means put out of countenance: it had space for them all; and at the table where the harvest-home and sheep-shearing feasts were wont to be held, the whole party, little and big, with the exception of the two youngest, who were scarcely old enough to 'behave themselves before folk,' were soon arranged. Mrs Maine had added some of her finest ducks and chickens, and a grand piece of bacon, to the otherwise cold feast—a move exceedingly approved of by the boys, for 'ducks and green pease' are well known to be the treat, *par excellence*, of young creatures of the school-boy genus. The trout were superlative, and the whort-pies only beaten by the whort-puddings, inasmuch as the former ought to have been cold, and were, of necessity under the circumstances, hot; whereas the latter were as they ought to be—smoking hot, and swimming in the dark, rich sirup of the juicy fruit. Great bowls of cream flanked these dainty dishes; and truly an alderman of the olden time might have felt himself well off at that ample feast. The party were as merry as the viands were good. Hugh was himself again: he had apparently solved the problem which had occupied his mind in the morning; he now neither blushed nor stammered, but stood the fire of all the saucy young creatures; and turning out Phil, who had established himself by the side of his favourite Jacie, coolly possessed himself of the place, and gave himself up to enjoyment; no repulse being looked or spoken by the young lady, who, however, seemed to have herself appropriated the blushing and stammering propensities which had been abandoned by her neighbour. We ourselves suspected, that being unable to solve the problem, himself, Hugh had asked Jacie to resolve it for him when they were chatting alone under the weeping-ash whilst the dinner was serving, and that she was abashed at its having been thought possible that she understood that branch of mathematics. But of this we cannot speak with certainty. It is quite clear that, after dinner, when Jacie was particularly wanted, she was nowhere to be found; and Rachel was obliged to take her place, and enact Titania to Robert's Bottom the Weaver, in her stead. All the young ones who had heard Mrs Scott read in the morning, had determined 'this green plot shall be our stage, and this hawthorn brake our tiring-house, and we will do it in action.' Bob, therefore, with a brown felt-hat drawn over his brows, and two tufts of bulrush-tops stuck in it, to represent asses' ears, lay lounging on a bank with his pretty little sisters hovering over him, and promising—

I'll give the fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.

Then the four little ones, all decked with flowers, were made to act fairies, and directed to—

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

and bravely did the extempore performance go off,

till 'baby-boy,' not quite comprehending the menial nature of the character he was enacting as Pea-blossom, pushed off the fictitious ass's head, and began so vigorously to pull poor Bob's hair, as to make Titania's 'gentle joy' quite outrageous; on which a grand romping ensued, and the scene ended with shouts of laughter. Many merry games followed among the younger ones, and again the elders revelled in groups among the trees, each party disporting themselves as best suited the freak of the moment. Another visit to the whort-grounds was projected, and performed, and quarts of berries gathered and stowed away in the wagon for home-consumption.—wood-strawberries, too, were to be gathered for tea. Some of the party enjoyed a visit to the cool large dairy, where stood the broad shining brass vessels full of scalded milk, coated with the rich clotted cream of the county, and of great bowls of the same rich commodity already skimmed off, and set by for use; and others amused themselves in learning to milk—an art in which Salome Cleveland and Alicia Madison made such progress, that they boasted of having drawn all the milk that was used for tea, whilst Annie, who for once found herself irretrievably separated from her inseparable, amused herself, in conjunction with Miss Corville, by making the junket, and skimming the cream for the whole party. Still Jacinth and Mr Hugh Scott were invisible, nor was it till quite tea-time that they reappeared to give account of themselves.

We would fain tell our readers what plants they had found in their excursion, which was no doubt of botanical tendency; but a bit of forget-me-not, in Jacie's hand, on which she seemed to set great store, was all we saw. We should like also to enlarge much more on the many pleasant enjoyments which filled up the rest of this long day in the country; but our space will not allow us to say more, than that the same plan was adopted for the children's tea as for their breakfast, and they, with full supplies of cake, bread, and butter, and new milk, were despatched in the wagon at an early hour, and were all so sound asleep by the time they reached home, as to be obliged to be lifted out, and put straight to bed. The elders, after enjoying a happy 'Three-make' under the trees behind the farm, set forward just as the deepening shadows of the woods and the brightening rays of the moon began to warn them that the night was coming on; all agreeing, that of all possible ways of enjoying a holiday, there was none to be compared to that of spending it amidst the beautiful valleys and combs of the Quantock Hills in the whorting-season.

SULPHUR.

This mineral product is the key which opens the door to chemical manufactures. From it we make sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), and without sulphuric acid many of the largest factories would cease to exist. By its aid we are enabled to produce so many substances, that the bare mention of them would fill the whole paper. Bleaching, dyeing, soda-making, metal-refining, electro-plating, electro-telegraphing, &c., are primarily indebted to this acid. Many of the most valued medicines could not be made without it—such as ether, calomel, &c. Sulphur being the chief ingredient of gunpowder, modern warfare could not go on comfortably without it. A people that does not possess lucifer-matches, stands beyond the pale of civilisation; yet matches cannot be made without sulphur—not because matches are dipped into melted limestone before they are 'tipped' with the phosphoric composition which ignites them, but because this very material could not be made without the indirect use of sulphur. In England, we consume 60,000 tons of sulphur annually, which is imported to this country from the volcanic regions of Sicily. For political reasons, the king of Naples has recently prohibited the export of sulphur to any of the kingdoms now at war. Reckoning the value of sulphur at £.5 per ton, implies a loss of £.300,000—

a pretty liberal 'peace-offering' from the King of the Two Sicilies! This loss of sulphur will be very severely felt for a short time in England; but eventually it will be of great service, as we have as much brimstone in this country as commerce requires—a fact that will soon be made manifest by the demand for it; and when once it is seen that our own resources are sufficient, the king of Naples must never expect us to go to his shop any more. It was thus during the last wars that we prevented the French people from cutting Jamaica sugar; so they set to and made sugar from beet-root, and we have lost so much trade ever since.—*Septimus Piess.*

A LUXURIOUS AUTHOR.

In this broiling month (July) I use every method in my power to guard against the heat: four servants constantly fan my apartments—they raise wind enough to make a tempestuous sea. My wife is plunged in snow and ice till the moment I drink it; I pass half my time in the cold bath, and divide the other half between an orange-grove, cooled by a refreshing fountain, and my sofa; I do not venture to cross the street but in a coach. Other people are content with smelling flowers, I have hit on the method of eating and drinking them: I protest that my chamber smells stronger of perfume than Arabia-Felix; and I am so lavish of rose-water and essence of jessamine, that I actually swim in it. While my neighbours, at this sultry season, are overloading their tables with solid food, I subsist almost entirely on birds fed with sugar; these, with jellies and fruit, are the whole of my diet! . . . My house is neither so elegant nor so costly as Fontainebleau, but it has a charming wood behind it, which the solar ray cannot penetrate, and is admirably calculated for an invalid with weak eyes, or to make an ordinary woman appear tolerably handsome. The trees, covered with foliage to their very roots, are crowded with turtle-doves and pheasants: wherever I walk, I tread on tulips and anemones, which I have ordered my gardener to plant among the other flowers, to prove that the French strangers do not suffer by a comparison with their Italian friends.—*Balzac.*

THE OLD COUNTRY.

And now we are fairly alongside the shore, and we are soon going to set our foot on the land of Old England. Say what we will, an American, particularly a New Englander, can never approach the Old Country without a kind of thrill and pulsation of kindred. Its history for two centuries was our history. Its literature, laws, and language, are our literature, laws, and language. Spenser, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, were a glorious inheritance, which we share in common. Our very life-blood is English life-blood. It is Anglo-Saxon vigour that is spreading our country from Atlantic to Pacific, and leading on a new era in the world's development. America is a tall, slightly young shoot, that has grown from the old royal oak of England: divided from its parent root, it has shot up in new, rich soil, and under genial brilliant skies, and therefore takes on a new type of growth and foliage, but the sap in it is the same.—*Mrs Stowe's Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.*

NEW WEATHER-GLASS.

For some years I have been in the habit of watching the condition of the gum in my wife's camphor-bottle, which stands in our bedroom; and when not disturbed, it makes a capital weather-glass. It answers my purpose as well as a barometer that would cost me twenty-five or fifty dollars. When there is to be a change of weather from fair to windy or wet, the thin flakes of the gum will rise up; and sometimes, when there was to be a great storm, I have seen them at the top. When they settle down clearly at the bottom, then we are sure of grand weather. Any farmer who will watch his wife's camphor-bottle for a season, will never have occasion to watch the birds, or locusts, or ants, for indications of a change in the weather.—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

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THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

CONGRESS.

THE sales of slaves in Richmond were over for the day; and as I had procured the information for which I had made a run into Virginia, I made the best of my way back to Washington by rail and steamer. Among my fellow-passengers were a number of members of Congress, pushing onward to be in time for the day of opening, which was at hand.

In the course of Saturday there were numerous arrivals; the hotels, smartened up after a long dull season, were thronged to overflowing; and the air was an air of business in the usually tranquil thoroughfares. On Sunday, I went to an Episcopal church—an elegant new building, which was crowded with a highly respectable body of worshippers.

Next morning ushered in an important day, Monday, the 5th of December, appointed for the assembling of Congress—great excitement in the hotel parlours, groups eagerly discussing who was to be Speaker of the House of Representatives; who was to be appointed printer to Congress (a thing so good that one year of it is considered to be enough); and other matters of consequence. Rumours cunningly floated about to mislead opponents were, as usual, seen through. Every one was on the alert, and ready to be at his post.

At half-past eleven o'clock, I walked down Pennsylvania Avenue with a friend, who kindly undertook to be my cicerone. It was a beautifully clear day, rather cold, but with that lightness and dryness of atmosphere which is peculiar to America. Members were proceeding, singly, in pairs, or several together, towards the Capitol, where they went at once to their respective seats. There was no crowding in the streets to witness the opening of Congress; for there was not a bit of finery or pomp about the whole affair—no procession of President and his court, no corps diplomatique, no carriages, no trumpeters, and no dragoons. For anything that could be seen, the Capitol might be supposed to be a church, into which members and spectators were composedly pouring. There was an entire absence of pretension. At the doors of our Houses of Parliament on great occasions, may be seen a number of officials in wigs, gowns, and swords, whose function is to overawe and be insolent—Cerberuses only to be conciliated with cash. The Americans have had the good sense to get rid of these pampered lackeys. My friend and I walked into the House of Representatives unchallenged, and placed ourselves in a recess outside the barrier which bounds the seats of

the members; and here I was introduced to several persons of political notoriety.

The House was full. Representatives from California and other distant states were already present, the whole assemblage forming a body of well-dressed persons, such as you would see any day on 'Change. There was little diversity of costume. A black dress-coat, black satin waistcoat, and black stock, constitute the general attire—ready for court, dinner, ball, public meeting, or anything. A few wore beards, but clean shaving was the rule. Standing, sitting, lounging, talking, according to fancy, they spent the time till noon. 'The moment the hands of the clock point to twelve,' said my friend, 'business will commence.' A clerk, seated in advance, and a little below the vacant chair of the Speaker, kept his eye fixed on a clock over the doorway, and accordingly rung his bell when the hour of noon was indicated.

Every one being seated and in order, the work of the session commenced by the calling of the roll, each member answering to his name. The vote was afterwards taken for Speaker, when, much the larger number having named Linn Boyd of Kentucky, that gentleman was conducted to the chair amidst general plaudits. On the whole, I received a favourable impression of the method of conducting the business of the House, which was simple yet effective. Judging, however, by the accounts given in the newspapers of debates on questions of moment, it would appear that very impassioned scenes occur, and that at such times language is employed which would shock, and would not be tolerated in, the House of Commons. At the same time, I am told that petty means of annoying political opponents while speaking, such as braying, crowing like a cock, and so forth, have not obtained a footing in America; and so far the democracy of the States has an advantage.

The Senate, or Upper House, opens at the same hour as the House of Representatives; and, before departure, I had an opportunity also of noticing some of its proceedings, and being made acquainted with several of its members—among others, the Hon. Charles Sumner, whose eloquent harangues are well known in England.

The plain, business-like way in which legislation is conducted, has been mentioned in disparagement of Congress—a thing not easy to understand. In Great Britain, tradition and precedent are considered to be of so much importance, that arrangements altogether new, however reasonable in the abstract, are viewed with extreme suspicion, and can with the greatest difficulty be effected. In the United States, on the contrary, every subject may be said to stand on its own merits, and is legislated for accordingly. The

English, for example, under a habitual respect for what is sanctioned by antiquity, and fearful of disturbing the foundations of a venerable fabric, admit of extensions in the representative system with the utmost reluctance; while the Americans, having no antiquity to venerate, no traditional usages to embarrass, go right up to the point, and organise a code of representation on the broadest possible principle. Whether in doing so they achieve a higher degree of rational liberty, is a different question. What concerns us at present, is the mode of their procedure. Right or wrong, they have had no other course open to them. They have acted under the necessities of their condition.

In England, there has always existed a traditional authority, which, from time to time, has imparted privileges to the people; but in the States, starting at the revolution, there was no authority to impart anything. The monarchical authority was expelled, and power was vested in the people at large. Yet, as a fact in constitutional history, it is interesting to know that the Americans at this crisis in their affairs were not left to organise a government out of chaos. The British monarchy had long previously established Houses of Assembly in its thirteen colonies, and by these agencies, it will be remembered, the new organisation was tranquilly moulded. The thirteen states, therefore, federally united, were but the old colonies, minus their English governors, and plus the legislative independence they had secured. Besides this inheritance of constituted forms, the States retained the laws of England, with all the ordinary municipal arrangements; and to this day the stranger observes, that each of the original thirteen states possesses, to a lesser or greater extent, the impress which was given to it by its charters from the English monarchy. 'We get copies of all your parliamentary reports, all your statutes,' said a member of Congress to me on visiting the Capitol; 'we know what you are about, and our law-courts constantly quote your procedure.' Could there be a greater compliment paid to England, which, even after a separation of eighty years, is allowed to exert a parental influence over her children? Could America do herself more honour than in making this handsome acknowledgment?

By the creation out of wild territory, conquest, and purchase, the Union, at the time of my visit to the political metropolis, comprehended thirty-one states; and the manner in which these are represented in Congress may be alluded to. The Senate, answering to our House of Lords, is composed of two members from each state, irrespective of its size or amount of population; consequently, the number is sixty-two. These senators are chosen by the legislatures of the several states for the term of six years. One-third retire every two years, by which means a degree of permanency is imparted to the institution. The Vice-president of the United States is the President of the Senate, in which he has a casting vote; in his absence, a temporary president is elected from the body.

The House of Representatives is a purely popular assembly. The members are elected every two years by the people of the several states, and according to a rule fixed by Act of Congress in 1850. By this law, the number of representatives is established at 233. These representatives are appointed by universal suffrage among free citizens—the poorest as well as the richest, having a vote. The number of voters for each representative is apportioned to each elective district every ten years; the number is determined by the simple plan of dividing the whole population by 233; the quotient being, therefore, the number apportioned. In the event of a state being admitted to the Union, a member is assigned to it until next decennial period, when a fresh division by 233 takes place. Thus to the ordinary number of 233, one is at present temporarily

added for California, making the actual number 284. Besides these members, the House comprehends a delegate from each of several territories; but these, though allowed to speak on any subject, do not vote. The recent addition of Nebraska to the number of states, will make some change in this respect.

In appointing senators and representatives, whether to Congress or to the legislatures of the several states, the Americans proceed on the principle of asking no public service for nothing. Every member is paid from public funds for his attendance. For a number of years, the rate of compensation for each member of the Senate and House of Representatives has been eight dollars a day during attendance on Congress; no deduction being made on account of sickness. Each also receives eight dollars for every twenty miles of travel by the usual road, in going to or returning from Washington. The Speaker of the House of Representatives is allowed sixteen dollars a day.

There can be little doubt that these payments are sufficiently tempting to induce needy men to seek the post of representative; the allowance, however, is altogether inadequate to compensate the loss which is frequently incurred by a neglect of professional duties, and the expense of living several months from home. As an additional inducement to assume the function of senator or representative, the members of Congress enjoy a large franking privilege. They may send or receive letters or packets free by post not exceeding two ounces, and public documents three pounds in weight. Members of Congress would be more than human if such a privilege were not as greatly abused as it was in England, when franking was tolerated here. One of the more apparent results, is the enormous increase of matter passing through the post-office—so great as sometimes to retard the mails, and derange the transmission of letters and newspapers. A few days previous to the meeting of Congress, I found the lobbies and passages of the public offices in Washington encumbered with great loads of packages of printed reports, which men were preparing for the approaching demand. Neatly done up in buff-tinted covers, these packages, piled in huge heaps, attested the lavish scale on which public documents are printed for distribution, and the labour to be incurred in inscribing them with the magical symbols—*Pub. Doc.*, and signature of a member. We observe by a newspaper, that this extraordinary system of franking is beginning to be seriously challenged; more particularly since it has been proposed to raise the ordinary charge for postage, in order to meet the cost of carrying so much free material. A characteristic paragraph on the subject is subjoined.*

* When the members reach Washington, they find large quantities of documents printed and enveloped under the orders of the preceding session, and begin franking right and left. Two or three days thereafter, the stage-routes diverging from the temporary termini of the railways, especially in the west, are choked up by a medley of letters, newspapers, and documents. A stage-driver goes for the mail, and finds twice as much ready for him as his horses can possibly draw. So he picks up two or three bags, and starts off, leaving the residue to a more convenient season; and the next driver finds a still larger pile awaiting him, and treats it in the same manner. Thus, we have had a ton of our weekly paper lying at one time at some half-way house on the route, and our disappointed subscribers writing us the most unflattering letters, ordering us to send on the papers they had paid us for, or send back their money. . . . The short of the matter is this: Congress is now paying some half a million of dollars a year out of the Treasury for printing documents, and perhaps a million more for their transportation and delivery to the members' favourite constituents. We think this all wrong—that everything should pay its way—that he who is not willing to pay postage on his documents, does not really want, and will not be benefited by them. Yet, we can stand the abuse as it is. But Mr Olds and his Fogy committee, propose in effect to take this load off the Treasury, and put it on the postage-payers. Now, we tell the members of Congress that this won't go down—most decidedly not. So long as they pay the shot out of the Treasury—postage as well as printing—the people won't mind it; but from the day that letters are made to pay two

With an extensive and clear field in their favour, and no embarrassment from antiquated usages, the United States have been able to accomplish aims for the good of society which Great Britain has found utterly impracticable. In organising systems of national education at the public expense, the several states have, for example, completely outstripped the old country. Yet, as, in this respect, monarchical Canada is quite as far forward as the States, it would be an error to suppose that republicanism is the cause of the remarkable step in advance. Candidly considered, it will be seen that the legislation of the United Kingdom, when obstructions are overcome and an intelligent public feeling fairly roused, is abreast, if not ahead, of that of Congress. I would, in particular, call attention to the strides in advance made by England as regards freedom of commercial intercourse and navigation, leaving America to come laggingly behind, along with the nations for whom she, politically speaking, entertains anything but respect. The people of the United States, if true to themselves and the principles of a sound political economy, ought not, for the sake of special interests, to have been second in this great movement—will they even be second? Need I add, that the Americans have done themselves no honour in so long postponing the enactment of an international copyright treaty—a subject legislated upon years ago by Great Britain.

In the matter of cheap postage, the States have had the misfortune to be imitators of England, instead of taking the initiative; moreover, with the full knowledge of the post-office organisation of the United Kingdom, and possessing an overplus revenue, the Americans have strangely failed to place their postal-system on a footing so perfect as it might be. The franking privilege, accorded not only to members of Congress, but (restrictedly) to an inferior class of postmasters, is an abuse which surprises us to see still tolerated. More remarkable is it to find that the ordinary rate of prepaid postage of three cents for a single letter, does not infer delivery. When the American post undertakes to convey letters and newspapers, the service extends only to their transmission from post-office to post-office. For their delivery at the house of the party to whom they are addressed, there is an additional charge of one or two cents. It is an ordinary custom everywhere in the States, to call for letters or newspapers at the post-office, and by an arrangement with the postmaster, each person has a box into which his correspondence is put. In New York, I observed great crowds daily at the post-office seeking for letters. Let this monstrously inconvenient practice be compared with the plan pursued in London, of sending out four or five times a day a host of carriers, each with his bundle of letters and newspapers for delivery at the doors of the parties to whom they are addressed, without any additional charge. An American gentleman, who had been some time in London, mentioned to me, that nothing surprised and delighted him so much as the incessant distribution of letters; care being taken to transfer the carriers in detachments to their respective beats by means of rapidly driven omnibuses. 'Your government,' said he, 'is completely ahead of ours in this respect. We could not do better than transfer your postal-system, body and bones, to the States.'

Legislation in these, as well as matters of more grave concern, is of course regulated by the expression of public sentiment; but in no country is it more difficult than in America to ascertain what really consti-

tutes the unprejudiced feeling of the community. The States are not one, but many nations, united by a common interest, but differing greatly in social usages and opinions. Subjects of important concern are viewed in one light by the north, and in another by the south; just as it might be expected to be by nations in the north and south of Europe. Then there is the universal division of society into Whigs (answering in some degree to the English Tories or Conservatives) and Democrats, or extreme Republicans. Beyond these distinctions of genera and species, there is an indefinite number of varieties and sub-varieties—Free-soilers, Hunkers, Hardis, Softs, Woolly-heads, Doughfaces, &c., rather puzzling to the uninitiated, yet of practical significance; for I observe that in some cases of examinations before judicial tribunals, the party sobriquet of witnesses is appended to their names in the published record of proceedings—as if credibility of evidence depended on political opinion!

Party-spirit is, to all appearance, the soul of American society—regulating and controlling everything. What any man says or does is too commonly judged by the press according to the opinion he entertains on political subjects. Bad as we are in this respect in England, we do not go quite this length, unless when sectarian interests are concerned—there, we regret to say, our so-called religious newspapers possess the worst features of the least respectable American journals. A natural consequence of the fierceness with which persons are attacked for their political sentiments, is an indisposition to mingle in public affairs. I was told over and over again in the States, by people of substance and intelligence, that they shrunk from appearance in public affairs—would have nothing to do with the vulgar wranglings at elections—left things to go any way. This can hardly be considered a sound state of things, for it amounts to delivering up the country to the most noisy and viperish of the population. In New York, as has been observed, the civic government has, from this cause, been practically in the hands of the mob, from which, however, as I understood, a spasmodic effort of the more respectable classes was about to rescue it.

'Things will be better for a little time,' said a gentleman of New York, speaking to me on this subject, 'but they will soon fall back to their former condition—the most noisy and calumnious will carry the day.'

'We are scarcely entitled to make this a special charge against the democracy of the States, for a similar reluctance to take part in political movements is observable among certain classes in England; and such must ever be the case until the world is better instructed, and knows and feels that in constitutional governments, the franchise is as much a duty as a privilege. The keen party-spirit, the corrupt practices, the intimidation, the obloquy cast on opponents, are all dwelt upon as grievous sins in the republican elections of America—the ballot is spoken of as a sham. True, perhaps, in every particular; but after recent experiences, can any Englishman have the conscience to hold up the finger of scorn on account of these real or alleged imperfections? On such a subject, the fact of so many members of the House of Commons being convicted of bribery and corruption—and of so many others being ordinarily elected through the meanest venal influences—ought at least to make us careful how we utter a reproach.

Whatever be the faults of the American government, it cannot be said that extravagance is one of them. The Minister of the Exchequer is not called on to devise schemes of taxation to make the two ends meet. His only difficulty is a very strange one—it is what to do with the money in the public Treasury! In 1852, the entire expenditure of the government of the United States was 54,000,000, and its receipts were 61,000,000.

cents each extra to take this load off the Treasury, there will be a "let muttering, which those who put their ears to the ground may hear; and the members from the free states who vote in favour of the change, will get badly scratched whenever they are candidates again. If they don't believe it now, they will, after trying the experiment."—New York Tribune, May 3, 1854.

of dollars. By accumulated balances, there was at the same time on hand the sum of 75,000,000 dollars; and how this money should be disposed of, was a matter of very serious concern. To be sure, there was a debt of 65,000,000 dollars; but it was at a high premium, and by a sacrifice it could easily have been discharged. Portions of the debt were, indeed, being paid off, when opportunities offered, and in a few years the whole will be extinguished, without impairing the balance. At present, a variety of schemes are on foot for disposing of this unfortunate overplus. All intelligent individuals, of course, see that the rational mode of procedure, is to abolish certain branches of revenue; and so bring the draughts down to the necessary outlay. But to this there are objections on the part of the manufacturing community. The federal government levies no direct taxes on the people. Its revenue is principally from custom-house duties, which in 1853 amounted to nearly 59,000,000 dollars. Now, these duties are of a protective character. They tax the nation at large, by an aggravation of prices, in order to give a monopoly to certain branches of native industry; and their removal or considerable modification would be equivalent to free-trade, which the public mind, jealous of foreign competition, is not prepared for. Meanwhile, the accumulating cash in the Treasury presents a dilemma of a different kind. It is universally felt to be a source of corruption and danger. Every faction is scheming to have a clutch at it. As a spare fund at command, it may induce some rash warlike expedition, or be otherwise employed in the undue extension of the Union. A third evil connected with it, is the gradual abstraction of money from circulation, in order to be locked profitlessly up in the Treasury; thereby starving commerce of its proper means of support. So that, if things go on as they are doing, the curious conjuncture may come about, of all the available money in the country finding its way into the national Exchequer, where it is not wanted, and trade, accordingly, being brought to a stand. Any way it can be viewed, the accumulation is considered to be most pernicious in its effects, both as regards administrative policy and social wellbeing; and the gravest politicians admit that, in comparison with the evils of the present system, an annual deficit would be a national blessing. After all, there would seem to be worse things than a National Debt!

While attending the opening of Congress, it was explained to me that much was done in the way of *lobbying* and *log-rolling*—phrases unknown in England, though the things signified are, by no means wanting. By *lobbying*, is meant the influence exerted privately on members by interested parties hanging about the lobbies of the Capitol; and it is said jocularly; that in the passing of bills as much depends on the activity of members for the lobby as on the real representatives. It seems to be one of the duties of these lobbyists, to make such compromises among parties as will induce them to support the measures of each other. One member, for example, wishing to carry a bill for a grant of public land towards a projected railway, and another desiring to extend slavery into a new state, will, by discreet management, be induced to assist each other with a vote. Such is *log-rolling*: mutual assistance by a compromise, as it may be, of principle.

As we all know, splendid examples of *log-rolling* are of daily occurrence in the House of Commons, through the agency of party whippers-in; and neither are we altogether deficient in a practice, equally irregular, which the Americans describe as 'speaking for *bunkum*.' I heard of some interesting cases of *bunkum*, by which is signified the bringing forward of a sham proposal, in order to catch popular applause. A member, for instance, desirous of standing well with his constituents, makes an oratorical display in favour of a measure in which they are interested; but with the

knowledge that such a measure is impracticable, and will not be carried. In fact, he does not want to carry it; the sole object of the orator is to impose on his supporters, and acquire the character of a meritorious public leader. I was told that in one of the state legislatures, a bill for the Maine Liquor Law was proposed, entirely with a view to *bunkum*. It was, indeed, passed by the Lower House; all the members who voted for it having dishonestly thrown the odium of rejection on the Senate. The Senate, however, seeing through the trick, passed the bill also; and, finally, the governor appended his assent, rendering it a law—the whole thing, from first to last, being a piece of mutual deception. The result was, that in the state in question, the law became practically a dead-letter. That such actually was the occurrence, I am unable to say from my own knowledge; yet I think the circumstance, as related, must possess a certain degree of truth, for I observe by a newspaper, that in a neighbouring state, where a similar law has just been enacted, the people are recommended 'to organise a club or league in each township and city, to take care that this act is promptly and thoroughly enforced,' because, 'if this is not done, the act will prove only a sham and a disgrace.' Are we to understand from the counsel thus given by the press, that the enforcement of laws is to depend on popular leagues or clubs?—a doctrine which would argue prodigious weakness in the ordinary executive power.

It does not appear that the President of the United States holds any personal intercourse with Congress. As has been shewn, he does not, at least, attend at the opening of the session; a day or two after that event, he sends his Message, a voluminous document, to be read to the members. To one accustomed to the outward forms of respect for sovereigns in Europe, the manner in which the President and his measures are sometimes referred to, appears to be inconsistent with the high position he occupies. The latest American newspaper which has come to hand, gives an account of his being burned in effigy, on the ground of his connection with the Nebraska bill. The function of the President, however, is more analogous to that of a prime-minister than a king. He is a responsible officer—only the first magistrate of the republic. The comparatively small salary allowed him cannot be expected to go far towards keeping up the paraphernalia of state. It amounts to only 25,000 dollars (£5000) per annum; and as the President is appointed for only four years, the pecuniary advantages are not great. Perhaps the patronage belonging to the office is an object of no inconsiderable importance. According to a practice now of some standing, it is usual for every new President to dismiss some thousands of persons from office, and to appoint his own supporters in their stead; the consequence of which is, that a large number of individuals naturally become agitators for a presidential change. We are accustomed in England to see vacant offices filled by the party in power, on account of political bias; but expulsion is unknown, unless for incompetency, or on some other grounds equally valid. Should the projected arrangement be carried into effect, of appointing persons to civil offices only after they have undergone an examination as to competency, Great Britain will have made a signal step forward in administrative policy, eminently worthy of being copied in the United States, where things, in this respect, are about as bad as they can possibly be. The present President being a Democrat, and democracy having the ascendant in Congress, offices are, of course, filled with Democrats, greatly to the chagrin of the Whigs, who live in the expectation that, by a happy turn in affairs, their time of office is coming. All writers, native and foreign, deplore this most mischievous custom of changing the ordinary and humble officials of government,

according to the rise and fall of party; and it undeniably forms one of the worst features of the American state.

At Washington, as well as other cities I visited, everybody with whom I had the honour of conversing on public matters, spoke with respect of England, and entertained the hope that nothing would ever occur to cause any serious disagreement between that country and the States; and such, I imagine, to be a very general feeling in America, notwithstanding the occasional remarks of a contrary nature by a portion of the press. I need hardly say, that I reciprocated the sentiments of good-will which were expressed, and perhaps was not thought the less of for giving it as my impression, that the least admirable thing about the government of the States, was the extreme deference to popular clamour. 'You are,' I said, 'great, wealthy, and with a boundless field of well-doing; your public economy is, in most things, worthy of all praise; but if legislation is to be conducted on the principle of yielding to every gale of popular and inconsiderate impulse—if you do not take time to reflect on consequences—you may be impelled into the most dangerous course of policy; your day of trouble may not be far distant.' Late events, afterwards to be alluded to, do not leave these hints unjustified.

W. C.

FACTS AND FABLES ABOUT FLOWERS.

Why is it that every eye kindles with delight at the sight of beautiful flowers? that in all lands, and amidst all nations, the love of flowers appears to prevail to so great an extent, that no home is considered complete without them—no festival duly honoured unless they decorate the place where it is observed? They are strewn in the path of the bride; they are laid on the bier of the dead; the merry-maker selects from the floral tribes the emblem of his joy; and the mourner, the insignia of his grief. Everywhere, and under all circumstances, flowers are eagerly sought after and affectionately cherished; and when the living and growing are not to be obtained, then is their place filled by some substitute or other, according to the taste or circumstances of the wearer; but whether that substitute be a wreath of gorgeous gems for the brow of royalty, or a bunch of coloured cambric for the adornment of a servant-girl, it is usually wrought into the form of flowers. The very furniture of our houses vouches for the prevalence of this passion; for we seldom see a carpet, a chintz, or a paper, that does not include flowers in its pattern. Our china tea and dinner services are richly enamelled with groups of these graceful objects; and on our Parian jugs and butter-coolers, our vases and chimney-ornaments, we find the moulded forms of lilies and snow-drops, and other such delicate floral imagery. Whence comes this all-prevailing taste? Surely it is a gift from God, planted by him in the heart of his creatures; for the capability of the heart to enjoy it belongs as much to the peasant as to the prince, and the means of gratifying it is as free to the one as to the other. This taste depends not on wealth or on education, but is given, if not to all individuals, yet to some of every class. From the infant's first gleam of intelligence, a flower will suffice to still its cries; and even in old age, the mind which has not been perverted from its natural instincts, can find a calm and soothing pleasure in the contemplation of these gems of creation. The little peasant-boy who basks on the bank in the corn-field, whilst his parents are busied in gathering in the golden grain, amuses himself by weaving a bright crown of the glowing scarlet poppy, and the brilliant blue corn border, wherewith to bind the auburn curls of the tiny sister whom he has been left to watch; and the feeble old woman will totter on her crutch at early day to inhale the scent of her sweet double gillyflowers, and

mark the unfolding of their blustering petals. The sick and dying love flowers; for they remind them of that sweet home at which they are hoping soon to arrive, where, as sings an old poet—

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks.

Continually are green,

Where grow such sweet and lovely flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

And the young and healthy love flowers—oh, how dearly!—and delight to ramble through the lanes at the sweet April-time in search of the first young violets

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring;

or in July to wander in the dewy meadows by the river's side, and stretch far over its waters—even at the risk of getting an untimely and unwelcome bath—for the sake of attaining some of the pearly cups of the delicate water-lily (*Nymphaea alba*), or gathering a bunch of the turquoise clusters of the lovely 'forget-me-not' (*Myosotis palustris*). The costly gems which adorn the prince or the noble are obtained only by the few; but those more pure, more fragrant ones, may be had freely, abundantly, without asking them at the hand of men. The hill and the valley teem with them, the mountain and the rock, the moss and the moor, 'bring forth spontaneous flowers of all hues'—flowers

Which not nice art

In beds and curious knots, but Nature's boon

Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain.

Every hedgerow displays its wealth of blossoms, and even the very walls and house-tops supply us with their own bright and peculiar floral embellishments.

Flowers are the subject of poets' dreams: we may cite in token Chaucer's sweet tale of *The Flower and the Leaf*, and Dunbar's—

Methought sweet May before my bed up stood,
In weed depaint of many diverse hue, &c.;

and plenty of other instances. They are emblems of nations. They serve as badges of clans, and display themselves in the blazonry of heraldic devices. They have formed the insignia of party strife and hatred, as in the fatal and long-sustained wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. They have been used as indications of renewed amity and friendship, as when the reunion of these two houses did 'unite the white rose with the red;' and as Drayton sang—

In one stalk did happily unite

The pure vermilion rose and purer white;

and the striped red and white rose, called at this day 'The York and Lancaster,' was worn peacefully by both parties alike.

That the love of flowers of which we speak is a true thing, and that it has pervaded all nations, and existed throughout all times, the many legends in which we find flowers bearing a prominent part, and forming the basis for traditions and fabulous tales, supply proof sufficient. In the records of the old Greeks and Romans, we find abundance of these floral myths; and we will now entertain our readers with a few of them. The *Flos Adonis*, a pretty little blood-red flower of the anemone tribe, bears the name, and serves to perpetuate the memory, of Venus's favourite, Adonis, the son of Myrrha, who was herself said to be turned into a tree called *myrrh*. Adonis was often cautioned by Venus not to hunt wild beasts; but he slighted her advice, and at last perished from injuries received from a wild-boar he had wounded, and his weeping mistress changed him into this flower.

Narcissus, too, bears witness to the love of the ancients for flowers. He, striving to grasp his own

beautiful form, as he saw it reflected on the surface of the water—but striving all in vain—in his futile effort he slew himself, and his blood was changed into a flower. But what flower was this? Surely not the snowy blossom which we designate by the name of *Narcissus poeticus*. Virgil calls the classical flower *Purpureus Narcissus*, and Pliny also speaks of it as purple; and we should be much more inclined to fix on the flower which the older botanists, Gerard and Parkinson, call the 'chequered' or 'chequered daffodill,' and which we name the April Frigillary, for that which ought to bear the name of *Narcissus*. Gerard says of this as follows: 'The chequered daffodill, or gilly-hen flower, hath small, narrow, grassy leaves among which there riseth up a stalk three hands high, having at the top one or two flowers, and sometimes three, which consisteth of six small leaves chequered most strangely; wherein nature, or rather the Creator of all things, hath kept a very wonderful order, surpassing, as in all other things, the curious painting that art can set down. One square is of a greenish-yellow colour, the other purple, keeping the same order as well on the backside of the flower as on the inside, although they are blackish in one square, and of a violet colour in another, inasmuch that every leaf seemeth to be the feather of a gilly-hen, whereof it took his name.' The dull purple tint of this flower may more fitly indicate that which sprang from the blood of

Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watery shore,
than the pure white of the other.

Hyacinth is the next fabled hero we shall cite as bequeathing his name to a flower; but here is another ambiguity. The sweet-scented flower of various hues, blue, purple, white, or pink, which we thus designate, has, in reality, no claims to this classical appellation. It seems to be now generally admitted, that some species of lily, and probably, according to Professor Martyn, that called *Lilium Martagon*, the 'scarlet Turk's cap,' is the one thus honoured. The colour and scent of the so-called hyacinth, and the fact that it has no dark marks on the petals, would surely imply that it is not that which Virgil describes as 'rubens,' or 'ferrugineus,' and of which Ovid says—

*Ipse suos gemulus foliis inscripsit Al Ai,
Flos habet inscriptum funestaque litera ducta est.*

But the colour, the offensive smell, and the deeply stained petals of some of the red lilies, may be well considered as more suitable appendages to a flower of such evil origin. We give this poetical tale in verse, as best suited to its romantic character:—

Apollo—

A being fraught with all earth's richest gifts,
Was closely bound in love with Deion's son,
Young Hyacinthus. He, with all the force
Of youth's deep love, was to Apollo knit.
Young Zephyr also loved the noble boy,
And sought return; but youth can never spare
One gleam of love from that one charmed spot
To which its soul is anchored. He was cold,
Nor met young Zephyr's love. Ah! why should love,
That joy of life, that precious comforter,
So often turn to hate? 'Twas thus with that
Of Zephyrus! He hated, and but sought
Fit time to gratify his passionate wrath.
One day, Apollo, who had charge to guide
The boy's young mind through learning's glorious path,
Played with his pupil; Zephyrus was near;
Apollo threw the quoit; then Zephyr, prompt,
Seized on the disk, and bore it through the air
To where the beautiful boy stood, full of life,
And with its fall, laid him a bleeding corpse.
Apollo, mad with ire, beheld the child—
That child, within whose heart was garnered up
His own, now lying there mangled and dead!
The legend further tells, that he then raised

That wasted blood, and made this scarlet flower
Spring from the dismal flood; and on its leaves
Impressed the words of grief: 'Al, Al!'
His bruised, fading body then he took,
And set it in the firmament to shine,
A beaming star for ever, 'mid the host
Of ancient fires that kindle up the night.

The daphne, the myrtle, and many more, all come springing forward in our memory, and claiming a place in our pages. Daphne was a fair nymph, the daughter of the river Peneus by the goddess Terra; and fearing to be overtaken by Apollo, who pursued her, she entreated the gods for aid, and was by them turned into a laurel. Apollo gathered a crown of leaves from his metamorphosed love, and ordered that ever after that tree should be considered as sacred to his divinity. But the daphne is not the plant we usually call the laurel. The former is a most odorous flowering shrub, not even of the laurel tribe. There is no laurel indigenous in Greece; but there is a daphne native in Pontus (*Daphne Pontica*); and this, no doubt, is the plant to which this tradition belongs.

The story of Myrtilus is, that the father of Hippodamia declared that no one should marry his daughter who could not conquer him in a chariot-race; and one of the lovers of the young lady, called Myrtilus, who was an attendant of Oenomaus, to take out the linchpin from his master's chariot, by which means the master was killed; and Myrtilus, repenting when he saw him dead, cast himself into the sea, and was afterwards changed by Mercury into this plant, the myrtle, or, as some say, into the whortleberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*).

Of the bladder campion (*Silene inflata*), named after the god Silenus, ancient writers say that it was formerly a youth named Campion, whom Minerva employed to catch flies for her owls to eat during the day, when their eyes did not serve them to catch food for themselves; but Master Campion choosing to indulge himself with a nap, when he ought to have been busy hawking for the wise birds, the angry goddess changed him into this flower, which still retains in its form the bladders in which Campion kept his flies, and droops its head at night when owls fly abroad, and have their eyes about them.

The legend of Clytia, who, irritated and aggrieved by the falsehood of her lover Apollo, pined away, and was changed into a flower, must close our list of antique flower-fables. This flower is usually considered to be the sunflower (*Helianthus*); but it might more properly be said to be the *Helianthemum polifolium*, or white rock-rose, which sheds its leaves when the sun declines; and its snowy and fragile petals are more suitable as a memorial of pining lovers, than is the gorgeous beauty of the flaunting yellow helianthus.

These are a few amongst the mythic tales we find in pagan lore; but the traditions concerning flowers are not confined to the days of Venus and Apollo: much later times furnish us with quaint theories relating to the variations in tint, form, &c., of the subjects of Flora's dominion. Of the wall-flower, that most beautiful as well as most odorous of cruciferous plants, the graceful, though somewhat fanciful, poet Herrick tells us thus:—

Why this flower is now called so,
List, sweet maids, and you shall know;
Understand this firstling was,
Once a brisk and bonny lass,
Kept as close as Danae was;
Who a sprightly springall loved,
And to have it fully proved,
Up she got upon a wall,
Tempting down to slide withal;
But the silken twist untied,
So she fell, and, bruised, she died.

Love, in pity of the dead,
And her loving, luckless speed,
Turned her to this plant we call
Now 'The flower of the wall.'

The tulip, albeit in its own characteristics not especially suggestive of poetic thoughts, has, nevertheless, been the subject of more interest in later days than perhaps any other flower of modern or ancient celebrity. The facts, however, about tulips are well known; but we have one of the prettiest of all fables concerning them to narrate—a real fairy tale, quite worth the hearing. Down in the south and west of that fair county, Devonshire, lies a wild and desolate tract of hill-country, called Dartmoor. This district remains in almost primeval simplicity, its deep solitudes but seldom invaded by the foot of man, its few and simple inhabitants almost as uncultured as its wild mountains and morasses. Here, amidst the rough relics of the homes of our ancient British forefathers, linger the remains of the dress and habits of former days; and here, too, are found remnants of the superstitions which prevailed of old.

In one of the sylvan glens which lie amongst these Tor-crowned hills, there lived, once on a time, an old woman, who was the happy owner of a pleasant rustic cottage, with a garden full of sweet flowers. There was the 'brave carnation,' rich with its clove-like fragrance; there was the clustering rose, forcing its way over the little porch, and climbing on the dark brown thatch; there, too, was a little rill coursing along the side of the cottage, its rushing waters making sweet melody as they broke over the stony bed through which they ran, and mixing their tones with the song of many birds, and the clear hum of the good old woman's bees, as they gathered honey from the wild-thyme and the dewy foxglove on the hills around. But although, no doubt, all her flowers were charming to the old lady, there was one treasure in the garden which was her chief delight, and exceeded all the others. This was a fine bed of most beautiful streaked tulips, over which she watched with warmest interest. One fine moonlight night, it seems the dame sallied forth to view her property, when her attention was arrested by a sweet gush of soft music, which rose and fell on the air in gentle cadence. It was as if a thousand tiny voices had joined in unison; clear and shrill, as if from the throats of so many grasshoppers, but as soft as if it had been produced by as many little feathered moths. With wonder and delight, the old woman gently drew near to the point whence the harmony seemed to arise, and found that it all emanated from the bells of her own many-coloured tulips, which she could now see bending and waving in the night-breeze. She watched her darling flowers with intense interest, and at last she saw by the light of the moon, then just at its full, that it was not the wind that swayed her tulips, but that there were thousands of lovely little beings climbing on the stems and leaves, and clustering amongst the powdery anthers of the blossoms, and that each of these tiny creatures held one tinier than itself in its arms. They were the pixies—or fairies, as they are called elsewhere than in Devonshire—who had brought their elfin babes to lay them to sleep in the chambers which these lovely blossoms afforded, and the music was the lullaby with which they were composing their infants for their rest. As soon as the little ones were fast asleep, the old woman saw the parent fays speed away to gambol in the fields around, where they spent the rest of the night in dancing in rings, and other fairy-like diversions, to which the marks on the grass the next morning bore testimony. At the earliest dawn, the old woman—who, of course, kept on her watch all night—saw the elves return to the tulip-bed, and taking up their babies with many kisses and caresses, bear them

away to their own domains. Some say that the watcher did not see these things, but only heard the sweet music, and the caresses of the parent fays; but on this subject we can give no opinion, for the one statement seems as likely to be true as the other. However it may be, it is said that these favoured flowers retained their beauty much longer than others of their tribe, which is no more than was to be expected; and also that, from the pixies breathing over them, they became as odorous as the Rose of Cashmere.

Whilst the old woman lived, she would not even allow a blossom to be gathered; but at last she died, and her less romantic and more utilitarian successors transmogrified the bed of tulips into a paraly-bed, much to the disgust of the fairies, who caused it to fade and die; and not only so, but they so managed that nothing would grow in that garden for years. But it seems they bore the memory of the old woman, who had thus protected their nursery, in affectionate remembrance—no weed was ever suffered to spring on her grave, but the greenest turf and the fairest flowers were ever found there, though no mortal hand tended the place where she lay; and this state of things continued until it might be supposed that the remains of their friend were wholly decayed, and resolved into the elements out of which they were created; and every month, on the night before the moon was at the full, the grateful sprites might be heard lamenting her loss in tuneful dirges at her grave.

THE LONDON CHAR-WOMAN.

'Give us a brown, sir—O do, sir—do, sir, give us a brown, sir—had no wittles since istrydy arfternoon, sir!'

Such was the appeal of a ragged urchin of some nine years of age, as he skipped before me with shoeless feet in the mud, which he had made an ineffectual attempt to scrape out of my path with the worn stump of a birch-broom. The boy looked pale and hungry, though sharp, eager, and vivacious as a ferret; and it seemed probable that he spoke the truth.

'No victuals?—how comes that? Have you no father?'

'Yes I have, sir, and mother, too; but father broke his leg off the scaffold, and mother can't get no work.'

'And what does your mother work at?'

'Her chores.'

'Her chores!—That's a text, I am inclined to think, from which a pretty lengthy sermon might be preached by any man given to long-winded orations. The boy meant to say, that his mother sought, by acting as char-woman to any one that would employ her, to supply the place of her crippled husband. What are the special duties of a char-woman, I do not pretend to be able to define with perfect accuracy; but I do know, that just as the profession of a schoolmistress is the refuge for destitute females of a certain class, so is that of char-woman a like refuge for another class. It is a profession which involves the performance of duties of a remarkably practical kind, to which no degree of éclat, no prestige of notoriety is attached: nobody ever heard of an honorary char-woman. Its emoluments have never, to my knowledge, been the subject of statistical inquiry, or its functions of regulation by authorities official or magisterial. It has been insinuated, that while other professionals have to study and struggle in order to rise into a position and sphere of practice, the candidates for the office of char-woman qualify themselves for the proper performance of its duties by a species of inverse progression, which, in the

course of time, and by the lapse of opportunity, leads down to it—that, in fact, it cannot be approached by any upward movement at all. Does a woman fail in the position of cook, then, assuming that of housemaid, and in that, too—then, transforming herself into a maid-of-all-work, fail again?—she is qualified as a char-woman from that time forth. Does a sempstress, weary of the everlasting ‘stitch, stitch, stitch,’ and perhaps half-blinded by the perpetual strain upon her eyes, abandon the needle and thread, and hopelessly resign herself to fate?—fate deposits her at once in the rank of char-women. Is the wife of an artisan or a labouring-man overtaken by adversity?—is her husband laid up by sickness?—has he abandoned her to go a gold-digging at the antipodes?—is he dead? or, worse still, is he alive, and daily drunk?—in either of these cases, the poor woman, as a matter of course, enlists as a char-woman. Besides these, there may be, I thought I know, a hundred different tracks marked out on the chart of woman's eventful life, which land the poor tempest-tossed voyager at this undesirable haven. At any rate, the profession is one which, though lacking in any very exciting attractions, is undergoing continual augmentation, and, consequently, suffers in its emoluments from continual competition.

Owing to the very various sources from which the ranks of this numerous sisterhood are recruited, it is difficult to define, with anything like exactness, the physiology of the individual. You may regard her, if you choose, as a devout worshipper at the domestic altar: she is often upon her knees before it; but she prefers a very noisy, clamorous kind of adoration; and her piety is of the abstract species, not paid to any particular penites, but to the household gods of universal man or woman who may be standing in need of her ceremonial rites. Candour compels the declaration, that the char-woman prefers the service of man, young or old, unmarried or widowed, to that of her own sex. Not that she is to be accused of any design upon his personal liberty; but she counts more upon his amiable ignorance of household mysteries, and the permanence of household stores—especially of such small matters as fall unavoidably under her control in the course of the cleansing, soaping, rubbing, scrubbing, polishing, and brightening of the sanctuary of home—concerning all which particulars, she generously supposes him too much of a gentleman to demand a fractional account. Where there is a mistress, the credit and the privilege of these little responsibilities do not devolve on the char-woman.

The costume of this sisterhood is as various as their character and antecedents, and may be regarded, perhaps, in some degree as an indication of both. In general, however, it may be remarked, that their outer integuments have a tendency to coagulate in tumours and amorphous bundles about the loins, and at the same time to trail sweepingly at the heels. I have heard it affirmed, that the celebrated Dorothy Draggledale, of harmonious notoriety, was a char-woman; and a friend suggests that she might be taken as a type of the class. I am not so sure upon that matter; the class being so very numerous, and the good woman who at this moment is clattering about in the kitchen below, being a type of a very different order—not only an example of neatness in her own person, but in the persons of two young fatherless children, whom she maintains by her arduous labour. She happens to be

the only total char-woman that ever came beneath my notice, however; and as I am a bachelor of fifty, and, in a small way, a man of observation to boot, I suspect this fact may be regarded as evidence that total abstinence is not extensively practised among them. But Mrs Pottler, like a woman who has seen the world, makes a market of her temperance—and who shall blame her for that, seeing that so many foul wares are brought to market, and fetch a high price? In demanding an extra sixpence a day, in lieu of beer and gin, she practically asserts the value of the virtues which all praise, whether they exercise them or not; and her employers, in acceding to her demand, I am persuaded, lose nothing by the compact.

The rarity of total abstinence among these untiring vestals, may be due to the very lowliness of their lot, which drives them to seek consolation in such brief joys as they can snatch from the present, for the loss of those vanished hopes which have long ceased to gild their prospects of the future. I have had opportunity of noting, during some of those great domestic revolutions which take place occasionally in the best regulated households, that when two or more char-women get together, whether it be around the tea-pot or the black bottle, their conversation is invariably of a melancholy and retrospective kind; and if the sitting be continued long, and the libation be alcoholic, the melancholy deepens, and the retrospection becomes dramatic and tragic. Like their ancient friend and brother, honest Dogberry, they have had their losses—far be it from us to say that they have deserved them. They are always unanimous in deploring the departure of the ‘better days’ which they once knew, and of which they cherish a remembrance all the dearer to them that they know they are gone for ever—thus exercising, without knowing it, a species of philosophy which the serious and didactic poets have long been striving to inculcate. It is owing to these sentimental remembrances, it may be, that the modest stimulants which excite and exalt others, depress them; and that the most pardonable excess makes them often inaudible, but never merry. So I have come to the conclusion, that though the mass of the profession differ physiologically more, perhaps, than do the members of any other profession that could be named, they are united by one remarkable characteristic—namely, that of resignation; a virtue, if it be a virtue, which, in these fast and stirring days, they almost exclusively monopolise.

Scandal is often busy with the subjects of our sketch. Deficits in household stores, if they cannot be otherwise accounted for, are unscrupulously set down to their agency. They are accused of surreptitiously meddling where they have no concern—of wandering unconsciously into beer-cellars, and groping mesmerically in wine-bins—of exercising a comprehensive philanthropy among a numerous circle of relatives at the expense of their employers—of coming to work in the morning thin, spare, and cylindrical, and of departing at night in an unsightly bulbous, tuberculous condition—and of fifty other things, which I hold it invidious to set down. To all such charges, I turn, on principle, a deaf ear. The man or woman either who cannot submit to be cheated a little, is not fit to live in this world, and need not reckon upon my sympathy. True, I should like to see that pair of slippers again which cost me ten-and-sixpence, and which disappeared unaccountably after I had worn them twice; and if the good woman who preceded Mrs Pottler in the Saturday sovereignty of the basement-floor of the respectable house in which I lodge, did remove them by mistake in one of those fits of abstraction to which I know she

was unhappy subject, and will return them to me 'per Parcel Delivery,' I shall be happy to pay the carriage, and will retain a grateful remembrance of the act of restitution.

THE HEIR-AT-LAW.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN TOULMIN had, we found, already left the Priory, after hurriedly excusing himself to his mother and Mrs Herbert, by the pretext of urgent and suddenly remembered business affairs. He did not reappear till three clear days had elapsed, and then looking like a man recently fallen from the clouds, and hardly yet certain whether he had alighted upon his head or his feet. His hearing towards Clara was awkwardly but strictly in accordance with the prescribed pattern—a change which terribly mystified Mrs Selwyn, and for a time evidently disconcerted and annoyed Clara. Pride, however, as her sister anticipated, soon came to her relief, and before the discomforted captain's uncomfortable visit terminated, her manner was as cold and haughty as his was affectedly indifferent and neglectful: there was no longer, thank Heaven, any fear that her affections had been seriously entangled. The man was possessed of astonishing self-command; but for all that, an attentive observer could easily see frequent flashes of the volcanic rage within break through the exterior mask—prophetic of vengeance upon Mrs Calvert and her relatives, should fate ever place the means of inflicting it within his power. And that passionately longed for opportunity would, it daily became more clearly apparent, be ere long afforded him. Little Francis drooped rapidly: he was not precisely ill; that is, no cognizable, definite malady had as yet attacked him, but he suffered under an increasing *malaise*—a dejection of spirit which would almost certainly render him an easy prey to any active disease by which he might be assailed. This was more evidently than ever Mrs Calvert's decided conviction, and greatly contributed, of course, to the pleasure she felt, and she could hardly help openly expressing, at observing the fresh life and vigour that marked the hymeneal aspirations of the reverend rector since the, to him and others, unaccountable withdrawal of Captain Toulmin's formidable pretensions. Very natural in an attached sister was that pleasurable feeling. A union with the Rev. Charles Atherley would place Clara high out of adverse fortune's reach; and that great point secured, no other evil of any magnitude was to be apprehended. Mary herself, it was understood, enjoyed a quite sufficient income, though to what amount was not known, she being the very reverse of communicative upon the subject; and Mrs Selwyn would be fairly enough provided for by the Selwyn one-hundred-a-year patrimony, and the rent of Beach Villa. The future of myself alone seemed entirely bleak and cheerless, but even for me Mary had words of encouragement and hope; and it was in a manner tacitly agreed between us, that if our fears were realized, I should abide with her till, at all events, a more eligible home presented itself for my acceptance. The duration of Mrs Calvert's stay at the Priory, I should mention, was governed by two motives: in the first place, her own children being, as she told me, in perfect health, and under the care of trustworthy persons, she was desirous of remaining till a change for the worse or better took place in her sister's son;

secondly, the colonial bishop I have spoken of was shortly expected to arrive in England, and would, of course, pay a visit to Ashe Priory, when the important question relative to the personality would be set at rest.

The dreaded blow was not long delayed, and our low-whispered apprehensions were bruited through the stately mansion by Dr Mitchell's announcement, that Francis Herbert was attacked by scarletina—a disease just then extremely prevalent, and very generally fatal. The rigidly demure, but withal demoniac aspect of Captain Toulmin—now again a constant and defiant visitor at the Priory—presented an unmistakable daily bulletin of the mortal progress of the disease, till the fifth day, when, mocking us with idle hopes, it appeared to be almost miraculously arrested. The fever had certainly abated, there was considerable moisture on the skin, and the pretty patient had enjoyed a brief but seemingly refreshing sleep. An incident arose out of this pause between life and death, from which I drew, perhaps unjustly, a terrible inference, whether fairly justified by the facts the reader will decide for himself. I was near at hand in one of the corridors, though not visible to the speakers, when I heard Captain Toulmin ask Dr Mitchell, who was just leaving the house, whether it was true that the little boy was, as reported, so much better. The physician replied that the child certainly was very much better, but whether the improvement would continue or not, he could not say. Dr Mitchell then passed on; Captain Toulmin entered the blue drawing-room, as it was called; and I, still unobserved by him, went into the sick-chamber, where it was my turn to watch, and sent Mrs Calvert, who was nearly worn out with fatigue and anxiety, to bed. It was the close of a dull December day, and when I sat down by the bedside, no candle, lest it should disturb the child, who was uneasily slumbering, having been lighted, it was quite dark, save for a faint star-light which shone coldly in through the casement. There was no one, I knew, except Captain Toulmin in the blue drawing-room, the door of which I heard once, twice, thrice gently opened, and footsteps, light, stealthy footsteps, approach the sick-chamber, pause irresolutely, as it were, and go back again. Once more the steps approached, and this time came so near that I distinctly saw—the door being partially open for the admission of air—the shadow of a man upon the wall just within, and in the attitude of listening. Two or three slight knuckle-taps on the door followed, to which I, astonished, anxious, but not in the least alarmed, did not reply. The next instant, Captain Toulmin entered the chamber, walked lightly and swiftly towards the bed, on the opposite side to where I sat, and drew back the curtain. 'Captain Toulmin,' I exclaimed, not loudly, suddenly standing up and confronting him, 'you here!' I could not see his face distinctly, and the start of terror or surprise, which he could not repress, I would gladly not have seen. His agitation, from whatever cause arising, was not easily mastered, and his voice shook uncontrollably as he, not immediately, replied: 'Oh, it's you, Miss Redburn—how is the—the child?'

'Better, sir, considerably better, as I heard Dr Mitchell tell you not many minutes since.'

'True, true—I—I know; but it struck me that the nurse, or—or whoever might be here, could give me more positive, more decisive information before I left the Priory for the night. Good-evening, Miss Redburn.'

This was all that passed, and it spared me terribly—
at the moment, curiously enough, but upon after
reflection. If he did intend—undeterminedly, as I
think, at the worst—to do evil to the child, and had
not been balked; he would have needlessly stained his
soul with murder; for before the next day dawned, the
disease had accomplished its mission, and the child
his-at-law was no more! I said nothing of the strange
appearance of Captain Toulmin in the sick-room; and
it was not, I think, till last year that I mentioned it,
and then in a manner unintentionally, to Mary. It is
a circumstance that my mind, even now, does not love
to dwell upon.

Various were the emotions excited by that pre-
mature boy-death! Captain Toulmin—and, knowing
the man, one can hardly feel surprised at it—had
not the decency to affect concealment of his rampant
joy; whilst the struggle in his lady-mother's breast
between the promptings of sympathetic kindliness
of disposition and motherly exultation, was very
painful. Mrs. Selwyn entered forthwith upon her
accustomed course of hysterics; Mary, sad, grieving,
but calm, entirely devoted herself to soothe the bitter
anguish of the bereaved young mother; and as for the
Rev. Charles Atherley, it was plain as truth that he
was mentally adorning himself of detestable depravity
and hardness of heart, because that pulsating
organ would throb with a quicker, wilder beat, and
illumine with a brighter glow the tell-tale tablet of
his face.

Well, a few flutters only of the wings of Time sufficed
to subdue, modify, and harden all those varying emotions
and passions. Captain Toulmin, calmed considerably
down from the fierce ecstacy of triumph with which
he, clutched the splendid prize that not very long
since appeared to be hopelessly beyond his reach, had
taken quiet possession of the Priory, already projected
numerous modernising alterations therein, and had
furthermore lent a favourable ear, it was said, to a
deputation of numerous free and independent electors.
These gentlemen had suddenly discovered, that of all
the esquires in that division of the county, there was
no one so admirably qualified to fill the legislative
seat, soon to be vacated by the retirement of its
present occupant from the fatigues and responsibilities
of public life, as Captain Augustus Toulmin, of Ashe
Priory. It was still but ten days subsequent to the
funeral, when Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. Calvert,
Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Toulmin, the Rev. Charles
Atherley, and myself, were all assembled in the library,
awaiting, with at least outward composure, the expected
arrival of his lordship, the colonial bishop, from whom a
letter had been received, addressed to 'Mrs. Herbert,
Ashe Priory, Lancashire,' announcing his lordship's
intention of calling on her that day about twelve o'clock,
on his way to North Wales—a communication which,
brief as it was, suggested the probability, aware as his
lordship must have been of her son's death, that he was
in possession, or cognizant, of a will distributive of the
personals, in which Clara was interested. The desir-
ableness of awaiting the bishop's arrival in order to
the decisive clearing up of that essential point, was
the reason, I understood, that we had not yet taken
our departure from a residence where even its late
mistress was already looked upon as little better than
an unauthorised, unwelcome intruder. Clara, poor,
timid, nervous Clara, would have yielded entire pos-
session of everything without a struggle or a word of
and decision her sister—who really seemed made for
vindictiveness, or difficulty, with such admirable firmness
of her leaving her to act when there was a right to be
and Captain Toulmin to be repressed—would not hear
probably because the Priory till after the bishop's visit;
It was, however, with a very ill grace, acquiesced,
he could not legally do otherwise.
not near twelve o'clock when we

this met, our being gathered together so early having
been arranged—except as regarded the rector, who, as
usual, was self-invited—by dear, fidgety, well-inten-
tioned Mrs. Toulmin. The worthy lady's never quite
accurately poised mind had been sadly thrown off its
equivocal balance by the domestic revolution that had
just taken place, and a vague notion been set floating
in her brain, that the lover-intimacy formerly subsisting
between her son, Captain Toulmin, and 'sweet Mrs.
Herbert,' which had been so suddenly and mysteriously
broken off, might be renewed by the genial influence of
a sort of family-council, and possibly—so altogether
flighty had she lately become—that the Right Reverend
gentleman about to appear on the scene might conclude
the affair connubially off-hand without further ado or
delay, and thereby reconcile the conflicting emotions
by which she was agitated. The aspect of the 'council'
would have sufficed to convince any one less hopelessly
obtuse than the Hon. Mrs. Toulmin, of the desperate
character of her enterprise. Her admirable son was
looming, sublimely insolent, upon a luxurious leather-
chair near the fire, and fondling Ponto, a huge
Newfoundland dog, one of the numerous quadrupedal
additions he had already made to the establishment
at Ashe Priory; his elaborately got up, sardonic smile
and sneer saying, as plainly as he could make them
say: 'You, Ponto, my fine fellow, are the only creature
in this room I care a button for, or that has any
right to be here.' Clara, as pale as a lily, frightened-
looking—tears in her eyes, that a jarring whisper would
cause to overflow—was standing at the further end of
the apartment, as far away from Captain Toulmin as
she well could be, with one hand clasped tightly round
her sister's waist, looking, or pretending to look, over
huge portfolios of prints and drawings she had seen
twenty times before, which the delighted rector was
lugging from the library-cases, and displaying before
her with a zealous assiduity, infinitely rewarded by
the occasional faint smile and blush of thanks which it
called forth. For myself, seated near the fire opposite
Captain Toulmin, I was soon thoroughly absorbed in
painful retrospection, especially of the former scene I
had witnessed in that library between Mary and Cap-
tain Toulmin, and the different positions in which they
stood to each other then and now—a train of ill-boding
reverie, from which I was suddenly roused by loud,
sharp, pellet-like sentences emitted by the Hon. Mrs.
Toulmin, the precise tenor of which I did not catch, in
answer to some observation of her son's, as was evident
by his rude rejoinder: 'Really, madam, you are too
absurd in persisting that a pastime which may have
amused an idle hour or two, indicated a serious
purpose. *N'est ce pas, friend Ponto?*'

This was said in a sneering, taunting tone, clearly
intended to be heard and understood by the group at
the further end of the library. That it was quite
perfectly heard and understood, Clara's agitation and
varying colour—the Rev. Mr. Atherley's fierce, I had
almost written fighting look, directed full at the inso-
lent speaker—and Mary's angry, yet, if the phrase
may be permitted, *pleased* disdain, abundantly testified.
Captain Toulmin no more comprehended that puzzling
expression of Mary's countenance than I did, though it
greatly irritated him, or even he would not have replied
to it by saying: 'As to your proposal of last evening,
my lady-mother, that I should allow the fair widow of
my cousin, Francis Herbert, a pension, or something of
that sort, I do not, as at present advised, see any neces-
sity for doing so; her portion of the hereditary Selwyn
property being doubtless amply sufficient for the needs
of an unencumbered young lady.'

I do not believe that this brutality was levelled at,
or deliberately meant to annoy Clara; it was a sudden,
savage retort upon Mary for the bitter humiliation
to which she had subjected him in that very room,
and which the queenly look she had now, as then,

assumed, must have vividly recalled to his mind, as it did to mine: 'Mary; I for the hundredth time mentally exclaimed, 'is wonderfully changed.' Her husband, I remember, was a person of distinguished air and carriage; it must have been through long companionship with him that she has learned that lofty bearing.

The Hon. Mrs Toulmin said something I did not hear, to which Mary replied: 'Pray, do not apologise, my dear madam: your son's words, I have no doubt, quite faithfully reflect his peculiarly constituted mind. I have only to remark, though it is scarcely worth while to do so, that under no possible circumstances will Mrs Francis Herbert condescend to hold the slightest avoidable intercourse with Captain Toulmin. As to pensions, it is quite possible he may yet be the suppliant to her for such favours, instead of the bestower of them.'

'Come, come,' interposed the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, who alone of us all did not appear to heed the implied menace contained in the last sentence; 'that is a little too harsh: you should not forget'—

'I forget nothing, my dear madam,' interrupted Mary; 'and I must beg that the subject be let drop. These painful, but, I have no doubt, fleeting trials,' she added, addressing the excited rector, and seating herself on a couch beside her sister, so as to screen her from observation, 'will, I trust, be sanctified to her, and—' Hal here, at last, I hope, is the bishop's carriage.'

It was the bishop's carriage; and in a very few minutes the right reverend gentleman entered the library, and saluted the two sisters with an almost undignified briskness of cordiality. To Clara he addressed a few words of pious condolence; congratulated Mary upon her health and cheerful looks; inquired for her sons; appeared surprised they were not at the Priory; then made a comprehensive bow, and seated himself: his stay could not, his lordship added, be longer on this occasion than a quarter of an hour at the most, he having to attend a church missionary-meeting twelve miles off at three o'clock precisely; but on his return he would, if permitted, make a longer stay. This being the case, instead of adjourning to partake of the luncheon prepared in the dining-room, some sherry and biscuits were brought into the library at his request.

'Your lordship being so pressed for time,' presently observed Captain Toulmin, 'will hardly be able to do more than acquaint us with the general purport of the important papers forwarded to your address immediately after the decease of Mr Edmund Herbert.'

'This gentleman is——?' queried the bishop, averting his gold hand-spectacles from the speaker's face towards that of Mrs Calvert.

'Captain Toulmin,' replied Mary quickly. 'This lady's, the Hon. Mrs Toulmin, son.'

'I remember—I remember: a distant relative of the family's. Well, sir, I *did* receive some important papers, as you mention; that is to say, they would be important were any one insane enough to dispute that a Herbert could have contracted a valid marriage with an estimable lady, though not of his own rank in life.'

'No one wants to dispute that; your lordship must be quite aware,' said Captain Toulmin.

'Exactly so,' replied the bishop; 'in which case the papers are not very important.'

'There was no will, then, amongst them, I conclude?'

'There was not,' said the bishop, 'which I regret—' which I regret,' repeated his lordship, who had passed for a moment, startled by the demoniac glance of triumph that Captain Toulmin darted at Mary; 'as it would be more satisfactory to all parties if his wishes could be known with precise accuracy. This lady, Mrs Francis Herbert, he intended, as I know from one of his letters, to provide handsomely for. But, after

all,' added the bishop, 'the absence of a will can be of little consequence, under the actual circumstances. Edmund Herbert knew, as I know, that his intentions will be substantially fulfilled, as certainly as if engrossed and sealed upon parchment.'

'Permit me to differ from your lordship upon that point,' said Captain Toulmin with a sneering laugh: 'I have already declared that I feel bound by no obligation, moral or legal, to provide for Mrs Francis Herbert.'

'You have already declared!' said the bishop, looking bewilderedly towards Mrs Calvert. 'Really, I don't understand! What does the gentleman, Captain Toulmin, mean?'

The bright smile curling Mary's lip and dancing in her eyes, sent a wild electric thought, hope, through me; and so fiercely did my heart beat with the bare imagination flashing in my brain, that I caught at the back of a chair for support. But no—no, that were too good—too glorious to be true; and yet—

'Not understand me!' Captain Toulmin was saying the while, though, why, I know not, his voice sounded as if speaking at a great distance off. 'I do not, for all that, speak in parables. The late heir-at-law to the Herbert property, Mrs Francis Herbert's son, being dead, I am of course the present heir-at-law: that is plain English, I believe.'

'The late heir-at-law, Mrs Francis Herbert's son, being dead,' echoed the bishop, still with his eyes intently fixed upon Mrs Calvert, 'he is of course the present heir-at-law!'

'Your lordship must understand,' said Mary, 'that I have disclosed nothing: I had powerful reasons for not doing so till you were present.'

'Oh, now I comprehend,' exclaimed the bishop, rising from his chair, a motion which, from sympathy, I suppose, lifted everybody else at the same moment to their feet. 'It is not known, then, to you, ladies, and to you, gentlemen, that this lady, who, for perfectly justifiable reasons, has for a time borne the name of Calvert, is in reality the widow of Mr Edmund Herbert, to whom she was espoused by myself, in the church of the parish of which I was then rector, in his own proper name; and that, consequently, her eldest son, not Captain Toulmin, is the heir-at-law to the Herbert estates, real and personal.'

A silence like that which follows crashing thunder—a silence that could be felt in the audibly beating pulse, followed the bishop's announcement. What others felt, or how they looked, I know not; I remember only that my own almost suffocating emotions at last finding vent, I threw myself, in a paroxysm of sobs and tears, into Clara's arms, almost strangling her in an excess of delight very little short, for a time, of delirium. When I partially recovered, I saw that the terrible counter-stroke had prostrated Captain Toulmin, who was lying, pale and senseless, upon a couch—his mother, to whom Mary was speaking kindly, standing over him, chafing his temples, and wildly sobbing. Then the scene closed in again, so far as I was concerned, for I fainted, and was carried insensible to bed. In truth, I had been weak and ill for some days past, and was therefore not so well able as usual to bear up against such a sudden revulsion of feeling.

I think I only need add, by way of postscriptum, that the Hon. Mrs Toulmin is still a permanent guest at Ashe Priory; that Captain Toulmin, who was treated much better than he deserved, is an officer in the service of Austria; that Mary is, if possible, a more admirable person than ever; that her two sons are fine young men, who will, I doubt not, some of these days, do honour to the ancient, but, there can be little doubt, in some degree, till the introduction of fresh blood, partially decaying stock of the Herberts; that Clara is the happy and honoured wife of the rector—again a mother, and quite as much mistress of Ashe Priory as

and she was; that Mrs Selwyn has been of necessity relegated upon a sufficient income, to Beach Villa; and, finally, that I have been for a long time settled in London, and that my name, when I left Ashe Priory, ceased to be Redburn.

THE REFORMER OF TURKEY AND HIS GAZETTE.

We do not read much in what are called the War-books; but in dipping into the volumes, we occasionally alight upon passages that have more than a transitory interest. In a work now before us, for instance, which gives an impromptu history of Islamism, commencing with the biography of Mohammed from his birth, we skip over with suspicion those portions that ought to have taken years to write instead of months or weeks, but give ourselves up with perfect faith to the off-hand sketches of existing things that are evidently drawn from personal observation.* The author does not paint the Turks quite *à beau*; but he has confidence in the reality of the civilisation they are commencing, and looks with hope to their future. This civilisation, our readers know, is spick-and-span new, and some deny its title to the name of civilisation at all. The last sultan, Mahmoud, and all his subjects, were semi-barbarians till the chief arrived at the calm and reflective middle age of man; at which point he seems to have been suddenly inspired with an ambition to imitate the refinement of Christian Europe. The slavery of the harem was discouraged, although the sultan did not dare to attempt to put it down. The number of captives for the market was diminished, and their consequently heightened value told favourably on their treatment. A man looked at his purchased slave in the light of a good round sum of money; more attention was paid to her health and comfort; jealousy demanded more in the way of confirmation than trifles light as air; even absolute misconduct did not seem to justify the master in condemning himself to so heavy a mulct, and recourse, therefore, was more rarely had to the ultimate measures hinted at in the verse of the poet—

There yawns the sack, and yonder rolls the wave.

As Mahmoud rose in civilisation, he uncrossed his legs, got up from his carpet, and seated himself decently on a chair, like a Christian man. He rigged a table in his dining-room, covered it with a damask cloth, and overspread it with plate. His dishes and plates were of silver, his spoons of gold, and instead of his own unbelieving fingers, which he had hitherto used in dipping into the greasy pillauks, he had orthodox knives and forks. Mahmoud drank champagne at his meals: this was, in fact, his favourite beverage, and he sipped away at it till he became as glorious as any king in Christendom. Poor Mahmoud! his barbarous admiration of the Franks could not distinguish between their virtues and their vices; and so he became not only tolerant and merciful, but drunken, and the reforming sultan is shrewdly suspected to have died at last of *delirium tremens*.

It was Mahmoud who began those reforms in the army, the result of which we now read in every newspaper; but we are more interested in another step in advance made by this lover of champagne—the establishment at Constantinople of a Gazette. 'This first Turkish newspaper,' says Mr Neale, 'was called the *Takvîs Vekâi*, or the *Tatler of Events*, and it was first issued to the public on Guy Faux Day 1831. No Guy in the streets of London ever attracted a greater

portion of inquisitiveness than did this first specimen of the Turkish press. I doubt whether the conspirator himself, when taken in the very act, with his bastards and matches, gave rise to more conversation, inquiries, suggestions, and execrations, than did this Turkish *Tatler*. Crowds assembled in the streets round any learned scribe who could spell its pages out to them; and the indignation of the old school knew no bounds at this fresh invasion upon their long-inherent rights of exclusive ignorance and fanaticism—the *padasha* and the vizier must have gone mad to countenance such a scandal.' Curiosity, however, got the better of indignation. The most bigoted of the Turks slipped the atrocious article into their fathomless trousers, and carried it home with them, to examine its contents in the secret recesses of the harem. These, however, were the learned men who could read; the others flocked to the public cafés and khatibs, where they could share the misdemeanour with a crowd of their own class, and employ the services of persons who possessed the necessary accomplishment. These individuals rose at once to the surface of society. The heavens rained coffee, pipes, and paras upon them; and as the solemn audience sat around, stroking their beards, and staring in amazement as the recital went on, a spectator might have fancied that he saw the Moslem mind awakening, rubbing its eyes to find out where it was, and blinking in the new light of morning.

The paper was a decided success; and not merely in Constantinople, but throughout a great part of the empire. This appears marvellous, but it is full of hope. The Turks parted with their literary prejudices with less struggle than the army did with their sack trousers; and in a singularly short time the circulation of the *Tatler* became immense. In out-of-the-way places, such as Alexandretta and Antioch, our author himself was indebted to its columns for news of what was doing in Europe. 'Some fair notion may be conceived of the varied instructive and amusing information the columns of this paper contained, when I state that through its medium ignorant bigoted old Turks, who had never travelled, even by a book, ten miles beyond the town of their birth, whose education had consisted entirely in being able just to read and write their language—the latter imperfectly enough—the patterns of whose huge sherwals, and turbans, and zennars had been perpetuated in the same family through twenty generations—whose pride was plentiful, and who never condescended to smile; even these hard-headed and harder-hearted men, were enabled to form some indistinct conception of railways and steamers, and of the immense advantage which they must eventually prove to the advancement of commerce and science. The projected aerial ship was perfectly described, and constituted the theme of endless conversation. Being a Frank, and, above all, an Englishman, I was allowed no peace of mind or tranquillity, being supposed to possess perfect knowledge of the working and planing of so marvellous an invention. Day after day, week after week, the same incomparably dull old faces, all beard and inquisitiveness, preceded by the Invariable pipe-bearer, followed by some half-score attendants and hangers-on, would be seen approaching the house, entering and taking precisely the same seat as yesterday, and recapitulating the same questions which, at the expiration of the first week, had been asked and responded to at least a score of times. Happily, the project exploded. The ship was a failure. The old Turks no longer looked nervously forward to the day when, turning out some fine morning, they would find the whole town gazing earnestly up into the air at Smith, and Brown, and Jones, and other adventurous travellers, who were ballooning it to Timbuctoo from the fabulous cliffs of Mexico. The *Tatler* explained to the Turks that the

* *Islamism: its Rise and its Progress; or, the Present and Past Condition of the Turks.* By F. A. Neale. London: James Madden. 1851.

project was a failure, and then we were permitted some small peace of mind. The great object accomplished by the *Tatler*, was forcing upon the Turks the knowledge that there existed other countries worthy of observation as well as their own. They began to doubt, while they read, whether they actually were, as they had hitherto believed themselves to be—a peculiar people, favoured, like the Israelites of old, with an especial patronage; and as the present war against a nation low down in refinement, brings them in friendly contact with the refined peoples of the West, it is not too much to hope that the change thus begun will go steadily on.

If we add that Mahmoud was a patron of art, and that pictures are now bought and hung up in Turkey—that he founded a school of surgery—and that he opened asylums for lunatics, who are now treated as patients, instead of being venerated as saints or prophets—we have said enough to shew that at least the point of the wedge has been inserted.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

THE migratory tendencies which so many people annually exhibit at this period of the year, have been much developed during the past week or two, by the beautiful weather with which we have been favoured. With a sky of a deep clear blue, that even metropolitan smoke seems unable to tarnish—with sunlight that finds its way into the dullest nooks and corners, and with the thermometer, even in the shade, at a point that pleads most eloquently in favour of sea-breezes and sylvan coolness, we can feel no surprise that there is a general desire to escape from the stifling oppressiveness of a London atmosphere, in search of that buoyancy which only the country can afford. Already large detachments of health and pleasure seekers have departed by the various railways and steam-boats, to invade favourite rural spots and watering-places. Painters, sketch-book in hand, swarm, north, east, west, and southwards, to study new effects, and bring home materials for future triumphs. Literary men, such, at least, as are not fettered by the duties of journalism, swell considerably the tide of migration—only the rear-guard of the 'great world' remains. In a very short time, that, too, will be on the move. It may well be imagined, that in the state of semi-desertion into which the metropolis is falling, there is little activity to be noted in any direction, and scarcely any topic which provokes discussion, except the progress of the war. Literary intelligence is of the scantiest description, and without particular interest.

The Guild of Literature and Art, which had remained so long inactive as to engender a belief that it had fallen into a condition of hopeless torpor, has lately shown symptoms of reviving animation. Having now overcome the legal difficulties which at one time beset its path, it has obtained a charter, and will, I understand, very shortly make a public statement of its intentions, and the mode in which it is to be carried on. It is to be hoped this statement will be explicit. In the meantime, an attempt has been made to establish another society of a somewhat similar description. The Literary Institute of the British Empire, is the title of this new project; and its chief object is to form literary men into a corporate body, and to establish a common hall or place of resort for the use of members. The scheme has grown out of another which, under the title of the Athenæum Institute for Authors, had been for some time in agitation, but without gaining much attention or support. It is to be hoped that the form in which

the new institution has been put forward, will be found more attractive than that of its predecessor. Some such institute as that proposed has long been wanted.

Complaints, iterated and reiterated in the public press, of the want of proper accommodation for the readers who frequent the library of the British Museum, have at last had some effect upon the supreme and sleepy governing powers. A new reading-room, considerably larger than the overcrowded, ill-ventilated apartment now in use, is to be constructed in one of the open quadrangles of the building; and another change—the opening of the library at night, with proper precautions against fire—is said to be under consideration. By such an arrangement, the treasures of the national library would be accessible to a large body of men who are at present unable, from professional or other duties, to attend during the day. With all this talk of reform, we have not a word respecting the catalogue, which still continues to be a disgrace to the nation. What is called the New Catalogue, is tolerably well arranged and easy of reference; but the old catalogue, numbering some sixty or seventy volumes, and in very general use, is a mass of irregularity and confusion. A few days ago, I wished to refer to the works of a very well-known recent writer, and found his name in three separate places, without any reference from one to the other. Upon mentioning this circumstance to a friend, he lifted his eyes in a manner which said plainly, that I ought to think myself lucky in having found what I wished at all. The amount of time positively wasted over that catalogue in one week is incalculable; and the most annoying circumstance is, that a very little labour might remove all cause of complaint. A dozen ordinary auctioneers' clerks would, with the materials already existing, make a good catalogue in a month. These remarks lead me to a subject which is worthy of a passing notice—the rapidly increasing value of old books. To say that a rare volume is worth its weight in gold, is now no figure of speech. At the sale of the books of Mr Gardner of Chatteris, the other day, by Messrs Sotheby and Wilkinson, some of the lots realised the most astonishing prices. Caxton's black-lettered *History of Reynarde the Foxe* sold for L.195; his *Golden Legends*, for L.230. The first edition of Matthew's translation of the Bible sold for L.150. A first edition of Cranmer's Bible, L.121; and a first edition of Shakespeare—dated 1623—for the large sum of L.250. The entire collection, consisting of between two and three thousand books, sold for L.817½.

New books, however, do not meet with so good a market, and continue very little in demand. Of those that have been recently published, a work by Mr Patmore upon the *Deceased Celebrities of the Nineteenth Century*,* has awakened some little attention, by statements of the author, which are alleged to be incorrect, and which, as affecting the characters of the persons to whom they refer, cannot be passed over in silence. Amongst other things, more or less calculated to provoke controversy, Mr Patmore affirms that the poet Campbell had no other share in the *Life of Mrs Siddons* which bears his name, than that of 'overlooking the manuscript,' and 'looking over the proof-sheets'—that the book was 'entirely prepared and composed by a rapid and off-hand writer, much employed by popular publishers, when called upon at a pinch, to supply the cravings of the literary market.' It was scarcely to be expected that a statement like this, made so positively, and yet wearing such an air of improbability, would be likely to pass unchallenged. The publisher of the work in question has written

* *My Friends and Acquaintances, being Mind Portraits and Personal Recollections of Deceased Celebrities of the Nineteenth Century; with Selections from their Unpublished Letters.* 8 vols. Saunders and Otley.

to a literary journal, calling upon Mr Patmore to prove what he has advanced, and adducing, in support of his own opinion that the statement is altogether without foundation, a letter from Campbell, in which allusion is made by the writer to the labour he has bestowed upon the work, and to the conviction of himself and his friends with respect to its execution.

Friends and Acquaintances, though its texture is slight, and its statements, as we have seen, are open to question, is amusing reading; though more adapted for those who are old enough to remember the individuals mentioned, than for the general reader.

The only other book that has attracted much notice, is Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Sunny Memories*. Such persons as can fix their attention on anything at all in this hot weather, have felt bound to read these volumes; but the critics have, with pretty considerable unanimity, 'pooh-pooled' the whole production. Perhaps they expected too much. Perhaps they feel inclined to retort on Mrs Stowe the fact, that they were carried away a couple of years ago by popular enthusiasm into elevating her a good deal above her merits. *Uncle Tom* has taken a deserved place in our literature; but it is not the place which its admirers at first endeavoured to force it into. At any rate, *Sunny Memories* answers nobody's expectations; for the whole two volumes prove nothing but what might have been proved in a very few pages—namely, that the authoress egotises very agreeably, and was marvellously delighted with the reception she met with in England.

I mentioned before, that a very valuable literary treasure, an unpublished character, in verse, by Pope, of the Duke of Marlborough, had come into the possession of Mr Wilson Croker, who was preparing a new edition of Pope's life and works. In an anticipatory criticism of this work, inspired, it would seem, by the preliminary advertisement which has recently appeared, the *Athenæum* has brought forward a number of facts respecting the author and his writings which are of the most interesting kind, and which no biographer ever discovered. The chief feature in the very able and lengthy articles in the *Athenæum*, is the proof afforded that the correspondence of Pope, published with his own authority as to its authenticity, is far from genuine—alterations having been made to an extent that quite startles the reader who has always imagined the letters to have been, as stated, 'written in the openness of friendship—a proof what were his real sentiments as they flowed warm from the heart, and fresh from the occasion, without the least thought that ever the world should be witness to them.'

The writer in the *Athenæum*, who has evidently obtained access to many unpublished letters of Pope, prints them side by side with those which have hitherto been recognised as the originals, and thus presents in a new light, and free from obscurity or doubt, many circumstances which have proved a stumbling-block to all Pope's biographers. It is pleasing to find, that although these discoveries tend somewhat to lower Pope in our estimation, we have, from the same source, a complete refutation of the charge geivied by Bowles, of an improper intimacy having existed between the poet and Martha Blount, and many incidents and facts brought to light which place Pope in a more pleasing and favourable position than he has yet occupied. Whether Mr Wilson Croker will distrust the information contained in the *Athenæum*, or avail himself of it, as suggested, has yet to be seen.

THE STUDIO.

With the close of the Royal Academy, it is to be hoped we have heard the last of Mr Hunt's fantastic picture, 'the Light of the World,' which has been almost the talk of the town this season. So many letters have been written concerning this picture, and so much criticism expended upon it, that it

seemed probable we were at last to be spared all further allusion to the subject; but, at the eleventh hour, Dr Waagen has passed his judgment upon this marvel of modern art, and the views he expresses are so sound and sensible, that it is matter of congratulation, rather than otherwise, that his opinion has been added to the number of those already recorded. Dr Waagen, as might be expected, is no admirer of the 'Light of the World,' or of the school to which the artist belongs. He shows that the composition of the picture is incongruous and contradictory, and that it arbitrarily unites two widely opposite tendencies of art. Of the Pre-Raphaelites generally, Dr Waagen says, that while imitating the great masters of the fifteenth century, they have imitated not only their beauties but their defects, utterly forgetful of the fact, that the works of that period attract us not by their defects, their hard outlines, erroneous perspective, and meagre drawing, but in spite thereof. Dr Waagen adds that in Germany, where the new school had, at one time, many disciples, artists have, in almost every instance, given up their faith in Pre-Raphaelitism, and returned to a sounder and more rational belief. When will our own painters follow such a laudable example?

The Hood Memorial is at length completed, and has just been erected over the poet's grave in Kensal Green Cemetery. The monument consists of a pedestal of polished red granite, surmounted by a well-executed bust. At the sides of the pedestal are bass-reliefs illustrating the *Bridge of Sighs* and the *Dream of Eugene Aram*; at the foot are placed a comic mask and the poetic lyre; and above, an inscription, stating the date of the poet's birth and death, and that the monument has been erected by public subscription. His own simple epitaph, 'He sang the Song of the Shirt,' is placed just under the bust. The general effect of the monument is very good; and Mr Matthew Noble, the sculptor, certainly deserves high praise, not only for the artistic manner in which he has executed the work, but for the generous spirit which has directed his labours—the amount for which he has completed the design being far from an adequate remuneration, in a pecuniary point of view. It is much to be regretted, that so interesting a memorial should have been inaugurated in a manner unworthy of the poet's memory. Paragraphs in a few newspapers had intimated that many distinguished literary men would be present at the ceremony. Tempted by this announcement and the fineness of the day, I proceeded to the cemetery at the appointed hour. In due time, about fifty people gathered round the monument; and then Mr Monckton Milnes, supported by a policeman as a kind of vice-president, recited an address. This was the beginning and end of the proceedings. Not a single literary celebrity was present. It would of course be absurd to suppose, that this neglect was owing to any want of sympathy with the object of the ceremonial.

Undaunted by the unsightly aspect of the colossal Egyptian figures at the Crystal Palace—which, but for the interest that attaches to them as the production of another age and people, would be unendurable as works of art—Signor Chardini suggests, in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, the erection of an enormous statue to Shakespeare, which, in point of size, will put even the giants of Abou Simbel to the blush. Signor Chardini proposes that the statue should be 100 feet high, and of cast iron; that the interior shall contain three floors, on each of which is to be an apartment of about eighty feet in circumference, and fifteen feet high; that, by an ingenious arrangement, light shall be admitted at various places not visible from the outside; and the top room shall be lighted by a roof of glass fixed in the head, and by the apertures of the eyes, those apertures being in due proportion with the rest of the figure—two feet wide! That the proposition should

have been made, is not surprising, precedents for such a work of art being afforded by Russia, Italy, and Bavaria; but the good taste of these colossal statues is somewhat questionable. Surely, in paying homage to genius, the mere size of our tribute can be but of little consequence, else let us at once change gold for copper, and our presentation-cups and purses of money will be large indeed. Such a statue as that proposed by Signor Chardini, might look very well holsted upon a rock, and fixed in an open plain; but in the midst of houses and streets, it would be out of proportion to everything around. The *Athenæum* suggests Primrose Hill as a good site; but as Primrose Hill is one of the few places within a reasonable distance from the centre of the metropolis where a breath of fresh air may be obtained, it would be unwise to lumber it with a huge erection which must curtail a considerable amount of its space, and may or may not add to its beauty. Surely a national tribute to Shakspeare should be conceived in a less showman-like spirit than that which is suggested by this gigantic proposal.

A FRENCH PATTERN.

THE other evening, when looking over a little French fashion-book, much prized for its pretty 'patterns,' my attention was arrested by one of a different kind from what I expected to find there. It is a history of the sacrifice of a ruling taste at the shrine of duty. Few who have not felt the *besoin d'écrire*, can imagine how strong a passion it may become; yet all, I think, will agree with me in considering Mademoiselle de Lézardière a literary heroine, and will sympathise in her struggles and her sorrows.

About the end of the reign of Louis XV.—thus runs the sketch I have translated—a young girl of sixteen years of age, living in a remote manor-house of Poitou, conceived and undertook to execute a work, the cradition of which might have taxed the learned perseverance of a Benedictine monk. At this early age, she began to write the *Theory of the Political Laws of the Ancient Monarchy of France*, from its cradle to the eighteenth century—from the period of Roman legislation, to the edicts which then regulated the political relations of parliament.

M. de Lézardière, her father, often regretted having given her too masculine an education; he was anxious to forbid her embarking on such laborious investigations, and desired to lead her taste to subjects better suited to her sex. He did everything he could to oppose what he conceived to be so erroneous a direction of her talents; but Pauline had such faith in her own powers, that she defended her cause vigorously. She saw the greatness and the value of the object she had in view, and she felt an inward anticipation of success.

At this period, nothing of a satisfactory nature had been written on the political laws of France. Detached portions of history, such as related to the absolute power of the crown, the influence of the different orders—the clergy, nobility, and commons, or *tiers-état*—had their panegyrist and their censurers; but no comprehensive or conscientious political writer had arisen to grasp the whole, and to search for historical truth alone, unbiassed by party, in the study of the origin and development of public rights and privileges.

Mademoiselle de Lézardière longed to undertake the work thus neglected by others, and her noble ambition was to present it to her country.

The young girl's first historical essays were submitted to M. de Malesherbes, to the Duc de Nivernais, M. de Breguigny, and to the Benedictine Don Poirier. They all admired her style, and appreciated the greatness of her views; and to facilitate the execution of her important plan, those new patrons of Pauline placed at her command all the books and documents she could desire. Twenty years passed over, devoted

to her laborious investigations, and she had completed one-half of her gigantic task, when the French Revolution broke out. She fancied that its publication might be of service to the state at a time when the fundamental principles of the French constitution were under discussion. Her work appeared in 1792, but during the turbulent violence of this period, it did not attract the attention she had expected. Mademoiselle de Lézardière, however, cared little for this neglect, as her thoughts and affections were now otherwise occupied. Her family, ardently devoted to the royal cause, was threatened with proscription. One of her brothers—a priest—fell an early victim to the popular excitement against the clergy; her mother died of grief on hearing of the sentence of death, passed on Louis XVI.; and her father was arrested on suspicion. The crime of which he was accused was that his two sons, Paul and Sylvestre, were serving under the standard of La Rochejaquequin, in La Vendée. On hearing of the danger that threatened their father, these noble young men at once surrendered themselves as prisoners in his place. At their entreaty, their father was released, and they had the glory and happiness of dying in his stead.

In a state of despair, the heart-broken M. de Lézardière, with his daughter Pauline, buried himself in the most obscure seclusion. One of his sons, Joseph, an infantry officer, had emigrated. Charles, the youngest, while fighting in La Vendée, was made prisoner, and owed his life to the intervention of a soldier, who, recognising him, ran to him, and throwing his arms around him, exclaimed: 'If he dies, I shall die with him!' The council of war condemned the *rebel*, therefore, to exile instead of to execution. He was dragged from prison to prison, till at last he contrived to escape.

These domestic afflictions broke the spirit of Mademoiselle de Lézardière. She renounced her literary labours, and devoted herself to an obscure and monotonous life. She put from her all hope of the fame for which she had so long and so meritoriously struggled, to devote herself to her sorrow-stricken father, and live with him in retirement, forgetting and forgoing. Her brother, Joseph, on his return from emigration, had recovered some of his property. On their father's death, he persuaded his sister to join him at the remote Château de la Frontière, in La Vendée. There she lived for thirty-five years, devoting herself with fervent piety to works of benevolence; undistinguished in outward appearance from the good women of the neighbourhood, who prayed beside her in the village church, and drawing from religion a balm for the great sorrows that had embittered her life.

Mademoiselle de Lézardière lived to the age of fourscore years and one; she died in 1835, deeply lamented by the poor, whom she had so loved and tended in her latter days.

The literary reputation of this humble-minded woman has greatly increased since her death. A new edition of her *Théorie des Lois Politiques de la Monarchie Française* has appeared, under the superintendence of MM. Guizot and Villemain; and, in the opinion of competent judges, it combines profound erudition, rare sagacity, and new ideas, with strict and powerful logical views.

The illustrious historian, M. Augustin Thierry, has said of it: 'The work of Mademoiselle de Lézardière is complete, ingenious, and full of wisdom. She has manifested a remarkable power of analysis. She has sought out and weighed discreetly the most important questions, and has not lost sight of them until she has exhausted the subjects to which they relate; and she is never deceived as to the relative bearing and intention of the documents she has inserted.'

The writer in the *Journal des Demoiselles* goes on to say: 'We wished to make you, young ladies, acquainted

at least with the name of this noble-hearted woman, who consecrated her talents to the good of her country, but who did not allow the possession of genius of the highest order, to estrange her from the practice of the ordinary and domestic duties of life. The history of the pious and modest Mademoiselle de Lézardière may serve as a pattern to all, and a lesson to many.

THE HYMENEAL ALTAR.

Why are people about to marry always represented as going to lead or be led to the hymeneal altar? Are we in a Christian land? Here is a paragraph from a fashionable contemporary:—'Lady E. E., daughter of the Earl and Countess of E., is about to be married to the Hon. G. B., M.P.' Now, this reads like a bit of reasonable current history. Antiquaries, who may come from New Zealand to dig up mounds on the Thames, finding such a statement, will conclude that Lady E. E. and Mr G. B. lived in Christian times, and were members of a Christian church. But what will they make of the announcement in the same paper:—'Mr H. will lead to the hymeneal altar the youthful and beautiful Miss F. L.?' Will they infer that Mr H. and Miss L. followed the pagan rite? or will they assume that it was customary for ladies to be wedded at the communion-table, and misses at some other sort of shrine, known as the altar of Hymen? or will they suppose that marriage was a purely patrician institution—the lady being made a wife, and the miss being only made a lady? We, of course, know the facts—but we know them in spite of the report. We are aware that Mr H. is not about to lead Miss L. to the hymeneal altar. We know that there is no hymeneal altar in London. We are sure, moreover, that if there were, it would be the very last place to which Miss L. would consent to be led. Why, then, will our chroniclers go on talking of things that have passed away as if they were still living? Why prattle of hymeneal altar, when the thing meant is a communion-table—talking nonsense now, in order to puzzle learned pundits in the future?—*Lloyd's Newspaper*.

AMERICAN STATESMEN.

Daniel Webster was the son of a New Hampshire farmer in very moderate circumstances; Henry Clay, of a poor backwoods preacher. Martin Van Buren was too poor in youth to obtain a tolerable education; and it has been said of him in reproach, that he sold cabbages around the village of Kinderhook. Andrew Jackson was an orphan at an early age, and was left penniless, with nothing but his own efforts to aid him. Governor Vance, of Ohio, had been a plain farmer through life, and entered that state as a pioneer, with an axo on his shoulder and very little in his pocket. Joseph Ritner, former governor of Pennsylvania, served his time with a farmer as a regular bound apprentice: after which time, he for several years drove a wagon from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

EXTERNALS OF A GENTLEMAN.

Cut off that beard which reaches to the waist—never let your hair grow lower than your ears—never let your nails be seen either long or in mourning. A black coat and trousers are the only ones that can possibly be worn at a first visit, a banquet, or a ball. Under these circumstances, a white waistcoat, or one of black satin, may be seen with equal propriety. Visits of ceremony demand dress-shoes and a white waistcoat. The hands should always be gloved; and a man of good society is known to dance only in white gloves. A distinguished man may be recognised by the fineness of his linen, by the elegance of his boots, the careful disposal of his hair, and the perfect fit of his gloves. Care should be taken never to appear anywhere without gloves: this is a great sign of good society. You may have one hand ungloved: this should be the hand you will give to a friend, if you meet one. Rings and heavy gold chains are in bad taste. The shirt-front should not show any buttons: it may, however, be finely embroidered. The collar should not be far above the neckcloth.—*Mailherat's Manual of Etiquette*.

LEONORA.

LEONORA, Leonora,
How the word rolls!—'Leonora.'
Lionlike, in full-mouthed sound,
Marching o'er the metric ground
With a tawny tread sublime—
So your name moves, Leonora,
Down my barren rhyme.

So you walk, young Leonora,
Down the mossy-alleyed wood,
Head erect, majestic, tall,
The meet daughter of the Hall;
Yet with brown eyes soft declined,
And a voice like summer wind,
And a meek mouth, sweet and good,
Dimpling ever, Leonora,
In fair womanhood.

How those smiles dance, Leonora,
As you meet the sun and breeze
Under your ancestral trees:
For your heart is free and pure,
As this blue March sky o'erhead:
And in the life-path you tread
All the leaves are budding, sure!
And the birds break into singing,
And the primroses are springing—
'Tis your spring-time, Leonora,
May that prime endure!

But spring passes, Leonora,
And the silent days must fall
When a change comes over all;
When the last leaf downward flutters,
And the last, last sunbeam glitters
On the terraced hillside cool,
On the peacocks by the pool:
When you walk along these alleys
With no airy foot that dallies
O'er the daisies and the moss,
But with quiet step and slow,
And grave eyes that earthward grow,
And a matron-heart, inured
To all woman has endured;
All the sorrow and the loss,
All the blessing and the gulf—
Could you meet that time of wane?
Could you smilingly lay down
Happy girlhood's flowery crown,
And take up, O Leonora,
Womanhood's meek cross?

Ay: your eyes shine, Leonora,
Warm and true, and brave and kind;
And although I nothing know
Of the maiden soul below,
I in them good omens find.
Go—enjoy your spring-time's hours
Like the birds and bees and flowers—
And may summer skies bestow
On you just so much of rain—
The best baptism of pain,
As will make your blossoms grow;
May you walk, as through life's road
Every noble woman can,
With a pure heart before God,
And a true heart unto man:
Till with this same smile you wait
For the opening of the gate
That shuts earth from your tired eyes;
Leaving children's children playing
In those woods you used to stray in;
Glad you enter, Leonora,
Into Paradise.

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THE BRINGING FORTH OF THE DAILY NEWSPAPER.

THE mechanical wonders of the daily newspaper have been described a hundred times. We have been made familiar with the great inventions whereby so many thousand lines are put into type, and so many thousand copies laid on the breakfast-tables of the country; the lines having been only a dozen hours before in manuscript, and the copies blank paper. In truth, it would be difficult to point out any fact which combines in itself so many of the prodigious successes of modern science, as the great fact of a London morning paper lying upon an Edinburgh counter at eight o'clock in the evening. Twenty-four hours before, the matter of two octavo volumes existed only in manuscript—part of it, indeed, in the brain of certain persons, at a distance of four hundred miles.

The mechanical arrangements by which this feat is effected are, as has been said, sufficiently familiar to most people: of the intellectual arrangements, much less is known. Few ever think of the direct process whereby such a heterogeneous mass as the columns of daily papers present, is collected, digested, and put into forms so clear, regular, and connected, during the course of one-half of a single night; or how half-a-dozen articles—which would be among the brightest in a collection of essays—are thrown off at an hour's notice, with small preparation, amid the confusion of facts yet uncertain, and after the toil and pressure of the labour of the day. It may be interesting to watch, during its progress, the development of a daily newspaper.

Enter the working-office of the paper in the middle of the day: it is like a geological interval between the extinction of one creation and the formation of another. You go up a narrow, creaking staircase—dirty and inky—such as would disgrace a collier. Everything is still. Half-way up, in a little dusty room, sits a man with a pot of porter before him; he wonders what on earth you can want at that time of day. If you succeed in penetrating to the working-room—not yet put in order—your impressions will be curious. On one side lie the slips of an article which cost the writer infinite pains and satisfaction—on another, the fragment of a dispatch, containing news of the utmost importance, which excited the whole office at its arrival. Both are now interesting myriads of people at a distance of many miles. Here they are crammed into a corner, covered with dirt, and forgotten by the persons who, a few hours before, were so much interested and excited about them. A new world is about to dawn upon the newspaper, and the past is already sunk and forgotten.

The newspaper world never thinks again of a thing when it has once done with it: with that world, each day's work is like the May-fly—brilliant and rapid for its hour, then lost upon the winds.

At the same time the editor, four miles out of town, is taking his breakfast. He glances listlessly over his paper, just to see how it looks; but it is a thing gone by with him as with the rest of his world: he would be lucky if, till his hour of duty, he could forget altogether that such a thing as a newspaper existed: but this is a happiness not allowed to editors of daily papers. At every sip of his tea—amidst the prattle of his family—amidst the chat of his friends—the inquiries of his wife—rises in dreary solemnity the image of the next morning's paper. Never did coming event cast its shadow before more effectually than the coming newspaper throws its shadow over the mind of its ill-fated editor. What are to be the general subjects for the day—the particular subjects, of course, depend upon what may turn up—whether he shall be indignant on judicial abuses—proud of commercial prosperity—virtuous on the rich—sentimental on the poor—indulgent towards the Lords—piquant towards the Commons—all this—how it is to be done, and who is to do it, will intrude upon his thoughts, however closely he may fix his eyes on the flaxen hair of his pet daughter, or the bright illustrations of the last new publication.

But between him and his next paper there yet intervenes an important ceremony: he has to meet the proprietors at four o'clock. In the old times, those of which our fathers have told us, these meetings were very pleasant. When there was yet a race amongst the newspapers for the first place in influence and profit—ere a single publication had overshadowed all the rest—when personal communications from men of official rank were matters of course—when the destinies of the country seemed to hang upon the press—when the great public pressed less, and great people pressed more upon the newspapers—when the race for earliest intelligence was eager and fiery, and £200, and occasionally very much more, would be spent on a single dispatch—in those days, the four o'clock meetings embraced matters of extraordinary interest and excitement. It is much duller work now. If the paper succeeds so far as to pay a dividend, the eagerness of gain sends the proprietors—starved, white-cravated men—closely into the accounts; the penny-a-line book is too large; a reporter may be dispensed with at such a court; a correspondent at such a station. If the great topics of the day are touched upon, it is in the mercantile view of circulation. If a great name is to be connected with the establishment, it is asked if it will increase the sale. If, on the other hand, the affair

does not pay, the poor editor has a sad game to play: his mode of handling general topics, the style of his articles, his choice of features, his management of contributors, and a thousand other matters, are liable to be discussed in an impatient and cross-grained humour, which is not likely to lighten the mind of a man who has a mental burden of such weight to lift and carry every day of his life. It is true, there is commonly a business-manager attached to the paper, who ought to take much of this off the editor's hands; and so he generally does, under new arrangements and new proprietors. But the editorial duties are so intimately connected with the business, under all its forms, that the load gradually and naturally slides from the manager to the editor, who ends by having all the plague, whether he has ostensibly the business or not.

It is seldom the fortune of the editor to fall upon the golden days of a large profit; then, indeed, these annoyances are spared him, and his position is in many respects enviable. The next best position to this is to have rich proprietors, who have taken the paper for the purpose of promoting a crotchet or a principle, and are comparatively indifferent as to the expenses. A few strong articles, good personal praise, and a special tone, suffice to keep these men in good-humour; and their editor has an easy time. But this seldom lasts. Such a hobby is terribly expensive, and wears out most people after a few months.

Our editor has got rid of his proprietors; he has now his contributors to attend to; persons from influential quarters with messages or articles, are to be seen and satisfied; new hands are to be engaged for the Gallery, or elsewhere. No wonder the candidate is somewhat fidgety at the approach of the great *chef*, for it is a question with him between starvation and £300 a year. It is one of the misfortunes of metropolitan journalism, that its members, instead of beginning with small salaries, and rising gradually and certainly, begin at once with five guineas a week. With this they live famously for a time; but a change intervenes; they are thrown out, and left with nothing. But we cannot stop now to dilate on a subject on which so much might be said, and on which so much depends in the state of modern literature. The editor has fulfilled his engagements; let him go home to his dinner; we shall not want him again till nine.

Meanwhile, the editorial apartments begin to exhibit some slight signs of life. A few packets have found their way to the tables—some of the reports of the day, parcels from penny-a-liners, and letters of correspondents. One or two of the parliamentary staff drop in, to make inquiries about the arrangements of the evening. It is a slight gust before the evening's storm, and drops into silence soon after five.

Between seven and eight, in walks the sub-editor, and with him begins the regular business of the evening. He is a pale, worn-looking man the sub-editor. Hard and drudging work all through the dark hours, from seven till four, six days out of the seven, and with only a fortnight's holiday in the year, tell grievously on a man's constitution. He is well paid; but where is the enjoyment of money to one whose day is spent in providing rest against the exigencies of the night? However, rested or not, there he is, looking on the accustomed packets upon his table. Half of these—reports of the law-courts, or communications from known and accredited persons—he hands at once to the printer without further examination. He then sits down to the 'flimsy,' as the communications are called of the penny-a-liners—who, by the way, should be 'three-halfpence-a-liners,' three-halfpence a line being their usual honorarium. With these gentlemen he has a world of trouble. Being paid by the yard, they have of course a direct interest in lengthening their measure. This they might do by amplifying incidents, or inventing a few supplementary particulars; but this the

penny-a-liner never does; although, for the most part, the poorest of poor fellows, he is thoroughly conscientious as to matter of fact. His amplifications are sentences of pathos, compound epithets, and little pieces of humour. He has, perhaps, sent in some penny-a-lining matter every day of his life for ten years. During that time, he has certainly never known a single instance in which his pathos, his humour, or his epithets, have actually found their way into print. The sub-editorial pen is most ruthless in its erasures. The sub-editor, too, having often the choice of several accounts of the same occurrence, chooses naturally that with the least ornamental superfluity, as giving the least trouble. Yet, nothing can cure these gentlemen of their passion for eloquence. The same heroic flourish in a shipwreck, the same magnificent indignation in a murder, expressed in terms of sublimity which Milton never thought of, still, night after night, solicit publication, only to have it refused. The heroism of genius must be truly great to resist such eternal rebuffs! If authors lose half their praise, befitso it never can be known what they blot, what is to be said of penny-a-liners?

The foreign editor, or rather sub-editor, makes his appearance about half-past eight. This functionary, like others, has, of late years had his glories dimmed. The incessant activity of 'our own correspondent' leaves him little to do. His work, in former times, used to include the memorabilia of all Europe: at present, it is mainly confined to what is found in the German papers. These multifarious productions, from holes and corners beyond the reach of the corresponding system, often contain facts of interest when least expected. These, and a few gleanings from the Italian papers, form the substance of the foreign work now done at home; and this last source produces so little as to be scarcely worth notice. In these days, when periodical-writing reaches every extreme, from the highest point to the lowest, it would be difficult to find any publication more utterly lifeless, pointless, and uninteresting, than an Italian newspaper.

A heap of country newspapers is lying on the table. If these papers were what they ought to be, they might furnish our sub-editor with the means of placing the state of the nation before the public with unrivalled certainty and completeness. In the country districts, the workings of the law, the state of prisons, of workhouses, of agriculture, of religious opinion, are known to every diligent inquirer; and if these things were properly gathered by the local editors, the daily papers in the metropolis could form a summary of the great facts of the nation, which would utterly throw into the shade the reports of parliamentary commissions. England might know itself every week, instead of waiting for enlightenment every two or three years at the hands of peripatetic philosophers, who have just begun to comprehend the district, when they are called somewhere else. Unfortunately, the local newspaper, with a very few exceptions, tells nothing of all this. Observe how languidly our sub-editor glances over its columns, as if fulfilling a duty he cared little about, and from which he expected but small fruits. His scissors are inserted at last, only to cut out the notice of the consecration of a church, a colliery accident, or a cabbage of preternatural growth. Let such country papers as aim at higher things, pardon us if we lament that so few of their brethren resemble them: great are the opportunities of all, since the country knows or can know the country, while London is far from having the power of knowing London. Hitherto, there has been little either of excitement or amusement in the office; the first sounds of either come from the Reporters' Room. By this time the debates have become heavy, and have brought with them a host of anecdotes—the snubbing given by the minister to a troublesome querist, the absurd look of such a member when he

was called to order, the bull of one man, the fantastical argument of another, are—or rather were, for we must again speak in the past tense—an unwhiling source of jest and merriment—often just, piquant, and well aimed. They were a gay, rattling set, too, the reporters, with their working-coats, which might have come fresh from Houndsditch, capering and playing pranks in a close, mouldy room, black with the ink of ages. Now, the liberality and sense of convenience of the parliament and its architect have spoiled all the fun. In the gentlemanly, well-contrived lobbies of the Reporters' Gallery is to be found all the accommodation requisite for giving the senatorial eloquence in its full detail. The reporters work silently, under the eye of authority, with the leaden atmosphere of legislation pressing heavily upon them. They make but little use of the jolly old room at the office. They have become, in consequence, staid and gentlemanly themselves, as befits official functionaries, many of them appearing in the gallery in dress fit for a dinner-party, and which would have struck their predecessors with astonishment. The tact necessary for a reporter is greatly diminished. Of old, it was a great point when an eminent speaker fell to the turn of the reporter best qualified to manage him. One was good for an argumentative, another for a humorous debater. At present, the great speeches are written out at full length, or if shortened, it is by omission rather than abridgment. A simple readiness, in short-hand serves instead of the able and often singular dexterity with which the reporters in past days were wont to condense without injuring the wit, wisdom, and follies of parliamentary effusions. Condensation is now chiefly applied to unimportant speeches, where the style matters but little.

At about half-past nine, the editor himself makes his appearance. By this time it has become tolerably clear, as a general rule, what will be the special demands on his attention: it is but seldom that, after this hour, either news arrives or anything turns up in the debates requiring a special article. He is, therefore, able at once to arrange the subject of the one or perhaps two leading articles not already provided. Sometimes, however, it is necessary, from some unforeseen occurrence, to get up a leader at a later hour; and the commotion to obtain at a moment's notice the right thing from the right person, is quite wonderful. This is what the continental papers find most to admire in the English. Their articles are uniformly got up the day before; their writers have no notion whatever of working on the spur of the moment. The Paris paper of Tuesday is settled, written, and half printed by noon on Monday—at a time when an English newspaper would scarcely have its doors open, and more than half its staff would be fast asleep. Some of the very best articles in our papers have been written in this hasty way: the hurry of the moment produces a vigour and excitement *sui generis*; but it is not everybody who is to be trusted, for as there is no time to look up facts, a man not perfectly careful, or not perfectly well informed, may be betrayed into awful blunders.

The editor then lounges probably into the sub-editor's room, to hear the day's scandal, and form some estimate of the space and importance of general topics. This is by far the most lively time of newspaper work. You have the consciousness of living a day earlier than the rest of the world; occurrences are fresh, and have not been spoiled by the jokes and commentaries of the herd; the masquerade-dresses of the world are new again, and you have the first look at them. Editorial feelings require some such stimulus to brace and nerve them to the proper point.

With a tolerably clear idea of his paper now before him, the editor re-descends to his room. His next task will be one of much more importance than is generally suspected. He opens the mass of correspondence which

has accumulated during the day. In the multitude of facts, incidents, grievances, suggestions, offered by this correspondence, lies an immensity of the special interest attaching to the chief morning paper. The other newspapers get the individual political opinions of their own set, but very little beyond. On the other hand, the mass of fact alone in the occasional correspondence of the *Times*, is sufficient to set up an ordinary paper. Besides these, there are the whims and caprices of all the world; the thousand little adventures, fancies, and whimsies, which bubble up in the everyday life of ten millions of people; all the multifarious mishaps, hopes, fears, and ideas of twenty-four hours of society—matter much more amusing than private strictures on this or that debate; or the solemn assurance of A. B., that Lord C. is the worst man possible for the duties of his office. The variety of topic, style, and feeling, in the 'letters to the editor,' is worth anything to the said editor: it saves him a world of thought and trouble in his efforts to vary and enliven his paper. The choice given to the editor of the *Times* in the myriads of letters he receives, is no small element in the success and superiority of the journal. Another point to be observed is, that a man, writing under the smart of provocation or injury, usually writes forcibly; and many of these letters—the majority of them, indeed—are singularly well written. Their business, matter-of-fact, and often homely style, serve admirably to set off the studied tones of communications purely literary. The letters to the other papers are not from the same class of persons: they come from talkers at the clubs, oracles of a set, who have picked up one of the threadbare coats of a great question, and send it, with their compliments, to the editor. This matter settled, our editor, if the news and topics of the day are not particularly heavy, unlocks his desk, and extracts therefrom sundry articles of literature on general topics, selecting, for variety's sake, that which contrasts most with the rest of his night's matter. In its reviews, the *Times*, again, occupies a peculiar position. The other papers usually intrust the reviewing duty to some of the staff of reporters. These men are clever and trustworthy, and a partial notice is a great rarity; but they are wont to look upon their task as a work of supererogation, of which it is their principal business to get rid as soon as possible. The *Times*, on the contrary, seldom reviews, except when it intends to produce an effect; intrusts the work to a specialist; and has frequently published some of the most striking pieces of criticism in our literature. To create an effect, wherever an effect is possible, has been uniformly the tactics of that paper, and we all see their success.

In other respects, the daily papers present but little difference in their critical character. None is very ambitious of literary distinctiveness. The case is different with another class of articles, some of which are probably before our editor amongst the treasures of his drawer. These are the occasional—or, as they are called, somewhat technically, 'headed articles'—essays on every kind of topic, from an emperor to a potato. The *Times* is not very partial to these things, though they owe their importance in some respects to that paper. Its famous 'Irish Commissioner' was an experiment which succeeded beyond expectation. It was the first great attempt on the part of a newspaper to gather general information as distinct from news. Its success induced other attempts—there were commissioners on English agriculture, on the labouring-classes, both here and in other countries, which produced a few good articles, but failed to compensate the newspapers for their expenses—necessarily great. The occasional papers are, therefore, left to chance contributors. The *Morning Post* is gay, graphic, and descriptive; the *Daily News*, statistical and politico-economical; the *Morning Advertiser* ferrets out jobs and abuses. These are the three papers most addicted to headed articles.

They are amongst the most convenient resources to an editor—out of the session—in making up his paper.

About this time drop in the musical and dramatic criticisms. If the rapidity of our political writing startles occasionally the Continental journalist, the rapidity of our critical writing ought to startle him still more. Political writers can sometimes take their time—the newspaper critic never. A notice—two newspaper columns in length—is handed in at half-past one of an entertainment scarcely over at twelve. Janin or Berlioz would shudder if the editor of the *Débats* were but to hint at the possibility of their undertaking such a task even on a single occasion. It is true, the work looks more than it is, for all the historical part of the notice—whether of an opera or a singer—is written beforehand. Still, all the criticism on the performance must be written on the spot; and it is really curious to see the critic, in a tavern close by the theatre, with his brandy-and-water, or yet more vulgar port, before him, writing at furious speed, and stopping to sip or joke with a companion, for your dramatic critic never writes alone, if he can help it. Companionship stirs up his imagination, besides being otherwise useful. The feat is—all things considered—a great one, but we fear we must add, that criticism suffers in consequence. Undoubtedly, the worst part of a daily paper is its dramatic criticism; the hurry to which we have alluded is in part the reason; but there are other reasons too. Obligated, by the system, to make something of every occasion, when there is, in reality, nothing to be said, the writer takes refuge in pedantic terms, or extravagant praises, to conceal the poverty of his matter. The praise is sometimes carried to an extent nothing less than ludicrous. A common performance on the bass fiddle will be characterised as 'marvellous,' 'perfect,' 'thrilling the audience,' and so forth, by an able writer, who, when he comes to the real triumphs of genius, has nothing higher to say, having already exhausted the language. On the other hand, if he had simply said, that the performance of A on the fiddle was good; of B on the flute was good; of C on the harp was good, his criticism would be laughed at for its tameness, and with reason. The fault is with those who compel him to say something when there is nothing to be said. The French plan of working-up all the dramatic and musical criticism of the week into a single article, has many advantages: it avoids hurry, and, giving a sufficiency of choice to the writer, prevents him from forcing barren subjects. There is, besides, another drawback on the English critical writing, arising from the simple cause, that the writers do not understand their subject. Men of general information, practised in the art of making dull topics lively, they are sent into the theatre or the concert-room, to make a spirited article, but a most preposterous criticism. The display of learning used on these occasions is, to the initiated, a source of abundant merriment. Professional men are very seldom able to write, and when they are, their strictures often savour so much of their own peculiar clique, that they are not to be trusted.

It is one o'clock, and the paper begins to assume a definite shape. As usual, there is too much matter in hand; the printer fidgets about the sub-editor's room, and looks nervously at new 'copy.*' He is quite a peculiarity in his way—the London master-printer in the newspaper office. A square, rotund man, with a high forehead, an intelligent eye, and a manner half-deferential, half-conscious of his own importance; giving serious and useful advice in the quietest possible form of good-natured complaint—he is never put out of his way, and never at a loss in cases of absolute necessity. 'This can't go in, sir.' 'It must go in.' 'Very well, sir,' is the regular colloquy, about this time of the

night, between the printer and the sub-editor. The printer's ingenuity in finding space is certainly wonderful, and his tact in suggesting what should be preferred for insertion, is of more value than editors choose to acknowledge. Much lies in the appearance and first aspect of the paper, and this the printer has fully before him; and even in the discernment of mere literary reasons, long experience and natural shrewdness make him a safe adviser. He never gives advice unless asked; but when it does come, it is almost always worth having. The reader does not know half his obligations to this functionary. The way in which articles are set up, made good-looking by a judicious arrangement of the paragraphs, and intelligible by a judicious arrangement of the types, does as much for the enjoyment of the said reader, as the efforts of much more pretentious personages. Many a young laund, who goes away with a dim idea that the worthy public next morning will not understand his lucubrations, is astonished to find how intelligible they have become, when he nervously glances over his paragraphs, and wonders at the effect which capitals, rules, and italics, have had in reconciling the different fragments of his text, and introducing a friendly light where he, in his inexperience, found a most uncomfortable mist.

By this time the office assumes a sad and tired appearance. The excitement of fresh news, the lively hurry of critics and reporters, the warm sensations of progressive toil, have all died away, and six hours' hard work is producing its effect. The editor is perhaps in the sub-editor's room, talking lazily over matters general and journalistic. The sub-editor, thoroughly worn out, is looking over proofs; a few empty bottles, blotted manuscript, cut newspapers, complete the dreariness of the scene. The printer alone moves alert and briskly—his excitement is only half over; besides, no one yet ever saw a printer tired. Five hours hence, he will be putting on his best coat, without exciting a suspicion that he had been working all night. For the rest, they are at no pains to conceal their weariness. If there has been a late debate, a reporter or two may yet be heard upon the stairs, with dull, heavy tread, as forlorn and dreary as the rest.

It was not always thus. Before railways and electric-telegraphs, the foreign expresses would come in at this time—twenty lines, paid for at the cost of hundreds—information wonderful and exclusive, which is to make the fortune of the paper for the next half-year—meetings in the far North, reported and carried two hundred miles in eight hours, at the cost of the death of a dozen horses. Then there was the wonder whether the same intelligence had reached their rivals—what was its real importance—how far it was true. In election-days, these expresses were wonderfully stirring: during an Irish turmoil, a reporter would be following the testy heels of an agitator for days, and sending his notes by a man who would write them out, ready for immediate printing, in a carriage dashing at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Alas! all this is over now. In their essence, railways and electric-telegraphs are wonderfully prosaic things: they do their business quickly; but where is the poetry, the spirit, the excitement of it? The racing post-horse, the steamer panting for its port, was worth, for the fun of the thing, a thousand railways and telegraphs, whose disdainful ease and selfish consciousness of power are enough to quench the fire of Homer himself. To be sure, there is something in the saving of some twenty thousand per annum, which the Indian expresses alone used to cost the newspapers. The economy may add to the comfort of the proprietor; but it is only another in the prosaic items of the present time. Even the pecuniary extravagance of old was infinitely amusing—except to those who had to pay; and even they were not always without a return. The rivalry of early intelligence

* Manuscript to be set into type.

kept up at once the sap, the spirit, and the equilibrium of the journals.

At present, if there is any exclusive intelligence sent in this way, the dreary hours of the earliest dawn are not enlivened by it. It makes its appearance at the garish hour of ten, telegraphed from the morning's advices, and destined for the prospective readers of second editions—merchants in the City, and clerks in banking-houses.

No one who has not had experience in the newspaper, could imagine how long it takes to complete the minor details of arrangement. Things which look only like the offshoots of business—correcting proofs, cutting down paragraphs, after the great work appears to be entirely over: all these, and a hundred small matters, run away with one minute after another. Two hours after the last reporter has been asleep—three after the critic has done praising prima donnas, and torturing musical phrases—the editor has given his last instructions, and the sub corrected his last proof. They wend their way—the one in a cab to his cottage four miles off, the other on foot to his chamber in Clifford's Inn. The printers are left alone in the deserted office, working silently, diligently, and coldly. Hours, news, passion, opinion—all come alike to them. The most terrible incident, the most magnificent oration, is to them all so much bourgeois and breviter type. Ere long, the efforts of fifty men have placed in the hands of the machinist 200,000 words, of which scarcely one was printed twelve hours before. A new labour, not less wonderful than the rest, places 20,000 copies in the hands of the news-agent, ere the burgess and the squire have rubbed their eyes to the consciousness that a new day's intelligence is waiting, damp and uncomfortable, at their gates.

A VISIT TO HARTWELL.

NEARLY in the centre of Buckinghamshire, and forty miles to the north-west of London, stands the ancient borough-town of Aylesbury, a place of great consideration, some rights of which are still held by a singular tenure of William the Norman, which enjoins the lord of the manor to provide straw for the king's bed and chamber on royal visits. 'I hope,' says Camden, 'the nice part of the world will observe this.' Let us add our hope, that if it should please our gracious Queen to rest at Aylesbury, the straw may be of the finest and softest description. Besides the litter, the said lord was also bound to provide his majesty with three eels whenever he should come in winter; and in summer he was to furnish sweet herbs with the straw, and two green geese for the royal table—which fowls we take to mean Aylesbury ducks, for which that loyal borough is still famous.

The name of Aylesbury is imparted to a large and fertile vale which extends along the northern flanks of the Chiltern Hills, the teeming fertility of which has been acknowledged for ages. Nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, old Michael Drayton thus wrote of it:—

Aylesbury's a vale that walloweth in her wealth,
And (by her wholesome air continually in health)
Is lusty, firm, and fat—her soil throughout is sure
For goodness of her glebe and for her pasture pure;
That as her grain and grass, so she her sheep doth breed,
For burthen and for bone, all other that exceed.

But even before the quaint poet sang the praises of Aylesbury Vale, the learned Camden had celebrated its fertility in good set Latin. 'The valley,' he writes, 'is almost all champaign, the soil chalky, stiff, and fruitful. The rich meadows feed an incredible number of sheep, whose soft and fine fleeces are sought after even from Asia herself.' In the northern part of this celebrated and very beautiful vale stands Hartwell House, sur-

rounded by its fine demesne; and here it is that we propose to ask our readers to spend a day with us during the leafy month of June.

And indeed we venture to say, that it would be difficult to select a more lovely sylvan scene within the same distance of London. The name is expressive of beauty, being derived from a hart or deer—a species which, according to Camden, abounded formerly in the woods of Buckinghamshire—and a well or spring, near the mansion, recognised by tradition as the one where harts formerly slaked their thirst: however that may be, a grateful quaffer of the lymph has sung:—

Stay, traveller! Round thy horse's neck the bridle fling,
And taste the water of the Hartwell spring;
Then say which offers thee the better cheer—
The Hartwell water or the Aylesbury beer!

Some ancient title-deeds belonging to Hartwell represent on the seal a deer drinking at a well, with a peacock's head attached to the back of the animal, which may explain why so many of these gaudy birds have been cherished from time immemorial in the vicinity of the mansion.

The goal of our pilgrimage is easily reached. The footway to it from Aylesbury, from which it is about two miles distant, lies along pleasant paths, and through fertile meads. With a liberality worthy of general imitation, the present proprietor of Hartwell not only throws wide open the gates of his beautiful demesne to all comers, but allows visitors to inspect his house, which, as we shall see, presents many objects of attraction to the antiquary and general visitor.

Nothing can be conceived more beautiful of its kind than the park which infolds Hartwell House within its umbrageous arms. Undulating, and presenting those soft, swelling, verdant waves which form so characteristic a feature of English parks, it is dotted with oases of stately trees, many of whose gnarled trunks tell of years now dim in the obscurity of the past. Under the Hartwell oaks, gather still, as in the olden time, country lads and lasses—for it is the especial wish of the present proprietor to keep up ancient games; and it is worthy of remark, that amongst the numerous tenantry are farmers whose names are nearly as old as their lord's family. The latter have been in possession of Hartwell since 1250; and this evidence of local stability is additionally and pleasingly strengthened by the fact, that there are still on the rent-roll the names of Monk, Horton, Gurney, and Flamborough, whose progenitors appear as tenants more than three centuries ago. With respect to the last-mentioned family, whose line still exists under the variation of Farmborough, it has been suggested that one of their number may have been the prototype of Goldsmith's honest farmer in his immortal *Vicar of Wakefield*. There is inferential testimony as to Oliver having visited Aylesbury; and from a dinner given to him at Bedford, he has perpetuated the epulary powers of the corporation of that place in his play *She Stoops to Conquer*.

But, however unwillingly, we must pass from the park and its lovely sylvan scenes to the house, in which we had the happiness of being a guest for some days. This was erected in 1570 by Sir Thomas Lee, and, in accordance with the architectural fashion of that period, is Elizabethan. It is a noble structure, solidly built, and affording, in its Elizabethan details, sufficient variety to please and gratify the eye.

Beyond the first or outer hall is the great hall, in which mighty banquets were held of yore, and where the present tenantry are still hospitably entertained. The ceiling of this vast apartment is elaborately decorated with Sir James Thornhill's paintings, allegorically representing Genius writing History among the Ruins of Italy. That these pictures are highly appreciated by the tenantry, who frequent this hall, may be

double. It is said that at a recent audit-dinner, a gentleman asked the host whether the river-god over their heads represented Achaïus; to which he promptly replied: 'Perhaps so, but he's a calf-headed fellow at any rate;' upon which a farmer gravely remarked: 'No, sir; that cannot be; his horns are too long.'

Beyond this fine hall are suites of apartments handsomely decorated, and hung with numerous pictures by Lely, Kneller, Vandyck, Ostade, Cuyp, Weenix, Reynolds, and other masters. Sir John exerted his skill in perpetuating the Lees of his day, and he has left some other excellent specimens of his pencil at Hartwell, where he was a welcome visitor; but here the badness of his oils is unhappily very conspicuous in his pictures. Probably the most interesting portrait in the collection is that of Sir John Suckling, who was connected with the Lee family. It is by Vandyck, and is the portrait mentioned by Aubrey in his *Lives of Eminent Men*. The drawing-room, the windows of which have a southern aspect, and open on the pleasure, is a very elegant apartment, and is remarkable, likewise, for the gorgeous colouring of the walls, which are literally flooded with the prismatic colours. This startling effect is produced by a number of prisms in the windows, and is heightened by the colours being reflected in mirrors. This idea could have originated only in a philosophical mind, and Dr. Lee, in fact, is a savant of no mean order, as the observatory which is attached to the house, and which has a world-wide reputation, attests. Before proceeding to this interesting apartment, let us glance at the noble library beyond which it is situated. This room, revealing the intellectual tastes of its owner, is filled with curious and valuable astronomical instruments, besides containing a rich collection of works treating of that science. From the union of the Hartwell, Colworth, and Totteridge libraries, together with the constant additions that have been made by Dr. Lee, the collection is very extensive and valuable. The number of books is indeed so great, that some are to be found in almost every room in the house.

From the library, a corridor leads to the observatory, which, while commanding a wide expanse of the heavens, has the advantage of being attached to the house. It contains one of the finest equatorial telescopes in the world. The object-glass, which has an aperture of 5.9 inches, was purchased by Admiral Smyth from Sir James South, who brought it from the continent, and pronounced it to be Tully's *chef-d'œuvre*. A large amount of good astronomical work has been done with this instrument, the most important of which was the observation and measurement of double stars by Admiral Smyth, and the investigation of the wonderful phenomena of their colours. In this latter labour, we may mention that great assistance was derived from ladies, whose eyes were called into requisition on the occasion.

Adjoining the observatory is the chapel, which bears traces of the occupancy of Hartwell by Louis XVIII. and his family. Here are his *prie-dieu*, an elaborately carved altar, a fine missal, which belonged to the archbishop of Rheims, reading-desks, and other ecclesiastical relics. As we shall revert to this interesting period in the history of Hartwell, we shall now conduct our readers to the museum, which occupies the entire length of the northern side of the first floor. The great staircase conducting to it is a stately oaken structure of easy ascent and great breadth. The balustrades, at regular distances, sustain twenty-four carved oaken figures, mostly warriors with shields and drawn swords, who scowl fiercely and grimly on the visitor as he ascends to his bedroom. Indeed, seen by candlelight, which casts huge and distorted images on the walls, the effect is almost startling; and it was on this account that the queen of Louis XVIII. caused the

figures to be removed from their exalted position, and consigned them to a cellar, where they were found when the royal family departed.

A description of the museum would far exceed the limits of this paper. Suffice it to say, that it contains a vast assemblage of all kinds of curiosities, collected with great diligence and at much expense by Dr. Lee, while he was a travelling bachelor of the university of Cambridge, and during later years. The Grecian and Egyptian antiquities are particularly numerous, and the geological and mineralogical department singularly rich. All the articles are named and described, and thus the visitor is instructed as well as interested while examining the collection.

On the same floor as the museum are the sleeping-apartments, any one of which would make half-a-dozen ordinary London bedrooms. That which was assigned to us was occupied by Charles X. when he was at Hartwell; and if vast space be necessary to royalty, assuredly the king must have been at home here. From the distant dusky corners which the candle but faintly illumined, it would not have been a difficult stretch of imagination to conjure ghosts, for the reader need hardly be told that Hartwell is tenanted by these unsubstantial beings. However, we must say we slept a long round sleep in the royal bed, without being in the slightest degree disturbed. But things might have turned out otherwise had we spent the night in the muniment-room, which is a very secluded apartment in a retired part of the house, and reputed to be the favourite abiding-place of the spirits of the departed, as it is the treasury of their wills, royal patents, court-rolls, &c., several of which bear dates anterior to 1290. Lined throughout, as the room is, with oak exquisitely carved, but black with age—dimly lighted by narrow oriel-windows, which spiders innumerable have been permitted, unmolested, to entrain with their webs, it may be supposed that the ghosts of Hartwell are not likely to be dispossessed of their retreat.

And now, before leaving the house, we must say a few words respecting its occupancy by Louis XVIII. of France, who, with his queen and suite of two hundred persons, lived here from 1807 to 1814. At that period, Hartwell belonged to Sir George Lee, Bart., who, being a bachelor, and not caring to live in his ancestral mansion, let it to the royal family for the annual rent of £500. Besides the constant residents, the king was frequently visited by French princes and emigrant nobles, who brought attendants with them. Thus the accommodation required was so extensive, that the halls, galleries, and large apartments were ingeniously divided and subdivided into suites of rooms and closets; and it was curious, as we were informed, to see how, with that method for management characteristic of the French, the second and third class stowed themselves in the attics, converting one room into several by an adaptation of light partitions. On the ledges and leads of the roof they formed gardens, which were stocked with plants, shrubs, and flowers, contained in boxes; and they, moreover, kept fowls and pigeons there, so that the superstructure was thus loaded with many extra tons of weight; but all was well conducted and cheerful, and in the evenings there was music and dancing.

His majesty had probably, before taking up his abode at Hartwell, learned how

Sweet are the uses of adversity;

and when walking through the groves surrounding the house, must have felt, if he did not exclaim—

Now, my co-kings and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp?—Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?

His majesty occupied much of his time in reading,

and throughout all his vicissitudes he retained his partiality for the classic writers, and especially for Horace, of which there is a curious instance on record. When his *fidus Achates*, the Duc d'Angoulême, was compelled by illness to quit Hartwell for Madeira, he wrote from thence to his royal friend for some books, and among others, for a French translation of Horace. To this request Louis, having in part complied, returned the following answer:—

'Your commission about Horace was not so easy. There is a translation by the Abbé Desfontaines, but I got no further than the middle of the third book of the *Odes*, so that would not suit you.' And after alluding to other attempts, he adds: 'I see but one remedy—send me the list of odes you have, and I will endeavour to supply the deficiency by a humble attempt of my own.'

The royal version of the Venetian bard would, indeed, have been a welcome prize to a publisher; but if ever written, in all probability it was destroyed. It was this classical taste of the king's that led Lord Byron to write in his *Age of Bronze*—

• Good classic Louis, is it, canst thou say,
Desirable to be the Desires?
Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's green abode,
Apician table, and Horatian ode,
To rule a people who will not be ruled,
And love much rather to be scourged than schooled?

The calm tenor of the king's life at Hartwell was rudely broken by the death of his queen, which happened in 1810. This event seems to have been a heavy blow to him. Writing of it, he says: 'I freely confess that I was not aware I loved the queen so much as I now find I did.' And again, some months after her death: 'Fear nothing for my health: it has not suffered. I am already at the point where I fear I shall remain—no more tears, no more pangs of sorrow, but a sincere regret, a void in my life which I feel a hundred times a day.'

Comparatively tranquil as was his life here, the ambition of again wearing the kingly crown seems never to have deserted him. Small pamphlets, privately printed, calling on the French nation to restore him to his throne, were extensively circulated; and when the king left Hartwell, several hundreds of them were found in the rooms occupied by the archbishop of Rheims, who was the king's secretary. One of these pamphlets, given to us by Dr Lee, thus concludes:—'We will never abandon our right to be your sovereign. It is the heritage of our fathers. Frenchmen! we call upon you to do us justice.' Signed, 'Louis,' and Talleyrand Perigord, Archbishop of Rheims. Nor did the birth of Napoleon's son, when the former was in the zenith of his fortunes, disconcert the 'Sage of Hartwell,' as he was called. When the event so ominous to the Bourbon interests became known to him, it was treated with philosophic resignation and sarcastic dryness by Louis, who is reported to have said: 'So, then, we are to have a babe in the Napoleon family. Whether he is really the flesh and blood of the unhappy arch-duchess herself, or only an interloper smuggled into her bed-chamber, what care I? Many people look upon this event as highly important. I am not of that opinion. If God has condemned us to this tyranny, Bonaparte can never want a successor; if, on the other hand, the Divine wrath should pass away, all the babes in the world will not prevent the overthrow of the edifice of iniquity.'

At length the turn of fortune came: Napoleon I. fell, and Louis became the 'desired' of the French. But the news took the royal family by surprise. On the 25th March 1814 (Lady-day), they were at prayers, when suddenly two post-chaises were seen approaching the house, each drawn by four horses, and displaying white flags. The carriages contained deputies from

France, with the intelligence that Louis XVIII. was proclaimed. Having had the excitement occasioned by these joyous tidings moderated, were another party of deputies arrived, charged to solicit the exile to return and take possession of his throne and kingdom. These gentlemen were ushered into the library, where the king signed the celebrated document, said to have been suggested by the supple Talleyrand, stating that he accepted and would observe the constitution of France. The pen with which the signature was written was preserved, and is to be seen among the memorabilia in Dr Lee's museum. The royal establishment, which was very handsomely kept up—£20,000 having been allowed to the king annually by our government—was forthwith broken up, and the king and his sister returned to France.

Beyond Hartwell, however, we have no concern with Louis; although we may state, in conclusion, that he did not leave his quiet and beautiful English home without regret; and various circumstances which occurred in France, testify that the royal family retained an agreeable and grateful recollection of their asylum in our country. A 'Jardin à la Hartwell' was constructed at Versailles, and other remembrances kept alive the memory of the past. The king was always glad to see any one from Hartwell; and as an instance of his condescension and kindness to his old friends, the following amusing anecdote is related:—On his journeys to and from the metropolis, Louis had been in the habit of changing horses at the King's Arms Inn, at Berkhamstead, the landlord of which had several daughters, with the eldest of whom, a very sensible young woman, he was very fond of chatting, and became highly pleased with her sprightly freedom of manner. On the triumphant journey to London, she rushed out to congratulate the king on his restoration—an attention which he received with great pleasure, and good-humouredly invited her to visit him in Paris. The young lady took him at his word; and on her arrival in that city, was provided with an apartment in the Tuileries. At her first interview with Louis, she asked his majesty whether he did not feel himself more comfortable in the retirement of Hartwell than amidst the toilsome parade of the Parisian court? To which the king replied: 'Madam, I have always felt it my duty to make myself comfortable in every situation to which I am called.' Louis, it is stated, treated his fair guest with uniform courtesy and respect.

LUCIFER AND THE POETS.

LUCIFER seems to have a favourite character with the poets. It would be interesting to present in one comprehensive tableau the different Satanic portraiture, or studies, which have variously exercised the poetic and artistic genius of ancient and modern times. The delineation of the Spirit of Evil, with his attributes and workings, forms, in truth, a grand and awful subject, and one which is worthy to employ the highest creative faculty. In our conceptions of the Tempter, nothing mean, or base, or grotesque, must be admitted—at least not as salient characteristics; because we must remember that Lucifer 'one day wore a crown under the eyes of God.' Therefore, we must think of him as a 'prince of mighty sway,' as a power of awe-striking terror, with a kingly presence, and having the brightness and the glory of his once high estate still apparent in his scornful eyes. The great difficulty in the right imagining of Lucifer, appears to consist in the reconciliation of his character as a monarch of proud dominion, an 'archangel ruined,' with the idea of the Tempter and the Fiend, the utterly evil and accursed thing.

Dante, elsewhere so profoundly master of the terrible, has miserably failed in his description of

Lo imperador del doloroso regno.

In fact, his Lucifer is nothing more than a huge, misshapen monster, remarkable only for his enormous size and his preternatural ugliness. The same characteristics, in great measure, also distinguish and disfigure the Pluto of Tasso. He does, however, speak worthily in that fine passage commenting 'Tartarei Numi!' &c.

In this paper, we shall merely advert to the portraits of Lucifer presented to us by our English poets. Thus, we shall not once refer to the Mephistopheles of the wonderful *Faust* of Goethe, nor to the Demonio in that very powerful drama of Calderon, *El Magico Prodigioso*. Milton in his *Paradise Lost*, Byron in *Cain*, Bailey in *Festus*, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning in the *Drama of Exile*, have all given us, according to their respective ideals, the likeness of the Adversary, of the Prince of the Power of the Air, of the fallen Star of the Morning. We may, with propriety, add to this catalogue the name of Thomas Aird, whose *Devil's Dream* contains a sketch of the infernal being, hardly second to any—indeed, a thoroughly Dantesque creation.

To begin with Milton. His Satan is emphatically a hero. Nothing mean, or little, or contemptible, distinguishes his character: all about him is great and lofty. He treads the halls of hell with a free, unconscious dignity, as if still he walked amid the hills of the heavenly Paradise. He is godlike, even in his ruin; he is a king, although he wears no regal crown; he possesses still the undaunted courage and the reckless daring which prompted him to battle with the hosts of God upon the 'plains of heaven.' His spirit is undismayed by failure, and untamed by the long course, of the fiery discipline. In the review of the past, and in the contemplation of the future, he is sustained by pride, lofty as the highest towers of heaven, and deep as the lowest abysses of despair. In the midst of dire discomfiture, he is yet untiring in his efforts to mar the works of God. Thus, after his defeat by the celestial armies, he exclaims, in proud defiance:

What though the field he lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall His wrath or might
Extort from me.

In his personal attributes, he is still invested with exelling majesty. He stands alone, and above his fellows, 'proudly eminent';

But his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched; and care
Sat on his faded cheek.

His armour is of adamant and gold. He wears no gloomy, sable trappings, but a gay and gorgeous vestment, whose gold reflects the glowing light and pride of the noontide sun. Although sorely defaced, the stamp of his heavenly origin is upon him still. He is of 'regal port, but faded splendour wan.'

His fulgent head
And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter clad,
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter.

How vividly has Milton portrayed the woes of that 'eternity of ill' from which there is neither refuge nor escape!

Within him hell
He brings, and round about him; nor from hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change.

Even while wandering upon the primeval earth, and the fairy bowers of Paradise, in all their pure, fresh beauty, he still groans beneath the heavy curse, the consequence of his sin; and the soft breath of the winds of heaven bears upon its perfumed wings no

balm for his burning scars, no charm to silence the voice of the agonised soul. Thus he cries in his despair:

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

So from the depths of his misery, the fallen archangel has no resource, except in conflict with the King of heaven. He will endeavour, at least, to disturb His counsels, to ruin His fair designs, to dash confusion amid the order of His worlds. The remembrance of the divine service is to him an unwelcome memory. His pride refuses to bow with 'suppliant knees' before the throne of heaven; there is no hope, therefore, that he will ever be restored to his foregone glory. Everything that reminds him of his once happy state, is now distasteful and grievous. The echoes of the paradisaical songs that linger by him still, are a reproach and a torture to his distempered spirit. So, at last, he exclaims, confronting the idea of his irretrievable sin, and the wrong that can never be repaired:

All good to me is lost;
Evil, he thence my good; by that, at least,
Divided Empire with heaven's king I hold.

Here, then, Satan takes his stand as the unconquerable foe of God and man, with the proud, defiant glance, undimmed by ages of suffering and despair.

Very different is the Lucifer of Lord Byron's *Cain*. Although he looks 'almost a god,' he has none of the kingly attributes with which Milton has dignified his hero. He is an unmitigated fiend. Having failed to make himself equal with God, he will be 'ought save a sharer or a servant of his power.' According to his own avowal, he is of those

Souls who dare use their immortality;
Souls who dare look the Omnipotent full in
His everlasting face, and tell him that
His evil is not good!

Byron's Lucifer is essentially the scorning spirit—the Tempter, the suggester of strange doubts and questionings to man. He tells Cain that he is

One who aspired to be what made thee, and
Who would not have made thee what thou art.

And then, again, he exclaims, in reference to the exile from Eden:

I would have made ye
Gods; and even He who thrust ye forth, so thrust ye,
Because ye should not eat the fruits of life,
And become gods as we.

Then who was the demon? He
Who would not let ye live, or he who would
Have made ye live for ever in the joy
And power of knowledge?

Thus he endeavours to insinuate into the human heart doubts of the divine goodness; to overturn therein the altar of faith; to envelop the mind of man in suspicion and in gloom; for well he knows, that when trust and confidence in God are shaken, there will be no bulwark of protection against the assaults of the enemy.

This Lucifer is not like Milton's Satan—of lofty, warlike bearing. We do not think we can well conceive him as engaged in conflict with the heavenly hierarchies, nor yet as taking counsel amid the infernal senate prior to fresh enterprises against the Eternal King. He is rather a dweller apart—a plotter in secret—a terror and a shadow in the lonely way. He is not begirt with awful majesty, nor does he bear the impress

of regality upon his darkened brow. He is the fallen one, disappointed and writhing in strange agony beneath the sense of his defeat. He finds a fiendish joy in disturbing the peace of God's fair creation, and in sowing the seeds of discord in the new-born world; and he commences by rendering man a prey to doubts and distrust. The contemplation of the Ruler of the universe, and of his unbroken felicity in the heavenly kingdom, is to him, indeed, the bitterness of woe. When Cain tells him that, for all his pride, he has still a superior in power and glory, he exclaims, with indignation and with scorn:

No! by heaven, which He
Holds; and the abyss, and the immensity
Of worlds and life which I hold with Him—No!
I have a victor—true; but no superior.
Homage He has from all—but none from me.
I battle it against Him, as I battled
In highest heaven. Through all eternity,
And the unfathomable gulfs of Hades,
And the interminable realms of space,
And the infinity of endless ages—
All, all will I dispute! And world by world,
And star by star, and universe by universe,
Shall tremble in the balance, till the great
Conflict shall cease—if ever it shall cease—
Which ne'er it shall till He or I be quenched!
And what can quench an immortality,
Or mutual and irrevocable hate?
He as a conqueror will call the conquered
Evil; but what will be the good he gives?
Were I the victor, His works would be deemed
The only evil ones.

Bailey's Lucifer has not so much of the true fiend in him as either Milton's or Byron's. He is a calm, sublime intelligence—the necessary Evil—working out obediently the mysterious designs of the Creator. He is neither the warrior nor the mocking demon: he is the philosopher, the calm, reasoning spirit, discoursing of time and eternity, of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and intent upon the fulfilment of his mission. He indulges in no expressions of hatred nor scorn against the divine Being, because he recognises the justice of his position, and thus acknowledges that 'good is God, the great necessity,' who has appointed even unto him his place amid the infinity of worlds, and for whose glory only can he act, and for his 'creatures' good. He is, therefore, the servant and minister of the Eternal: he battles not against the Most High, but goes to do His will. He does not seek to penetrate into the mysteries of the divine counsels; but even through the agency of evil, he is instrumental in forwarding their accomplishment. According to his own assertion—

God hath sanctioned all
That I have done, or may do to the end,
Which I have nought to do with.

The Lucifer of *Festus* has neither the restless, unquenchable pride of the Satan in *Paradise Lost*, nor yet the scorning malignity, the burning discontent of the archfiend of Byron. He is crowned with an unvarying melancholy, with the calmness of despair.

I know
Nor joy nor sorrow; but a changeless tone
Of sadness like the night-wind, is the strain
Of what I have of feeling. I am not
As other spirits—but a solitude
Even to myself! I the sole spirit sole.

Lucifer, as delineated by Mrs Browning in the *Drama of Exile*, is a lofty and 'Titanic spirit of scorn.' He has a 'glorious darkness.' He possesses an air of regal majesty; for he has not yet lost the remembrance of his kingly throne in heaven. 'The prodigy of his

vast brows and melancholy eyes do comprehend the heights of some great fall.' He is:

An Idea to all souls—
A monumental, melancholy gloom,
Seen down all ages, whence to mark despair,
And measure out the distances from good.

He has 'fallen below hope of final re-ascend,' because he has mocked the misery of 'ruined man,' which no spirit would dare to do, if he 'expected to see God, though at the last point of a thousand years.' He is mighty even in defeat; and although agonised beneath the 'sense of thunder,' in conversing with the angel Gabriel, he can exclaim, in the face of earth and heaven:

I, too, have strength—
Strength to behold Him, and not worship Him;
Strength to fall from Him, and not cry on Him;
Strength to be in the universe, and yet
Neither God nor his servant. The red sign
Burnt on my forehead, which you taunt me with—
Is God's sign, that it bows not unto God—
The potter's mark upon his work, to shew
It rings well to the striker.

The faulty construction of some portions of the exquisite *Drama of Exile*, is more than redeemed by the sublime conception of Lucifer in his 'kingship of resistant agony' towards all surrounding good. We know of nothing finer than that passage in which he compares the sorrows of the human with his own eternal woes—when, addressing Adam and Eve, and the wailing earth-spirits, he exclaims:

I scorn you that ye wall,
Who use your petty griefs for pedestals
To stand on, beckoning pity from without,
And deal in pathos of antithesis
Of what ye were forsooth, and what ye are;
I scorn you like an angel! Yet one cry,
I, too, would drive up, like a column erect,
Marble to marble, from my heart to Heaven,
A monument of anguish to transpire
And overtop your vapoury complaints,
Expressed from feeble woes.

Pass along
Your wilderness, vain mortals! Punny griefs,
In transitory shapes, be henceforth dwarfed
To your own conscience, by the dread extremes
Of what I am, and have been. If ye have fallen,
It is a step's fall—the whole ground beneath
Strewn young soft with promise; if ye have sinned,
Your prayers tread high as angels! If ye have grieved,
Ye are too mortal to be pitiable;
The power to die disproves the right to grieve.
Go to! Ye call this ruin? I half scorn
The ill I did you! Were ye wronged by me,
Hated, and tempted, and undone of me—
Still, what's your hurt to mine—of doing hurt,
Of hating, tempting, and so ruining?
The sword's hilt is the sharpest, and cuts through
The hand that wields it.

The image of the infernal king, as portrayed in the *Devil's Dream* by Thomas Aird, is only a sketch; and yet it is striking and impressive in the highest degree. The whole poem, indeed, is replete with gloomy grandeur—with an air of wild, shadowy sublimity, like that which sometimes invests the scenery of an awful dream. We have read nothing that reminds us more of Dante than this, in its rugged power, and in the life-like colouring of its dark imagery. In the perusal of this strange production, our ideas are affected more by hints and half-utterances than by elaborate description. In the same way, the unfilled sketch, the vague outline of some great artist's design, often impresses us more powerfully than the completed picture. Aird's demon is a 'grisly terror': he has no clearly defined shape,

but his wing is 'woven of grim shadows,' mixed with 'twists of faded glory.' His aspect is like the 'hurrying storm.' The *Devil's Dream* will scarcely admit of quotation: it must be read as a whole, in order to be rightly appreciated. It is unique in plan and execution; and in the world of poetic literature, it stands out in its grand and solitary gloom, like some stern rock, 'black with the thunder-strokes.'

In conclusion, we may take Milton's Satan as the emblem of physical force and energy. He is framed on the grand heroic type, like one of the giants of old days, and he stands before us as one of earth's conquerors. To him belong the earnest heart to plan, the strong will to direct, the unwearied arm to undertake the boldest enterprise. In his character, there is an admixture of the spirit both of the lion and the snake. He is the lion in his courage and daring, in his majestic port, in his anger, and his pride: he is the serpent in his stealthy cunning, in his fair outside and his poisoned fangs, in his falsehood and his treachery. Throughout the whole course of his dark career, Milton's Satan is emphatically a king without the purple robe; a hero, though he wears no laurelled wreath; a mighty criminal, 'magnificent in sin.' Byron's fiend is the sophist, the suggester of evil imaginations to man, the tempter, the scorner—by no means so great and glorious a creation as Milton's, but far more thoroughly devilish. Bailey's Lucifer is a metaphysician, very spiritual, a sublime intellect, vast in intelligence; but scarcely to be regarded as a true fiend, since he is finally restored to his pristine glory in the paradise of God. The Lucifer of Mrs Browning's drama is the suffering, agonising demon, lofty in his unvanquished pride—

Dashing out the hands of wail
On each side to meet anguish everywhere,
And to attest it in the ecstasy
And exaltation of a wo sustained,
Because provoked and chosen.

Such are the pictures presented by English poets, of greater or less eminence, of the impersonation of Evil.

ORPHAN WINNY.

In travelling through the north of Scotland, endeavouring to find out a relation who had some years previously settled in that part of the world, or, failing in this, to obtain a situation as governess, my inquiries led occasionally to strange recitals concerning circumstances and individuals, that might have suited well for the foundation of many a romance—proving the oft, though never too often repeated adage, that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' In that bleak and singularly shaped town Peterhead, whose harbours run, like the jaws of a sword-fish, into the sea, I had occasion to take up my abode for some time at the house of one Abel Grey, who, with moderate custom, and great prudence, maintained his family in much respectability. Of course he had an admirable coadjutor in his good and industrious wife, who managed her little household with a methodical judgment and in a simple way I have rarely seen equalled. His shop, merely a clothier's—for some thirty years ago, men did not, as now, monopolise every branch of business under one roof—was, I remember well, on the right-hand side of the passage on entering, and the parlour exactly opposite; and surely it was the most comfortable little parlour in the world! At least I thought so, when, after a freezing ride on the outside of the coach from Aberdeen, my landlady—for I had taken a small bedroom and sitting-room on the first floor—sent up a polite request that I would join the family at tea. Every corner of the room

was illuminated by that most cheerful of all lights, a blazing fire, and revealed, what, perhaps, shows the hospitality of a good Scotch housewife more than anything else, a tea-table covered with abundance of good things. Remembering, as I did, the scanty supply of thin bread and butter, which, with a decoction of very pale hyson and cerulean milk, make up a London tea, I was enchanted with the Land of Cakes—recollect, good reader, I was a hungry outside-passenger—which could thus receive a stranger as an honoured guest.

In one corner of the room were two little girls, apparently of the same age, busily employed in hushing a doll to sleep, and making ready its tiny cradle; they both called Mrs Grey mamma, and yet one of the children was dressed in deep mourning, while the other wore a frock of bright crimson. A fine curly-headed boy, of four years old, in his night-gown, ready for bed, sat by the fire teaching the kitten her letters—a kind of catechism which could only have occurred to a child of his age. I could not help remarking the imaginative employments of the children, at the same time asking Mrs Grey if the little girls were twins.

'O no,' replied she; 'they are not the same mother's children.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed in some surprise; 'and yet they both call you mamma?'

'Yes,' replied Mrs Grey, pointing to the child in mourning, 'but Winny's mother is dead;' and the child, as if catching the words, ceased her play, and turned her beautiful dark eyes full upon me, as if to say: 'Pity me!'

'Poor child!' I exclaimed; 'but she seems to have found a kind relation in you, Mrs Grey.'

'No relation,' replied that good woman: 'I doubt whether Winny has a relation in the world.'

'You quite interest me about the little creature,' said I; 'would it be too great a liberty to inquire her history?'

'I don't know much of it,' said Mrs Grey; 'and what I do know, I have been cautioned not to reveal. She has been confided to my care by a gentleman who has adopted her: he is extremely fond of her, and no doubt will give her a good education, to fit her for a governess, or some such desirable employment.'

Alas for the desirableness of such an employment! Had simple Mrs Grey known as much of the drudgery of a governess's life as I did, she would have found some other word by which to qualify it. The postman's knock interrupted our conversation. 'I shouldn't wonder,' said Mrs Grey, 'if that is a letter from Captain Singleton;' and almost the next minute her husband entered from the shop, confirming the supposition.

'Winny,' said Mr Grey to the little girl, 'come here, my pet, and tell me what would please you most.'

'What, most of all—of everything?' asked the child, looking wistfully in his face, as if she believed for a moment in his power to grant her wish.

'Yes; what in all the world could happen to please you best?'

'O that dear mamma could come back again!' said the child, with painfully touching earnestness.

'Nay, Winny,' said Mrs Grey, after a moment of deep silence, caused by the unexpected reply of the child: 'that is contrary to your little prayer at night, and which you tell me you say from your heart—"Thy will be done."'

'But I do wish dear mamma were alive again,' said the child, beginning to sob. 'And it would be wicked to deny it, for mamma said God wouldn't love me if I told a lie.'

'Quite right, my darling,' said Mr Grey, caressing her: 'never fear to tell us all your thoughts and wishes. But Winny is too good and grateful not to be happy that Captain Singleton is coming to see her to-morrow.'

'Dear Papa Singleton!' said Winny, brightening

through her tears—"he'll let me talk about mamma, and sing the songs she taught me."

And who was this mamma, thought I, whose memory seems thus to engross the very 'abundance' of the little orphan's heart? A day or two revealed to me her sad story.

Captain Singleton, the gentleman who had adopted Winny, arrived on the following day. He appeared to be exceedingly delighted with his little protégée, who hovered about him with an affection which was well calculated to secure his love. He came to the town for no other purpose than to see her, and therefore spent the greater portion of his time at Abel Grey's, merely sleeping at the George Inn, at the top of the street. The manners of Captain Singleton were so agreeable and gentlemanly, that I almost fancied I had met with an old friend. Mrs Grey being obliged to attend to household duties, occasioned several tête-à-têtes between us, and during one of these he acquainted me with the circumstances which led to his adoption of Winifred Brockley.

"This drifting sleet," said Captain Singleton one day after dinner, as we completed our third game at chess, in the absence of Mr and Mrs Grey and the children, who were employed elsewhere—"reminds me of that storm, now twelve months ago, when I first saw Winny. As you seem to take an interest in the little creature, I—that is, if you have patience for a narrative in which I must necessarily be egotistical, and recount some of my own adventures—I will give you a sketch of Winny's history."

I assured him he would confer a favour that would be highly gratifying to me; and he proceeded.

"When peace was declared, I found it somewhat difficult, being a second son, to subsist upon half-pay only. The trifling addition of a pension for an awkward wound at Waterloo, could scarcely eke out my scanty income sufficiently to meet my expenses, which, without being extravagant, had involved me in debt. Perhaps I may as well mention here, that before the battle I had engaged myself to a lovely girl, whose faith I had no cause to doubt, and who seemed formed to make earth a paradise: but my Eve was tempted! Returning home, proud of the laurels won in defence of my country—glorying in the wounds that brought safety to those I loved—with joyous exultation, I hastened to claim my reward for every peril—my own, my lovely bride—when the news was brought me that my elder brother, on whom the estate had devolved by the death of my father, had, during my absence, wooed and won her! I should not have alluded to this piece of perfidy, which changed the whole current of my thoughts and feelings, were it not, perhaps, an excuse for the careless life I led some time afterwards.

"I started off no one knew whither, and half resolved that my family should never hear of me again. I assumed the name of Bondbroke, and commenced a roaming life, mentally deciding to be indifferent to everything. But, in reality, I was never intended for a citizen of the world. In spite of my determination to be apathetic, there were persons and circumstances continually making claims upon my sympathies and affections; and as I had not the means of being generous, this was exceedingly painful to me: indeed, my supply of money was so limited, as to render it expedient that I should devise some way of increasing my store. At last, while sojourning in one of these Scottish towns, I resolved to receive pupils in fencing and drawing, and for that purpose issued cards, but finding the town too small to answer my purpose, I thought of seeking my fortune on a wider field. Accordingly, I packed up my baggage, took an outside seat on the mail, and started one winter's morning for Elgin, intending to make that my next halting-place. It was a severe weather, and the roads were cut out of the snow, which lay piled on each side as high as the

roof of the coach. As we were proceeding slowly up a hill, I perceived some travellers on foot before us. They consisted of two men, a woman, and a little girl; the sleet was beating in their faces, and the mother had drawn the end of her shawl as a veil over the child's bonnet, in an attempt to shield her from the weather, as she led her by the hand up the hill. The party paused as the coach overtook them. "Coschman," said one of the young men, perceiving that there was plenty of outside room, "what will you charge for this lady and little girl to Elgin?"

"Ten shillings," said the man.

"The funds of the party were compared, and were evidently insufficient; the lady also appeared unwilling to avail herself of the contributions of her companions, though most anxious to procure a seat for the child.

"What is the least you will take my little girl for?" she asked.

"Why, three-and-sixpence," replied the coachman—"no less; so be sharp—we can't stay here all night."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed the mother, lifting the child in her arms. "Now, darling, I don't care for myself, so that you can ride."

"But I can walk quite well, dear mamma—I am not tired," said the child, evidently unhappy at the idea of being separated from her mother.

"Had I not been interested in the scene, common humanity would have prompted me to interfere. "Madam," I said, "oblige me by occupying this seat next me; for your little girl's sake, who evidently will not come without you, I must insist upon it." I spoke decidedly, holding out my hand at the same time to assist her; the coachman was in a hurry, and the next instant the lady and her child were seated beside me. The guard threw them an extra top-coat he had stowed away in the boot. I buttoned them both up in it, and under the shelter of my umbrella, they were comparatively comfortable. I could not help wondering who my companions were; but the severity of the storm prevented much conversation; the child, being wrapped up warmly, fell asleep, and the mamma seemed inclined to be silent. On arriving at Elgin about seven o'clock, the lady expressed a wish to procure a private lodging; I insisted on accompanying her in the search; so, giving her my arm, and my hand to the little girl, I sallied forth with my new acquaintances, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing them comfortably established in two very neat apartments. I then took my leave, without even knowing the name of those for whom I was so interested, but not without obtaining permission to wait upon them on the following morning. Sauntering back to my hotel, I was attracted by the exhibition of a bill in a shop-window, announcing the opening of a theatre. It instantly struck me that my roadside friends must be part of the *corps dramatique*. The season was to commence on the following night with the comedy of the *Provoked Husband*; *Lady Grace* by Mrs Brockley; and the song of *Over the Mountain and over the Moor*, between the play and farce, by Miss Brockley. I felt a strong presentiment that these were my new friends; and recollecting how successful I had been in private theatricals when with my regiment, I wondered that the idea of trying the stage had never occurred to me. Here, however, was an opportunity; and I resolved on offering my services to the manager for an appearance or two, my future engagement to depend upon my success. The thought was exhilarating; and my dreams were filled with visions of surpassing Kemble, and acting in London under my own name, to the infinite mortification of my proud relatives.

"Next day, I made my promised call, but was informed that the lady and the little girl were gone to rehearsal. I was right, then—she was an actress. I left my card, intimating that I would take the liberty of calling at an earlier hour on the following morning. Of course,

that night I went to the theatre—a neat, temporary place, fitted up in the town-hall—and took my seat in what were called the boxes, which were the front benches, partitioned off from the rest. The comedy commenced, and enter Lady Grace—the identical person whom I had buttoned up in the guard's top-coat of many capes! Her appearance and manner were admirably suited to the character: she was evidently a gentlewoman. Indeed, there was much good acting in the play; at the conclusion of which, the curtain was again drawn up, the orchestra played a symphony, and the little girl, for whom so many had been interested on her weedy way in the snow-storm, came forward to sing. She was the very impersonation of the pictures and statuettes of 'Little Red Riding-hood,' wearing a short red cloak, and her beautiful little feet bare. How picturesque she looked! The audience welcomed the tiny vocalist with enthusiasm. Her sweet voice, joined to the simple words of her song—

Over the mountain, and over the moor,
Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn;
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,
And she weeps for the days that can never return;

then her beseeching manner, with clasped hands, as she finished the verse—

Pity, kind gentlefolks, friends to humanity;
Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;
Give me some food for my mother in charity;
Give me some food, and then I'll begone,

was so full of pathos—so, to me, descriptive of the child's real situation, that I, with the rest of the audience, was completely carried out of the mimic scene, and she concluded her song amidst a shower of silver. This was scarcely pardonable, but it was irresistible. In my after-acquaintance with Mrs Brockley, I often entreated her to let Winny sing that song on the stage again; but her honest, independent pride would never consent to it—she had not calculated on such a result. Next morning, I spent a pleasant hour with Mrs Brockley and her little daughter, and escorted them to rehearsal, when I sent in my card to the manager, obtained an interview, and, apparently to his great satisfaction, arranged to appear as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, about a fortnight from the commencement of the season. But my plans were doomed to be frustrated. However, in the meantime, I became greatly interested in Mrs Brockley's affairs. She told me—and I may repeat her history in few words—that, born in India, she was placed at a boarding-school in England, and becoming acquainted with Mr Brockley, a younger son, whose father insisted on his marrying a rich widow, many years older than himself, a romantic attachment ensued, which terminated in a private marriage, and finally, to avoid the wrath of his father, an elopement. But their rash union brought nothing but misery; their means were soon exhausted—and utterly abandoned by her own and her husband's relations—to save themselves from beggary, they had embraced the theatrical profession. Placed in a position for which they had little talent and less liking, yet unable to extricate themselves from it, the fatigue, vexations, excitement, and privations of the precarious life they had chosen, at length threw her husband into a decline, which, after long suffering, terminated his existence amidst poverty and sorrow. Left with her little daughter, who evinced extraordinary talent for the stage, the young widow, without any friend to advise what was best to be done, was still struggling on in a strolling company, compelled, as I had witnessed, even in the depth of winter, to accomplish her journey on foot. Alas! this was a picture of the poor player, 'who struts and frets his hour upon the stage,' which had never before been exhibited to me, and yet it was

from the life. I confess it disenchanted all my previously conceived visions of the careless joyousness of an actor's life; however, I flattered myself that the success of my *début* would place me in a very different position; but, within two days of that event, a letter from my agent in town informed me that my brother had been thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot, and as he died childless, the estate devolved upon me. I had parted from my brother in wrath, and I was inexpressibly shocked at the suddenness of this catastrophe. That night, I took my place by the rail for London; and on bidding farewell to the Brockleys, entreated permission to be responsible for the expenses of Winny's education, and to be considered a friend on every emergency.

Some months after this, my own affairs having been easily arranged, I received a letter from Mrs Brockley, expressing her fears that the same insidious malady—consumption—which had brought her husband to an early grave, would shortly make Winny an orphan; and her dying prayer would be, that her daughter might be snatched from a profession in which her husband and herself—perhaps as a just punishment for their imprudence—had suffered so much misery. As I had ample leisure, and still felt the same extraordinary interest in little Winny—an interest which the circumstances I have detailed can scarcely warrant, and which, I confess, is a mystery to myself—I started for the north. The company of strollers were acting in this town, and Mrs Brockley fortunately occupied Mrs Grey's apartments. Fortunately—I ought, perhaps, to say providentially—for the exceeding kindness of that excellent woman did much to smooth the pillow of the sufferer. I had the satisfaction of arriving in time to calm the anxiety of the dying mother; a smile for an instant seemed to roll back the curtain which death was dropping over the face, and endeavouring to press my hand, her last words were: "Protect my little darling orphan Winny!" At first, I thought the child would inevitably follow her mother to the grave; her heart seemed breaking in continual sobs for "dear mamma;" but Mrs Grey's care won the little creature from her incessant grief. It seemed desirable to leave her here for a short time; the society of the children would prove the most natural cure for her sorrow, and I could then devise such arrangements as were best suited for bringing my little protégée home: it is for that purpose my present visit is paid. I perceive that Winny has become attached to Mr and Mrs Grey and the children; and I fear, from her affectionate disposition, should she remain longer here, the separation would be too painful, and confirm a shade of melancholy in the character of my intended-to-be brilliant little Winny.

Captain Singleton had conceived a strong prejudice against Winny's being sent to school, arising, probably, from the unhappy circumstance of her mother's imprudent elopement. We had much conversation on the subject, resulting in my accepting the situation of governess to Miss Brockley. This was an unexpected and happy event for me, who had been long dependent on my own exertions as a mere drudging, unassisted teacher; while masters were to be engaged, and no expense spared to make my pupil as accomplished and elegant as she was beautiful. It was a painful parting for Winny and the Greys: little Ellen cried bitterly, clasping the neck of her play-fellow, and the boy declared he would 'go with Winny.' Mrs Grey prayed 'Heaven to bless the little orphan;' but Abel took the child in his arms, now wrapped up warmly in her furred cloak and hood, purchased the day before for the journey by Captain Singleton, and carried her that cold winter-morning to where the mail stood ready horsed, within five minutes of starting.

'Winny,' said good Abel Grey, as he placed her

beside her new guardian, 'there is little likelihood of my ever seeing you again, my pet, though I think I love you as well as either of my own children; but if anything should happen to make you unhappy or unfriended in this world, recollect there will always be a home for you with Abel Grey the clothier.'

The journey was not very speedily accomplished in those days, but in due time we arrived safely at Captain Singleton's estate in Devonshire.

The apartments commanding the 'finest prospect' were appropriated to Winny, and adorned with everything calculated to excite her interest and admiration, in order that her mind, as Captain Singleton expressed it, might be clothed with the beautiful. I could see that he was anxious to banish past scenes from her memory; but this was not so easily accomplished, for Winny, as her bright and apprehensive intellect expanded, would read poetry in the most dramatic manner, kindling into an enthusiasm that would not unfrequently betray her teachers into exclamations of admiration and applause. But memory shone most conspicuously in her love of old songs. Her musical acquisitions were considerable, both vocal and instrumental; yet after executing with brilliant effect some fashionable Italian song of the day, Winny would love to sit by the window, and with no other accompaniment than the movement of the clouds, or the waving branches of the trees, sing the old ballads taught her by her mother. Let it not be supposed, however, that she was unhappy; she was much too good and affectionate for that, returning the lavish kindness of her benefactor with singular and engrossing devotion.

Winny was now seventeen, and had admirers from far and near—undeterred by any opposition from her guardian, who made it a point, apparently of constrained duty, to give every facility to such aspirants for her hand as were by character and circumstances considered unexceptionable. But a change seemed to come over the manners of my pithy sweet and gracious Winny, for she not only instantly and peremptorily put a negative upon all such addresses, but was even at times pettish and harsh in her answers to her guardian's remonstrances on the subject. At last, young Augustus Oakdale, heir to the magnificent estate of Oakdale Hall, with a lineage from the Conquest, and possessions stretching far and near, came in full 'pomp and panoply' to woo and win.

Then Captain Singleton seemed to have formed a resolution: he positively prohibited a refusal, which Winny unhesitatingly and instantaneously would have given. I remember the scene well, for I was present. 'Winny,' said the captain, 'I must exercise the authority which—forgive the expression—my uniform care and kindness invest me with—and I insist on your giving a fair consideration to this young man's proposal. It has ever been my dearest wish that you should be properly settled in life, and here is an alliance offered which surpasses even my loftiest anticipations. Winny,' continued he, in a tone almost of asperity, 'it is my duty, as your guardian, to recommend your acceptance of young Oakdale.' As he concluded, a deep blush crimsoned to scarlet Winny's cheek and brow, followed instantly by a deathlike pallor, as she said in a low, determined voice: 'Yes—you are my guardian, and I accept Mr Oakdale.' Upon this, without a word, Captain Singleton rose and left the room.

Next day, a note from Captain Singleton brought young Oakdale to the house; he seemed a good-natured man, but of little penetration, and was quite satisfied with Winny's calm and even formal acceptance of his proposal; but from this moment Winny's cheerfulness was gone; even the cordiality and joyousness which she had ever met her benefactor, disappeared entirely from her manner. Captain Singleton, it did not seem to seek her society as heretofore, but,

to all appearances busied himself anxiously in securing her the most ample provision out of his own fortune, and making the most costly purchases as befitting presents for so distinguished a bride as Winny was about to become.

Time wore on, and the marriage was appointed to take place on Winny's eighteenth birthday, when, one morning, on entering her apartment suddenly, I found her alone, pale, and weeping, in the midst of wedding finery which her maid had been unpacking, and displaying for her admiration.

'What has happened, my dear Miss Brockley?' I said: 'you seem unhappy.'

'O most unhappy!' she exclaimed, throwing herself weeping upon my bosom. 'Do you remember,' she asked, 'those words of Abel Grey when I was a little child: "If anything should happen to make me unhappy or unfriended, I should find a home with him?"'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but you are placed in circumstances the very reverse of that.'

'Apparently so, perhaps, but, in reality, I am miserable.'

I know not how far this avowal might have gone, had not the maid interrupted it, by informing her mistress that Captain Singleton wished for a few minutes' conversation with her. Desiring he might be admitted, she requested me to step into the inner room until the interview was over. It was more of a recess than a room—a large bay-window, separated from the adjoining apartment by a kind of archway, hung with thin muslin curtains; and here I found myself in the embarrassing yet unavoidable position of a listener to the following scene.

'Miss Brockley,' said Captain Singleton—an unusual formality with him—'I am sorry to be the bearer of a most unpleasant communication.' Winny's weeping was over; her pride now seemed to be wounded by her guardian's coldness of manner: she removed the magnificent wedding-veil which lay on the couch beside her, and throwing it carelessly aside, almost spurning it from her, merely motioned to him to be seated.

Captain Singleton was closely observant of the whole action, and, in a kinder tone, said: 'Winny, I think you must feel conscious that I prize your happiness above all other considerations. I have striven to accomplish it by every means in my power, and do not scruple to avow, that from the day I first saw you, when, a little child, your mother lifted you up into my arms by the wayside, I have felt a deeper interest for you than for any other human being.' Winny's pride vanished in a moment, and fervently, but silently, her benefactor's hand was clasped in her own.

'In mind, in accomplishments, in beauty, you were all I wished you to be; my hopes were achieved—you made the happiness of my home; and this happiness, which could never be replaced, I considered it my duty, for your sake, to sacrifice. The alliance with Mr Oakdale, in many respects, would be a distinguished one; and upon my representing this to you, you seemed to think so too; you calmly acquiesced in the proposal; not one regret ever escaped your lips for the desolation your absence would cause here; and your continued, and, I must say, unkind silence on the subject, at length forced upon me the painful conviction, that I had no hold upon your love—not even upon your gratitude!'

Winny wept violently, unable, had she wished, to utter a word.

'Ay,' resumed Captain Singleton, 'now you see and feel the injustice of your indifference towards me.'

'Oh,' sobbed Winny, 'not indifference—oh, if I dared only tell you!'

'Well, well, if I have wronged you, forgive me, Winny. This is a more severe preface to what I have

to announce than I intended; and instead of using reproaches, I ought, perhaps, to have been forbearing and kind. I flattered myself I was wholly unselfish in this matter, and that I could rejoice in your rejoicing at leaving me and my dull home for gayer scenes, and nearer and dearer ties.

'Oh, not dearer—never half so dear!' said Winny, as if her whole heart leaped up to her clear, dark eyes to shew its truthfulness. 'But I thought you were weary of me—that at last the poor orphan girl, who loved you better, ay, a thousand times better than a daughter could, had become a burden to you. It was wrong, very wrong; but pride determined me, at the cost, perhaps, of a broken heart, to obey you, and never to breathe a desire to remain where I thought my presence was no longer wished.'

'Then let me understand you rightly, Winny,' said Captain Singleton hurriedly. 'If this marriage, by any unforeseen circumstance, were broken off, would it not affect your happiness?'

'Oh,' asked Winny, in almost wild ecstasy, without answering his question, 'is it broken off? Perhaps this letter which you hold in your hand contains my reprieve! Oh, if it does, in mercy say so!'

'It does.'

'Thank Heaven! And you—for I am not too proud to beg now—you will not yet discard your poor orphan Winny?'

'Never will I part from you, Winny, till you beg me to do so,' said Captain Singleton.

'Then I am happy!' and the poor girl again took his hand, and pressed it affectionately to her lips.

'And now,' said Captain Singleton, 'in some embarrassment, shall I, or shall I not, make known to you the contents of this letter from young Oakdale? I fear your pride will be hurt by it, Winny.'

'Oh,' she replied artlessly, 'I had forgotten Mr Oakdale's letter: I can forgive him anything, I am so much obliged to him. I almost begin to like him!'

'It would seem,' said Captain Singleton, opening the letter, 'that some one who knew you in infancy now recognises you, or remembers your parents; for after the preamble, these are young Oakdale's words: "Notwithstanding my great admiration of Miss Brockley, if the assertion which was made in a public assembly last night be true—namely, that Miss Brockley is the daughter of theatrical parents, and has actually appeared upon the stage herself—I must, however reluctantly, at once decline the happiness I had promised myself by the alliance," &c.'

'Oh,' almost screamed Winny, 'assure him that I have been on the stage; assure him that I will return to the stage: anything that will confirm him in his dear, delightful rejection, and get me out of this dismal captivity! But,' continued she, in a graver tone, and with a natural revulsion of feeling, 'am I to blame for that?'

'No, certainly not,' replied Captain Singleton. 'It is a prejudice, very often justifiable; but in the present instance, it is the pride of a shallow fool, which rejects a bride, radiant in beauty and virtue—no matter what her origin—whom an emperor might be proud of!' and Captain Singleton, more excited than I had ever before beheld him, walked hurriedly about the room. I never felt so uncomfortable in my life—every moment expecting to be discovered where I had involuntarily become a listener. Winny, no doubt, had forgotten that there was such a person in existence as her poor, insignificant governess; and Captain Singleton, after a moment or two of profound silence, whether catching a glimpse of some one behind the curtain or not, I cannot tell, but suddenly he took up the wedding-bonnet, which was lying on a chair, desired Winny to tie it on, as if it were her ordinary attire, and snatching up a shawl, another article of the ill-used trousseau, wrapped her in it, placed her arm within his own, saying: 'Come,

Winny: you look pale; the air will revive you, and I have yet much to say,' led her from the room.

Thankful as I was to emerge from my hiding-place undetected, I could not help laughing at the unceremonious appropriation of the despised wedding-gear, in which Winny, though, I believe, quite unconscious how she was attired, looked charmingly. I had my own surmises as to the sequel of their conversation, which surmises were soon verified by the bright smiles on all the faces of the household.

'Thank goodness,' said Mrs Smith, Winny's own maid, 'the house is again what it used to be: master has got back all his good-humour, and my dear young lady has left off weeping: her present intended pleases her better than her last, I believe! And what does it matter his being twenty years older than herself? Why, he is only thirty-eight, and looking so young and handsome, that there isn't any lady in the land but would be glad to have him.'

Though the day was not yet specified, every one supposed the marriage would shortly take place; when a message arrived to Captain Singleton from his brother's widow, residing in London, who was on her death-bed, requesting his presence, and earnestly entreating him to bring Miss Brockley along with him. Captain Singleton seemed much agitated by these unexpected tidings, which opened up wounds that had long been healed, and also by the singular wish, which was of course to be complied with; and Winny herself described to me what took place. On their arrival, Captain Singleton conducted her to the bedside of the invalid, who seemed strangely excited on beholding her. 'I have wronged you both,' said the dying woman: 'you have already forgiven me, Captain Singleton, but how can I expect pardon from this poor orphan girl, whom I have for years known to be the child of my sister?'—'At these words,' said Winny, 'Captain Singleton started, and turned towards me with a look as if awaking from a dream: without perceiving this, my aunt continued: "Pride forbade my acknowledging relationship with one who, by the position she had chosen, seemed to have disgraced me. We were orphans, like Winny. The mistress of the school at which she had been placed, for her own interest, complied with my entreaty to be silent on the subject of my sister's imprudent marriage, and so the circumstance faded from the recollection of all save myself. But my injustice to my niece has been an incessant reproach to me. Your generosity, Captain Singleton, on the death of your brother, and which I so little merited at your hands, claimed some return. I knew the gratification this avowal would have been to you, and yet pride kept me silent; but I could not die in peace until I had done justice to Winny—tardy, indeed, but which will, I trust, yet obtain me her pardon, and give hope and tranquillity to the few hours allotted me." The poor lady died that night, and on their return home after the funeral, Captain Singleton said to me with uncontrollable delight: 'Now, Miss Howard, I've solved the mystery of Winny's first fascination.'

But who was to give Winny away? Captain Singleton proposed to send for Abel Grey, as a proper compliment to that worthy man. Cheerfully he obeyed the summons, and bestowed the hand of his 'little pet'—as he called her—upon one who loved her with perhaps the strangely blended feelings of a father and a husband.

Before that happy day, young Oakdale—that no one might labour under the mistake of his being left to weat the willow—consoled himself with an insipid, unintellectual beauty, somewhat passé by the by, but then she boasted of a pedigree as ancient as his own. Captain Singleton would not hear of my resigning my situation, now comparatively a sinecure; and what was perhaps still more generous, insisted on my accompanying himself and Mrs Singleton on a trip to Scotland,

where, loaded with presents for the family, we all once more, but under such different circumstances, assembled round the happy fireside of Abel Grey the clothier.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

In the past month has brought to light no great scientific discovery, it has been marked by a number of little facts, which, taken individually, might be looked on as 'unconsidered trifles,' but which, in the aggregate, do help to swell the total of advancement. We must set down as many as we have room for, even at the risk of producing a mere catalogue. The great coprolite deposit found some time since near Woodbridge, in Suffolk, has yielded some hundreds of tons of a substance alike available for the finer sorts of pottery and for manure. It contains also some extraordinary fossils, highly interesting to the geologist. The hot weather has brought thunder-storms, in some instances fatal, which reminds us that Professor Olmsted, of Yale, is of opinion, that when telegraph wires are much more distributed and stretched over the land than at present, there will be no very heavy thunder-storms, and no lightning-strokes. Signor Palmieri, of Naples, has invented a movable conductor—a disk of wood, bearing metallic points, rotating on an axis, which enables him to correct the errors of former observers of electrical phenomena. The idea of negative rains or clouds, he says, must be given up, because the differences observed are due only to time: for instance, the atmosphere will be negative when a shower is approaching, positive while the rain is actually falling, and negative again as it passes away. He hopes, by means of his new instrument, to arrive at some of the laws which govern the fall of rain in European latitudes. A curious fact has been noticed also with respect to gutta-serena, which may be interesting to electricians. This substance, as is well known, acquires a bluish tinge after having been kept some months; and when in this state, it can no longer be negatively electrified, as before, by almost any substance with which it may be rubbed. Its electricity is found to be positive; and the only substances which will electrify it negatively are mica, diamond, and fur.

A scheme is talked of for a ship-railway from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, and news has come that the laying down of the telegraph cable to Corsica—half-way from Europe to Africa—has been successfully accomplished, and in water more than 300 fathoms deep in some places. It was thought that very deep water would present an insurmountable difficulty; but here is the difficulty overcome, and converted into an incitement to new exertions. The electric-telegraph, too, is now complete from Bombay to Calcutta—the beginning of a great scheme of physical improvements, which will demonstrate more and more the folly of having so long left the resources of India undeveloped. As Dr Royle has said: 'It is a country of such vast extent, so diversified in soil and climate, that we may readily believe it capable of producing every kind of natural produce; and we are glad to observe, that the conviction is spreading in quarters where it may promote enterprise. Irrigation on a grand scale, next to roads, is what India requires; and with these combined, there seems no possibility of setting a limit to her productiveness. It has been shown, on the best of evidence, that irrigation in India yields a profit of from seventy to a hundred per cent., and thus pays better than gold-digging in Australia. Incredible as this may appear at first sight, it is easy of proof. The value of water to Indian cultivators is already well known: they purchase it willingly at one rupee, or two shillings for 500 cubic yards; and any person or company undertaking to form reservoirs, or dig canals, would be sure

of success, while, at the same time, contributing in the best possible way to the welfare of the country. Great good has already been effected by the building of dams and weirs across some of the rivers; and a project is now on foot for a canal of 180 miles long, from Sukkur to Hyderabad, which will fertilise at least a million acres. So much is involved in this question, that we cannot forbear directing attention to it.

The Report of the Assam Company shews good progress; a fact which the state of affairs in China renders the more interesting. The quantity of tea grown on their lands in 1853 was 866,687 pounds—nearly 100,000 pounds more than in any previous year. In 1847, the first crop raised was sold for L.9728; the last, for L.23,000; an increase which may be expected to continue, as the clearing of land for new tea-plantations is still going on. Portugal, too, is exhibiting signs of wakefulness: the Commercial Association at Oporto has reported, that, owing to the want of roads, and the badness of those that exist, travelling is more difficult in that country than in any other part of Europe; and they recommend the abolition of all vexatious restrictions, both within and without—in short, free-trade in its integrity. Science, it may be said, is not much interested in such matters as these; but that which adds to the wealth or advancement of a people, tends also to the promotion of science.

The Geographical Society has received advices from the travellers sent out under its auspices: Lieutenant Burton and Dr Wallin are pushing their way in Arabia; and Dr Vogel, when last heard from, was on the borders of Lake Tchad, which he describes as more resembling a vast marsh than a sheet of water. The interior of Africa, he says, is a 'terrible country' to travel in. Were it not for the importance of clearing up its geography, and discovering its resources, few would be found to explore it.

Among recent inventions, Dr Marcelet's apparatus for artificial respiration promises to be useful, as it has the advantage over other contrivances of the same kind of being self-acting. It has a double cylinder into which air is compressed; and each by an alternate filling and discharge, with the end of a slender tube inserted into one of the nostrils, causes the lungs to go through the process of expiration and inspiration. It has been tried on asphyxiated dogs with perfect success, and there remains now to test its capabilities on human beings.

The British Association is to hold its annual gathering at Liverpool, in that magnificent building, St George's Hall, where, if local habitation have any influence on its proceedings, the meeting should be more fruitful and successful than any yet on record. These periodical assemblages do good; but unless the intervals be occupied by enlightened research, the result will be that matters of fact will be accumulated irrespective of the philosophical value. Science made easy, though it looks attractive, is not that which best advances science.

Special Reports by Sir Charles Lyell have appeared on the Geological and Topographical and Hydrographical departments of the New York Exhibition, which are highly valuable and interesting for the summary they present of what the United States contain and are capable of in those important subjects. The facts adduced in matters geological, owing to the vast extent of country, are truly amazing, and the sources inexhaustible. One specimen of anthracite coal was shewn, a single block weighing sixty tons; and with respect to iron, lead and copper ores, and salt, there is sufficient to absorb all the mining enterprise of the world, and more. Among these was a lump of native copper 6800 poundweights, from Lake Superior, which had been cut as a sample from a mass weighing forty tons. After passing the whole subject in review, Sir Charles concludes by stating, that 'the natural distribution of these sources of wealth and power,

combined with the physical features of the entire country, leaves nothing to be desired with respect to the materials and incentives for its physical progress and development.' If, in a pecuniary sense, the American Exhibition was a failure, the loss has been largely compensated by the interesting Reports it has called into existence.

The eager inquiry for materials from which paper may be manufactured is still heard on all sides, and numerous are the suggestions made thereupon. One recommends turf; another, the frothy scum seen on ditches; and we may add to the number, by mentioning the conferva that grow so abundantly on the surface of standing-water, and become converted when dry into a species of natural paper.

The Royal Scottish Society of Arts offers prizes, varying from £10 to £30, for 'anything new in the art of clock or watch-making,' for inventions or new appliances in the useful arts generally, and for 'means by which the natural productions of the country may be made more available;' and the Scientific Society of Leipzig announces prizes for papers on Commerce, Astronomy, and Political Economy, to be written in French, German, or Latin; and the Royal Academy of Berlin offers 200 ducats to whomsoever shall furnish a satisfactory reply to certain inquiries touching the wellbeing of a state. It wishes to know, among others, whether Adam Smith's leading doctrine—work makes wealth—can be identified with the prosperity of a people. The Royal Institution, too, makes known that the Actonian prize of £105 will be ready in 1858, for the author of the best essay on the 'Wisdom and Benevolence of the Almighty, as manifested by the Influence of Solar Radiation.' So much knowledge has been gained of this subject within the past few years, that materials are abundant, and we ought to have an essay of more than ordinary interest.

Our French neighbours, or allies, as we must now call them, are not slackening the preparations for their Exhibition, although, as well as ourselves, they have a war on their hands. It is to be opened on the 1st of May in next year, and all goods for exhibition must be sent in before the 15th March. There is to be no charge for conveyance from the ports or frontiers of France to Paris, and none for rent. All British exhibitors are to communicate with Captain Owen, at Marlborough House, whereby they will gain facilities for passing their packages through the custom-house. It is such an opportunity for international intercourse, as will doubtless bear results not less acceptable than that of our own Exhibition of 1851. We add here, that forty prizes, of £8 each, are to be awarded to the students of the schools of art throughout the kingdom, who shall most distinguish themselves during the present year, so that they may have the means of visiting Paris next summer. The spirit of emulation will doubtless be lively with such a prospect.

Optical science has just been invested with new beauties by the truly philosophical apparatus contrived by M. Duboscq, whose skill and excellence of handicraft are well known. He came over with the Abbé Moigno, and shewed his experiments to a select party of savans at the Polytechnic Institute. Faraday, Tyndall, Wheatstone, Powell, &c., were of the number; and when such men express unqualified approbation of the phenomena displayed, we may be sure they are worthy of attention. Newton's rings, prismatic spectra, and undulations of colour, were produced with a distinctness and brilliancy almost magical; and the play of rainbow hues thrown on the screen and ceiling by simply breathing on a lens, was such as to provoke an exclamation of delight from the grave philosophers who witnessed it. Then there is the illuminated cascade—a fall of water which may be made to appear red, blue, green, &c., at pleasure, and which, surprisingly enough, retains the colour through its whole course, as though

dyed with it. This cascade has already been added to the sights of the Polytechnic; and we may be sure that next winter many audiences will be charmed with lectures on the whole subject. The illustrations cannot fail to be attractive.

From a return recently published, it appears that 331,000 persons visited Kew Gardens last year; and Sir William Hooker reports the museum to be in a flourishing state, with a good collection of fibrous plants, herbaria, and botanical works. Many new plants and rare trees have been added; more green-houses are wanted; and we are told that the Earl of Clarendon has, 'with no small trouble, introduced not only living plants of the Argan tree of Southern Morocco (celebrated for yielding fodder for cattle in the husks of the fruit, oil similar to olive-oil in the nuts, and a beautiful wood in its trunk), but he has imported the seeds also in the finest state for germination.' Some of these seeds have been sent to our colonies abroad, and to different countries, with a view to their propagation, and the cultivation and growth of so useful a tree. Kew thus maintains its character for utility as well as beauty, while, for the Londoner, it offers the most delightful recreation-ground within reach.

An architectural museum for artisans has been established in Parliament Street, the scheme of which takes in all departments of building science—Grecian and Gothic decorative and domestic. 'With access to such an institution, working-men may acquire a knowledge of the theory as well as the practice of their art—no unimportant consideration while miserable erections rise up all over the land, a very scandal to architecture, in the true sense of the term. If we may give the promoters a hint, we would say: Let dwelling-houses in future be *built*, and not 'run up.'

ILLUSTrious TRADESMEN.

The doctrines of Islamism teach that no man may be above his destiny; that every one may learn a vocation whereby he may earn his bread, if predestined to do so. A curious list is given in Maradja of the occupations of patriarchs, caliphs, and sultans, which commences with the first man. Adam tilled the ground; Noah was a carpenter; Abraham, a weaver; David made coats-of-mail; Solomon made baskets of the date-tree; the Caliph Omar manufactured skins; Othman sold cutables; Ali, the cousin of the Prophet, hired himself to a master for a salary. The Ottoman sovereigns did not think it beneath them to submit to this law, in imitation of so many eminent examples. Thus Mohammed II. sold flowers; Soliman the Great made slippers; Achmet I. made ebony cases and boxes; Achmet III. excelled in writing, and in emblazoning the canonical books; Selim II. printed muslins.—*Dean's Ottoman Empire.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR POTATOES.

For the last four years, considerable attention has been paid at the Museum of Natural History in Paris, to the cultivation of a plant coming from China, and known under the name of *Dioscorea Japonica*. This plant, says the writer of a paper sent to the Central Agricultural Society, may, by its size, weight, and hardy character, become exceedingly valuable in France, as it will serve as a substitute for the potato. Its tubercles, like those of the Jerusalem artichoke, resist in the open air the severest winter without sustaining any injury. Several specimens of these roots, of very large size, were presented in 1853 to the Society, one of which, of a cylindrical form, was three feet in length; another, presented in 1853, weighed three pounds; the former having been in the earth twenty months, and the latter sixteen. The flavour of this vegetable is more delicate than that of the potato.—*Calignani.*

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THE WIVES OF DAVID TENIERS.

DAVID TENIERS was scarcely eleven years old when the painter Rubens came, one day, into the workshop of his father. David was daubing a small sketch; at the sight of the great master, the brush fell from his hand. Rubens, perceiving that his presence disconcerted the youth, picked it up, and added some touches to his work. From that day, David Teniers determined to be a great man; yet during more than ten years, he worked as a mere painter of signs, waiting, like our old friend Dick Tinto, for better days, till the Archduke Leopold appointed him his painter in ordinary, and gentleman of the chamber.

A little adventure suddenly decided his fate. It happened about that time, that a certain gentleman of the court being about to marry, gave instructions to Teniers to paint him a representation of the god Hymen. The gentleman being a connoisseur, Teniers employed upon the work all the resources of his genius: he imitated the graces of Albano, and the colouring of Rubens, till his Hymen became more beautiful than Adonis. The painter did not forget the flambeau: never did the hymeneal torch shine with greater brilliancy. On the eve of the nuptials, Teniers invited the gentleman to his studio. 'Here,' said he, 'you behold the highest ideal of love and beauty which my imagination has presented to me.'

'You have hardly been so successful as I expected,' said the gentleman, shaking his head with an air of discontent. 'I have a better idea of Hymen than this. There is something wanting—a certain expression, a something which I feel, though I cannot explain it.'

'You are right in being dissatisfied with my work,' replied Teniers. 'It is scarcely dry yet. My colours, like those of our great masters, improve with time. Allow me to bring you this picture in a few weeks. Since your marriage takes place to-morrow, you will have other business to attend to besides looking at a portrait of Hymen. Take my word; and if you find I am mistaken, I renounce my claim to be paid for the work.'

The gentleman had nothing to reply: he left the artist's abode to visit his intended bride. She was a Flemish woman, of Spanish origin, as worthy of the pencil of Murillo as of that of Rubens; but as the lady had nothing to recommend her but her face, her mind not equalling her beauty, Teniers, like a sensible man, desired to give the gentleman time enough to recognise Hymen in his actual aspect. At the end of three months, he conveyed his picture to the residence of his friend.

'You are right,' exclaimed the latter at the first glance. 'Time has much improved your picture. Age

is necessary even to the most perfect work. You will allow, however, that the expression is a little too lively. It is Hymen, remember, not Cupid, whom you intended to portray. That laughing eye is scarcely natural. Hymen is a reasonable god after all.'

'Excellent!' exclaimed Teniers. 'The lover is now only the husband. It has turned out as I predicted. Know, then, that it is not my painting, but your ideal, that has changed.' For the honour of his wife, the gentleman was inclined to be angry; but how could he meet such a triumphant experiment? He offered at once to pay him the stipulated price.

'No,' said the painter; 'my genius has failed me in this affair. Grant me a few days more.'

Teniers set to work again, and accomplished a chef-d'œuvre. By the aid of perspective, he contrived to produce a portrait of Hymen which should appear charming when viewed sideways, at a certain distance; but which, on a closer inspection, should be found to have a slight frown. The Archduke Leopold having heard the history of this picture, desired that it should be placed at the end of his gallery. The curious, married and unmarried, came to inspect it. Dufresnoy, who relates this anecdote in his witty manner, concludes his recital thus: 'The duke caused the portrait to be placed above a kind of stairs, to mount which the visitor had to pass a step very polished and slippery. Below this was the pleasing point of view; but no sooner had you passed the step, than, farewell the charm!—it was no longer the same thing.'

Cornelius Schut, the painter-poet, first related this little story. 'What is more curious,' said he in his narrative, 'is that this portrait of Hymen brought about the marriage of David Teniers.' Cornelius Schut had a ward named Anne Breughel, daughter of Breughel of Velours, also a painter. As she was beautiful, and of pleasing manners, old Cornelius Schut took a pleasure in walking abroad with her. Sometimes they visited the studios of Rubens and Van Baelen, who were also her guardians; sometimes the court of the archduke; at other times, they spent the day in the country, or in making an excursion by water. One day, as they were walking in the archduke's gallery, and her guardian was pointing out to her the famous picture of Hymen, Teniers happened to come in. After some remarks upon the weather, poetry, and painting, Teniers said to the young maiden: 'Would mademoiselle like to pass the step?'

'Yes,' she replied, perhaps without reflecting.

'I take you at your word,' said Teniers, offering her his hand. Anne Breughel blushed, and refused to pass. Cornelius Schut treated the matter rather as a poet than a guardian.

'Why should you object?' said he, smiling. 'What would be the advantage,' she replied, somewhat emboldened, 'since once on the other side the picture changes in colour and effect?'

'For you and me, never!' exclaimed the young painter gallantly. 'Or, rather, I promise you to recross the fatal step immediately.' At that critical moment, some strangers happened to come in. Teniers saluted his friends respectfully, and withdrew, already in love with the young girl. The next day, after some hesitation, he entered the studio of Cornelius Schut, who was painting some camellias in a garland of flowers.

'Master Cornelius,' said Teniers, 'will you tell me what is the best thing to be done to please a young maiden?'

'Write her some verses,' said the poet. 'So you are in love, eh?'

'To desperation—to the point, in fact, that the archduke says I have lost my senses.'

'And with whom, Master David Teniers?'

'Do you not guess?' replied the cunning young artist. 'Ah, if I could write verses like yours!'

'I am not master of the hand of Anne Breughel,' said Schut, divining the object of his passion. 'She has two other guardians—Rubens and Van Baelen. Besides, I take her for a woman of spirit, who will have a husband of her own choosing, and no other.' Teniers, meeting Rubens soon after, asked him in like manner, 'What was the best thing to be done to please a young maiden?'

'Make her a flattering portrait,' replied the great painter.

'O that I had your genius!' exclaimed Teniers; 'I would make my portrait even more beautiful than Anne Breughel.'

'If it is Anne Breughel you are thinking of,' replied Rubens, 'go to our grave friend Van Baelen: he will tell you, like an old philosopher who has subdued the passions of man's nature, what is best to be done in such a case.' Teniers went directly to the house of the old painter; he found him painting, upon copper, a copy of his great work, 'St John Preaching in the Desert.' Teniers had seen the original often in the palace of the archduke. He came at once to the object of his visit. 'What is the best thing to be done to please a young maiden?'

'Love her sincerely,' replied Van Baelen.

'You are perhaps right; and yet I adore Anne Breughel, who, I imagine, is not in the least affected by my passion.'

The three guardians interrogated their ward in turn. She had not forgotten David Teniers. It turned out that Van Baelen had spoken more wisely than his colleagues. The three took counsel together: they weighed in the balance the talent of Teniers and the fortune of Anne Breughel—the mind of the one, and the beauty of the other. After some debate, they decided for the marriage. The young pair were brought together at a supper at the house of Rubens, who, as well as his guests, amused himself with observing their mutual embarrassment. At the dessert, they told Teniers that they had invited him as a witness to the marriage-contract of Anne Breughel, in his character of a disciple of her grandfather, old Peter Breughel. Soon afterwards, the notary presented himself very gravely: a space was cleared for him at the end of the table. He unrolled the parchment, mended his pen, and prepared to read the marriage-contract of the future partners. Young David no longer doubted his happiness.

This marriage-contract, still preserved in the archives of the city of Antwerp, is prepared rather in favour of the wife than the husband. It stipulates, that in case of the decease of Anne Breughel, their children shall receive, not only the property which she

brought him as her marriage-portion, but also all interest in the joint property settled by the contract. We shall see presently that the clause was strictly fulfilled. The three guardians, artists as they were, had made all their arrangements like sober lawyers. The marriage took place a few days afterwards. On the morning of the wedding, the archduke presented Teniers with a miniature portrait of himself, and a gold chain. Anne Breughel was of a sweet disposition and pleasing manners. She brought her husband four children, and loved him to the last as on the first day of her marriage; while he, in his turn, loved her with all the tenderness of his passionate nature. In short, they never saw Hymen except on the favourable side of the step.

In the first years of his wedded life, Teniers continued to reside in the palace of Leopold, working almost exclusively for the king of Spain, who was so delighted with his works that he had a gallery built expressly for them. At first, the artist did scarcely anything more than copy the great masters of the Flemish and Italian schools. After a little while, growing weary of following others, stroke by stroke, he contented himself with merely imitating them. His imitations enjoyed a singular reputation, some persons even going so far as to prefer them to the models. He was particularly successful in his imitations of Rubens, which many mistook for the works of that master. But Teniers at length determined to be in his turn an original painter.

In his leisure hours, remembering the counsels of his aged father, he sketched by a few strokes of his pencil a scene taken near by, of pure and simple nature. Suddenly, he abandoned his grand subjects. Eminently Flemish, he limited his field to a Flemish horizon. He was wearied of gazing upon saints in ecstasy, and penitent Magdalens: he had never met with such things in his simple way of life. Was it not time that the human form should be painted under some other phase, and in a character more true to nature? If painting should be a mirror of nature, why not set that mirror beside the public way, as well as in the unfrequented by-roads? A picture of happiness, fresh and *naïf*, a reflex of actual life, can never be unworthy of art: prose may be made pleasing as well as verse. Thus reasoned the young artist.

Adrien Brauwer and Van Craesbeck had already taken sketches among the mariners and other frequenters of the cabarets of Antwerp, of all the original physiognomies to be found there. There was not an interior of a public-house, not a droll or characteristic face, which they had not copied a dozen times. Teniers saw that he must seek for a new world; but he had not to look far for that. In the little village of Perck, between Malines and Antwerp, there happened to be a château to be sold, called the Château of the Three Towers; an ancient Gothic edifice, worthy of lodging a prince. Teniers, who was, indeed, a prince among Flemish painters, purchased it, resolved to pass the remainder of his life there in the study of nature, and in the enjoyment of his good-fortune. The place was well chosen—a church with pointed spire, meadow, lake, picturesque enclosure, boors, toppers, cabarets—everything he wanted was to be found in Perck and its environs. He lived here in good style, keeping lackeys and equipages; and his château became a celebrated rendezvous for the chase. The Archduke Leopold, the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Marlborough, and many other illustrious persons visited him there. Twice his extravagant way of life brought him to the verge of ruin; the first time, he set to work to repair his fortunes by painting day and night. He did not dispense with a single horse or servant, nor did he even receive fewer of those illustrious visitors from all countries, who, in the Château des Trois Tours, fancied themselves in a

royal palace. His industry restored his finances. It is said that at this time he even produced as many as 850 paintings in a single year; but this extraordinary secondarily disheartened his purchasers, and his works fell in value. There is a tradition—but an improbable one—that he then adopted the singular expedient of spreading abroad a report of his own death, and that his wife even went into mourning, to induce a belief in the story, and thus enhance the value of his works.

Teniers was in the midst of his career when his wife died. His affliction was beyond measure: his château, so cheerful before, became sombre and comfortless; Nature, his ordinary teacher, spoke to him now of nothing but Anne Breughel. His marriage-contract compelling him to give up everything on the death of his wife, the painter found himself, by this calamity, suddenly reduced to poverty. His children would not have allowed the clauses of the contract to be executed in their favour; but Teniers, in spite of the entreaties of his friends, resolved to strip himself of everything in the very year of her death; saying that 'he would never consent to live upon the property of orphans.' The château changed owners, and he retired to Brussels. Here he lived a solitary life, turning his thoughts unceasingly to the remembrance of his dear Anne, and devoting himself to the practices of religion, and to watching over the progress of his children at college.

Though living now in the most humble style, he had been compelled to retain one of his horses—all his pictures being the result of short journeys into the country. On these excursions, he had several times revisited Perck, wandering in the neighbourhood of the château, and lingering over its associations of love and fame. One evening he noticed, through the railing of the grounds of the château, a young lady walking in the garden, whose face bore several points of resemblance to that of Anne Breughel. In his surprise, he let fall the reins upon the neck of his horse, which began to bite at the hanging branches of a willow. His eyes followed involuntarily the apparition, which seemed to him to be a dream of the past. In a moment, the young lady disappeared by a retired pathway leading to the château. Teniers continued musing, looking now towards the lake, and now towards the spot where she had vanished. 'My poor Anne, you are dead to me,' he exclaimed pensively. 'No, you are not dead. I see you everywhere—under these trees, at yonder window, beside that lake where we have walked so often.'

While musing thus, the poor painter did not perceive that his horse, which had also his reminiscences, had begun to take the road to the stables. Upon the bridge, he drew up the reins again, and said, sighing: 'No, no, my trusty friend; we have no longer any right to be here.' That day, Teniers returned to his solitary home more sad than usual.

'Why did I sell the château?' said he with bitterness. 'There I should have been, in some sort, nearer to my dear Anne. In those old favourite haunts I might still, in imagination, have seen and heard her.'

The next day, he could not refrain from returning to Perck. The château was then in the possession of a wealthy retired counsellor, named De Fresne. The latter, meeting Teniers in the neighbourhood, and recognising him, begged him to accompany him to his old home, and consider himself still its master. The counsellor presented him to his daughter, Isabelle de Fresne. She was young and fair, and had the same tender and simple look as Anne Breughel. Teniers was delighted with her. She painted a little; Teniers offered to give her a lesson. A shower of rain began to fall, and the advocate gladly took advantage of the circumstance to detain his guest. The poor painter almost believed himself living again in his ancient splendour. The sweet face of Anne Breughel was missing; but Isabelle de Fresne was not wanting in charms.

'What a pity,' said his host, over the dessert, 'that you should have taken it into your head to leave the château! It was to increase the patrimony of your children, I am aware; but that appears to me to be carrying paternal affection too far. Such a genius as yours should have a palace for an abode.'

'Nature is my palace,' replied the artist, casting at the same time a wistful look at the gilded panels of the Château des Trois Tours.

'My greatest pleasure, Monsieur Teniers,' said the counsellor, 'would be to see you here all the fine season.'

'Ah,' said Teniers, 'I should be too happy to live in such good and fair society, but my fête-days are past. Once I was not only a painter, but a fine gentleman; now I am only a painter. All my pleasures now are associated with my pallet. I shall continue to depict scenes of happiness, but it will be the happiness of others.' So saying, Teniers regarded Isabelle tenderly. The young lady blushed, and turned the conversation into another channel.

The next morning, Teniers rose at daybreak to return to Brussels. While his horse was feeding, he took a stroll through one of his favourite haunts upon the borders of the lake. It was a clear, fresh morning; a light wind was slowly moving the mists along the fields of Vilvorde; the country, refreshed with the rain of the night before, filled the air with sweet odours; and the sun, just risen, touched the glittering tree-tops and the towers of the château. Arnold Houbraken relates this story. Teniers was leaning against the trunk of a tree, surveying the lake and the château, lost in thought, when suddenly raising his eyes towards the window where he had often seen Anne Breughel looking out on fine evenings, her image appeared there as if by enchantment. 'It is she, with her light hair falling in curls,' he exclaimed. 'It is the same sweet face, so full of beauty and innocence.' But in another moment he recognised Isabelle de Fresne. 'Alas!' he exclaimed, 'it is not she; and yet'—

He returned to the château, mounted his horse, and rode away slowly. All that week, he did nothing well. He attempted to paint from memory a portrait of Isabelle de Fresne, and failed; and yet, when it was but half-finished, the face had seemed to remind him at the same time both of Anne Breughel and Isabelle de Fresne. Those two delightful images were for ever present to his mind; he sought to divert his thoughts from them, afraid of falling in love again. He made a journey into France, and even set out for Italy; but he had scarcely arrived at Lyon, when his new passion compelled him to retrace his steps. On his return, he found a letter from the counsellor, complaining of his neglect.

'Come, my dear Teniers,' he wrote; 'the very peasants are anxious to see their old master again; and my daughter Isabelle finds that, even from such a skilful master as you, a single lesson in painting is not enough.'

Teniers started immediately for Perck. The counsellor pressed him to pass the remainder of the season at the château. The painter accepted his invitation, and boldly installed himself there, hardly sure that it was not more dangerous to fly from the presence of Isabelle, than to see her continually.

It happened—accidentally, no doubt—that the young lady had for an attendant one of the femmes-de-chambre of Anne Breughel. This was another illusion for the painter, who, when he met her, found himself often about to ask her whether his wife was abroad in the garden, or in the walks in the neighbourhood. The woman—by force of habit, no doubt—dressed her new mistress exactly like her previous one: there was the same arrangement of the hair, the same cap, the same lace, the identical colours. Teniers, meeting this living reminiscence sometimes upon the stairs, or in the dusky

pages of the old château, would imagine himself in a dream. More than once, on kissing the hand of Isabelle de Fresne, the old time seemed to him to have come back again. Every day he discovered some new point of resemblance. Last night, it was her hand; to-day, it is her foot; to-morrow, she will sing, and her voice will be the very counterpart of Anne Breughel's. Never was illusion more perfect at all points.

'What ails you, my friend?' asked his host one day, surprised at his absent and anxious look. 'Does not our way of life please you?'

'Yes,' said Teniers; 'it is nothing—a passing recollection—a momentary regret. It is gone now.'

One evening, after sunset, he was sitting again upon the ground beside the little lake, idly brushing the tall water-grasses with his feet. Isabelle and her servant passed him in the pleasure-boat. The light veil of evening falling upon land and water confirmed the painter's misty, reverie; he was no longer master of himself, as in the broad daylight. The head of the skiff grazed lightly on the bank, and he rushed forward.

'Anne! Anne!' he exclaimed, when they found themselves alone. 'Pardon me—Isabelle, I meant,' continued he, falling at her feet, in the chivalrous fashion of the times.

'Well,' said she, carried away by his manner, 'Anne Breughel, if you will.' It may be easily imagined that the young Isabelle, perhaps a little romantic, had secretly loved Teniers; that, touched by his sorrow for Anne Breughel, she had undertaken the task of revivifying him, coming by degrees, by means of these illusions, to take the place of his adored wife.

Three weeks afterwards, Teniers married the daughter of the counsellor. He returned to the château, and took again to his old way of life. Isabelle de Fresne, charmed by the simplicity of his genius, and his noble manners, remained devoted to him till the time of her death. She knew that her greatest charm for him was, that she reminded him of his first wife. Far from complaining, or feeling vexed on that account, she took pains to acquire the habits of Anne Breughel, with the generous intention of pleasing her husband. Teniers, in his turn, delighted with having found so sweet a companion, loved her for her own, and for Anne Breughel's sake.

The painter survived his second wife, and died at the age of upwards of eighty. After her death, he returned to Brussels again, and lived in strict retirement, devoted to his art. One of his sons, a Franciscan monk at Malines, held him in his arms as he breathed his last; through the zeal of this son, he had become more than ever attached to the Catholic Church. For the convent at Malines, he painted his 'Nineteen Martyrs of Gorcum.' The son has left a biography of his father, interspersed with orisons and litanies; the only interesting portion is the end, in which he describes the death of the great painter.

Already in a state of unconsciousness, David Teniers only spoke at long intervals. In the middle of the night, after a painful sigh, he took the hand of his son with agitation: 'See you, yonder?—yonder!' he exclaimed. He saw, no doubt, passing in his mind all the curious creations of his pencil. The Franciscan looked in the direction which he indicated.

'I see nothing, father.'

'Do you see,' continued the painter, without heeding his reply, 'the alchemist in that laboratory, meditating? He turns towards me to bid me farewell. Farewell, then! What did I say? It is a drinker—there are two—three—four—the odour of their ale rises to my head. O the deep politicians! these are the men who transport our Flanders into Spain. The drunkards! it is merely that they may drink from glasses overflowing with Malaga. My son, stop that boor from smoking, who has nothing to say apropos.

I hear his pipe snap. No; it is the violin of poor old Nicholas Soest. There is a fair, then, in Perck to-day. Open the window, and let me hear their cries better. Excellent! how they dance under the balcony! Take care, Margaret! Look at that sly chefist. The old dotard! It is a good thing, indeed, to have gray hairs. I like your violin, Master Soest; but what are you playing there? O my son—my son! look there! this is fearful indeed!'

The dying painter shuddered from head to foot, and passed his hands over his eyes. 'Do you see that doleful dance?—all their mirth is gone now. Old Nicholas Soest is nothing but a skeleton. Look how he whirls, and whirls, and whirls in the dusk—all hastening to the church-yard. They are gone! Farewell, farewell, my friends. Call my servant—it is time to go!'

These were, as nearly as possible, the last words of the laborious painter of nature. In obedience to his wish, the son had his remains deposited in the choir of the church of Perck, under that tower which, in his pictures, stands forth against so many horizons.

SOMETHING DONE IN THE MEANTIME.

WHILE the subject of a great national scheme of education continues to be surrounded with difficulties, there is interest and importance attached to everything which brings out the availability of present existing institutions, and affords hints for making the best we can of what we have. There lies before us just now, in the shape of a *Report on the Dick Bequest*,* some interesting information of this nature; the more so, perhaps, because the field of its operations appears a singularly unpromising one, comprising, as it does, the parish-schools of the rural districts of three counties in the north-east of Scotland—schools in which the elder pupils are absent through the summer at field-labour, and the teacher, in many instances, is away during the winter attending college-classes, with a view to the clerical profession. By a system of vigilant superintendence, notwithstanding, backed by remuneration according to merit, it would seem that much has been done to obviate the hindrances to a regular system of tuition, and to raise the standard of parochial education. But we forget ourselves. Familiar as we are with parish-schools in Scotland, we must not leave behind us in the dark that portion of our readers—perhaps a large one—who know little of a Scotch parish-school, except that the term is often met with in the public journals. Be it known to such, that the heritors—that is, the proprietors of land in every parish—on whom it devolves to maintain the church, the manse, and the minister, are equally bound by law to provide the school, with the teacher's salary, dwelling-house, and garden. The election of the teacher rests with the heritors and minister, subject to the approval of the Presbytery, whose business it is to inquire into his qualifications; after which, his office is *ad vitam aut culpam*—he cannot be removed except upon grave charges alleged by the minister and heritors, and sustained before the Presbytery. The magistrates of burghs are in like manner obliged to maintain burgh-schools; but with these we have, in the present instance, nothing to do, as the 'Dick Bequest' is confined to the rural parishes. The provision determined by law consists of a house of at least two apartments, an enclosed garden of at least a quarter of a Scotch acre, and a salary which is determined every twenty-five years, according to the price of oatmeal, and which, on account of the low flars'

* *Report of Twenty-one Years' Experience of the Dick Bequest for Elevating the Character and Position of the Parochial Schools and Schoolmasters in the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray; Embracing an Exposition of the Design and Operation of the Parish School. Presented to the Trustees by Allan Menzies, William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1854.*

prices fixed in 1828, may be roughly stated as now ranging from £1.19 to £1.26 per annum; besides the fees of the pupils, which, in the district now referred to, yield on an average about £1.25 to each teacher. As there is often no other school whatever in the parish, and rarely any of a higher class, the parochial schoolmaster is generally expected to teach Latin, and even Greek, with mathematics and book-keeping, to the sons of the better classes of agriculturists, as well as to instruct the poorest barefooted urchin of the labourer in those elementary branches which he can afford to learn. Of course, one sees at once that few men of education sufficient to accomplish such a task, would devote themselves for life to a calling so poorly remunerated; but it serves as a temporary means of subsistence to many a young aspirant after college honours and ministerial usefulness. It would be beside our purpose to inquire, whether a race of plainly educated men, of maturer years and riper experience, and having no ulterior views, might or might not answer the general purpose better. It has long been the boast of Scotland—a boast she would not easily forego—that here and there, from time to time, the parish-school has elicited, and, to a certain extent, tutored a genius destined, in after-life, to become the learned professor or the celebrated author; and the gentlemen whose report is now before us, have believed it better to have in these schools a succession of masters, each degulging seven or eight years of the prime of his energy and enthusiasm, rather than one who, by going over the same tasks for twenty, thirty, or forty years, necessarily loses the zest which attends a first or second course of instruction.

And now to the legacy in question. It was bequeathed by James Dick, Esq., a native of Morayshire, who, at the age of nineteen, went to the West Indies, and accumulated a considerable fortune, which he afterwards improved by judicious speculations in England, where his remaining years were spent. After settling a matter of £36,000 upon the children of his only daughter, bequeathing legacies to his servants, &c., the remainder of Mr Dick's princely fortune was, according to his will, to be applied to the maintenance and assistance of 'the country parochial schoolmasters' in his native county of Elgin or Moray, and in the neighbouring counties of Banff and Aberdeen. The free annual revenue at the disposal of the trustees for this purpose, after deducting all expenses of management, has run from £3000 to £5000 a year in round numbers. The clause of the will by which they have chiefly been guided, is that which authorises them to 'dispose of the said income in such manner as shall seem most likely to encourage active schoolmasters, and gradually to elevate the literary character of the parochial schoolmasters and schools aforesaid; and for these purposes, to increase, diminish, or altogether discontinue the salary or allowance to be from time to time made to all or any of such schoolmasters, without being accountable for so doing.' Upon this clause they have founded a system of vigilant superintendence, which appears to have been generally submitted to, if not for the sake of professional improvement, at least for the sake of the bounty which the trustees have to bestow.

To give the reader an idea of this system: The trustees decline interfering in any way with the election of the schoolmaster, which remains, as heretofore, in the hands of the heritors and clergymen; but as soon as he is appointed, they invite him to submit to an examination, in order to test his personal attainments in literature and science. In some few instances, this has been utterly declined; and in such case, a teacher establishes no connection at all for himself with the fund in question. In many instances, the teacher has failed to satisfy the examiners at his first appearance, but has succeeded on a

subsequent occasion. Meanwhile, he is set down for a modified allowance, if he gives satisfaction in English, arithmetic, Latin, and any other two of the required branches; no payment, however, being made till the completion of the examination which, for a teacher of the highest rank, includes English, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, Latin, Greek, mathematics, and physics.

The next ordeal to which a candidate is subjected, is that of teaching a class in presence of the examiners, in order to test his capability of communicating his knowledge to others. If this also proves satisfactory, there is yet another, which is constantly and diligently upheld—namely, the visitation of the school over which he presides. In connection with this inspection, there is maintained a system of correspondence in which the impressions received by the visitor are freely stated to the teacher, and advice, or, if need be, warning and threatening, are added as the case appears to require.

These letters have been varied in their tone—at one time, pointing out to the teacher particular departments in which the system might be amended; at another, advising the extension of certain branches, most frequently English grammar, arithmetic, and geography, to a larger number of pupils; at a third, noticing deficiencies in reading and spelling, which appeared to indicate a want of attention to the most ordinary parts of instruction. The use of such appeals is obvious in pointedly directing the teacher's attention to defects which, in the quiet routine of daily work, may, while he is unconscious of it, creep in. Suggestions, also, are made to enlarge and advance the general instruction: the teacher has been urged to observe the duty of privately preparing the lessons—the Bible-lessons especially, and those in the classics. Faults of manner have been suggested for correction, and cleanliness and order enforced. With regard to religious instruction, deficiencies have been pointed out, and occasion has been taken to suggest an increase of tenderness and reverence in imparting it, and the cultivation of an extended intelligence and elevation of feeling in the pupils. Teachers have been exhorted to visit schools of established reputation, warned to avoid the causes of a visible decay of energy, and animated to cherish high views of their duty and responsibility, so as to give a progressive elevation to the character of their schools. The advice is mingled with praise of whatever has been observed worthy of commendation; and the suggestions are justified when necessary by reference to what is accomplished in other schools, of which the circumstances are in all essential particulars the same, as well as to those higher views by which the enlightened teacher is unceasingly led onwards and upwards.

The reporter is bound to acknowledge the candour and attention with which these communications have almost universally been received.

A specimen of these letters will be interesting:—

DEAR SIR—I am instructed by the trustees to express to you in writing, their regret that the impression derived from the recent visit to your school was unsatisfactory. The information and intelligence appear to be too much limited to a few pupils at the head of each class, and there is not sufficient evidence of exertion to stimulate the powers of the other pupils, whose torpid and uninformed condition does not appear to be consistent with the application of an active and judicious system of tuition. The state of the New Testament class cannot be considered creditable; and the trustees submit to you the propriety of an example afforded by other schools, not to permit pupils to use the Holy Scriptures until the proficiency is such that the lesson may serve a higher purpose than that of a technical exercise in reading.

English grammar ought certainly to be taught to

a greater number, and advanced to a higher point. This exercise is peculiarly fitted to rouse the intellectual faculties; but the pupils cannot derive that advantage without systematic labour and patient perseverance.

'The trustees, from their knowledge of your attainments, are satisfied of your capability to raise the school to a much higher standard than it presents just now; and they earnestly submit to you the necessity and duty of such an earnest devotion of your mind and energies to its improvement as will, for the future, prevent any such expression of dissatisfaction as the present. They would urgently impress upon you the desirableness, in particular, of studying perfectly to simplify the substance of your examination, and not to be satisfied with questions and answers which appear verbally sufficient, unless you are satisfied that the pupil has a clear and intelligent perception of the matter. It is only by the successful adoption of a method thus simple and efficient, and by faithful and assiduous labour directed to the mental advancement of all your pupils, that you can hope to avoid the diminution in your allowance from this Bequest, which must ensue if the next Report be not of a different tenor. I remain, &c.'

It is gratifying to add, that at the next visitation this school was found in a much improved condition, and reported accordingly.

The apportionment of the annual income among the parochial teachers, depends on the personal scholarship of each, his apparent skill in teaching, the number of his pupils, the regularity of their attendance, the cultivation of the higher branches, the amount of the fees realised, the salary afforded by the heritors, and the gratuitous instruction of the poor. This unequal distribution of the bounty is the distinguishing characteristic of the management; each teacher's allowance, from the minimum of L.20, 11s. 3d. a year, to the maximum of L.76, 16s. 6d., being made to depend upon everything which contributes to the prosperity of the school, as well as upon his own proficiency in literature and in professional skill. This happily conceived principle gives life to the operation of the Bequest, and prevents it from descending with an influence which would enervate while it enriched. It supplies an all-powerful motive to exertion, by securing to skill and faithful labour the pleasing acknowledgment of a reward, not only substantial in itself, but marking the recipients publicly as men of merit.

The trustees have viewed with great indulgence the case of teachers who had taken office before the introduction of this Bequest, and who, having been trained in what we call the old school, could have little idea of what is now deemed indispensable to the successful discharge of the instructor's duty. Some of these enjoy an amount of bounty which would not fall to their lot if they were judged by the rules applied to their younger brethren. Yet it would seem that, with few exceptions, these gentlemen of the old school have made energetic and successful efforts to catch the spirit of improvement, and keep pace with its progress: they have, at least, introduced a better class of books; they have undertaken the journey to Edinburgh to visit the best schools; and have introduced, as they could, the improved methods they have witnessed; the trustees, be it observed, holding themselves always ready to assist such a pilgrim to bear the expense of such a visit.

Were a system like this maintained in operation in what might be deemed a fair field, it is difficult to estimate the degree of improvement that might be expected. But with all the disadvantages, it is wonderful what has been accomplished. The teachers, finding they forfeited their allowances for being absent at college, have very generally been content to forego every second year, and thus to double the already long

course of preparation for the ministry. The pupils have generally made an effort to attend with more constancy; and the table of returns shews a considerable increase of the average number attending at least six months without intermission. The heritors have been induced to improve the endowments as well as the school-premises and dwelling-houses; for, it should be observed, that the liberality of the trustees is, other things being equal, in direct, not inverse, proportion to that of the heritors.

The reporter's notes record several particular cases of considerable interest. In one school, he found a boy demonstrating a proposition in Euclid, and learned that he was the son of a blacksmith, and displaying so ardent a thirst for learning, that the father vainly hopes to induce him to follow his own occupation, while the master is zealously striving to qualify him for a bursary, which will secure him a university education. In another school, the reporter heard a boy, holding the public function of a post-runner, read a lesson in Latin. At another, a lad who acted as servant to the minister of the parish, stood a Latin examination creditably; and ere the next round of the visitor, had been appointed teacher of a school in England, with a salary of L.50 a year.

A peculiar interest seems to attach to the schools in fishing-villages, where systematic education and school-discipline are comparatively new, and the visitor fails not to observe the frolic look, the wild scream, and other characteristics of untamed energy; yet of such a school he reports: "We found upon the floor a class of eight engaged on a lesson in Cowper's *Task*, which is read every Thursday. The reading, although without taste or refinement, is perfect as regards accuracy and confidence. Mr --- instituted a very searching examination upon the general scope and also the minute details of the passage; and the pupils exhibited not only an excellent knowledge of the lesson, but a remarkable degree also of general intelligence and information. For this the passage afforded wide scope, the subject being the tendency of cities to generate not only eminence in science and art, but depravity also and vice—London being taken as an illustration, and its most eminent artists referred to. Of these they were able to give some account, and they shewed a more extended information than ordinary upon the various subjects naturally suggested by the lines. There have not been seen upon this tour any pupils better informed than these, and they shew a fire and promptitude which make it pleasant to examine them.

"In English grammar, hard questions suggested by the lines read were answered, and an exercise in spelling difficult words was also successfully performed."

"Of another sea-coast school recently erected, it is remarked, that "at Mr ---'s appointment, when this school was planted, the population was in a condition little removed from barbarism; and it speaks volumes for his faithfulness and worth, that he has succeeded in organising a seminary of which apparently the discipline is perfect, and the moral fruits already distinct and valuable." Here, too, it is noted that the teacher's influence is not confined to the children, but extends most beneficially to their parents.

"It is pleasing to observe the chastening influence of sacred music upon these children, and to mark the effect of discipline upon their free and restless habits, as they retire in regular order singing their Dismissal Hymn."

As to the vexed question of religious instruction and clerical influence, the trustees of the Dick Bequest have wisely, we might almost say necessarily, left it undisturbed, in the position which Scottish law assigns to it, paying all deference to the parochial ministers, and encouraging an enlightened system of Scripture instruction. They have thus, almost universally, it would appear, secured the friendly regards of this body, while

it is perfectly obvious that their own influence has become all-powerful throughout the district of their operations.

The Report is, of course, drawn up in the name of the trustees, and they, in their corporate capacity, are made to appear the doers of whatever has been done; but it cannot escape observation, that the gentleman who acts as their secretary—the author of the Report—now before us—must have been the man whose enlightened energy, in connection with this fund, has organised and maintained this system of supervision and reward; and this is the more apparent from the observations and suggestions which occupy the second part of the volume, and which have been added chiefly with the view of placing before schoolmasters correct views of the great and responsible duties of their office, and offering suggestions respecting the best modes of fulfilling it, based on the authority and example of some of the most eminent teachers of the present age. A single passage from this part will, we hope, so prove the author to be master of his subject, as to induce those more immediately interested in the education of youth to peruse the whole, if they have opportunity.

'Your children, during the period of opening reason, and with the sensibility of tender years, are placed here in immediate and constant contact with one in a position of authority, who is to teach them by his voice and command, but who must inevitably teach them also by what exerts a stronger power—namely, the insensible influence of his life and conduct. With the instinctive accuracy of childhood, they mark the "expression of the eye, the face, the look, the gait, the motion, the tone or cadence, which is sometimes called the natural language of the sentiments; and while speech or voluntary language is a door of the soul, which we may open or shut at will, the other is a door that stands open evermore, and reveals to others constantly, and often very clearly, the tempers, tastes, and wishes of our hearts." Looking to the susceptibility of childhood, then, the pupil has no deeper interest than that the teacher who is to be his example shall be such in character, that, speaking or acting, in every movement and expression, whether designed or unconscious, he shall *out of the good treasure of his heart bring forth nothing but that which is good.*'

TABLE-TURNING IN CHINA.

Not the revolution. That is a thing we have given up. When they do make an end of it, one way or other, we shall be very glad to take the winner by the hand; but we would rather not look on at the game any longer. If the Chinese are destined to turn the tables on the Tatars, so much the better; but what we have to do with at present, is the turning of the Celestial tables *simpliciter*, without reference to political parties, or to anything else. Modern writers, by way of accounting for their dulness, explain frankly that the ancients stole all their best ideas from them; and although modern philosophers are slow to admit the same fact as regards themselves, they cannot hold out against proof. One by one, our new discoveries and original inventions have been shown to be thousands of years old. Telescopes must have been directed to the stars of the antique world, or its astronomy could not have existed; * Alexander's copy of the Iliad enclosed in a nut-shell could not have been written without the aid of the microscope; the gem through which Nero looked at the distant gladiators, was nothing else than an opera-glass; steam—railways—mesmerism—hydropathy—all were familiar to the long

by-gone generations of the earth; guano was an object of ancient Peruvian trade; and Hobbs borrowed his lock from the torques of Egypt. And we have much to do still in the way of rediscovery. The malleability of glass, for instance—the indelibility of colours—and fifty other things of importance, dropped by the ancients into the stream of time—we have to fish up anew.

The last 'original' things with us are Table-turning and Spiritual Manifestations. Original!—these have been known in China at least from the days of Layou-tse, and he was an aged man when Confucius was a youth—between five and six centuries before the Christian era. In the last file of the *North China Herald*, there is an account by Dr Macgowan of the existing formula; and from this it appears that the treatment of the tables is somewhat different in the Flowery Land from what is practised with us. The directions usually given, he says, are 'to place a couple of chopsticks at right angles across a mortar, or bowl filled with water; and upon these, the table turned upside down.' Four children are then called in, and to each a log is assigned, on which one hand is gently laid, while the other seizes the free hand of a companion, thus forming a circle. Nothing now remains to be done but the reading of an incantation by the "medium," which may be thus rendered:

Heaven! Entreat heaven for power;
Earth! Entreat earth for power;
Left green dragon! turn to the left;
Right green dragon! turn to the right.

If you fail, I'll call Yellow Ling, Duke of Space, to bring his horsewhip to flog you till you scamper right and left.

Soon the table begins to heave with emotion, and then becomes revolutionary, carrying the lads along with increasing velocity, until whirled off the axis.

The doctor, however, being a scientific man, was not to be abused by the mere poetical parts of the ceremony; and he determined to try the experiment without having recourse to either right green dragon or left green dragon. He called in some little boys from the street, and directing them to rest their hands gently on the legs of a table reversed and adjusted according to rule—only the vessel being without water—he awaited the result. The boys, it should be said, did not form the magic circle by joining hands. In a few minutes the table shewed symptoms of sensitiveness; it became uneasy; a struggle appeared to be going on; but soon all this was at an end, and off it set in its involuntary revolution, spinning round and round, accompanied by the boys as fast as their legs could carry them, till it suddenly dashed off its axis, carrying away with it some portion of skin from the shin of one of the urchins.

The Rapping-system, as practised in China, has likewise its poetry, though of a less refined nature than that of the table-turning, the green dragons being substituted by a certain Miss Fan-k'ang, who, if we may judge by the locality she inhabits, is not the most agreeable of the elfin race. Her services are summoned chiefly at the beginning of the year, by those who are anxious to know what fortune they are to meet with in the new cycle of time. 'A girl,' says Dr Macgowan, 'is sent with a lighted candle and incense-sticks, to worship among the cloaca, holding a rice-basket for conveying the filthy elf, whose presence she invokes, into the house; and who, it is said, never declines attending. The basket is placed on a table, by the side of two small wine-cups inverted, and separated a few inches. The cups are used as rests for the ends of a chopstick, on which a rod is balanced, which completes the preliminaries. The "medium" now asks: "If so-and-so, or myself, is to be successful this year, knock twice; if otherwise, knock three times"—whereupon a saw-saw motion of the rod takes place, until the end strikes or "raps" the table either twice or thrice.'

* The Emperor Shun, 2225 B.C., 'examining the instrument adorned with precious stones which represents the stars, and employing the movable tube which is used to observe them, put in order what regards the seven planets.'—Ancient Chinese Chronicle, quoted in Thornton's *History of China*.

The Fan-k'ang K'ui-n'ang, it appears, never fails to answer in this way—the rod always raps the table; but either the spirit has no extraordinary divining power, or no great reliance is placed on her veracity, for the prediction is never turned to any practical account.

But although Miss Fan-k'ang fails sometimes, this is never the case with the manifestations of the Kwei, ghosts or demons, which are made in writing, and in a much more curious way than the medium manages it in the West. Such ceremonies, we have conjectured above, are at least as old as Tsao-tse; but in point of fact, the invocation of spirits was ancient in his time, and he is supposed to have endeavoured to bring the world to a purer system. His writings, however, are so obscure, that his followers gave them all sorts of wild and extravagant meanings; and the consequence was, that the doctrine of the Taon, or pure reason, was converted into the very gospel of demon-worship. The Taoists introduced order into the heretofore chaos of the spiritual world, distinguishing gradations of rank, and establishing formulæ for the invocation of each order of spirits. They became magicians, astrologers, and high chemists. They discovered mystical books, as authoritative as that of the Mormons, in mountain-caves; and the transmutation of metals, the phenomena of mesmerism, the fortunate islands, the draught of immortality—all in turn kindled the imagination of China, long before these ideas began to dawn upon the mind of Europe.

Although Dr Macgowan, however, takes no notice of the history of Spiritual Manifestations in China, we are indebted to him for an account of the way in which the more important of them—those delivered in writing by the agency of the Kwei—are managed. The table is sprinkled equally with bran, flour, dust, or other powder, and two media sit down, at opposite sides, with their hands placed upon the table. A hemispherical basket, of about eight inches diameter, such as is commonly used for washing rice, is now reversed, and laid down with its edges resting upon the tips of one or two fingers of the two media. This basket is to act as the penholder; and a reed or style is fastened to the rim, or a chopstick thrust through the interstices, with the point touching the powdered table. The ghost, in the meantime, has been duly invoked with religious ceremonies, and the spectators stand round awaiting the result in awe-struck silence. The result is not uniform. Sometimes the spirit summoned is unable to write, sometimes he is mischievously inclined, and the pen for it always moves—will make either a few senseless flourishes on the table, or fashion sentences that are without meaning, or with a meaning that only misleads. This, however, is comparatively rare. In general, the words traced are arranged in the best form of composition, and they communicate intelligence wholly unknown to the operators. These operators are said to be not only unconscious but unwilling participants in the feat. Sometimes, by the exercise of strong will, they are able to prevent the pencil from moving beyond the area it commands by its original position; but in general, the fingers follow it in spite of themselves, till the whole table is covered with the ghostly message.

The communications received in China from Hades are always curious, but in no other way satisfactory. Soon after our arrival in Ningpo, in 1843, ere the

Were a system of trade, such a wonderful impulse in what might be the prevalence of an epidemic: there estimate the degree of its prevalence. But what is expected. But what is the cause of this remarkable derful what has custom not generally observed, could finding they forfeited; but its subsidence, after a short at college, have been increased by the amount of mischief every second year to who followed, or confided in the

communications from Hades, and by the complaint, that little real advantage ever accrued from this form of divination. More recently, a club of literary graduates were in the habit of assembling in the Pau-teh-kwan, a Taoist temple, near the temple of Confucius, for practising the Ki, as the ceremony is called; and many and marvellous are the revelations told of the "spiritual manifestations" which they elicited. It was continued for a long time, until the arrival of an intendant, who disapproved of the demonolatry. He addressed the party as a friendly adviser, urging the discontinuance of such practices, on the ground that he had never known any good, but considerable evil to result from them. His counsel was followed; and since that time, this sort of divination has been tried only occasionally, and by individuals.

Here is an instance, however, in which the manifestation seems certainly not intended to injure or mislead. The anecdote was received by Dr Macgowan from a Christian preacher: 'A Mr Li, in the village of Man-shan, near this city, enjoyed the reputation of being remarkably successful in consulting spirits. Our informant Chin, formed one of a party which had determined to test Mr Li's skill. It was agreed that the spirit should be requested to write a prescription for the wife of one of their number, then confined to bed with sickness. Two boys who had no knowledge of what information the party desired, were called in to hold the basket. In a little time, the table was filled with characters, in which the diagnosis and treatment were clearly expressed—of course according to Chinese notions of pathology: the whole when copied was shown to the practitioner in attendance, who declared it to be perfectly correct; displaying thus, it must be confessed, a degree of magnanimity which native doctors never shew their confreres in the flesh.' The same Mr Li, however, was less fortunate a few months ago, when he thought fit to make public a revelation he received from the Kwei on the subject of a new pretender to the throne of the empire. Three of the invoking party have been beheaded, and Mr Li himself is now in hiding, and in imminent danger of becoming one of the Kwei himself.

In such ceremonies the Chinese, like their brethren of the West, sometimes invoke the ghosts of particular persons. In Morrison's Dictionary, it is mentioned that in the year 1814, a deposed officer of government was condemned to death for publishing an answer he had received in this way from the spirit of Confucius. The crime does not seem, according to our ideas, to merit so severe a punishment; the answer merely recommending that the emperor should worship by deputy, instead of personally, at the tombs of his ancestors; and that the title of emperor should be taken from the demigod Kwan-ti. These ideas, however, were considered to involve the most daring impiety.

The only portion of the above relations that has any mystery for us, instructed as we now are, is what appertains to the feats of the Kwei. A single medium might write, just as he does with us—or rather did—unconscious of the source whence he derived the fancied inspiration; but how two individuals, taken suddenly and by chance, could hit upon the same inspiration, is more difficult to understand. Perhaps the explanation is—that when the more easily impressed mind of the two commences, the other medium looks on with curiosity, and is too much engaged in watching the result to act independently. We have said that some of the Chinese ghosts cannot write. The reason is, that they were all originally men, and learn no new accomplishments in the spiritual world. For our part, we should look with suspicion upon an ignorant ghost; but in China death is no passport to knowledge, or to anything else agreeable or advantageous. There, in fact, the dead depend for their very subsistence upon

the living. Money, clothing, food, horses, carriages, are sent to them periodically by their descendants, in the form (with the exception of food) of painted and gilded imitations of those things, burnt to their manes; and wo to the defunct who has left no son, or other representative, to attend to his comfort on the other side of the grave! In that case, the wretched shade must starve till the next annual Feast of the Dead, which the charitable Buddhists prepare for the benefit of such destitute ghosts. We have only to add further, in explanation of descriptions that are not very intelligible as they stand, that while the Shin, or beneficent spirits, are the ghosts of good men, the Kwei, or demons, are those of bad; which accounts for the fact, that any trafficking with the latter is always perilous to the imprudent inquirer.

REMARKABLE NAVAL DUELS.

ALTHOUGH it is by no means unfrequent, during a war between great naval powers, for actions *à l'outrance* to be fought by well-matched single ships, it is very rare for a similar engagement to occur in consequence of a special mutual agreement to fight—in other words, for two ships of presumably equal force to strive for victory, expressly in consequence of a challenge having been sent by the captain of the one, and accepted by the captain of the other. Such an affair is something very different from ordinary casual meetings of hostile vessels, and is literally a *ship-duel*. Only two notable engagements of this description, to the best of our knowledge, have occurred within the last sixty years. In both cases, English captains were the challengers—their antagonists being respectively French and American. For our own part, we are as much interested by a spirited narrative of a well-fought single ship-action, as by one of a regular battle on a grand scale between large fleets. Take up any popular account of the battle of St Vincent, or the Nile, or Trafalgar, and—unless you happen to be a professional man, well read in John Clerk of Eldin's *Naval Tactics*, and able to appreciate and criticise every manœuvre—the probability is, that long ere the engagement is brought to a triumphant conclusion, you grow rather confused, and finally lay down the book with a lazy sort of conception that it was a very gallant and terrible battle, won by British skill and valour—and that is all you know and understand. But in reading about a single ship-action you can concentrate your attention better; and although you may hardly know the jib-boom from the spanker-boom, you can form a tolerably correct idea of the progress of the fight, and of the effect of each change of position, and the material damage and loss on the part of the respective ships. Our limits will permit us to give only brief and condensed sketches of the remarkable actions we propose to cite, and which we will preface by a few general remarks.

In all naval battles, and especially in actions between single ships, it has ever been held a considerable advantage to obtain the weather-gage at the commencement, and, if possible, to retain it throughout the engagement. Of course this is by no means so important where steam-ships of war are engaged, as they can change their positions at pleasure; but no ranged battle has, up to this period, occurred between steamers, although it is highly probable that we shall hear of several during the present war. The advantages of securing the weather-gage—that is, being to windward of the antagonist—are various. It enables a ship of good sailing qualities to defer engaging, or to bear plump down on the enemy at once, at option. Moreover, if the enemy discharge their broadsides at a medium range, the weather-ship's side is less exposed, while the leeward-ship's side is more exposed to shot than would be the case were they respectively in any other position; and should they go about on a fresh

tack, the shot-holes of the former will be clear of the water, while those of the latter will possibly prove dangerous leaks. Again, the windward-ship can bear up and *rake*—that is, stand athwart the bow or stern of her adversary, and discharge in succession all the broadside-guns, so as to sweep the upper-deck from end to end, or desperately damage the stern, the weakest portion of a ship. As soon as hostile vessels come in sight of each other, the drum beats to quarters, and the crew prepare for action. The tackles of the guns are overhauled; the tompons withdrawn; shot of all descriptions placed ready for use; and the magazines opened by the gunner and his crew, who make ready to serve out cartridges. The carpenter prepares his plugs for shot-holes and his fishes for wounded spars, rigs the pumps to prepare for a leak, &c.; the bulk-heads are knocked down, or triced up to the beams, as the case may be; the great cabins are unceremoniously cleared of the officers' furniture, &c.; and every deck, fore and aft, is put in fighting-order. The surgeons dispossess the midshipmen of the cockpit, and the first surgical table is spread with tourniquets, forceps, plasters, and amputating-instruments, all in sickening array. The boarders have put on their great iron-bound caps, and have stuck pistols in their belts, and hold a keen cutlass or a glittering tomahawk in hand; the marines are drawn up on quarter-deck and poop, with ball-cartridges in their boxes; the clews of the sails have been stoppered; and, lest the ties should be shot away, the yards are slung in chains. Many other preparations are made; and in a properly disciplined ship, everything is done without confusion, and in a space of time amazingly short. Every man and boy capable of duty is at his post; and when an action is imminent, British tars on the doctor's list have frequently been known to drag their languid limbs from the sick-bay, to give what help they are able to fight Old England's battle. The spectacle of a ship cleared for action, with the crew at quarters, silent and motionless as their grim guns, is one of the most impressive in the world. It is at once terrible and strangely exciting—something never to be forgotten by whoever has witnessed it. Your blood thrills in every vein, and your heart throbs heroically; as you glance along the tiers of black cannon, each with its silent crew of stalwart seamen, burning for the fray. You know that at a single word from the commander of this warlike world, those silent groups will start into life and activity, and those black guns will thunder forth their iron message of death and destruction; and knowing and feeling this, you can hardly keep in the wild hurra of your country. Rely upon it, that every one of the hairy-chested fellows you see at quarters will, the moment the word to fire is given, join in a cheer shaking the very decks!

Have you heard the British cheer,
Fore and aft, fore and aft?
Have you heard the British cheer
Fore and aft?

There is nothing like it—nothing to compare to it. What are all the *ciras* or *rice* *Empereurs* to the British hurra ringing through the port-holes of a three-decker?

But we must now to our special theme. Towards the end of July 1793, the British 32-gun frigate *Boston*, Captain Courtenay, cruised off New York, on the look-out for the French 36-gun frigate *Embuscade*, Captain Bompard, a frigate which had inflicted immense loss on our commerce by capturing scores of merchant-vessels. It happened that the French captain mistook the British frigate for a consort of his own, and sent his first officer in a boat with twelve men to communicate some orders, under this erroneous impression. The officer seems to have been more mistrustful, or more prudent, than his superior, for he paused on his way to question an American pilot-boat. The pilot assured him that the stranger was

veritably a French ship—having really been deceived himself by a stratagem of Captain Courtenay, who caused some of his officers to talk together in French when the pilot-boat was within hearing. So the *Embuscade's* boat rowed confidently alongside the *Boston*, and, of course, the crew found themselves prisoners. Captain Courtenay told the captured lieutenant, that he particularly wished to fight the *Embuscade*, and would challenge her captain to exchange broadsides. The lieutenant replied, that the *Embuscade* would accept the challenge, if he was allowed to write to Captain Bompert by the pilot-boat. To this proposal, the British captain assented, and sent his challenge also by a verbal message, to be delivered by the pilot. The latter, however, scrupled to deliver it, but had a written copy forthwith posted in a coffee-house of the city; and thus it soon reached Captain Bompert, who promptly accepted the cartel, and put to sea. Early on the morning of the 31st, the antagonists met, and the battle commenced soon after 5 A.M. The British captain and his lieutenant of marines were killed by the same cannon-ball, about 6 A.M.; and the two lieutenants of the frigate were sent below severely wounded. One of them came up again when a little recovered, and gallantly continued to fight the ship, which, by 7 A.M., was so disabled, as to be glad to stand away before the wind, while the *Embuscade*, nearly as crippled, stood after her for a few miles, and then put about to the eastward. The result was a drawn battle, gallantly fought on both sides. The *Boston* had only about 200 men and boys on board at the time, and of these she lost 10 killed and 24 wounded. The *Embuscade* had a crew of fully 300, and is said to have lost 50 killed and wounded. The king granted a pension of £500 to Captain Courtenay's widow, and £50 pension to each of his children.

The other frigate-action, resulting from a challenge, is one of the most deservedly celebrated affairs in the annals of the navy. Soon after the commencement of the war with the United States in 1812, the Americans successively captured the British frigates *Guerrière*, *Macedonian*, and *Juno*. Each of these vessels was taken in single action by American frigates—so named and classed, but in reality almost line-of-battle ships, as regards scantling and complement; or, as seamen said at the time, *sixty-four in disguise*. All the British ships fought most gallantly, and surrendered only after a frightful loss of men, and when their shattered hulls were totally helpless and unmanageable. We need not hesitate to say, indeed, that the defence of the three British frigates against greatly superior antagonists, was at least as honourable to them as the victory to the Americans. But their capture caused unparalleled excitement both in Great Britain and in America. The public did not then know how deadly the odds had been: all they understood was, that three British frigates had, in rapid succession, been taken by American frigates; and they were ready to exclaim, that the prestige of British invincibility at sea was gone for ever; and that the vigorous young navy of the United States was more than a match for the veteran navy of Old England. It was obvious that something must be done to turn the scale in our favour, and that something was promptly done in a brilliant style. Among the many brave and able frigate-commanders who burned to retrieve the British name, was Captain P. B. V. Broke, of the *Shannon*, 38-gun frigate—a ship thoroughly well disciplined, and in good fighting-trim. In April, he cruised off Boston in company with his consort, the *Tenedos* frigate, Captain Parker, watching the American frigates lying in that port. Two of them, the *Congress* and *President*, managed to put to sea unintercepted; but the *Constitution* and the *Chesapeake* yet remained. The former was under repairs, but the latter was nearly

ready for sea. Captain Broke sent away the *Tenedos* to cruise elsewhere for a season, in order that the American should have fair play in the contest he meditated; and then he sent in repeated verbal challenges to Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* to meet him. Finally, he despatched a letter of challenge, a full copy of which we have in one of the two accounts of the affair lying before us, but it is much too long to quote entire. Suffice it, that after requesting Captain Lawrence to meet him to fight for the honour of their respective flags, he gives a faithful account of the armament and complement of his own ship, and names a rendezvous for the fight; or offers to sail in company with the *Chesapeake*, under a flag of truce, to any place Captain Lawrence thinks safest from interruption from British cruisers! He concludes his chivalrous challenge with the following magnanimous passage:—'You must, sir, be aware that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the *Chesapeake* without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous British squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in a case of rencontre, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity, to the wish of meeting the *Chesapeake*, or that I depend only upon your personal aplomb for your acceding to this invitation: we have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say, that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in even combat that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of trade that it cannot protect. Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here.' A more extraordinary and manly letter never was written. It does honour alike to the head and the heart of the writer. On 1st June it was given to Captain Slocum, a released prisoner, to deliver; and the *Shannon* then stood in close to Boston, to await the result. About noon that day, the *Chesapeake* fired a gun, and set her sails. She was coming out to fight at last! not, however, in consequence of the letter, for Slocum was slow in coming, and had not yet delivered it, but undoubtedly in consequence of the verbal challenges. She was accompanied by numerous pleasure-boats, filled with people eager to see the affair at a safe distance, and flushed with anticipations of success. This, indeed, was thought to be so sure, that a grand dinner is said to have been prepared at Boston, to welcome the officers of the *Chesapeake* on their expected return with the British frigate as a prize.

A word as to the comparative powers of the antagonists. The *Chesapeake* rated as a 36-gun frigate, but mounted 25 on a broadside, discharging 500 pounds metal. Her tonnage was 1135; and her crew—all very fine men—was 381 men and 5 boys, as sworn to by her surviving commanding-officer. The *Shannon's* broadside-guns were also 25, and the weight of metal discharged by them, 538 pounds: the crew, as stated by Captain Broke himself, consisted of '300 men and boys—a large proportion of the latter—besides 30 seamen, boys, and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately.' Her tonnage was 1066. Thus we see that in tonnage, weight of metal, and number of crew, the *Chesapeake* had the advantage. Nevertheless, we may term it a very fair match, all things considered—and now for the result. After some preliminary manoeuvring, the two frigates closed at about six leagues' distance from Boston—the *Chesapeake* having a large white flag flying at the fore, inscribed with the words, 'Sailors' Rights and Free Trade.' The crew of the *Shannon* greeted this extraordinary

symbol with three hearty cheers. We shall not detail the fight itself, beyond saying that the *Shannon* opened a tremendous fire from her double-shotted guns; and the ships having come in contact, Captain Broke, eleven minutes after the engagement commenced, boarded the *Chesapeake* with only a score of his men, and in four minutes completely carried the ship. From the time the first gun was fired to the hauling down of the American colours and the hoisting of the British in their place, only fifteen minutes elapsed! Just in the moment of victory, Captain Broke was treacherously assailed and severely wounded by three Americans who had previously submitted, and then resumed their arms. Poor Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* was mortally wounded. He was a gallant officer, and his death was sincerely lamented by his generous-minded conqueror. Many acts of great individual heroism occurred; and brief as was the battle, we may form some idea of the desperate valour displayed on both sides, from the heavy loss of life mutually sustained. The *Shannon* had 24 killed, including her first-lieutenant, and 59 wounded. The *Chesapeake* had, according to the American official account, 47 killed and 99 wounded—31 mortally; but her own surgeon estimated the total killed and wounded at 160 to 170. We believe that such a frightful loss—in the two frigates, 71 killed and nearly 200 wounded—hardly ever before occurred in so brief an engagement. Some of the English seamen serving on board the *Chesapeake* leaped overboard when Captain Broke boarded her. Poor conscience-stricken traitors! they could not bear to fight hand-to-hand against their own countrymen. One of them, John Waters, was a fine young fellow, who had deserted from the *Shannon* only a few months before. Thirty-two English seamen were serving in the American frigate. What must their feelings have been during the engagement? One circumstance deserves notice: no less than 360 pair of handcuffs were found stowed in a cask in the *Chesapeake*. They were intended for the crew of the *Shannon*! How the men of the latter ship must have grinned when they put them—for such is the custom—on the wrists of the *Chesapeake's* own crew! The *Shannon* and her prize—neither of the vessels materially injured—safely reached Halifax, where poor Captain Lawrence died of his wound, and was buried with full military honours, all the captains in the port following his remains. We have now only to add, that Captain Broke was very deservedly rewarded with a baronetcy, and other honours; that two of his lieutenants were made commanders; and that two of his midshipmen, who had peculiarly distinguished themselves, were promoted to the rank of lieutenants. Take it for all in all, the duel of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* is one of the most extraordinary on record.

AN OLD WOMAN'S REMINISCENCE.

Among the earliest and most pleasing recollections of childhood, are the people and place connected with one whom I will call Miss Pearson, or, to give her a more familiar title, Aunt Ruth. She was the oldest of my mother's friends; and it was more by virtue of this friendship, than from any close tie of affinity, that I was taught to address her by the same endearing name which my mother always used.

It was one bright, fresh, spring morning, when my dear mother signified her intention of sending me for a few days' visit to this old friend. Accordingly, after the necessary preparation of sundry little white muslin frocks and slips, with other articles of dress, being laid in my own tiny trunk; and with many strict injunctions as to my general neat and orderly deportment during my visit, I was suffered to depart in a

large coach, with my mother's maid, to the stairs, where we were to take a boat to Battersea. Very delightful were those boating-excursions on the noble Thames in my young days; and this one was particularly so, as leading to that goal of my earnest wishes—my first visit to Aunt Ruth.

How merrily the waters sparkled in the sunshine, as the measured stroke of the oars ruffled the smooth surface; and how admiringly I gazed upon the different objects of interest the maid pointed out to me. The venerable towers of Lambeth Palace; the bowery shades of Vauxhall; the far-spreading cedars of the Chelsea Gardens; with a multitudinous array of stately houses and fair gardens, sweeping down to the river's brink on either side, were all objects of deep interest to my childish mind. After a quiet row of more than an hour, we reached the well-known vicinity of Battersea Fields, celebrated for centuries as one of the favourite rural haunts of the citizens; and rejoicing in those days in a more aristocratic celebrity than they now possess. Mooring the boat close to a flight of old worm-eaten steps, which led from the river to a quaint-looking garden, and fastening the little craft to a rusty iron socket used for the purpose, the boatman assisted us to disembark, and we commenced the ascent of the crazy stairs. Passing through a low gate at the top, we entered the garden, where we were met by Aunt Ruth, her beautiful face beaming with smiles of welcome as she took my hand and walked towards the cottage. Little girls in those days were not expected to be so communicative as they are now; and as, after the first greetings were over, my aunt addressed herself solely to my maid, I was left at liberty to observe her dress and appearance more fully. Even at this lapse of time, I have a most distinct recollection of her, as she stood beneath the shadow of her honeysuckle-porch, dressed in a gray tabinet gown, with pointed bodice, and snowy kerchief; while her silver-streaked hair, embued neatly back, was scarcely visible beneath the rows of delicate lace which shadowed her cheeks. Close behind Aunt Ruth stood her maid Nanny, a prim, smiling figure, full of pleasant welcomes for 'little miss,' as she ushered us into the neat parlour, and then proceeded to dispense the hospitalities of her kitchen to my attendant.

Pleasantly and rapidly time sped on. The fortnight to which my first visit to Aunt Ruth was limited soon expired; and, dearly as I loved my gentle mother, and my handsome town-home, it was with a feeling of unfeigned regret I left the country retirement of Battersea, and the society of my kind aunt.

Swiftly, but not so pleasantly, fled by the next ten years of my young life. Many of them being passed at a distant boarding-school, I had few opportunities of seeing my dear old friend, until I returned to London, in time to accept an invitation to spend my eighteenth birthday with her at Battersea. Time, which had been to me a fond fostering nurse, had dealt almost as lightly with the old lady herself. The tresses of glossy hair under her cap might be a few shades nearer in tint to the snowy lace which enclosed them; but her dark eyes were as bright, her warm smile as gentle, and her voice as clear and ringing as ever. Nanny, too, was as unchanged in her prim kindness of manner and appearance as her mistress; and her only wonder seemed to be, that 'little miss' should all at once have sprung up into a tall young lady.

Before proceeding with my narrative, it will be necessary to inform my readers, that the dwelling Aunt Ruth and her faithful servant had inhabited for fifty years, was originally built for the gardener's cottage belonging to a noble mansion adjoining it. A rudl palling alone divided the humble tenement from its stately neighbour, though it was evident that a large portion of the pleasure-grounds which belonged to the latter had been attached to Aunt Ruth's domain. Even the roomy summer-house, which formed the extreme end of the boundary-paling, and overhung the river in which it was partly built, had evidently not always been considered as an appendage to the gardener's cottage. 'This old summer-house, with its high-backed chairs and faded gilding, was my favourite haunt; and hither dear Aunt Ruth had wandered with me on the evening of my birthday; and seated together in one of the deep windows which looked upon the river, we both contemplated the placid beauty of the scene for some time in silence.

'Do you remember, dear Aunt Ruth,' I at length said, 'that you once promised to tell me a story connected with that grandhouse and your own little cottage? Suppose you tell it to me on my birthday; it will be doubly pleasant to sit here and listen to you.'

The calm, happy expression of Aunt Ruth's face, which I had never before seen disturbed, suddenly changed to one of intense sorrow; or rather, a quick thrill of pain seemed to follow my few words. This, however, was only momentary; in another minute, the placid tenderness so natural to her face resumed its sway, and I discovered no other sign of emotion as she answered:

'You shall have your wish, my love;' and then added in a low voice: 'It is right that she should hear the promised history, and that I should tell it.' The latter part of her speech the venerable lady rather murmured to herself than addressed to me; then drawing her fine figure to its utmost height, and folding her thin white hands upon her lap, she commenced her narrative—which, however, I prefer putting into my own language, believing that Aunt Ruth's natural modesty prevented her from doing justice to the heroine of the story.

'Walter is late this evening, Mildred, and yet I am almost certain that I saw him pass on the river an hour ago. I may have been mistaken, but I wish you would run down to the old summer-house, and see if the boat is moored. We ought to have got through a good portion of business to-night.'

The speaker, a fine old man of some seventy winters, turned as he spoke towards a deep window, where a young and strikingly handsome woman sat resting her cheek upon her hand, and gazing with a look of abstraction upon the twilight shadows as they deepened over the broad river, flowing at the bottom of a long terrace-walk in front of the house. Her father's voice suddenly recalled her dreamy thoughts, and rising hastily, she said:

'Yes, dear father, I shall enjoy a stroll to-night; and if the truant has not yet arrived, I can watch for him a little longer from the summer-house. We do not know what may have detained Walter,' she added, tenderly raising the old man's hand to her lips: 'he knows your love of punctuality, and I am certain he would not wilfully keep you in suspense.'

Mildred Vernon was the only child of a widowed parent. A beauty and an heiress, she was, as might be supposed, not without a goodly string of admirers; of these, her father's choice and her own affection fell upon a relative of her own, whom her father had brought up to his own calling—that of an East India

merchant. Accustomed from boyhood to regard his cousin with affectionate admiration, Walter Vernon deemed it an easy task, at Mr Vernon's affectionate suggestion, to yield up a free heart to her keeping; and he agreed gratefully to the proposals made to him by his uncle, which ended in his being at twenty-one the promised husband of the beautiful Mildred, and the expectant heir to her father's immense fortune. To Mildred, however, whose ignorance of Mr Vernon's previous influence with her cousin led her to believe that the declaration of his love was as earnest and independent of extraneous circumstances as her own affection, their engagement was very different, and for some time the happiness of her young life seemed without a cloud.

Situated in a remote corner of the grounds which surrounded Mr Vernon's mansion, was a low, thatched cottage, covered with monthly roses and honeysuckle up to its lowly eaves, and surrounded by a galaxy of blossoms. This snug and roomy dwelling had for years been the abode of Roger Lee, Mr Vernon's gardener. Here, too, his only child Alice was born; and here, some years after, the strong man and his young daughter wept together over the lifeless form of a beloved wife and mother; and the sympathy which had always existed between Mr Vernon and his faithful servant, seemed more firmly cemented by the melancholy remembrance of their relative positions. The little Alice, from her motherless childhood, had been an object of interest to the worthy merchant. Born in the autumn of the same year which made him a widowed father, Mr Vernon looked upon her more in the light of a pretty playfellow to his own beautiful child, than as the daughter of his servant; and this kindly feeling was displayed in the liberality with which he provided an education for Alice Lee, better suited to her extreme loveliness and natural elegance of mind, than to her mere conventional position.

Half an hour before the conversation between Mr Vernon and his daughter, which we have already related, Alice Lee might have been seen gazing as anxiously on the broad river as the young heiress herself. Pushing back the diamond-paned casement until it rested upon a ledge of roses and green leaves, she bent over the low window-sill till her golden curls touched the flowers which clustered round. Suddenly she started up as the gentle sound of oars met her ear; and raising a face, glowing with love and hope, Alice passed quickly from her cottage parlour into the box-bordered walk which led to the river.

'Sweet Alice, am I not punctual?' exclaimed a clear, melancholy voice, as a young man, elegantly dressed in the fashionable costume of the day, bounded up the broad taken steps which led from the river, and stood beside the gardener's daughter.

'Yes, dear Walter; very punctual; and yet I thought you long, and have been waiting so anxiously for the sound of the oars. But you look sad and anxious, Walter. What has troubled you?'

The young man's brow grew darker, and then flushed to a deep crimson, as he gazed with passionate earnestness upon the sweet, upturned face which rested against his shoulder, and then exclaimed: 'Dear one, would you still desire to hear the cause of my sorrow, if you knew that such knowledge must make you a partaker of it? Can your love bear this test, my Alice?'

'O Walter!' murmured Alice reproachfully, as she hid her tearful face on his bosom. 'Dear, dear Walter, can you not yet trust my love?'

'I do trust your love, my own sweet Alice, and this only adds to my self-reproach; because, Alice—and the speaker bent his head lower over the drooping form which clung to him so fondly—'it will soon be a sin for us to love each other at all; for, unconscious till too late of the nature of my feelings towards you, I have promised to marry my cousin.'

Alice Lee raised her head, and gazing for a moment into her lover's face, as if to read there a contradiction to the words he had spoken, sprang from the still circling arms which had supported her, and as pale as the white roses which clustered round the arbour where they had been seated, she appeared to wait in stupefied silence for an explanation.

Another moment, and the rustle of a lady's dress caused the bewildered girl to turn her eyes from the stern look of sorrow which was so plainly portrayed in her companion's face, to encounter an expression equally fearful on the beautiful features of the intruder. Like some fair statue on whose lineaments the intensity of hopeless despair was traced by a master-chisel, stood Mildred Vernon. Her large dark eyes were fixed upon the young pair before her with an expression of agony which seemed to overpower their sorrow in sympathy with hers. The quick perception of Alice seemed at once to understand the mystery, and gliding from the seat where she had crouched in her sudden grief, she took the passive hand which hung by Mildred's side, and raising it to her lips, exclaimed wildly: 'Forgive him, dearest lady; only forgive Walter—he will love you. Oh! he does love you already, as you deserve. See, he is weeping! He does not love me now; that is past, dear lady; and you will forgive him, and be his wife!'

Pale and lifeless, the unhappy speaker sank at the feet of her rival, who appeared suddenly recalled to her usual self-possession. In a calm voice, she bade Walter carry the fainting Alice to an adjoining summer-house, where she watched with intense solicitude for the first sign of recovery. Then beckoning her cousin to her side, she placed Alice Lee's hand in his, and without trusting herself to look into his face said slowly: 'You must tell Alice, Walter, that you are *not* going to marry your cousin; that you *may* love her without sin; and that to-morrow I will tell her so myself. You may not like to see my father to-night; to-morrow, I will prepare him for an interview. There; now see this poor girl to her home.'

Passing rapidly on to the house, Mildred Vernon sought in the solitude of her own chamber, upon her bended knees, that consolation which her crushed heart so sorely needed; and she arose at length, strengthened and confirmed in the generous self-sacrifice her noble impulsive nature had at once suggested. The cup, indeed, contained a bitter draught; but she resolved to drain it to the very dregs, believing that in the end it would prove a wholesome medicine, which in time might bring back some degree of peace to her troubled spirit.

* * * * *

'Your engagement with Walter at an end! What on earth do you mean, child? I always gave you credit for knowing your own mind a little better than most women. Give me your reason for this behaviour, Mildred.'

Mildred was silent for a moment, as if struggling with some inward emotion, the signs of which were painfully visible on her fine features, as, with a sudden effort, she said firmly: 'Even at the risk of losing what I prize so dearly, your good opinion, my dear father, I can assign no other reason than the one already given—namely, that our marriage, if persisted in, would be a source of misery to both of us. Pray believe that this is not grounded upon mere caprice: deep searching into my own heart, and a clear knowledge of Walter's feelings, have alone led me to decide thus. Only let me ask this favour, dearest father,' and the beautiful girl clasped the old man tenderly round his neck, and bent fondly over him—'that you will not alter your pecuniary arrangements with Walter in consequence of this change in my views. Let him be as much your heir as he would have been had he married your only daughter.'

'And what becomes of my daughter? If she is satisfied to be a portionless beauty for her cousin's sake, might not her future husband reasonably regard this preference of a once-favoured lover with something nearly akin to jealousy?'

'Dear father, do not pain me by speaking thus. In giving up Walter, I give up all thought of marriage. My dear mother's fortune is an ample one for a spinster—is it not, sir? Nay, you almost promised not to visit the sin of my fickleness, as you term it, upon Walter; so make me happy now by ratifying that promise.'

Mildred's soft, clear voice faltered perceptibly, in spite of her efforts to appear calm; and when Mr Vernon raised his head, and looked up into her face, he saw that she had been weeping.

'Come, my Mildred, no tears. We will say no more about your marrying, my sweet child; and as to this other matter, it shall be arranged nearly as you would have it—only my Mildred must be mistress of this old house; that cannot be Walter's now.'

* * * * *

Mr Vernon kept his word; and when a year after the events just related, his nephew followed him to the grave, he returned to find himself master of the princely fortune he believed to have been forfeited by his inconstancy. Some months later, Walter led his gentle Alice to a handsome home in the city, where his happiness would have been complete but for the painful knowledge, that this happiness was built upon the blighted hopes of her to whom he owed all his prosperity.

In accordance with her father's wish and the provisions of his will, Mildred Vernon still kept up her establishment at Battersea, living a life of quiet usefulness and benevolence until all traces of her sorrow seemed to have been chased away. Mildred had sedulously avoided meeting her cousin after the death of her father; and she had not seen Alice since the fatal scene which opened her eyes to her lover's real feeling towards herself. The sudden news of the entire failure of one of Walter's business speculations, at length roused her to more active efforts. Determined, at any sacrifice, to secure the comfort of her beloved cousin, Mildred decided upon mortgaging her estate to its full value, and thus, in some measure, relieving him from his embarrassments. This generous idea was no sooner conceived than executed; and a second time in his life, Walter found himself saved from comparative ruin by the woman he had so cruelly wronged.

Years passed off; the mortgage upon the old mansion was at length closed, and it passed into the hands of a stranger, while its once wealthy mistress retired to the cottage of old Roger Lee, which, with a large portion of garden, she had managed to retain; and here, with one faithful attendant, her days fled by as peacefully as when she was surrounded by the luxuries of fortune.

Not until Alice sorrowed over the lifeless form of her husband, did Mildred conquer her feelings sufficiently to visit her. She did then forget and conquer them; and it was to her earnest sympathy and active diligence, that the widow of Walter Vernon, and her daughter Mildred, were indebted for a more comfortable maintenance than the embarrassed state of the merchant's affairs would allow. Mildred lived to see this orphaned namesake the wife of a rich and worthy citizen, and to find her own reward in the peace of a good conscience, and the affection and reverence of the grandchildren of her early and only love—Walter Vernon.

Such was Aunt Ruth's story of her own checkered life; for my readers will have long since guessed that she was the beautiful and generous Mildred Vernon of my tale. It is a tale, however, that is not a fiction. Romantic as is the love-devotion of the heroine, and

unnatural as is the facility with which the father yields to her wishes, there are many who will be able to strip the narrative of its thin disguises, and detect in it an episode of real life.

'THE GREAT SOCIAL PROBLEM.'

THE lately published number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains a remarkable and telling article on the relations between labour and capital, being a critique on an essay on the same subject by Mr C. Morrison. It has been called forth by the late 'strikes' in the north of England, which the writer regards as demonstrating that 'the operatives—improved and intelligent as they are—do not understand the conditions of the question between them and their employers; and that, while much of their old violence has disappeared, many of their old fallacies still keep their ground.' The correction of these fallacies appears to the writer the more pressing necessity, as the working-classes are manifestly destined to acquire more and more political influence in this country. There are dangers, he thinks, ahead, against which the only effectual guarantee must be sought 'by instilling into the operative classes, not only a theoretical conviction, but a living faith, that the laws which govern the distribution both of power and wealth between them and their employers are as fixed and unbending as the laws of nature—like them, plain and discoverable—like them, proving their existence and supremacy by rewards to those who study and obey, and penalties to those who violate and neglect them—like them, inexorably deaf to passion and complaint—like them, mightier than parliamentary authority—like them, more enduring than human theories.'

It is not wonderful that the English operative should dream of an improved distribution of profits. 'He sees that he lives in an unsatisfactory, cramped, often ill-drained and ill-ventilated cottage or cellar; that he fares hardly, has few holidays, rare luxuries, and scarcely any recreation; that his children run about in the dirt, or that he is pinched to pay for their schooling; that when times of depressed trade come, he is either put upon short time, or thrown out of work altogether, and reduced with his family to short commons, or to absolute distress, or to parish aid: and all this, though he works twelve hours a day, and is willing to do so, and has done so ever since he can remember. He sees again, on the other hand, that his employer—who perhaps only works six hours a day, and whose work, to all appearance, consists in watching others work, or in writing letters, or in drawing plans, or in buying cotton and selling goods, and that often by deputy—lives in a grand house, beautifully furnished and advantageously situated; fares sumptuously every day; takes pleasure-trips whenever he pleases; sometimes goes to the sea-side, sometimes to the continent; has ample leisure for the cultivation of his mind; and when bad times come, bears them without any apparent privation, lives as before, or at most lays down a carriage or postpones a journey.' A change in this state of matters is of course desirable; but the workman makes a mistake when he would seek to bring about the improvement 'by artificial instead of natural means, and at the expense of others, instead of by his own industry and virtue.'

We have not space to follow either Mr Morrison or his critic in illustrating or proving the grand doctrine which all the great thinkers who are not workmen have arrived at, and which we believe to be indisputable—that the rate of wages must always depend on the proportion between the fund available for the employment and remuneration of labour and the number of claimants on that fund; 'that in one form or another it must be divided among

all, since—in a country like ours, where the law does not allow men to starve—if, in order to afford higher payment to the employed, some are left without employment, these last must be supported in idleness, and supported out of the same fund.' We can only indicate the practical conclusion which follows—that 'only two ways exist of augmenting the labourers' remuneration, and that no genius can discover and no power can invent any third way: either the fund which provides that remuneration must be increased, or the number of claimants upon it must be reduced.'

The fund in question is the result of savings—something left over, instead of being immediately consumed. The larger it is in proportion to the numbers to be supported, the higher, generally speaking, will be the rate of wages. Workmen, therefore, have a manifest interest in the increase of capital, and, instead of regarding it as their enemy, should look to it as their best friend, and seek, as far as in them lies, to promote its increase. This is a duty, however, in which the working-classes take little or no part, leaving it wholly to the class of traders and manufacturing employers.

'The net annual addition to the capital of the community by saving out of income, is estimated by the best authorities at not less than L.3,000,000—an enormous sum, which goes to augment the earnings of working-men as an aggregate class, which would greatly augment their individual earnings were their numbers not permitted to increase so rapidly, and which does actually augment these earnings in no inconsiderable degree. Now, by whom is this saving effected?—out of the incomes of what class? Clearly out of the incomes of the middle class—the industrious tradesman, the enterprising merchant, the manufacturing capitalist—the great employers of labour; in short, against whom especially the clamour and envy of the operative are directed. The upper classes, the nobles, the landed gentry, we know are rarely economisers or accumulators; their system, as a rule, is to spend their whole income; few among them leave their families richer than they found them—many poorer; often their land passes by sale into the hands of thriving individuals of the middle class. The labouring-class, those who work for wages, are, with honourable exceptions, by no means given to saving—that is, to accumulation. They subscribe, indeed, largely to friendly societies, sick-clubs, and the like; but these subscriptions are only meritorious insurances against a rainy day—a provision against slack work, a mode of equalising the earnings of a life. It is rare, indeed, for workmen to leave property behind them; it is considered enough if they support their families decently while they live, without providing for them after death. As a rule, they, like their superiors at the other extremity of the social scale, spend their entire income within the year. The savings-banks offer no contradiction to this statement; for in the first place, the increase of deposits does not exceed a million a year; and in the second place, not above half this sum belongs to individuals properly describable as belonging to the working-classes. That these classes do not save, and would not save were a different division of profits between them and their employers greatly to increase their earnings, is painfully obvious from many facts most ably brought to bear by Mr Morrison in his fourth chapter. Periods of prosperity, of brisk trade, general employment, and high wages, are invariably marked by a signal increase in the consumption of imported and excisable articles—an increase which takes place almost wholly among the labouring poor. This feature of good times is so constant and certain, that it is quoted upon by the Chancellor of the Exchequer with at least as much confidence as the proceeds of the income-tax; and it is one which never deceives him. The two years ending with the summer of 1853, were marked by unexampled earnings on the part of the operative classes—work was never so universal or so well paid; and, accordingly, we do not find that the accumulated property of those classes has increased; but we do find that

the consumption of bread, beer, spirits, tobacco, tea, coffee, and sugar, has been beyond all precedent.' It appears, in short, from the inquiries of Mr G. R. Porter, 'a most competent authority,' that the amount spent by the working-classes of the United Kingdom, every year, in spirits, malt liquors, and tobacco, is upwards of £50,000,000. 'That is to say, they waste annually as large a sum as their employers annually save.'

The bringing of these two facts together 'should flash upon the working-class, as with a blaze of sunlight, both the reason why the position of their masters seems so much more luxurious and enviable than their own, and the mode by which they may obtain that amendment of their condition for which they speculate, and scheme, and sacrifice so much. Their employers grow rich while they keep poor—live plentifully while they live scantily—float easily through the hard times which press so heavily on them; not because the share of profit enjoyed by the former is unreasonably great, or, indeed, at all larger than their own, but because a portion of it is saved instead of all of it being spent—because the former lay by for future use what the latter spend in present gratification. If any operative doubt this explanation, let him remember that all capital is only accumulated profit—*saved earnings*, that is—either by the actual possessor or his predecessors; that many capitalist-employers were in the present or the last generation frugal and hoarding workmen; and that he might himself become a capitalist if he would. Let him consider what would be the position of his master in bad times or during strikes, if he, like his workman, had always spent his entire income; and what would be his own position in such conjunctures, if he, like his employer, had always, on an average, laid by one-third of his earnings. The comfort, the independence, the success, the victory of the two parties would, it is evident, be in that case reversed. The operative might soon become a capitalist, if he would emulate the economy of his master; the capitalist would soon be reduced to the condition of an operative, if he were to imitate the spendthrift habits of his men. Is it not, then, obvious enough, that any artificial interference with the present division of profits, whether by the regulation of authority, or the dictation of trades-unions and strikes, which should shake the accumulating spirit of the manufacturer by menacing the amount or security of its reward, or should give a larger portion of those profits to him who would spend it instead of saving it, would ultimately be—the question of justice or injustice, possibility or impossibility apart—a positive loss of wages to the working-class, by trenching on the fund out of which those wages must be paid?'

Mr Morrison, in his essay, and the reviewer following him, discuss the various plans that have been suggested for improving the distribution of profits between employers and employed; and shew convincingly enough, though we have not space for the particulars of the demonstration, that ~~none~~ can work so well as that of simply leaving the buyers and sellers of labour to make their own bargain. As for strikes—efforts to extort, by united action, an increased rate of wages—their fallacy and fatality are strongly insisted on. The working-classes would acquire power by the possession of saved earnings; but strikes dissipate their savings, and leave them poorer than before. Where they strike, masters, for self-protection, must associate; so the tendency of the system is to array the one class against the other in idleness, to the destruction of the fund available for the subsistence of all. 'Such a state of things,' says Mr Morrison, 'would be opposed to all the conditions on which the good working of any social system depends.'

We have already trenched beyond propriety on the matter contained in this excellent article; but, believing that a good end may be served by what we are doing, we must yet be permitted to present another extract, which may be considered as summing up the practical results of the question. The reviewer considers it as proved, that 'all that the operative needs, in order to become as prosperous and comfortable in his sphere as the employers and merchants whom he assails and envies are in theirs, is that he should imitate their prudence, their abstinence, their ~~save~~, their habit of always living within their income,

their customary postponement of marriage till marriage becomes safe and wise.' 'A few obvious considerations,' he adds, 'will shew that this position is strictly true, and not one iota overstated. In the first place, if the £50,000,000, now annually expended by the operative classes in drink and tobacco, were—we do not say saved, but—spent in adding to the comforts of their home, in procuring for their children a good education, in getting their wives and sisters instructed in domestic economy, and enabling them to stay at home to practise it, in obtaining for themselves an hour or two of daily leisure for recreation or for books—what a vast, immediate, and blessed metamorphosis would come over nearly every humble household—a change amounting in itself to a complete social revolution. No one can deny this: no one conversant with facts will doubt it for a moment. In the second place, suppose that only half this sum were saved, accumulated for future use—as it is notorious that it easily and advantageously might be—not by any sacrifice of comfort, but by simple abstinence from impairing their health and lowering their character by intemperance—the hoarded capital of the working-classes would, in ten years, amount to £250,000,000, even allowing them to spend every year the interest of their previous savings. "Now, a capital of this amount would be sufficient to effect the universal substitution of co-operative associations of working-men for the existing system of employers and employed, to make the working population their own masters and managers, and thus to set at rest all questions about the rights of labour and capital for ever." Whether this would be the wisest mode of applying their capital, is another question: it is enough to shew how entirely their own objects are within their own power, if they will only take the right way to reach them. Lastly, consider what would be the effect—combined with, or independent of, such an augmentation of the labour-fund as we have just supposed and shewn to be feasible—of such a reduction of numbers as would result from the establishment among the poor of the same views with regard to marriage as prevail among the easy and the rich. If every workman did what every tradesman, merchant, gentleman, and younger branch of the aristocracy does now—postpone marriage till he has saved enough for the wedding outlay, and till he sees a clear prospect of being able to support a family according to his own standard of decency and comfort—in a single generation the operative classes would be able to command the very highest rate of remuneration which the productiveness of industry could afford them. They would have the control of the labour-market, and nobody could gainsay them. Whereas at present, it is notorious that the poorest and least provident are always the first to marry, and the quickest to multiply; that the agricultural peasant marries earlier than the artisan, the artisan than the tradesman, the tradesman than the noble or gentleman. The self-denial involved in the voluntary postponement of marriage is no doubt great; but it is the price which nature has fixed for the object desired; it is the condition of the blessing; it is the price which every other class has to pay—the condition which every other class has to fulfil; and why should the workman only be exempted from the common lot—he exonerated from the exercise of those virtues which are imperative upon all other ranks? Nay, in his case, the self-restraint now needed is less than in the case of his superiors, for emigration has opened a new resource, which removes nearly all the hardship of the demanded effort. If, when he has laid by a sum sufficient for his wedding-outfit, he sees no prospect of being able to maintain a family at home, the same sum will carry him to the new world, where industry and prudence will always secure him a sustenance and a future. Therefore, we are amply warranted in saying, that the working-classes of this country—the operative portion of them at least—have their fate in their own hands; they command their own condition; they make their own bed; and all their complaints and demands, when rigidly analysed, resolve themselves into a claim to have their object given them instead of paying for it—to obtain it in defiance of the rights of others, and in spite of economic laws, which are the laws of nature.'

ORIGIN OF DANTE'S 'DIVINA COMMEDIA.'

In M. Villemain's *Course of French Literature*—a charming work, much less known in this country than it deserves, probably because it remains, so far as we know, still untranslated—the following curious passage occurs. Speaking of Dante's immortal *Divine Comedy*, M. Villemain says: 'What first suggested to Dante the subject of this sublime drama? Was he inspired with it, as has been said, by a fable—the tale of the Juggler, who descended to the infernal regions, and played at dice with St Peter for the souls of men? Or by the poetical vision of Brunetto Latini, Dante's preceptor, and whom, be it said parenthetically, he has placed in one of the infernal circles? No. He imitated what was said around him—he drew inspiration from the common thoughts of his contemporaries. But he had the genius which reveals to the popular mind its own grandeur, which it knew not. I will relate an anecdote, bearing, I think, strongly on the subject, and which has never yet been cited, even by Italian writers.'

'Long before the time of Dante, it happened, one day, in the town of Arezzo, Pope Nicholas II. being present, that a cardinal ascended the pulpit, and began to preach. He was a man about fifty years old, small of stature, and his eyes shone with a deep and sombre light, that made each sinner tremble. His thick, jet-black hair lent to his worn features a yet harder and more determined expression. Every word he uttered was revered by the people; with them he passed for a holy man, and all the bishops in Italy trembled before the power of the monk Hildebrand, destined to wear the tiara as Gregory VII.

'In the course of his sermon, he spoke thus: "In Germany, a certain count, rich and powerful, and, what appears a prodigy amongst his class, a man of good conscience, and wife, according to human judgment, always led an innocent life, died about ten years since. After this event, a certain holy man descended in spirit to the infernal regions, and saw the count placed on the uppermost rung of a ladder. He described this ladder as rising untouched amid the rushing waving flames of the avenging furnace, being planted there to receive every member of the same family who might be sent down thither. A black chaos, a fearful abyss, extended infinitely downwards; and thence this enormous ladder rose. An order of frightful regularity was established; the latest comer always took the upper rung; and he who was directly beneath, and all the others, each descended one step towards the abyss; so that, by an inevitable law, the men of that family plunged, one after the other, into the bottomless gulf.

"Seeing these things, the holy man asked the cause of this horrible condemnation, and especially, wherefore it included the count, his contemporary, who had led a life of justice, purity, and truth. A voice answered: "Because of a domain belonging to the Church at Metz, which one of this man's ancestors took unlawful possession of; and because his descendants have all been guilty of the same sin of avarice, the like punishment is decreed to them below."

'Now, Hildebrand's object in weaving this horrible legend, was to augment the priestly power. He wished to make it understood that the wealth of the Church was sacred and inviolable, and that neither prince nor baron might touch it with impunity. Moreover, in his policy, he chose to impute this greatest of all crimes to Germans, the enemies of Italy and of the papacy.

'But, for the poetical aspect of the question. A man of genius, as Dante preached, his words were necessarily commented on, added to, and changed by the popular imagination, until they formed a vast legend, the basis of another mighty genius. Dante saw the men of the rungs of the ladder, forming a progressive series of condemnation, and matured

it into that extraordinary and sublime drama; where nine infernal circles display to the poet's eyes a continual progression in suffering.'

A VALENTINE.

A GIRL, who has so many wilful ways
She'd cause an angel's patience to forsake him,
Yet is so rich in all that's girlhood's praise,
Did old Satan on her goodness gaze,
Out of a devil she'd an angel make him.

But with Satan she has nought in common,
And is (thank Heaven!) no angel yet, I trow;
Her faults, her sweetnesses, are purely human;
She is more beautiful as simply woman,
Than any one diviner that I know.

Therefore I do but wish that she may keep
This womanhood, and change not, only grow;
From maid to matron, youth to age, may creep,
And in a quiet blessedness, aye reap
On every hand of that which she doth sow.

COSTUME IN FRANCE.

It is curious to observe the remarkable change in fashions and taste that has taken place since the Empire. Nearly all the exquisite simplicity which was the characteristic of female dress in France has disappeared. Gorgeous ornaments and vivid colours are the order of the day. I saw, on one occasion, a lady, noted for the elegance of her costume, appear at a *soirée* in a toilet very much resembling that of a savage queen. Her gown was of light red, her bracelets and necklace of coral-beads, larger than hazel-nuts, and her head was decorated with pieces of coral and feathers. Had she been even beautiful, she would have appeared ridiculous. The ladies say they are compelled to this sacrifice of taste by the adoption of brilliant uniforms laden with gold and silver embroidery by the courtiers and all public functionaries. The change is curious, because Frenchmen have long struggled successfully against the national taste, which is all for show and gorgeousness, as is evinced, says one of their writers, by the immense popularity of the dahlia flower. The Empire has not yet had much influence on male costume, except by the re-introduction of frock-coats with long skirts. But it was once seriously contemplated to make an entire revolution in this respect—to suppress monstrosities, and enforce tight breeches and a sort of tap-boots. The emperor, however, did not think it would be expedient, on reconsideration, to make Paris picturesque in this fashion, and contents himself with setting a good example at Compiègne, where, with a true appreciation of elegance, he resorts sometimes to the costume of the last century, and shines his court into magnificence by wearing fine frills and pendent wristbands of Malines lace.—*Day's*. See *John's Purple Tint of Paris*.

IMPROVEMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

At a conversazione at the Polytechnic Institution, a curious illustration was given of the capabilities of photography in experienced hands. Two photographs were exhibited—one the largest, and the other the smallest ever produced by the process. The first was a portrait the full size of life; and the last was a copy of the front sheet of the *Times*, on a surface scarcely exceeding two inches by three. Both pictures were exceedingly perfect, the portrait being more pleasing and far more correct than those usually produced; while the copy, notwithstanding its exceeding minuteness, could be read without the assistance of a magnifying-glass. The photographs were exhibited by Mr Mayall, the well-known artist of Argyll Place, Regent Street, and excited considerable interest during the evening.—*Times*.

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A GLANCE AT THE HIGHLANDS OF ABERDEENSHIRE.

We usually think of the Highlands of Scotland as one range of hilly country, extending, with little variety of character, from Dumbarton to Cape Wrath. When it is carefully travelled over and examined, we discover great local differences. Perthshire, for example, is beautiful; Ross-shire, savagely grand; Inverness-shire, something between. A birch-feathered lake in Breadalbane or Monteth, is a totally different thing from a wilderness of bare quartz and sandstone in Assynt. The hopeless, heart-depressing moor of Rannoch can never be compared with the lovely openings of Glen Morrison and Glen Urquhart on the line of the Caledonian Canal. Even in the quality of mountainousness, from which the entire district takes its name, some parts are strikingly unlike others. Much of the Highlands, indeed, presents only very moderate elevations—generally under 2000 feet. Hills of above 3000 occur only in certain limited districts, as the north of Perthshire, the head of Aberdeenshire, and western Ross and Sutherlandshire. The famed Ben Nevis itself, 4408 feet above the sea, the loftiest summit in the island, rises in a territory generally composed of moderately high hills, and is therefore, indeed, the more conspicuous.

It so happens, from considerations of convenience, and the prevalent desire of seeing scenery merely pretty, that some of the grandest elevations of the Highlands are little visited, and even now are little known. Few make their way north of the Great Glen in Inverness-shire, or diverge to the eastward of Badenoch; and yet true it is, that there is nothing which will compare in the qualities which inspire awe and terror, with the battalion of colossal mountains extending along the west coast of Ross and Sutherland; while, beyond all doubt, the nucleus of the Grampian range is to be sought in Aberdeenshire. There we see a tract of fully thirty miles, containing as many mountains of above 3500 feet as are perhaps to be found in all the rest of Scotland, exclusive of the district just named. Among these are Ben Mìdhui, the second in the island, being 4290 feet; Ben Main; Ben-y-Vrackie; Cairngorm; and Loch-na-Gar—all of them magnificent examples of rudeness, grandeur, and sublimity. A very large part of this territory has never been subjected to any ordinary economic use, as the rearing of sheep or cattle; it is still a deer-forest, as it was in the earliest times; yielding no rental, except as a field of one of the hardest and most ancient sports.

If the reader will glance over a map of Scotland, he will quickly pick out a spot called Castleton of

Bracmar, in the western part of Aberdeenshire. It is a simple village, about 1100 feet above the sea, seated on the right bank of the Dee, and nearly in the midst of the alpine region which has been described. In 1715, the Earl of Mar raised the standard of rebellion against the newly seated dynasty of Brunswick, and here will now be occasionally seen the royal family, mingling with the homely crowd of a fair, and amusing themselves with a sight of the toy-booths and stalls of lollipops and gingerbread. From the door of Mrs Clark's inn, one sees the grandest of the group of mountains, as from the Hôtel de Londres at Chamouni you see Mont Blanc and the Flegere. You see them, perhaps, in a humid day, wreathed in mist, and provokingly unapproachable: no resource but to turn in and try to enjoy the comfortable inn parlour, in hopes of better weather to-morrow. Such was my fate—such is the fate of everybody who sets himself to see Scotch mountains. He posts himself in the nearest inn, laying siege, as it were, to the mountain, and captures it the first fine day—if he can wait sufficiently long. I have, for my part, made three expeditions in as many years to a particular mountain, only carrying it in the last. And it is told of Dr Macculloch, the geologist, that he visited the Cuichlin Hills, in Skye, eight years in succession, and never saw them except from a boat after all. It is a fine exercise for patience, your regular Scotch mountain.

I am bound in candour to admit, that my second visit to this district was successful. My approach was as the supposed rider of a pony, through the celebrated valley of Glen Tilt; that is to say, I hired a pony at Blair, along with a guide, and, tiring of its slow and uneasy motion, walked most of the way. It is a long, straight, narrow glen, altogether without human inhabitants, and with only a rude track for the lonely traveller. It takes you back to the primitive days of mankind when you enter this extensive wilderness, devoted only to deer, and think that unless you can make out thirty miles of travelling, you have no chance of any bed for the night, except one upon the open heath. The only relief which I experienced in my journey from the most absolute solitude, was, when about half-way, I came to a small platform of green land, in the angle formed by the incoming of a side-stream, and backed by a lofty rock, half covered with ivy and moss. Here I found two journeyers like myself, but who had come the contrary way, with a pony and guide, and were now taking a rest and lunch. The gentlemen, being in Highland costume, formed a picturesque group, and I gladly came to a halt by their side. Flasks, sandwiches, and cigars were brought out. The ponies and guides formed a subordinate group at a little distance.

With the streams tumbling and sparkling at our feet, and the cool shade of the rock behind, amidst light chat, gradually ripening to merriment, an hour passed agreeably away. The whole was like a scene in *Don Quixote* or *Gil Blas*, where there is always a bag containing a store of bread and onions, if nothing better, besides a long-necked leather-bottle, which passes round the company till it gets exhausted by their embraces. Finally, we bade each other adieu, and proceeded on our several routes.

I was followed by rain all that day, but always kept a little before it, till near the last, when at length it overtook me. Just as I entered the inn at Castleton, the night descended, and the rain began to fall in torrents. It lasted all next day, except a few intervals too brief to be of any service. But, prepared for such a contingency, I waited patiently to see what the next again should bring forth. Perseverance was rewarded with a bright morning, and I made instant arrangements for attacking Ben-Muiedhui. A currier and a guide being soon in readiness, I set out for a gamekeeper's house nine miles off, where it is customary to commence the walking part of the expedition.

The first part of our course lay along the bank of the Dee, even here a majestic civer, without any regard to the fine mountains rising by its side. Crossing by a modern wooden-bridge, we enter the park of Mar Lodge, a plain old mansion, noted only as the highest in the valley. Then, leaving all reasonable roads, we ascend by a rude path through the pine-forest to a considerable altitude on the mountain-side, enduring all degrees of jolting by the way, short of being absolutely propelled from the vehicle. Some of the trees remind us, by their great magnitude, of those of Norway. Another feature recalling that country, is the multitude of ants' hillocks to be seen scattered about. Here and there, a patriarch of the forest, overthrown by the blasts, lies on its side, with a mass of root turned up on edge, not much less than the gable-wall of a house. By and by, we get clear of the woods, and begin to ascend a bare and elevated valley called Glen Lani, where one can see, from the ruins of cottages, that there has been a population, though all is loneliness now. A few miles of this, and we arrive at the gamekeeper's cottage, the only human habitation, I believe, within a very wide circuit of country.

Leaving my vehicle and its conductor here, I had to address myself to a toilsome walk of nine miles along rough valleys, and corries, and mountain-sides, in order to reach the summit of Ben Muiedhui. The way is thus circuitous, partly for the sake of easy ascent, and partly because by this way the traveller gives the least possible disturbance to the deer—these forming an interest in Braemar, to which everything else must give place. My guide, a vigorous lad of three-and-twenty, led the way into a side-vale called Glen Derry, which I soon found to be one of considerable geological interest. At intervals of from half a mile to a mile, there occur huge masses of rough detritus, generally lying right across the valley, excepting that there is always a wide gap through which the rivulet finds its way. They are barriers, as it were, partly broken down. Using a hand-level, I found, in a rough way, that one of these barriers is no less than 130 feet high. The composition is a coarse, angular gravel, with great numbers of large blocks bristling along the surface. No one, so far as I am aware, has as yet taken

notice of them, and one finds no similar objects adverted to in the works of British geologists. Yet their history is abundantly manifest to any one who has ever travelled among the Alps. They are, in short, ancient moraines—the memorials of a condition of lower temperature in long by-past time, when each mountain region of considerable elevation in Scotland was above the line of perpetual snow, and had its valleys, of course, filled with glaciers. It is a circumstance invariably attending a glacier, that it raises along its sides, and leaves at its extremity, lines of rubbish or detritus—a moraine—which it has carried off in its course. In the present case, the moraine first met is the oldest. The glacier, shrinking under the influence of an improving temperature, has then begun to deposit the second at some distance further back; and so on.

After a third or fourth of these huge barriers, we come to a large open space, containing some fine pasture and dotted with a few trees, though it cannot be much less than 1800 feet above the sea. While the barrier remained entire, it must have been the bed of a lake; but it presents no lines of ancient beach along its sides, and I therefore conjecture that the process by which the water forced its way out was a rapid one. This, I was told by my guide, is the nightly haunt for feeding of a large herd of deer. During the day, they retire to the high grounds to the right, where they are less liable to be disturbed. The life of the red deer in the Highlands, is like that of a remnant of some barbarous outlawed nation, which, surviving in the midst of civilisation, can only save itself from being extirpated by haunting the recesses of drear forests, extensive morasses, and scarcely accessible mountains. They never wittingly allow any human being to come near them, and it is only by an exercise of the greatest cunning and patience that the sportsman gets within shooting distance. At one moment in my journey of this day, my attention was attracted by my guide to an unwonted object on the brow of the hill far above us. Something like the branches of a burnt forest could be discerned, relieved against the sky. It was a herd of deer. They were evidently keeping an eye upon the two human figures passing through the valley; and had I made a suspicious movement, they would instantly have been off for the far uplands, where the human foot cannot easily follow them. I should vainly try to give an idea of the feeling of wildness and solitude which was raised in me by this spectacle.

We now began to pass under the shades of tremendous wall-like precipices, all black and bare, as at the moment of creation. Our path became steep and toilsome, and it was necessary to rest for a few minutes every quarter of an hour. The granitic constitution of the mountains of the district becomes abundantly visible. The vegetation begins to be scanty. At length, at the elevation of about 3500 feet, we reach a desolate plateau, composed entirely of great slabs of granite, ovated by weathering. A black lake—Loch Attachin—presents itself—surprising to say, full of fish—and having one outlet towards the valley of the Dee, and another towards that of the Spey, a river running to the Moray Firth. In the deep, dark, herbless chasm into which the latter outlet discharges itself, and the other side of which is formed by the lofty Cairngorm, lies the celebrated Loch Avon, 1700 feet above the sea. I am more interested, however, in observing, in the recesses of the mountain near the higher lake, pretty large patches of snow, which rarely melt entirely away—the last remains, as they may be considered, of the glaciers which formed the moraines of Glen Derry. The stony sterility of the whole scene is appalling. One feels disposed to hurry through, and be done with it, lest, by some unforeseen accident, he should be left to its savage inhospitality. I feel this more pressing, as a cold mist came sweeping past in bitter gusts. After all,

it was necessary to mount a good deal higher before attaining the summit. When this was gained, I found it to be a broad space, composed of the same mouldering, rounded fragments of granite which surround the lake below. Unfortunately, the mist prevented my having any view of the more distant surrounding country. No object varies the scene but a cairn of stones marking the highest point, and the remains of a small rude hut, erected near by for the accommodation of the sappers and miners, which engaged some years ago in the business of the Ordnance survey. Through the balking masses of mist which passed me, I could get glimpses of the neighbouring peak of Cairngorm, and some others of the brotherhood of mountains planted around, most of which are not sensibly lower than Ben Muicdhui itself. There was much of terror as well as awe in the feeling of the moment. And it could not well be otherwise. An elevation so great in the north of Scotland is similar to a voyage into the arctic regions. It was with a feeling of relief that, having pursued over a slight refreshment, I commenced my descent from this soul-subduing scene.

In these elevated and airy regions, there is, of course, a small exhibition of life, either vegetable or animal. I remark, however, that there are few situations in which the black snail is not met with. In general the plants are Alpine and meagre; but very often, where a spring comes out, there will be found a collection of crosses; one is at a loss to imagine how they got there. Often, after passing into the sterile regions, you alight, in some sheltered nook, upon a tuft of blue-bells, like a family of pioneer settlers in the wilderness—the blue-bells of Scotland, as they may well be called, since they typify so truly the hardihood and enterprise of the national character. Very generally, where there is a cross-shaded spring, a small disturbance from your hand or foot will bring out a little hermit-frog, ‘lump-loup-louping,’ like his brother the old fairy tale of the *Well of the World's End*. One is disappointed at his not beginning a conversation, and showing how you may restore him to his proper form of the finest young prince that ever was seen. When one is entirely alone in such places, some small object will sometimes arrest attention, and excite admiration, far beyond the power of similar objects in ordinary scenes. You take to the little wild-flower as a companion; melt at the idea of so many passing through their season-life unsaluted by human eye, yet never the less beautiful on that account; and feel how the many analogies of human life bind up all these things with ourselves, as common creatures and subjects of the great Lord of All. A day in the wilderness may and then, is a Sabbath to the inner feelings of man. I do not think I ever once paused for three minutes of rest in these rocky solitudes, without finding within sight some natural object which prompted the spirit to poetical and religious meditation.

Making a change of route on our return—and for this purpose, by the by, making an extraordinary descent down a corry, where the stones could scarcely be upon each other—I passed through another glen, which also contains remains of glacial detritus, thus so far confirming my view of the ancient condition of this district in point of temperature. On regaining the gamekeeper's house, I found that the walk had occupied exactly six hours. It was no great feat perhaps; yet, as there are obstacles to its accomplishment, I felt rather pleased with it. A blithesome drive of less than two hours brought us back to Caisteon for a late dinner. Amidst the merriment of the inn parlour that evening, some jocular remarks were made on the brief reign which Ben Muicdhui had had some years ago, as chief of British mountains, while the true height of Ben Nevis was not ascertained; and the consequence was a piece of levity which is here appended

as a finale to an article which, I fear, many will deem to be too much of an opposite description:—

A MOUNTAIN IDYL.

CHARACTERS.

SAUNDERS, an Aberdeenshire man.
DONALD M'PHERSON, an Inverness-shire man.
AN OFFICER of the ORDNANCE SURVEY.

Saunders.

TUNE.—*The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn.*

Aberdeenshire, lift your browie;
Cock your beaver, Ben Muicdhui;
There's nae hill sae high as you, I
Queen Victoria's kingdoms a' I
Mining Sappers they ha'e said it;
And the fact we a' maun credit,
Though Ben Nevis wad forbid it;
Faith, he's got an unc o' fa'!

Donald.

TUNE.—*Johnie Cope.*

My faith, her naimsel doesna care
For a' your brags a single hair;
But for hersel she will declare,
You're a very foolish man this morning.
To think, though Sappers had the will,
They could tak the tap o' our hill;
Na, faith! that wad defy their skill;
So I wish you a fery cood morn'ing!

Saunders.

Hoot, Donald, man! ne'er be sae petted;
That's no the way I meant to state it;
They'll neither steer the tap nor feet o't—
The real case I mean to shaw:
Your hill is just as high as ever,
But Sapping Miners now discover,
That Ben Muicdhui's something over—
It's twenty feet aboon them a' I
Sae, Aberdeenshire, lift your browie, &c.

Donald.

Umph! Sapping Miners—wha are they,
Pretending sic a thing to say?
In troth! they had better no come our way,
Eicher by night or morning.
Ben Nevis' crags they are right steep—
Ben Nevis' heughs are unc o' deep—
An'they fa' ower there they'll get a sleep,
And no be wamketed in the morn'ing.

Saunders.

Hoot, Donald! ye're in sic a passion,
I vow it's just the lifeleil fashion,
Instead o' reasons, giv' a thrashin'!
Have ye nae respect for law?
Black never can be turned to fite, man;
Things will be sae, do as ye like, man;
Ye'll no improve your power to bite, man,
By gnashing at an iron wa'!
Aberdeenshire, lift your browie, &c.

Donald.

What are the Sappers? are they Whigs,
Come back again to play their rigs,
And gie us thistles for our sigs?
A bad exchange this morning!
Or are they skientific men,
That pretend o' wony things to ken?
When between you and me, our auld friend Ben
Knows just as much this morning.

Saunders.

Why, Donald, man, they're just auld sodgers—
On taps o' mountains constant lodgers;
Sic a set o' knowing dodgers,
Sure an I ye never saw.
Every hill they'll tell the height o't;
Every land they ken the right o't;
How they came to get the light o't,
Ne'er o' us can tell ava!
Aberdeenshire, &c.

Donald.

Trough, man! they're a set o' feckless chucks;
They may do fey weel for the Lowland hills;
But ours wou't measure in feet or ells—
They're far too high ony morning.
I tell you Ben Nevis will stand out
The king o' hills, past a' dispute,
For I've walked every bit o' it on my ain fut;
So I're na more to say this morning.

Enter an officer of the Ordnance Survey, who bows politely to both gentlemen, and thus addresses them: 'My friends, I believe there is a little mistake between you, which I am able to rectify. In the late government survey of Aberdeenshire, it was found that Ben Muicdhuil measured 4290 feet above the sea, being 20 feet more than the height assigned to Ben Nevis by previous unauthorised measurements. But now our men have executed an exact survey of Ben Nevis, and find that it is not less than 4408 feet above the sea; consequently remains 118 feet the superior of Ben Muicdhuil, and, till the contrary is shewn, must be held as the king of British mountains!'

Donald.

Hurrah! hurrah! I do declare
There's a fey shivil offishair.
But hark! Yur hill is a great deal mair
Than what you say this morning.
But come in here and trook your leg;
I'll bring out Loug John's unckle keg!
And we'll drown poor Ben Muicdhuil's brag
In E. o' Nevis' der this morn'g!

THE WOLF-HUNTERS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

ON the edge of a wide heath, in the still primitive province of Bretagne or Brittany, stood the antique and quaint-looking dwelling of the Breton family, whose history is the subject of my little romance. It was a wide and dreary heath; but in summer-time, it was gay with the blossoms of the yellow-flowering plant that gave its simple name to our proud line of Plantagenet. The genêt or broom was the crest of Edward I., and thus came the haughty-sounding title of Plantagenêt, made in English into Plantagenet. Indeed, the province is so full of memorials that attach it in an earlier period to the Great Britain of which it is supposed to have been an off-set or colony, that, however opposed we generally are to the practice of altering or translating geographical names, we always feel inclined to use our own word of Brittany in preference to the French one of Bretagne, in speaking of this ancient kingdom of Armorica, which is still as distinct an adjunct of France, as Wales, or even Ireland, is of the kingdom of England.

Though it is said to have been colonised from our own Britain, partly during the time of the Roman domination, and partly by its refugees from the horrors of the Saxon invasion, the people, being Celts, are in no respect like the English of the present day. The language of Lower Brittany, the most primitive or least civilised part, is as unintelligible to the French, as Welsh or native Irish is to the English; while it is said to bear so strong an affinity to the former and to the dialect of Cornwall—also peopled by ancient Britons—that Breton sailors landing in Wales or Cornwall have been understood by the people. In most respects, however, their character appears to resemble more that of the Scotch Highlanders than either the Welsh or Irish. They are strongly attached to their old ways; and even when religion and loyalty were assailed by the great Revolution, the Bretons that one of them, the great Revolution, the Bretons. The composition is a both. Indeed, it would appear numbers of large block, we have no other memorial No one, so far as I and mysterious monuments

which remain on the earth to puzzle antiquaries, as our own Stonehenge still does. Brittany possessed much the same distinctive character with regard to religion which has in some degree influenced that of its people from generation to generation, something of its spirit seeming to descend from the remote times of the Druidic faith and worship. The people are intensely superstitious, and attach much mysterious influence to the pagan monuments which abound in their country. Christian priests have sought to turn this feeling into a better channel, by consecrating many of these monuments to Christian worship. It is believed by some that Brittany might, in a former age, like our own Mona, now Anglesey, have been in some special manner the seat of the Druidic worship, to which, at stated times, devotees might have repaired from other quarters. The abundance of these singular and enormous stones—the use of which never has been, and, it is reasonable to conclude, never can be satisfactorily made known, but which are believed to have been connected with the religion of the Druids—would seem to warrant such an idea; but while the mystery might seem to be, how human hands could raise such mighty blocks, the simple faith of the unsophisticated Breton settles the antiquarian puzzle, by ascribing such an astonishing work as 'the Temple of Carnae,' composed of 4000 immense stones, standing on a barren plain, where not the least appearance of stone is in their vicinity, to the work of 'the little people,' the dwarfs, who are said to dance round these stones at night, guarding, within their mysterious circle, an immense treasure of gold. Wo, then, to the wanderer who approaches the dancers! He must dance, too, and dance till he dies, if once tempted to begin.

The religious character of the Bretons is preserved even in their fairy superstitions, which very closely resemble those of the Irish. The fairies, for instance, are addicted to child-stealing; therefore children are preserved from their power by a rosary or scapular worn round the neck. These lady-fairies are said once to have been beautiful princesses; but when the Apostles came, and preached Christianity in Brittany, the poor accepted, but the great would not—the pagan princesses chose to be pagans still; and so they became what they are, and remained the enemies of all good things; for the sight of a priest is terrific to them, and the church-bell drives them away.

In the very neighbourhood of such fairy-haunted relics of an unknown age, stood the dwelling I have named: there the father of Pierre and Victor had cultivated his own little farm, and been independent, though far from being rich. Pierre, his elder son, was his assistant; Victor, his younger, kept the goats and sheep on the wide heath, and was assisted in his calls by Virginie, the pretty little orphan girl whom his mother had taken and provided for, simply because there was no one else to do so: the boy was a year younger than the girl, and so she acted quite a maternal and guardian part by him, for one year of seniority gives great authority to the child of a poor family.

How they passed their time, out there on the wide plain, I really am not informed; but at nightfall they took good care to avoid those great mysterious stones which, their father gravely told them, had once been the soldiers of Caesar's army, who came to invade Brittany, and being pagans, were transfixed into stone as they stood, and must stand there to the end of the world. The theory was an ingenious one, and quite satisfactory to the young Bretons; who, if the great stones were said to have been the forms of the Republican soldiers who slaughtered the priests, and destroyed the churches, shortly before they were born, would have believed the tale just as devoutly.

It was pleasant enough, out there on the wide heath, for the boy and girl, telling the old fairy tales of which their country is the source, or singing the romance-hays

that still have such power over its peasantry.* But pleasant times, especially if times of childhood, must pass; and thus it happened on the wild heath of Brittany. The father fell ill, and change came on; the wide, open hearth, round which the family sat in the winter-evenings, was not then such a cheerful one, for Care—the yellow-visaged enemy of Cheerfulness—came and sat among them, and stopped the song and the tale, and even caused the distaff to twirl more slowly, and the wool-carding to go on more languidly. Finally, Poverty came, and took the place of Care; nearly all was gone; and perhaps one is better when all is gone than when all is going. Virginie went out to service with a farmer at a little distance: this was the change which the boy Victor felt to be the greatest. Pierre, his brother, who was more than four years his senior, did not feel it at all. Virginie was only a child, playing with the boy, and disturbing the gravity of his reflections; for grave and reflective as his people generally are, Pierre was particularly so.

But Virginie went away, and young Victor felt—how? Perhaps much as the sweet poet did when his Lucy left him:

She lived alone, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in the grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

But the young Breton maid was not in the grave; and though her absence caused the boy to feel the difference to him, he still made that difference as light as possible, by managing to keep up a pretty frequent intercourse with his former comrade.

In the long winter-evenings, he was often sure of a seat by her side when they met at the assembly which regularly takes place at one or other of the peasants' or farmers' houses, where all the families round about meet together, to sit round a common hearth, young and old, men and women, taking it in turn to tell stories, sing songs, or all to listen to the minstrel or wandering bard, generally a blind or lame one, who, as in old times in Wales, Ireland, and even in England, travels from place to place, and from house to house, sure of a glad reception, and of ready listeners to his ballads, which, as is still the case among ourselves, often recount any passing events that may possess some present interest, although it is not likely they will ever pass into the stock of legendary lore still preserved in Brittany, as that which his ancestors long, long ago recounted from castle to castle, or be transmitted to generation after generation, as the songs have been to which noble knights and stately ladies listened to with the same devout attention and ready faith as the unchanged peasantry of Brittany do at the present day.

No winter snow or summer heat detained young Victor from a meeting with the young maid of the farm; but it was only at a 'pardon' that Pierre, his elder brother, chanced to meet her after a long separation. The name is so peculiar, I must explain what it means.

The pardon answers to what in old or Roman Catholic times the English wake did: now, the wake has lost a part at least of its original character, and come to be a mere periodical merry-making, a scene too generally of drunkenness and vice. In Wales, the pardon is, I believe, now to be traced in the bardic meeting; but in Ireland, where the same religion is maintained, it has its counterpart in the 'patron.'

It is, in fact, a parochial and religious festival, held on the saint's day who is the patron of the village church. In Brittany, the pardon retains that primitive character

* So addicted are the Bretons still to this minstrel lore, that, in the time of the cholera, the bards or improvisators, who still exist among them, were employed to sing or recite the remedial which the doctors recommended.

which, in Protestant or semi-Protestant lands, has been lost or modified. It begins with religion, and ends with festivity, and presents a curious mixture of both throughout the three days of its duration.

The eve is announced by the ringing of the church-bells, attachment and even veneration for which form another old-fashioned peculiarity of Breton character. The altars of the churches are newly arrayed, and the image of the patron saint is adorned. The church is cleaned, and in it are deposited the offerings of the peasants, consisting of the produce of their land or the work of their industry—corn, flax, wool, articles made of plaited straw, such as large chairs or bee-hives—anything, in short, that can be of use, if not to the saint to whom it is nominally offered, at least to the priest of the parish, whom they respect and esteem almost as much. Perhaps some persons would find, without much difficulty, the prototype of such customs in the paganism which Christianity supplanted in this primitive district; but in England, as well as in Brittany, it was the practice to dance in the church itself on these festive occasions. The clergy, as they did here, found some difficulty in abolishing it.

Now, the people having gone to confession, and obtained the absolution or pardon, testify their gladness by all sorts of rejoicing. Some sacred well or fountain, famous in old song and tale, is almost sure to be in the neighbourhood; and thither the musicians repair, and around it the dance is formed. The fairies haunt these wells still, and comb their yellow hair beside them, with golden combs, just as they did hundreds of years ago; and Victor thought young Virginie could dance around them as well as any fay of the land.

On the occasion of what is termed a grand or great pardon, the people come from considerable distances to the special locality. Sometimes they arrive on the eve, sometimes at dawn of day: when they come in a band, they often carry banners, and their own pastor walks at their head. When they first come within sound of the church-bells, they uncover their heads, kneel, and say a prayer. The priests of the district come to meet their brethren; they enter the church; and after the offices are ended, they all, priests and people, make a procession in the neighbourhood, joined by all of the highest rank who reside in it, if, in its progress, any religious ceremonial takes place.

Tents are pitched for the habitation of the strangers, and the whole of the first day is dedicated to religion. The bards sing hymns in the church-yards; the priests are in the confessionals; the churches are filled by people, kneeling there in penitence or prayer. All through the day, and on through the night, religion holds her sway: the native bards who flock to these pardons now sing pious hymns, or recount saintly legends. But, with the dawn of day, religion withdraws to a little distance, though it still continues, strangely enough, to be blended at intervals with all that follows. Now begin races, games, dancing, singing, and sometimes those religious dramas, in the style of the old Mysteries, which, however, on these occasions, take for the subject the wonderful miracles which the saints of Brittany are celebrated for.

It was in such a scene and at such a time that Pierre, young Victor's elder brother, met with Virginie, the maid from the farm. A pardon—it is not profane to say so—is not an unlikely place to begin a love-affair; and so Master Pierre found it. He had not seen Virginie for a long time: he found the little girl grown into a nice young woman, tall, and straight, and bright-looking. He had come to the pardon, seeking its religious benefits more than its festive pleasures; for the cast of seriousness which distinguishes a Breton as well as an Irish nature, and gives a tinge of sadness to their national poetry and legends, predominated strongly in his, and seemed to throw a shadow around

him, which might be prognostic of a mournful destiny. Nevertheless, Pierre and Virginie danced round the well, and were so pleasant together, that before the third day was nearly over, he had made her promise to come over to the quaint old house on the edge of the moor, to see his father and mother. And Virginie was so happy to have made the grave, pensive, thoughtful Pierre look so bright and cheerful, that she promised readily, and thought she could soon make him as lively and pleasant as Young Victor. She was accustomed to Victor—the good boy—and thought nothing at all of his devotion to her, for he was a whole year younger than she was; but the power she possessed in dispelling the gravity of his brother, was something quite new and flattering to her; so for sundry fête-days after the pardon, she regularly went in the afternoons over the wide moor, to spend them at her former home. At first she had done so, and then Victor used to meet and accompany her there; and in the evening he used to convey her back, taking good care not to pass near the dolmen,* lest 'the little folk' should get them into their fatal circle. They had been pleasant walks, too, but somehow it was Pierre, not Victor, who now attended the farm-maiden on her evening road: they always left 'the boy' either, as the Irish would say, 'crooning over the fire,' or stretched on the stone-seat outside the house. What was the matter with him? That was precisely what neither of them thought of asking. Victor was 'only a boy,' and his freaks were not to be accounted for. So, on one of those festival afternoons when Virginie, in her holiday trim, was coming over the moor, she was met by Pierre; and the rest of the way took longer time in making. That heath was not unlike the 'broomy knaws' of the land of Burns, and in summer-tide its yellow blossoms might have tempted the active and hard-working Virginie to linger among them, as she had done in the blithesome days of childhood.

However that was, the pair entered together the quaint old dwelling at the side of the moor, where, together with the father and mother, sat young Victor, looking as if he did not know what to do with himself. Virginie kissed the old couple on each cheek; and, somehow avoiding even a glance at the boy, said only: 'Good-day, Victor,' and ran out of the door, saying, the sun was charming, and she wanted to look at it, or something to that effect.

Pierre stayed within it, and seemed brighter than usual. Victor looked beyond it, and was rising to follow the visitor, when his brother's words stopped him short. He looked at his father and mother with a smile, and then he asked their consent to marry Virginie.

The old couple were surprised—but it was the destiny of all people to be married. Pierre did not know what was before him: they looked grave, shook their heads, finally shed tears, embraced him, and gave a hearty consent. Virginie was a good girl; the mother had brought her up herself, and could answer for her. Yes, Pierre might thank her if a better wife was not to be found in the whole of Brittany.

But why was Victor silent? Stupid boy! he could not say a word: a convulsion seemed to have seized him, and when it passed, he looked as much like the stiff, upright menhir as anything else.† Without noticing him, Pierre went out, and led in the bride-elect, smiling, blushing a little, and really feeling happy because she had made 'that sombre Pierre so happy.'

But where was Victor? The boy did not come to welcome the new sister. Poor Victor! where was he?

He was out on the wide moor—out in the happy haunts of his boyhood, where the evening breeze tossed the broom-flowers about, and the mysterious stones that had been Roman soldiers, rose up in the twilight; and the tormenting elves who danced around them, and delighted in putting human affairs astray, alone could tell in what precise train the youth found his to be.

But one thing is certain, that there—on the heath where the children had played, and the boy had learned to love—there, before the menhir which both held in veneration—there did young Victor, with a full and throbbing heart, vow to promote the happiness of his dear Virginie, though that was to be effected by her marriage with his brother.

Yet Virginie had never known of his love. They had grown together like two young trees in their native forests, as calmly, as dispassionately. She was older than he was: there was the ground of her mistake. 'A girl who is older than a youth who is even expressly devoted to her, naturally looks down upon him, and wishes to have an admirer of a higher class. But there is something in the very aspirations to manhood—which aspirations beat, I suppose, as strongly beneath a goatskin pelisse as beneath an English round jacket—that lead a boy to look with reverence and love to some fair star above him. So did our great poet Byron, and so did our young Breton, Victor. A boy's first love is almost always his senior. Such love, it is true, but seldom lasts: in full-grown manhood, and, still more, when verging to manhood's more than maturity, the same being loves to protect, to cherish, to guide, and consequently loves what is most beneath him; but the object of a boy's first love is almost always his superior, in years as in all else.

First love! O it is a powerful and all-transforming spell, capable of being used for the best or the worst of influences! Yet, in manhood, it is looked back to as a mere nonsense, or, at best, regarded with a sort of half-sigh, half-smile remembrance. Ah! if all young girls knew their power at such an epoch—knew how much of future destiny lies in their control—knew how many a heart, made better or worse, they might send out into the world, to meet and brave the struggles or the woes of manhood. They know it not; know it as little as Virginie did, who might have made an equal plaything of the warm heart of young Victor, had its throbbing pulses been bared to her view. But she was saved from that sin, for she knew it not.

It was mid-winter. Across a wide and dreary moor, two travellers journeyed over the snow that already had covered all but the tall mystic stone which, surmounted by a cross, testified at once to the existence of a past and a present faith.

The deep snow that already lay under foot, was constantly increased by the falling flakes which hovered whitely in the darkness, for it was yet far from day-break. No sound, save that of the travellers' footsteps, broke the silence that added to the desolate aspect of the scene; and the figures that traversed it were singularly appropriate to its aspect.

They were Bretons; one younger than the other, but both habited alike in long coats of brown goatskin, with the hair outside, over which the light-brown hair of the elder, and coal-black hair of the younger, flowed down almost to their shoulders from beneath their broad-brimmed hats—mixing, in the case of the elder, with the beard that, young as he was, hung gemmed with snow some inches below his chin. He was pretty heavily armed; carrying a long pike, while to his leathern girdle was attached the *serpe de bûcheron*, or wood-cutter's hook—a heavy and deadly instrument, bent at one end, and capable of being exercised with effect on matter more sensitive than the forest wood.

Yet the face of the young man, in contrast to his

* The Breton dolmen is the English stone-table, called in Ireland cromlech, being rude blocks of upright stones, supporting a table or slab of the same.

† The menhir is the Breton name for the upright stones called Druidic, which are now, in Brittany, often surmounted by a cross.

accoutrements, was more expressive of sadness, anxiety, and even tenderness, than of any daring disposition or desperate tendencies. His companion was a youth just verging on manhood; tall, and strongly made for his years, and with an eye that could at times lighten up with a fire, the source of which lay deep within his heart. His countenance was composed; and, closely enveloped in his goatskin pelisse, he appeared to be unarmed, and merely an attendant on the other.

They had crossed the moor; a distant twinkling light appeared through the misty air: it came from a house that stood near to the edge of a wood or forest, the darker outline of which was faintly discernible in the dull twilight of morning.

'There is the rendezvous,' said the elder. 'Victor, you must leave me now. The road is difficult through this snow, and it is not necessary to fatigue yourself, especially as you must work harder on the farm to-day, in order to supply my place. Adieu! Victor; adieu petit.'

Victor said nothing, but walked on a little faster.

'Go, my brother,' said Pierre, stopping and laying his hand kindly on his younger brother's shoulder; 'return to our home, and desire poor Virginie to hasten to the menhir, and say an ave for every wolf's head she wishes me to bring back.'

'No, Pierre; I will not return, my brother,' said Victor with a grave and resolute air.

'No! How far wilt thou go, then? Even to the fight, perhaps?'

'Assuredly. Such is my intention.'

'Poor boy!'

'Yes, boy, if thou wilt! But perhaps this may serve thee, Pierre: see, I have my serpe also, and I sharpened it well last night;' and drawing aside the goatskin garment, he shewed the weapon concealed beneath it.

Pierre looked at it gravely.

'And is it thy ambition to be a wolf-hunter that has prompted thee to this?' he asked in a tone in which wonder and pity might seem to blend.

'Be that as it may,' said young Victor, in a tone that might appear either careless or haughty.

'Thou shalt come no further!' cried the elder: 'consider only, and renounce thy rash design. Wouldst thou have me fail in my object, and lose the benefit of the chase to-day? How can I expect to conquer wolves, if I must occupy myself in the care of thee? Wouldst thou have me lose my only hope of procuring a substitute for the army of Africa, and see me depart and leave Virginie to die of grief at home? Think of what that dear girl would say, if she knew how you embarrass me.'

'It is not at all necessary for you to occupy yourself in the care of defending me, my brother,' Victor answered; 'and as for Virginie, she need not be tormented by hearing anything about it.'

'Well, then, go—return, my brave boy: I shall be late at the rendezvous,' said the elder brother.

'Pierre,' said the other with far more calmness and resolution, 'listen to my words. You love our Virginie; you would be her husband—that is natural. But the conscription comes; you draw a bad number. Well; you must join the army of Africa. It costs much to get a substitute; I am not yet of the full age. Well, the wolves have been troublesome, and our farmers have lost some homes; our mayor offers thirty francs for each wolf's head. Well, you would rather fight with the wolves than with the infidels—that also is natural. You want to get money enough to buy a substitute—that is, to get so many wolves' heads at thirty francs a head; and the fight is to be to-day. Well, listen still: do you hope to despatch more than two wolves to-day? Hope it not: you know what they are at this season, when the snow is on the ground. Now, for two heads, our mayor will pay you sixty francs—a pretty sum, truly, to touch for so small a matter; but still you will

want much more to buy a substitute for military glory. Well, it appears to me that with the help of this excellent serpe, I might manage to get one head—there is thirty francs more, to be paid to any one who will join the great army of France.'

'And if the wolf should kill you, instead of your killing the wolf?' said Pierre.

'True; that remains to be thought of,' Victor answered, as if reflecting on the question. 'Well, my brother, in that case I need not go to a wolf-fight in order to pay a substitute when the next conscription comes.'

'Victor,' said his brother earnestly, 'you know that ever since I have been betrothed to Virginie, you have been our mother's hope and dependence: you have come here without her knowledge; should danger befall you, the blame will rest on me: I shall lose her consent, and thus my marriage with Virginie will be impossible.'

'That would be deplorable,' the other as earnestly replied. 'Adieu, then, my brother; take care of yourself: I will return home. May the good saints befriend thee!' And Victor turned and walked some steps back. Ere he had gone far, he stopped, and looking towards his brother, who still stood still, he called aloud, as if by hasty impulses, 'Pierre, I too love Virginie! I have loved her ever since I was born: I love her more than the air I breathe, than the life I live. In three months I shall join the army of Africa, not as a conscript, but as a free man.' And having made the double declaration, young Victor continued to retrace his way over the snowy moor.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

PHILADELPHIA.

TERMINATING my brief visit to Washington, I made my way northwards by railway through Baltimore to Philadelphia, the journey occupying little more than six hours. Writing now after an interval of several months, I throw my mind back to the very delightful residence of a few days which it was my fortune to enjoy in the city of Brotherly Love. My quarters were at the Girard House, a hotel in Chestnut Street of the first class; but so much of my time was engaged in making calls, seeing sights, and picking up scraps of information, that my stay was a perpetual change of scene and circumstances.

When William Penn fixed on the spacious peninsula between the Delaware on the east, and the Schuylkill on the west, for the site of a large city, he may be said to have selected one of the most beautiful and convenient spots on the whole coast of America. Approachable from the sea by the Delaware, the land, with a gentle yet sufficient rise from the water, was originally a fertile plain, dotted over with trees, and inhabited only by a few Indians. Such was the sylvan scene on which the first English settlers made their appearance in 1681, and began the reclamation of the wilderness. What do we now see after a period of a hundred and seventy-three years?—A city, the second in point of size in the United States—second, however, to none in beauty, regularity, and all the blessings attending on good order and intelligence. We are called on so frequently to note the rapid progress of American cities, that the subject ceases to excite surprise. There is something, however, more than usually wonderful in the growth of Philadelphia. At about the time of the Revolution, when the English abandoned it, the number of inhabitants, army

included, was only 21,000; so that when Franklin was at the zenith of his glory as a philosopher and statesman, the city of his adoption was in reality but a comparatively small place. Since that not distant era, the population has mounted to nearly, if not beyond, 560,000; and to all appearance it is destined to equal that of New York. That Philadelphia may, indeed, be soon the first of American cities, would not be astonishing; for it possesses the advantage of being now, since railway communication was opened, on the speediest route from the Atlantic to the Ohio and Mississippi, and of having ample room to expand in its dimensions, which New York unfortunately has not.

Every one has heard of the plainness of Philadelphia. According to ordinary notions, it is a plain brick town, with straight lines of street crossing each other at right angles, and altogether as dull and monotonous as its Quaker founders could have desired. In this, as in many things, the fancy dresses up a picture which is dispelled by actual observation. So far from being a dull or dismal town, Philadelphia is found to be a remarkably animated city, with streets crowded with as many people as you could wish to see, and displaying a greater number of private carriages than are paraded in any other part of America. It may be allowed that the scheme of long and straight rows of brick buildings, with scarcely any variation in shape, is not very tasteful; but a severe regularity in this respect is better than no plan at all, with the consequent confusion of streets, lanes, and mysterious back-courts with which such cities as London are afflicted. As a relief to the monotony of Philadelphia, the houses are constructed of a species of brick so smooth and fine, and so neatly laid, that all other brick-built cities sink in comparison. Then, let it be understood, that the basement story of many of the houses, the architraves, and nearly all the flights of steps to the doors, are of pure white marble. Next, take into account the punctiliously clean windows of plate-glass—the broad granite pavements—the well-swept, I might almost say washed, streets—the rows of leafy trees for shadowing the foot-passengers—the air of neatness generally prevailing—and you have a tolerable idea of the capital of Pennsylvania.

Going into particulars, many other things strike the stranger. Lately, the taste of the inhabitants has overleaped the primitive architectural design, and begun to substitute magnificent buildings of marble and red sandstone for those of brick. The ordinary height is also here and there exceeded; and now a pleasing variety takes the place of the ancient and much-complained-of uniformity. Similar changes are observable in the naming of streets; although, all things considered, the old plan is perhaps the best. It consisted in distinguishing all the streets running one way according to numbers, as First, Second, Third Street, and so on; and naming all those which proceeded in a cross direction, after trees, as Chestnut, Mulberry, Spruce Street, &c. The old names, as far as they went, are happily preserved. Running right across the town, from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, is Chestnut Street, the main or fashionable thoroughfare; and near its centre, comprehending a space from First to Fourth Street, is the chief seat of business operations. Suddenly put down hereabouts, the English stranger would be surprised at the traffic which seems to prevail, the thronging of well-dressed people, and the unexpected splendour of the shops—large stores shewing a long vista of elegant counters, shelving, and glass-cases, such as may be seen in the better parts of London and Paris, and stocked with the most costly articles of luxury. Proceeding eastwards along Chestnut Street, we finally arrive at the Delaware, which is faced by a long quay-like street, with a frontage of wooden wharfs jutting into the water; and here, as far as the eye can carry, nothing is seen but the masts and cordage of vessels,

the puffing of steamers arriving and departing, and the struggling of draymen, porters, and sailors, engaged in the business of loading and unloading articles of commerce. At the upper extremity of the quay, the shipment of coal, brought down by railway from the great Pennsylvanian coal-fields, seems to be conducted on so large a scale, that a Northumbrian might be deceived into the idea that he was on the banks of the Tyne.

Renewed and improved in various ways, Philadelphia shews few architectural relics of its early history. We see nothing of any edifice in which Franklin resided; and neither, until the time of my visit, had any public monument been erected to his memory, which, however, is preserved in connection with various institutions. The most remarkable building, dating from the pre-revolutionary period, is the old State-house, situated a short way back from the line of thoroughfare in Chestnut Street, so as to form a kind of square. It is a respectable, old-fashioned looking brick structure, consisting of a ground and upper story, with a spire partly of wood rising from the centre, and a wing added to each end. This edifice, which was erected so early as 1734, afforded accommodation for the congressional assemblies of the Revolution; and it was here, in the large apartment on the left-hand side of the doorway, that the famed Declaration of Independence was signed. At present, the apartment, which is unfurnished, seems to be reserved as a sacred show-place for strangers. It contains a few relics of antiquarian interest; one of these being the bell which, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th of July 1776, sounded a peal from the spire above, to announce that the Declaration had been subscribed. Having been subsequently fractured, it is now laid aside here as an object of curiosity. The other apartments of the old State-house are occupied chiefly as courts of justice; for Philadelphia, although the principal city of Pennsylvania, is not honoured by being made the place of meeting of the state legislature. That dignity, according to the usual American plan of huddling away the business of legislation into retired nooks, has, since 1812, belonged to the small town of Harrisburg, a hundred miles distant, on the Susquehanna river.

Behind the old State-house is an enclosed space with rows of trees; no doubt an agreeable summer-lounge to the Hancocks, Washingtons, and Franklins of revolutionary memory. Adjacent to the further extremity of the enclosure, is one of the few squares in the city, forming a lawn, with walks and seats, and prettily ornamented with trees. On visiting this spot, which is open to the public, I was amused by observing the tameness of a number of gray squirrels, which at call came down from their nests in the trees, and were fed by the children who were playing about the grass. It was pleasing to learn that these little animals did not suffer any injury from the youthful visitors of the square, and that care was taken of them by the public. How much good, I thought, might be done, by thus accustoming children to look kindly on the creatures which God has committed to our general regard and bounty!

Few cities are so well provided with water as Philadelphia. Beyond the environs on the west, the Schuylkill, which is a river about the size of the Thames, is dammed up and thrown back into a capacious pool, whence the water is led away and pumped by powerful wheels into a reservoir, nearly 100 feet high. By these means, 1,500,000 gallons of water are raised every twenty-four hours, and supplied by mains to the city in such profusion, that every family has an ample command of this prime necessary of life. The water-works on the Schuylkill form a favourite resort for the inhabitants of the city. The scene at the spot where the river falls over the barrier forming the dam, is very charming. Immediately beneath, a handsome suspension-bridge

has lately been erected, by which access is readily obtained to the opposite banks.

In the neighbourhood of these hydraulic-works, is situated the celebrated Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, which, originating in the efforts of a few humane individuals interested in the subject of penal discipline, has formed a model for the system of prisons now authorised in Great Britain. Having visited pretty nearly all the large prisons in Germany, France, and England, I felt a degree of interest in comparing their arrangements with those in operation in this American institution. The plan adopted is that of the separate system, as it is called, but with considerable modifications. About eleven acres of ground are surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, with battlemented turrets; and in the middle of the enclosure is the prison, designed on the principle of corridors radiating from a central point. The cells open from, and are ranged along, the corridors, in the usual manner, each containing a convict, who, from entry to dismissal, lives and works in his cell, and is allowed no communication with other prisoners. In England, it is customary to permit the prisoners to have outdoor exercise at certain hours, in courtyards. Here, a more humane and reasonable practice is followed. Each cell is provided with a small courtyard, into which the unhappy inmate may, during the day, step at pleasure. The entrance into this little airing-ground is at the end of the cell, opposite the door, and according to taste is laid out partly as a parterre of flowers, in the cultivation of which the prisoner may relieve the wretchedness of his confinement. In several instances, on entering the cells, I found the inmates in their courtyards reading in the sunshine, which stole over the top of the high bounding-walls; and I thought, that this open communing with nature must have in it something soothing and improving to the feelings. Hand-weaving at small looms, and shoemaking, seemed the principal crafts pursued by the prisoners. In one of the cells, occupied by a shoemaker, there was a pair of pigeons, which sat meekly on the edge of a pail by the man's side; and on questioning him respecting these animals, he said he prized them as companions. 'They do me good,' he said, 'when I look at them: their cooing cheers me when I am alone.' I was glad that the prison authorities allowed the unfortunate man this simple pleasure. But it seems to be one of the aims of the directors of the institution, to neglect no means of operating on the moral sentiments of the prisoners. Though styled the separate system, the discipline admits of the freest intercourse with respectable visitors. The best people in Philadelphia call upon, and hold converse with, the convicts, who doubtless receive no small benefit through such agencies.

The last cell I visited was double the size of the others, and occupied by a man who was busily engaged at a bench, making chairs with carpentry tools. On our entry, he did not look up, but continued at his employment. He was a stout-made young man, probably not more than thirty years of age, with a good-humoured expression of countenance, and was dressed in a linen blouse, confined round the waist. A more unlikely person for a criminal could hardly be imagined. After a few introductory observations, I inquired the nature of the offence for which he was committed. His answer was the single and startling word—'Murder!'

'Whom did you kill?' I asked. His reply was affecting.

'I killed my wife; but it was in self-defence. She was a bad woman; she had been drinking with some men in my own house, and when I returned home after a short absence, she ran at me with an axe. I saved myself by holding out my razor, which happened to be in my pocket at the time; it unfortunately struck upon her neck, and she bled to death. I was tried, and condemned to twelve years' imprisonment.' Such was

the man's story; and if true in all particulars, it seems to infer scant justice in the tribunals. On looking about, I observed a child's chest of drawers, which the prisoner said he had made for his daughter, who came at times to see him, and whose visits afforded him the only gleam of happiness in his lot. I could not but feel deeply interested in this individual; and I ventured to throw out the hope, that by good conduct he might by and by obtain a remission of his sentence. On the whole, after making a survey of the prison, and hearing explanations respecting its arrangements, I was more favourably impressed with the genial system pursued, than with the comparatively arid discipline which prevails in our penitentiaries. Besides this general receptacle for criminals, there are two houses of refuge for juvenile vagrants and offenders in Philadelphia—one for white and another for coloured inmates; for even in crime and suffering, colour asserts a distinction here as elsewhere in the States.

The humane system of prison-discipline introduced into Philadelphia, seems to be appropriate in a city founded by a body of religionists whose aim has always been that of practical benevolence. Begun by Friends, this sect has left its impress on the public institutions, and also the usages of the inhabitants; but has long since dwindled down to be one of the least noticeable religious bodies in the city, and in the present day, the number of persons dressed as Quakers in the streets is in no way conspicuous.

The public buildings of Philadelphia—such as banks, hospitals, churches, theatres, and other establishments, including a Merchants' Exchange—are of a more than usually elegant style of architecture; and it seemed as if in no city in the Union was greater progress making than in this department of the arts. One of the more stately of these public edifices is the Girard Bank, in Third Street, once occupied by Stephen Girard, and where that remarkable person amassed the large fortune which, at his death, was bequeathed to the city for the support of an institution for orphans, and other purposes. The Girard College, founded by this appropriation, and now occupied as an educational hospital for children, is situated at a short distance from the town on a high ground, towards the Schuylkill, and is by far the finest building, in point of size, material, and purely Grecian character, in the United States. On the evening after my arrival, a gentleman kindly undertook to conduct me to this, the grandest architectural product of America. Placed as it is within a spacious pleasure-ground, I was struck with its magnificent proportions and general aspect. It is in form a parallelogram, composed entirely of white marble, with a basement of steps all round. With eight Corinthian pillars at each end, and eleven on each side, supporting a pediment and roof, it presents an exact model of the higher class Greek temples. The pillars are 6 feet in diameter, and 55 feet high, exclusive of base and capital. As it was open to inspection, I ascended by an inner stair to the roof, whence a magnificent view was obtained over the city and country to the west. The roof itself is a curiosity. It is composed of slabs of marble, resembling tiles, and the weight of these alone is about 1000 tons. Consisting chiefly of class-rooms, the edifice does not lodge the pupils, who, with the teachers and other officers, reside in two separate or out buildings. The whole of this superb monument cost nearly 2,000,000 of dollars. I call it monument; for, like Heriot's and Donaldson's Hospitals at Edinburgh, it is, in reality, a thing devised by the founder to keep his name from sinking into oblivion. The rearing of children in monastic establishments of this class, is an error of the past, which one does not expect to find perpetuated in so new a country as America; and the sight of Girard College, with all its architectural elegance, is on this account felt to be more painful than otherwise.

As regards general education, Pennsylvania has followed the example set by the New England states; and now the stranger will be gratified in witnessing a completely ramified system, adapted to the wants of the community, free from sectarian bias, and conducted entirely at the public cost, as a matter of municipal policy. Nearly an entire day was devoted by me to visiting schools and academies established on this liberal basis; and, like all who have made similar inquiries, I rejoiced to see such admirable means adopted to insure the intelligence of future generations. As elsewhere, I observed that in these public schools the children of different classes of people attended without reserve—the son of a carter, for example, being seen beside the son of a judge—a state of things less imputable to any republican notion, than to the fact, that the education given could not be excelled, if it could be at all approached, in any private establishment. Perhaps, also, something is due to another fact; which is, that the children of a humbler class of persons are usually as well dressed as those of a superior station; for in general circumstances, American operatives, with their high sense of self-respect, dress themselves and their families in a manner which admits of no challenge from the more opulent classes. The entire number of publicly supported schools, ranging from the primary to the higher establishments, is about 300; with upwards of 800 teachers, of whom the majority are young women specially educated for the purpose in a normal school. Besides these institutions, there are many denominational academies; and latterly, a School of Design has been commenced for the purpose of improving the tastes of young persons connected with manufacturing establishments.

Like Boston and New York, Philadelphia abounds in public libraries, museums, and scientific and artistic institutions. I was taken from library to library through a long and bewildering series, each addressed to a different class of readers—apprentices, merchants, and men of scientific and literary acquirements. In this excursion, I visited the rooms of the American Philosophical Society—the oldest institution of the kind in the United States, having been begun by Dr Franklin, whose venerable portrait hangs in one of the apartments. The custodian of the institution, among other curiosities, shewed a number of letters of Franklin; and what was more historically interesting, the original draught of the Declaration of Independence by Jefferson, containing the fiery passage in reference to negro slavery, which was discreetly struck out on the final revision of the document.

Once the political metropolis of the States, nothing of that character now pertains to Philadelphia but the national Mint, which, for some special reasons, has not been removed to Washington. After a sight of the Royal Mint in London, one would not expect to find any novelty here; but the establishment is exceedingly worthy of being visited, if only to see the extent of the coining process, and the beauty of the mechanism which is employed. Accommodated in a large marble building, with a portico and pillars in front, the Mint is conducted with a singular accuracy of arrangement under proper officers, and according to the latest improvements in the arts. Many of the lighter operations, including the weighing and filing of the gold pieces, and the assorting of quantities of coin, are performed by young women. While being politely conducted through the several departments by the principal of the establishment, I inquired what means were adopted for securing the integrity of the persons employed; and was told in reply, that none was attempted beyond the ordinary checks as to weight. 'Our true check, however,' said the intelligent functionary, 'is the sentiment of self-respect. All are put on their honour, and the smallest act of dishonesty in one would be felt as a disgrace to the whole. We are repaid for our confidence—nothing

is lost; thefts are unknown.' Can they be a bad people of whom such a character is given? I think not.

Since the discovery of gold in California, the coinage has been immense. Travellers, a few years ago, spoke of the abundance and wretchedness of the paper-money circulating everywhere through the States. You still see dollar-notes, purporting to be issued by state and city banks; but, to all appearance, the circulating medium is to a very large extent, if not chiefly, in gold coins. At the time of my visit, the principal deficiency was in silver, for small-change; though new quarter dollars of that metal, resembling an English shilling, were coming into use, and are now perhaps plentiful. The most common coins were the gold dollar—a most beautiful small piece—the two-and-a-half dollar, and the five-dollar piece. The eagle—a ten-dollar gold coin—was seldom visible, and more seldom still, the double eagle. Latterly, it has been proposed to coin fifty-dollar gold pieces; and some of an octagonal form of that amount have been actually executed at California, and are seen in the windows of the money-changers in New York. On looking over the collection of native and foreign coins in the Mint at Philadelphia, it is observable that the Americans come quite up to the English in some details of mechanical execution, but are still distanced in artistic design. The devices on the various American pieces, gold and silver, are not elegant, neither is the die-sinking so perfect as it might be; and to an improvement in both these points, the United States' government, for the sake of its own credit, could not do better than direct attention. It appears that for several years the coinage in the Mint at Philadelphia has been upwards of 50,000,000 of dollars per annum. Taken in connection with the product of the English and French Mints, it is stated on authority, that the coined money ushered into existence in the year 1853, attained the value of £38,725,831—a quantity of hard cash added to the ordinary currency which gives an impressive idea of the industrial transactions of modern times.

After all that a stranger can say of the more remarkable edifices and institutions in a city—after describing the aspect of the streets and of the people who crowd them—he necessarily leaves off with the conviction, that he has failed to impart a full and correct idea of what came under his notice. How, for example, am I able to communicate a just notion of the intelligence, the refinement, the enterprise of the Philadelphians—their agreeable and hospitable society, their pleasant evening-parties, their love of literature, their happy blending of the industrial habits of the north with the social usages of the south? All this must be left to conjecture, as well as the Oriental luxury of their dwellings, and the delicate beauty of their ladies. I only indulge in the hope that these fair and fascinating beings will not accuse me of want of gallantry in hinting to them, in the gentlest possible manner, that they have one fault—at least I think they have—one, however, common to all their countrywomen, and that is, staying too much in the house, in an atmosphere not quite, but nearly, as hot as that of an oven. O these terribly suffocating apartments, with the streams of warm air rushing out of gratings from some unimaginable hot cavern beneath—siroccos of the desert led, as a matter of fancy, into drawing-rooms—anguor-promoting and cheek-blanching gales—enemies to health and longevity! How the ordinary duties of life are carried on in these hot-houses, I cannot understand. Sometimes I was inclined to think that there must be a great chilliness in American constitutions—that they must feel cold much more readily than we do, in England, where, even in the coldest weather, houses are rarely heated beyond 65 degrees, and that by open fires promotive of ventilation. From whatever reason, the Americans heat their

dwellings to a degree of which we in the old country have not the faintest conception. That such a practice is the main cause of a want of rosy colour in the complexion, and that appearance of premature old age in many persons of both sexes, is past a doubt; though I am not aware that the subject has met with attention from physiologists. 'What with the thin dry air out of doors, and hot stoves within, the Americans,' said a facetious friend, 'get themselves regularly baked—shrivelled up before their time. No wonder they are everlastingly drinking cold water: if they did not keep moistening themselves, they would dry up to mummies.' This joke was rather hard, but not altogether undeserved.

Philadelphia is somehow associated, *par excellence*, in the minds of the English with the idea of America. When we think of the history of that great country, or of its statesmen, or patriots, up comes the notion of Philadelphia in a very remarkable way. The story of Franklin's early struggles, imprinted on the mind of every boy, has perhaps something to do with this psychological spectrum. We all recollect his efforts to get up a printing-office—the deceptive promises of the English governor to lend him money to import a small stock of types—his newspaper, started originally by Keimer in 1723, and the second in the province—his experiments in drawing lightning from the clouds—and many other interesting circumstances in his career. It is now about a hundred and twenty years since Franklin commenced as a bookseller and printer in Philadelphia, and gave, as it may be said, a literary reputation to the place. From small beginnings, the trade in the production of books has increased so largely, that now the city in this respect is a formidable rival to Boston and New York. Besides a large number of magazines, and journals of science and art, published periodically, there were, at the time of my visit, as many as twelve or thirteen daily, and upwards of forty weekly, newspapers—several of them religious, for Sunday-reading. From several publishing-houses, there are issued vast quantities of books in miscellaneous literature; and here, among other curiosities which interested me professionally, I lighted upon the large concern of Messrs Lippincott, Grambo, and Company, which, independently of a trade in publishing, carries on the peculiar business of book-merchants. A spacious building, several stories in height, is stored, floor above floor, with books gathered from all the publishers in the Union, as well as from England, and ready for selection and purchase by retail-booksellers coming from every part of the States. Any person, for example, wishing to open a book-store in California, or some other distant quarter, may here, in a walk from ~~off~~ to bin, acquire such a varied stock as suits his purse or his inclination. Say that he is going to open for a season at Saratoga, the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, or any other fashionable watering-place, there he has his choice of handy little volumes, shabbily gilt, in the light line. Or, say that he wishes to go into the school, or heavy trade, still he finds a mine of material ready to his fingers. In an hour, he might load a wagon with all the varied literary wares he can possibly require; just as a country draper, dropping into one of the streets about Cheapside, is able to lay in his miscellaneous stock of haberdashery for the season. I was told by one of the principals of the firm, that it had dealings in every seat of population of any importance from New Orleans to Toronto, and from the Atlantic to beyond St Louis. Think of commercial travellers being despatched on a journey of 2000 miles—as far as from London to Cairo or Jerusalem!

Such concerns as this are types of the manufacturing and trading establishments of Philadelphia, which, in different departments, is making extraordinary endeavours to reach the position taken from it half a

century ago by New York. A person accustomed to think of Birmingham as the only great seat of manufactures in metal, would be surprised to see the large establishments in Philadelphia for the production of that single article, the locomotive, of which several hundreds are exported annually to England. In a factory of another kind, I found 800 persons employed in making gas-lustres and chandeliers; and in a third, were seen 150 operatives engaged in the manufacture of gold chains and other varieties of jewellery. In the fabrication of military and ladies' dress-trimmings, some hundreds of hands are also employed; and one house pointed out to me, was said to make 1000 umbrellas and parasols in a day. The manufactures of the place are stated as amounting to the value of 64,000,000 of dollars per annum. The opulence introduced through this means is vastly augmented by the produce of the rich mineral fields of Pennsylvania, which here finds an outlet. As has been hinted, New York has taken the place of Philadelphia as the leading entrepôt of commerce in the States—an event traceable in some degree to its readier access, from Europe, but principally to the opening of the Erie Canal, and other channels of communication with the 'Great West.' Neglectful of its interests in this respect, and with capital directed to mining industry, Philadelphia has seen its rival on the Hudson outstrip it in the race of prosperity. At length, awakened to a sense of their danger, and recovered from a temporary financial depression, the Philadelphians are going ahead at a great rate, and it will behove New York to look to its laurels. No Atlantic city can ever take a commanding position, if unprovided with a direct and easy access to the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the great lake-countries on the north. Philadelphia has found that out, and by means of railways recently opened, is busied in getting back the traffic which it ought never to have parted with. One thing, however, is wanting. Reposing on the west on the one side, it will need to cultivate an intercourse with England on the other. The Delaware must be the port of entry and departure of first-class steamers in weekly communication with Southampton or Liverpool; for at present, no inconsiderable portion of the goods and passengers for Philadelphia require, for the sake of speed, to go round by New York—a circumstance attended with numerous inconveniences. I believe the Delaware—a massive river, and presenting miles of frontage for traffic—is fitted to bear with safety, to and from the ocean, vessels of any burden; and with such an estuary, and such internal resources, it would be difficult to assign a limit to its greatness.

I left Philadelphia with more regret than I had experienced in departing from any other city in America. As regards good organisation, refinement, and prosperity, the only eastern city fit to be named with it, is Boston; and when I add Toronto, the three seats of population are mentioned, which, according to my fancy, offer the attractions usually sought for by a class of emigrants whose aim goes beyond mere money-making or the ordinary necessities of existence. Philadelphia, though not picturesque, is invested with charms to invite the settlement of the enterprising, the tasteful, and the moderately opulent. In the far northern townships, the severity of winter and the brevity of summer may repel the fastidious in climate; but nothing is left to pine for on the banks of the lovely Schuylkill or the noble Delaware. Even the idler, who needs the habitual solacement of his clubs, his whist-parties, his conversaziones, and his billiards, will have no difficulty in discovering the objects of his search in Philadelphia.

Hastening northwards, by a railway train which took me through Trenton, the scene of Washington's famous exploit, after crossing the Delaware on the night of Christmas 1776, I arrived in New York a day

or two before my departure for England; and here I may pause to make some general observations suggested by my excursion. W. C.

MY ARABIC MASTERS.

PECULIAR circumstances rendered it advisable, if not necessary, that I should gain some knowledge of Arabic: no matter what these circumstances were; they belong to my private history, which I am not going to relate; and this paper is merely intended as a description of two singular characters that passed before my eyes in the world's diorama.

I had for some time worked at the above language by myself, but with the exception of becoming familiar with the character, and learning a few phrases by heart, I made little progress, so different was it from anything with which I was already acquainted. The prospect of a change of residence prevented me from having a master at that time; but soon after my husband and myself were settled in Paris, our inquiries for an instructor in Arabic were answered by a friend, who said he had one to recommend, who was not a native of the East, but a Hungarian, and who was reckoned one of the first of modern linguists: I must, however, put up with his strange eccentricities. The eccentricities were rather an inducement than otherwise; and Mr L—— presented him to my husband in due form. He accepted his terms, which in themselves were unlike all others. He said he never gave more than one lesson per week, but he always left his pupils plenty of exercises for the intermediate time; and that this solitary lesson was given on a Monday. His name was Mandelli, which we thought at the time was not at all Hungarian in sound. He talked much of his family; he told us they were peasants; but from what afterwards fell from him, we found that the father cultivated his own land, and lived in the greatest possible comfort. One of his great delights was to speak of the evening concerts performed by his relations, who played on various instruments; and of the delicious cakes his mother made. The butter-cake was, according to his account, the most exquisite thing that was ever tasted: and why he left all these luxuries, we could never clearly make out. To us, he said his father thwarted his love of learning, and in every way opposed his propensities, so he had left home without telling any one, walking forth into the world by himself, and leaving no trace of his route. He had since communicated with his family, but had no intention of returning till he had acquired all the knowledge he thought necessary. We suspected he might not be telling us the whole truth; but he never conversed on politics, never spoke of the public affairs of his country, never complained; and, in fact, we heard much more of Hungary from an Austrian friend, whose early stored mind led him to foresee all that has more recently happened in that country, and whose predictions we have lived to see verified.

Mandelli told us he had set forth without making any preparation, with but little money in his pocket; and he did not suppose he was missed, for he had eleven brothers and sisters. He must have occasionally suffered much; but he had met with great kindness and encouragement during the series of years in which he had been away. He had traversed a part of Russia and Poland, always on foot, and at last arrived in Germany. How he supported himself we never could understand; but he had held discourses at, and written theses for, every university in Germany of any consequence. The freedom of access which a scholar enjoys on the continent, was at that time so striking and new to us, that we were never weary of listening to his details, or the account he gave of the persons of note with whom he became acquainted in the public libraries. At that of the Institute of France, he had

met with our friend Mr L——, who had been much interested by his appearance and conversation.

Mandelli was very remarkable in person; and since I saw a procession of Hungarians got up to meet Kossuth, I have been more inclined to believe that Hungary gave him birth, there was so strong a national resemblance between him and the persons above mentioned, although none of them equalled him in beauty. His grand head was covered with thick clustering curls, which, however, were getting gray; his forehead was straight and high, and his perceptive faculties were largely developed; his great dark eyes were full of expression; his high classical nose rendered his profile beautiful; his teeth were regular, but much stained with the filthy substances he was continually smoking, which were not always tobacco; his upper lip and the whole chin were covered with the most remarkable curling beard I ever beheld, which descended far upon his breast.

'This beard,' he used to say, 'has often saved my life.'

'How?' I exclaimed.

He replied: 'When I have no money, I have only to offer to sit to an artist for it, and he will always give me one or two francs.' His stature was six feet three, and his proportions those of immense strength; he was remarkably upright and dignified, carrying his glorious 'head on high;' but as to the softer graces, he had none. His voice was loud, and rather harsh; and I always fancied it would burst in thundering indignation from that capacious chest. He was, however, generally speaking, very calm and composed, though now and then his eyes would sparkle with fire. He reminded me strongly of the ancient busts of the Thunderer; and I longed to put a drapery over him, and a wreath round his head, and call him Jupiter Tonans. His age appeared to be about thirty-five; and certainly he owed nothing to the advantages of the toilet.

Wishing to get a pupil for Mandelli, Mr L—— told him he must be better dressed; and the Hungarian replied, he had not the means of getting other clothes; whereupon Mr L—— raised money among his friends and from his own pocket, and fitted Mandelli out handsomely. As long as the lessons continued, he made a most respectable appearance; but no sooner were they over, than the master again began to get very shabby; and at last he sent a note to his good friend, begging him to come speedily to his assistance, as he was in great trouble. Mr L—— went, and found he had been taken up on suspicion of having stolen a pair of boots. Mandelli confessed that he had parted with his good clothes, piece by piece, for books; and when he offered the boots, the tradesman said it was impossible for one of his appearance to have come honestly by them, and he was detained on suspicion of being a thief. Mr L—— soon settled the matter; and as he walked away with Mandelli, he expostulated with him. 'If you will get me the dress of an invalid soldier,' said the latter, 'I will wear it for ever.' Accordingly, the gray trousers, waistcoat, and frock-coat were procured; and in this fashion he presented himself as my master. I now forget whether he had a cap or a hat, for I recollect him only as bareheaded. He wore no linen; and by way of cravat, had a dirty red cotton handkerchief round his throat, tied in a knot; nor did he wear stockings; and his bare ankles peeped out between his trousers and his coarse thick shoes, tied with string.

As Mandelli lived and lodged upon the weekly five francs he received for my lesson, it will be supposed that his food was not of the choicest description. He bought it every week, on the Monday morning, at the market, where it was set out on small plates, having been collected from the restaurateurs. It was not always sweet; but this was a matter of indifference to Mandelli. I, however, could not arrive at so desirable a pitch of apathy; so he generally took it out

of his pocket, and left it in the anteroom. This was one day omitted; and as he sat unusually near the fire, the heat soon extracted the perfume of the viands. My olfactory nerves being dreadfully assailed, I tried to make my escape; this, however, proved impracticable, and I fell before I reached the door. He was much distressed, and promised he would not again bring his food with him. I tried to persuade him it was very unwholesome for himself; but he laughed, and said he was used to it; and when I looked at his stalwart person, I could not press him on that point. I then turned upon him, and urged the want of cleanliness; but he assured me, that as long as he kept his person clean, it was of no consequence what he swallowed. His person! thought I; I do not believe he knows the use of soap.

A few days after the above conversation, I had a proof that my surmise was correct. I shewed him a bottle of curious honey, which had never congealed, even in a very low temperature. He let the bottle slip through his hand, and trying to save some of the contents, as the glass lay broken on the floor, he covered his fingers with the honey. I ordered soap and water to be brought to him; but so completely ignorant was he of the former, that I had to shew him how to use it. He assured me that he every day bathed in the Seine, or washed himself at one of the fountains of the street, and insisted on the uselessness of any other mode of ablution.

Highly cultivated as was the mind of Mandelli, and great as were his acquirements, he was full of prejudices. He had learned Russ, Polish, and German, in the countries where these languages are spoken; Italian was natural to him; modern Greek, he had obtained from neighbours; French, from his intercourse with those people; Arabic, from books, and learned professors at the universities; Spanish, from a friend; and English he had acquired by attaching himself to our troops when the allied armies had possession of Paris. He hovered about the spot where they bivouacked, waited on them, bargained for them, and only asked, as his reward, that they would teach him English. He aimed at mathematics, and was teaching himself in a roundabout way; and my husband, who was a very fair mathematician, offered to instruct him; but Mandelli became impatient at what he called shackles, and shook off his instructor. He was desirous of understanding the classification of plants, according to the natural system; but the moment he heard that all those grouped into one family did not bear the same appearance, he would not continue the study. His Arabic was the western, or that chiefly found in books, which suited me best; but even here his peculiarities interposed, and he taught me much that was useless. The fine arts had no interest for him, in spite of his family concerts, in which he had not taken any part; and it always seemed as if the act of learning was his enjoyment, and not the application of what he learned.

The winter of Mandelli's attendance upon me was the second after a sojourn of some years in a warm climate, and which is always the worst to bear. It was not, then, to be wondered at that I cowered over the fire, and crouched at the chimney-corner, looking over my lesson. Mandelli one day found me thus. He was amused at my chilliness, and boasted that he never suffered from cold. 'How do you manage to keep yourself warm?' I asked.

'I never have a fire,' he answered; 'but I put my bed-cover over my shoulders' [I daresay it was something like a horse-rug], 'and my legs into a tall basket which reaches to my knees, and which I have filled with hay.'

In this manner, did the strange Hungarian pass through the inclement winter; when, if he had chosen to depart from his established rules, he might, by his talents, have had most of the comforts of life. Some

alleviation, however, occurred when the cold was at the worst, for he told us he had found a companion, who shared his room and his bed, and paid half his rent; he was free from him all day when he was at his work; but he returned at night, when he should be very comfortable, if the young man was not always trying experiments.

One of the experiments of Mandelli's friend was to make a water-bed; and, after a great many trials, he succeeded in accomplishing a water-proof covering which did not leak, and to perfect which, he was obliged to have a fire. When ready, the young man borrowed a boiler, and heated the water over the fire, as he imagined it was necessary to put it in hot. By degrees the bed was filled, the tube closed, and tightly screwed, and the smaller man of the two laid himself down upon it. 'O Mandelli, make haste to bed,' he exclaimed; 'it is delicious!' The giant form of Mandelli, however, was too much for the material: he stretched himself upon it—crack went the covering, and the room was deluged. He told us this the next morning, almost convulsed with laughter, although his clothes were even then wet, they having been soaked when the boiler was burst; and a second suit was much too great a luxury for Mandelli.

We did not like to dismiss my instructor, and yet it was desirable to take another master. My husband, therefore, employed him to write for him on the same terms as those given for the lesson. We were not, of course, aware of it, but this was an employment he detested; he therefore found another pupil, and took his leave. We, I presume, unwittingly affronted him, for he never came near us again; and a few years after, when I returned to Paris, I heard that he had left that city; and as our friend, Mr L., was gone to live in Russia, I never heard anything more of Mandelli. Events of public interest had entirely banished the poor student from the memory of the Parisians.

My second instructor was a complete contrast to the first: he was a short, mercurial man; a Capt by birth; never at rest; never long in good-humour. He was induced by gratitude to a mutual friend of ours, and by the piquancy of teaching a lady, to give me two lessons per week. He generally clothed himself in the best of European costume, only retaining the fez. It was necessary, before each lesson, to coax him into the mood for it. He was employed by the French government to translate Arabic manuscripts, and had married a French wife, over whom he tyrannised according to the prescribed rules of an Eastern despot. She was a gentle, sad-looking person, much afraid of her husband, and shewed me a great deal of kindness. Her husband's greatest friend was a certain learned marquis, who seemed to possess much influence over him, and to whom she frequently appealed in his fits of ill-temper. To me, he was exceedingly polite, and yet more than once I felt he had not exerted himself as he ought to have done. In order to secure his services, I was obliged to go to him; and I dared not be one moment behind my time, or even venture to send an excuse for non-attendance, when bodily suffering would otherwise have kept me back. He never would have kept his appointments had I trusted to his coming to my rooms.

A heavy fall of snow, a sudden thaw, and a still more sudden frost, during the night, rendered the streets of Paris impassable to carriages, and difficult for foot-passengers. It was the morning for my lesson from Ellious, and I resisted all the persuasions that were used to detain me at home. My husband, as well as myself, knowing his ticklish temper, would not say a word for or against; but the friend who tried to dissuade me, after vainly giving me an exaggerated account of the weather, insisted on my swallowing some hot soup before I set out; and so, armed with warmth within and warmth without, I sallied forth.

With considerable management I contrived to keep my footing; but I never shall forget the painful sensations with which I crossed the Luxembourg Gardens, tempted to leave the shelter of the streets by its being the shortest way. I slipped along rather than walked; the tears forced themselves out of my eyes, and froze upon my veil. Benumbed, and ready to drop, I reached Ellious's door, and had scarcely strength to lift the heavy knocker of the gate. The portress pulled the string, never dreaming of putting her nose beyond her lodge; but Ellious's wife had her door opened ready for me, and as I staggered inside, loaded me with kindness. By degrees, she admitted me into the heated apartment of the Copt; and there I beheld him, pipe in mouth, a white turban on his head, a gray jacket trimmed with dark fur on his shoulders, seated in bed. He was delighted at my appearance, but it was not without some feeling of apprehension I saw him prepare to get out of bed. He gave his hookah to his wife, threw down the bed-clothes, sprang out with alacrity, and to my great comfort, displayed a pair of full yellow silk trousers and red slippers. He drew two chairs to the fire, and said: 'I waited breakfast for you.' I was not sorry to hear that he had done so, for visions of hot coffee floated before my eyes. My readers may judge of my disappointment, when Mrs Ellious brought in oysters and champagne! Satisfied, however, of the necessity of compliance with my master's strange tastes, on such a day, I swallowed my second breakfast with as good a grace as possible. He never was more eloquent: he praised my Arabic writing, he repeated Arabic poetry, and I never after lost his good opinion. Some months elapsed, and I left the country, and never saw him again.

I afterwards surprised some Moors by my slender acquirements, because their females have none; but disease has caused the whole of my learning to pass away. It is not, however, as if it had never been: the pleasure with which I read some of the stories from the *Arabian Nights* in the original has never been effaced, and the increased feeling for, and comprehension of Scriptural writings, is a precious boon, for which I can never be too thankful.

HOW TO MAKE SEA-WATER.

Our readers are already aware that the curious family of sea-weeds has been successfully introduced to cultivation, and not in pot-liegardens merely, but likewise as domestic pets, that may in time displace the long-cherished geranium and fuchsia on the mechanic's window-sill. At present, however, this kind of gardening is chiefly occupying the attention of natural history students, who find in the Marine Vivarium an excellent means of observing the development and habits of a class of organised beings, both vegetable and animal, which, as living objects, have hitherto eluded their direct researches. The recent appointment of one of the most distinguished of living zoologists to occupy the chair of Natural History in the Edinburgh University, has, during the past summer, had a wonderful effect in arousing the enthusiasm of Scottish naturalists, and of spreading a taste for such pursuits in quarters where it was unknown before. The beautiful zoophytes, crabs, molluscs, and 'sea-flowers' collected in the professor's dredging-trips, have put Vivaria greatly into requisition; so much so, that they are becoming by no means unusual drawing-room ornaments in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland; while in England, the taste for them—emanating from the Regent's Park Zoological Garden—has advanced with even greater rapidity.

Those naturalists who have the good-fortune to reside by the sea-shore, are able to give their ocean-treasures a daily supply of fresh sea-water, and thus

preserve them in unimpaired health. Not so with the unfortunate inland resident, who, despite the best of management, and the nicest 'balance of power' between the proportions of animal and vegetable life in his little world, occasionally finds the briny element to lose its sweetness, and thus lead to the sacrifice of his long cherished treasures. To the poet, 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever'—but not to the naturalist. 'Necessity, however, is the mother of invention,' and Mr Gosse, as her instrument in the present instance, has pointed out how the inland naturalist may dispense with the ocean, and manufacture sea-water for himself.*

But the naturalist and marine-gardener will not be allowed to enjoy a monopoly of this invention. Sea-water has other uses than the nurture of parlour pets in a glass-vase; 'and uses more important too,' we fancy whispered by some gouty gentleman, who, throwing physic to the dogs, has given his faith to sea-bathing! Such considerations induce us to bring some of Mr Gosse's details before the notice of our readers. The inconvenience, delay, and expense attendant upon the procuring of sea-water from the coast or from the ocean, Mr Gosse long ago felt to be a great difficulty in the way of a general adoption of the Marine Aquarium. 'Even in London,' says he, 'it is an awkward and precarious matter; how much more in inland towns and country places, where it must always prove not only a hindrance, but, to the many, an insuperable objection. The thought had occurred to me, that as the constituents of sea-water are known, it might be practicable to manufacture it, since all that seemed necessary was to bring together the salts in proper proportion, and add pure water till the solution was of the proper specific gravity. Several scientific friends, to whom I mentioned my thoughts, expressed their doubts of the possibility of the manufacture, and one or two went so far as to say that it had been tried, but that it had been found not to answer; that though it looked like sea-water, tasted, smelt like the right thing, yet it would not support animal life. Still, I could not help saying, with the lawyers: "If not, why not?"'

Mr Gosse took Schweitzer's analysis of sea-water for his guide. In 1000 grains of sea-water taken off Brighton, it gave:—Water, 964.744; chloride of sodium, 27.059; chloride of magnesium, 8.666; chloride of potassium, 0.765; bromide of magnesium, 0.029; sulphate of magnesia, 2.295; sulphate of lime, 1.407; carbonate of lime, 0.633. Total, 999.998.

The bromide of magnesium, and the carbonate of lime, he neglected from the minuteness of their quantities—the former is not found in the water of the Mediterranean—and the sulphate of lime he likewise ventured to omit, on account of its extreme insolubility and the smallness of the quantity contained in the Mediterranean water. The component parts were thus reduced to four, which he used in the following quantities:—Common table salt, 3½ ounces; Epsom salts, ¼ ounce; chloride of magnesium, 200 grains troy; chloride of potassium, 40 grains troy. To these, four quarts of water were added. The cost was about 5½d. per gallon; but if large quantities were made, it would be reduced to a maximum of 5d. per gallon.

His manufacture took place on the 21st of April. On the following day he poured off about half the quantity (filtering it through a sponge in a glass funnel), into a confectioner's show-glass; covering the bottom with small shore-pebbles, well washed in fresh water, and one or two fragments of stone, with fronds of green sea-weed (*Ulva latissima*) growing thereon. 'I would not at once venture upon the admission of animals,' says he, 'as I wished the water to be first somewhat impregnated with the scattered spores of the

* *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, July 1854.

ulva; and I thought, that if any subtle elements were thrown off from growing vegetables, the water should have the advantage of it before the entrance of animal life. This, too, is the order of nature: plants first, then animals. A coating of the green spores was soon deposited on the sides of the glass; and bubbles of oxygen were copiously thrown off every day under the excitement of the sun's light. After a week, therefore, I ventured to put in animals, consisting of species of *Actinia*, *Bowerbankia*, *Cellularia*, *Balanus*, *Serpula*, &c., along with some red sea-weeds. The whole thrived and flourished from day to day, manifesting the highest health and vigour, which induced the addition of extra specimens to the Vivarium.

After the lapse of a sufficient time to test thoroughly the adaptability of the manufactured water to the exigencies of its inhabitants, Mr Gosse thus reports:—'Six weeks have now elapsed since the introduction of the animals. I have just carefully searched over the jar as well as I could do it without disturbing the contents. I find every one of the species and specimens in high health, with the exception of some of the *Polysa*—namely, *Crisia aculeata*, *Cellipora pumilosa*, and *Pedicellina Belgica*. These I cannot find, and I therefore conclude that they have died out; though, if I chose to disturb the stones and weeds, I might possibly detect them. These trifling defalcations do in no wise interfere with the conclusion, that the experiment of manufacturing sea-water for the aquarium has been perfectly successful.'

OUR SONNETEERS.

In looking back on those rhymists who have given us thoughts and images worthy of lasting remembrance within the narrow compass of fourteen lines, we are by no means disposed to adopt the Johnsonian reading of the word sonneteer, as implying 'a small or petty poet.' To countenance such a heresy, would be to proclaim that, while 'brevity is the soul of wit,' diffuseness is the spirit of poetry. All our best poets, those whose more extended flights of genius have been the happiest, have excelled in the sonnet—witness Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and numerous others among our own prized English writers, to say nothing of Petrarch and his brother poets abroad. Within the restricted fourteen lines, the cause of the despised sonnet has been nobly defended by the poet Wordsworth—

Scorn not the Sonnet: critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours: with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camões soothed with it an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glowworm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

The sonnet, from its very brevity, and from its completeness within itself, has an advantage over other forms of poetry—in its power of readily ingrafting itself on the memory; and, when in its perfection, it possesses a charming succession of cadences which find their echo in the awakened poetic sense, long after its music has died upon the ear. Who can read aloud Milton's fine sonnet on the *Massacre in Piemont*, without feeling stirred as by the clang of some far-off battle? With

the opening lines, the majestic flow of the verse sweeps over the senso with a peal like the distant roll of artillery—

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

Even those master-minds that, in spite of their undoubted claim to the divinity of poetic inspiration, have been justly accused of obscurity and mysticism in their more prolonged efforts, have yet rayed out perfectly clear and transparent when using the sonnet form of versification as the medium of thought. The more ambitious works of these brilliant but fitful geniuses confuse us with their very wealth of imagery and wild licence of commingling fancies. To attempt to fathom their 'deep obscure' is bewildering. It is like gazing on a summer-night sky when the myriads of heaven's lesser lights are glancing, crowd upon crowd, from the deep blue above us, till the sense aches with the diffused splendour of those countless worlds of beauty. But, closer to the moon's orb, we see perchance some planet of a more distinct and concentrated glory—and here we have a type of that gem of poetic creation, the 'acorned' and despised sonnet. Within its narrow scope of words, but wide-reaching realm of thought, the singer no longer runs heedlessly after a meteoric fantasy: he has neither time nor space to go in search of a mere Will-o'-the-wisp. The Puck of Fancy, that freaksome, tricky sprite, must be caught, caged, and tamed: Imagination must be the slave, Reason the lord-paramount of the hour. With all Coleridge's unquestioned power, we can hardly persuade ourselves that the following sonnet is from his hand:—

Gently I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgive: do thou the same.
A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark.
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
Fear that the spark self-kindled from within,
Which, blown upon, will blind thee with its glare,
Or, smothered, stifle thee with noisome air.
Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,
And soon the ventilated spirit finds
Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenned,
Or, worse than foe, an alienated friend,
A rib of dry-rot in thy ship's stout side,
Think it God's message, and in humble pride
With heart of oak replace it—thine the gains—
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

What a world of forceful thought lies here! These are the truths that speak to the soul through the medium of a few ringing words, more powerfully than all the field-preaching in the universe. Who, after reading those words, could go incontinently and commit an unworthy action? There is a sonnet of Byron's, whose recollection lingers with us in our moments of higher musing, and which exhibits a striking instance of a poet's power to exalt and ennoble, through an appeal to the better portion of our nature. We allude to the

sonnet addressed to George IV. upon the reversal of the attainder of Lord Edward Fitzgerald:—

To be the father of the fatherless,
To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise
His offspring, who expired in other days
To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less—
This is to be a monarch, and repress
Envy into unutterable praise.
Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
For who would lift a hand, except to bless?
Were it not easy, sir, and is't not sweet
To make thyself beloved? and to be
Omnipotent by mercy's means? For thus
Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete;
A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

Once more to quote Wordsworth, the most prolific of our modern sonneters, we would instance his description of a London morning in a sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge, as a proof of the power residing in this species of composition, to present a perfect picture, which shall leave its trace indelibly on the mind, or to enforce the impress of some single feeling never to be effaced. You stand with the poet where he stood—on that bridge spanning the waters; you see with his eyes and feel with his heart. The smoke of the great city is not. You hail 'the beauty of the morning' in its clear, unallied glory, rising over the sleeping city-world. The hush of a deep repose, undisturbed yet by the noisy jnr of crowding life and riot cares, rests wherever the gazer turns. You feel, with your spirit-guide—for such ever is the true poet, and Wordsworth is of the truest—that around and about on every side lie the dwellings of fellow-mortals; far it is in the, *here* pardonable, familiarity of the epithet, 'dear God,' that you are made to feel at once that you are looking not alone on empty 'towers, domes, and temples,' but where the 'mighty heart' of humanity is beating silently in many a slumbering homestead.

Earth has not anything to shew more fair.
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour Valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

After such instances as are here given of the higher and nobler purposes to which this same 'pipe' has been tuned, we hesitate—however heretical may appear such a dereliction of our bonnien duty as his true worshippers—to introduce a single specimen of the sonnets of Shakspeare. Beautiful as these small niche-images are, they yet shew insignificant beside the colossal figures of his dramatic canvas. Shakspeare, whose every line could be pregnant, when he so willed, needed not to present to us men's minds cramped within the focus of this 'glowworm lamp.' The rarest dissector, and wisest and most profound expositor of the human heart, shews, in his indulgence of the sonnet form of composition, like a very Achilles sporting and trifling with his own strength—a hero in his softest mood, discoursing sweet harmony by means of this 'small lute,' while toying with Amaryllis in the shade. The form in which poets of less transcendent genius have embodied their loftiest aspirations, was to him but the outlet of personal feeling—the only escape for, and relief to, that natural egotism

which never obtruded itself into the higher conceptions of his genius. As such, they have a value independent of their extreme intrinsic beauty; but being so, are rather the body-effigy than spirit-mind of the Swan of Avon. For the present, therefore, we resign them to that 'Silence,' at once eloquent and dumb, which has been so aptly and well depicted by the pen of Richard Flecknoe:—

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart;
Offspring of a heavenly kind,
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind;
Sejourn's confidant, and he
That makes religion mystery;
Admiration's speakingest tongue—
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retired devotion dwells—
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our hearts, and strike us dumb!

TOYS AND GAMES OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

I was amused here by watching a child playing with a popgun, made of bamboo, similar to that of quill, with which most English children are familiar, which propels pellets by means of a spring-trigger made of the upper part of the quill. It is easy to conclude such resemblances between the familiar toys of different countries to be accidental; but I question their being really so. On the plains of India, men may often be seen for hours together flying what with us are children's kites; and I procured a Jews-harp from Tibet. These are not the toys of savages, but the amusements of people more than half-civilised, and with whom we have had indirect communication from the earliest ages. The Lepchas play at quoits, using slates for the purpose; and at the Highland games of 'putting the stone' and 'drawing the stone.' Chess, dice, draughts, hockey, and battle-door and shuttle-cock, are all Indo-Chinese or Tatarian; and no one familiar with the wonderful instances of similarity between the monasteries, ritual, ceremonies, attributes, vestments, and other paraphernalia of the Eastern and Western Churches, can fail to acknowledge the importance of recording even the most trifling analogies or similarities between the manners and customs of the young as well as of the old.—*Himalayan Journal.*

YOUTHFULNESS OF PUBLIC MEN IN ENGLAND.

I could not help thinking, as I looked around on so many men whom I had heard of historically all my life, how very much less they bear the marks of age than men who have been connected a similar length of time with the movements of our country. This appearance of youthfulness and alertness has a constantly deceptive influence upon one in England. I cannot realise that people are as old as history states them to be. In the present company, there were men of sixty or seventy, whom I should have pronounced, at first glance, to be fifty. Generally speaking, our working-minds seem to wear out their bodies faster, perhaps because our climate is more stimulating; more, perhaps, from the intense stimulus of our political régime, which never leaves anything long at rest. The tone of manners in this distinguished circle did not obtrude itself upon my mind as different from that of highly-educated people in our own country. It appeared simple, kindly, natural, and sincere. They talked like people who thought of what they were saying rather than how to say it. The practice of thorough culture and good breeding is substantially the same through the world, though smaller conventionalities may differ.—*Mrs Stowe's Sunny Memories.*

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Price 1d.

OUR JACK.

OUR JACK is as well known as the parish-school he went to with so much reluctance, and at which he stood distinguished as the greatest dunce and the best fighter of all the scholars. He was always either getting into some scrape, or trying to get off from some penal task, which for the life of him he never could execute; so he would throw down his book, play the truant, and run up so awful a reckoning, that it had to be scored on his back. There used to be always somebody coming with complaints to his widowed mother, about what he had been doing to somebody's lad; and she used always to say: 'I'll give it him—that I will: he shall have such a talking to as he never had in the whole course of his life, the instant he comes in—that he shall.' Then when Our Jack came in, his mother did give it him—that she did; and he calmly heard her to the end, hurrying charge upon charge, and running question into question, until she was fairly out of breath through enumerating the number of punishments she had 'a good mind' to inflict upon him; and then Our Jack began to get a word in 'edgeways,' as he said. 'Didn't that woman's boy fetch little lame Bill a rap, and when I told him he was a coward to go and hit a littler boy nor himself, and one that was a poor cripple, didn't he say as how he would do it again if he liked; and when he went for to hit little Bill again, and he ran crying to me not to let him, then he catched it;' and Our Jack's dark hazel eyes would flash again, as he added: 'And I'll give him more next time he meddles with lame Bill, though he is biggerer than I be's; and I'll go home and tell his mother again—the coward.' Though Our Jack understands nothing about protocols and ultimatums, yet, when he sees oppression and wrong, he fires up at once; and the time he gives to answer his 'yes' or 'no,' is while he throws his head back and raises his clenched fists, and if they do not at once run like scalded cats from the principalities he protects, he is down upon them with his one, two, three. Our Jack, indeed, makes short work of it. Still, he is naturally good-tempered, though, as his dear old doting mother says: 'He takes after his poor father, who was a little hasty at times, but it was soon over.' His schoolmaster had a way of giving his head a kind of hopeless shake whenever he alluded to Our Jack, though he would sometimes add: 'He's a good heart—a noble-hearted lad, but a sad, sad dunce.' He was the umpire in all boyish games, and in feats of skill and strength stood unrivalled; and wo be to those who tried to cheat their lesser companions at marbles, buttons, or pitch-and-

toss, in the presence of Our Jack, for his jacket-sleeves were furled up in a moment whenever there was a wrong to redress!

Our Jack's greatest fault was a love of water: as his mother used to say: 'He ought to have been born a fish, for he's always a-dabbling in it, making boats of everything he can lay his hands on the instant my back's turned. He has swammy boots, my bonnet, and my bread-pan; tried how much sugar my basin would carry, and sunk it; served my tea and coffee canisters the same. I've many and many a time found my cups, and saucers, and dishes, at the bottom of the water-but, and my mustard-pot and pepper-box sunk in the pail; while, if there was a shower of rain, he would send every morsel of firewood, every cork in the house, and indeed everything that would swim, into the gutter, and down the street, and shout and clap his hands like one demented, if his little ships, as he used to call them, beat his big ones. As for his cap and shoes, bless you! they were seldom either on his head or on his feet: if he came to a ditch, a horse-trough, or a pond, off they would come, and in they would go; and the only wonder is, that he hasn't caught his death o' cold over and over again. He ought to have been born a fish, he's so fond of the water.' And, like Jack's schoolmaster, his fond old mother would finish with a mournful shake of the head.

A good-natured farmer took Our Jack, and employed him to fetch up the cattle to water, scare away the birds from the corn, and ~~and~~ little Gibeonite on the farm; and for a time he went on admirably, until one day he was sent to the distant market-town—a small seaport—with the waggon, and from that hour, as his dear old mother often said afterwards, with the tears in her eyes, 'he was a changed lad.' All he had hitherto known of ships and sailors was through books and prints, but having once seen them, Our Jack's old occupation was gone. From morning to night, he was making boats, and swimming them wherever water was to be found; he even cut off the skirts of his smock-frock, to make sails for his little ships, and to give what remained more the appearance of a sailor's jacket; while every piece of wood he could lay hold of he converted into a boat; and it was marvellous how he managed, with only his pocket-knife, to cut them into such beautiful forms. Our Jack had his boyish admirers, who were ever eager to accompany him to swim his boats, and wade into ponds to fetch them back when they were becalmed in the middle or did not blow to shore; and amongst these were one or two of rather bad character. If a stray hen had laid in the fields, they would take the eggs, and now and then go the length of robbing an orchard. One

ill-starred hour they persuaded Our Jack to join in the depredation; and he consented to keep watch within the orchard-gate, while they made booty of the owner's choicest golden pippins. If the proprietor came, Jack was to whistle, and keep him on the run round the trees until his vagabond companions escaped through a gap in the hedge. The owner came, and Our Jack was captured: he was promised both pardon and reward, if he would give up the names of his accomplices, but Jack would not; so, with a smart box of the ear, and a threat that he should be transported, the culprit was dismissed. That threat decided the fate of Our Jack; on the following morning, he was missing. He had written down his crime on a slate, in his large ungainly school-boy hand, and left it on the table, praying for his mother's and the farmer's forgiveness, and promising in future to be a good lad, and begging of her to pray for him while away. Round spots on the letters showed where the tears had fallen while he wrote.

Another day came, and closing her cottage-shutter, and leaving the key under the door, the sad-hearted mother set out in her weather-stained scarlet cloak to search for Our Jack. She made her way towards the little seaport, inquiring at almost every cottage and toll-gate she passed, and of nearly every traveller she met; but no one had seen him. At length she met the village carrier returning. Jack had ridden part of the way with him: he had gone to sea. The carrier knew the captain who had taken him; the ship sailed that very morning; he had shaken hands with Our Jack as he went on board. The carrier made no mention of the half-crown he had given the boy, nor how well he had treated him on the road. So the dear old woman returned, and sat down by her solitary cottage-hearth to bemoan the loss of Our Jack. The farmer whose orchard he had helped to rob was one of the first who called to comfort her, and he expressed his regret that he had used a threat which he never intended to execute, as he feared it had driven him away. But her constant comforter was the joiner's pretty little daughter, who lived opposite, and who was always quarrelling and fighting with Our Jack, running in squealing whenever he pursued her, and running after him again the instant his back was turned on her. She seemed as if she could not bear him, and yet was never happy unless when teasing him. She had been a great cause of his fighting both her brothers, whom he always thrashed. He had tumbled her among her father's chips, rolled her in his saw-dust, spoiled her frocks with paint, emptied the glue-pot on her hair, been beaten by her father, scolded by her mother, and yet there the little maiden was beside the widow, shedding tears of sympathy when she saw her weeping for the loss of Our Jack.

Time wore away; the joiner's daughter grew taller and prettier; the widow became resigned; but excepting a few trifling presents, and a short letter or two which had been left at the inn where the village carrier 'put up,' his mother received no further tidings of Our Jack, nor had he been more than once to the little seaport from which he first embarked.

Three years elapsed, and there came a longer letter, with an order to draw a sum of money every six months at the banker's in the market-town. He had got a berth on board H.M.S. something or other—the schoolmaster said *Vulcan*; the clergyman, *Vulture*; the little tailor read *Valiant*; but Our Jack wrote such a strange 'scrawning hand,' as his dear mother called it, 'that it might mean any number of things.' On turning to the purser's order for the money, it was found to be the *Valiant*, bound for the African coast to intercept slavers. Two more years, and with an increase in the money she drew, there came a rich

shawl, which would have become his dear old mother about as well as the dress of a Bloomer; and a pair of beautiful stuffed birds for the joiner's pretty daughter, who had sent 'her respects' in his mother's letters. The birds were in the attitude of fighting, which caused the pretty maiden to laugh, for she said 'that was what she was always a-doing with Our Jack;' but her mother said 'she had a good cry over them' when she placed them on her chest of drawers in her bedroom. The farmer whose orchard Jack helped to rob, had sent out his best wishes, and had received in return a basket of curious shells, which, as he said, 'made his parlour look as fine as fivepence.' More letters and presents from time to time, with orders for more money than his dear old mother knew how to spend, and so seven years passed away since he first left home. Meantime the joiner's pretty daughter had rejected many offers, and grown into the sweetest flower of the village. Another June came on in her chariot of roses, and a smell of new hay hung around the picturesque hamlet, which the carrier's cart was entering two or three hours before sunset, with a beautiful parrot in an immense cage, fastened on the tilt of his vehicle, and a long stuffed sword-fish that hung partly over the shaft-horse, which, with the leader, was decorated with bows of blue ribbons. All the village was out to look at the parrot, the sword-fish, and the horses; and from the hurrahs of the carrier, and the waving of his hat, they knew that 'he had had his lounce'—meaning that he was pretty tipsy. And while he shouted, a voice from inside the tilted cart kept calling on the horses to move 'larboard or starboard,' which they, like very wise horses, paid no regard to. With half the villagers behind and around, the cart at last halted before the cottage where Our Jack's mother resided, and then both the carrier and his passenger called out lustily: 'Ship ahoy!' Then the dear old woman came out in her spectacles, thinking he had brought her another letter; and the pretty maiden came tripping from over the way, ready to read it to her, as she had always done; when a tall, handsome sailor, as brown as a horse-chestnut, sprang with a bound from the cart-shafts, and knocking off her spectacles as he threw his brawny arms round her, exclaimed: 'Dear mother;' while, in a tremulous voice, as she raised her eyes to heaven, she uttered the words: 'My son, my dear son!' and all the villagers said: 'Why, it's Our Jack!' and the pretty maiden recrossed the road, scarlet with blushes, and with a new and strange sensation beating about her heart. She had never dreamed he could have grown so handsome, so bold, and manly-looking. As for Our Jack, he had not even noticed her—he had no eyes, no ears, no words for any one saving his dear old mother. The first interview over, there was the carrier's cart to unload; and many a long month had elapsed since the old man had brought such a load, for it was half filled with the presents brought by Our Jack, who had something for everybody whose name he could remember—coral, shells, curious sea-weed, stuffed birds and fishes, skins, Indian ornaments, besides more costly articles; for his ship had taken several prizes, and his own share of the money amounted to a goodly sum, as he had already risen to the rank of mate. Meantime, the old carrier had shewn to the wondering rustics the new silver watch which Jack had given him; and told them how Jack had vowed he would hire a chaise and pair to carry him home, and not ride with him, if he wouldn't take it as a keepsake.

Partly to ease his fine overflowing heart, and hide the tears which would keep falling, Our Jack went out into the little garden to look at it once more. What numbers of times he had recalled that old lilac-tree; with the bees murmuring amid its bloom in spring; that rose-tree covered, as he then saw it, with summer roses; the vine he had trained on the cottage-wall, and often wondered if it were hung with purple grapes in

autumn; the holly, from which he had gathered crimson berries in winter—and which were all there, though thrice the size since he left home! Ah, how often had they appeared to his 'inward eye' while keeping watch at sea! The sun setting on the cottage-window; the daisy-covered field beyond the garden-hedge; the old thorn, with its moonlight-coloured May-blossoms, with the singing of the birds in those golden mornings, had come back upon his waking thoughts, and mingled with his dreams when he lay haking under hatches on the African coast, or riding through the swell of stormier seas. And while these thoughts again passed through his mind, bright eyes were watching him from over the way, peeping out of a corner of the blind, half shy, half shy—her heart as ready to romp as ever it was, but its wild fluttering reined back by maiden modesty; her merry laughter as ready to leap out of her lips as when, in his rough play, he tore the frock from her shoulders, but withheld by a womanly seriousness, which seemed to have deepened since his return. And now Jack's mother joins him in the garden, and tells him all about her—how she attended her in a long illness, and was like a daughter to her, sitting up by night, and watching over her by day; and her eyes fill as she clasps his tar-stained hand, adding: 'But for her, Jack, I should have been laid beside your father in the green church-yard. She has been like a dear daughter to me, as well as a loving nurse. I have sent for her to come and take tea with you; but she's turned so shy all at once, that I can't get her to come over.'

Passing his hand across his eyes, while a smile chases away the momentary sadness, Our Jack says he'll try what he can do to persuade her; and over the way he goes, carrying with him the rich shawl he has brought for her mother, and the curious pipe and real foreign tobacco for her father. He stays a long time, and his dear mother begins to grow fidgety in watching for them from the window. At last they come; he brings home his prize: arm-in-arm they come! Happy Jack! happy maiden! joyous old mother! There was some difficulty in getting her to come down stairs: the mother tried, and the father tried in vain, and it was only through Jack coming to the stair-foot at last and saying: 'Come, Mary, I can't go to sea again without bidding you good-by,' that she came. As she put her little, honest, hard-working hand in his, and said: 'I'm glad to see you back again,' and just raised for a moment her timid eyes, he caught something of the old expression of their squealing, romping days, when they fought and made it up again—a little of the old arch harmless wickedness which was even then endearing, as shewing her bold and fearless spirit. Then they were left together for a few minutes. There were traces of tears in her eyes after the interview; but never were they followed by so soft, so sweet, so sunny a smile, as when she came out of the parlour hanging on his arm, and he, in his blunt, honest, sailor-like way, said to her parents: 'She's consented to be my partner in the cruise through life, if you'll allow it.' They understood enough of his nautical imagery to give their consent, and he led her home to his mother triumphant.

Then he inquired after his old school-fellows and playmates, and sighed over the memory of those that were dead; and the next morning he stood all alone in the village church-yard, having cleared the low wall with a stride and a skip, and given his trousers a hitch, and paced about with folded arms and rocking gait, as when he walked the deck at sea. And no thought of those who lay there, and the messmates he had seen lowered into the deep—and above all, of the tarry topman who was his sworn brother, and whose eyes he had closed—tears stood in his eyes, as if at a loss which way to flow along those hardy, sun-tanned cheeks, which neither fear nor danger could furrow.

He promised to visit the mother of his dead shipmate; and will, no matter how remote the distance, or great the cost, bear to her his dying wishes; for the promise made to his messmate is sacred in the eyes of OUR JACK.

TURKEY IN LONDON.

TURKEY in Europe, Turkey in Asia, Turkey in Africa, we have been familiar with since school-boy days; and now, if we have no Turkey in Russia, there are at least much talkings and sundry doings about Russians in Turkey. Turkey in London, however, is rather a novel idea, and a very good idea too. There have been panoramas and tableaux in abundance concerning the 'City of the Sultan,' and the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles, and the Balkan, and so forth; but just at present there is something more immediately instructive than these, and more approaching to the character of Turkey in London. We are speaking of the Turkish Museum, recently opened in the building formerly appropriated to the Chinese Exhibition, at Hyde Park Corner.

We have frequently regretted that the collection just named, the Chinese Exhibition, was not secured in some way for permanent preservation in the metropolis. We regarded it as one of the very best exhibitions ever opened in London. It presented to us, in a singularly perspicuous manner, the features, the dresses, the ornaments, the rooms, the shops, the wares, the tools, the implements, the employments, the amusements, the idols, the books, the pictures, of that remarkable Asiatic people, by means of examples and illustrations which had been collected at great expense and under circumstances of no little difficulty. Where the collection is at present, we do not know: in 1851, it experienced a sort of revival to catch a few of the Hyde Park visitors as they returned through Knightsbridge; but there were some small-footed living Chinese added, and a few little bits of quackery, which took away from the real dignity of the collection: it had a sort of tinsel about it unlike the Chinese Collection of earlier years. What a fine thing it would be if the Sydenham Company, under their vast crystal roof, could illustrate nations in ~~the~~ such way as this, superadded to the illustrations by means of ethnology, botany, architecture, and sculpture!

However, *revenons à nos Turques*. The St George's Gallery, wherein the Turkish Museum is exhibited, is well suited for the purpose. It is a room about 220 feet in length by 10 in width, lighted by a sort of lantern-roof, which leaves ample exhibiting space beneath. By means of twelve or fifteen pillars ranged on either side of a kind of central nave, the sides are divided off into convenient square portions, which can be fitted up into rooms, shops, or other compartments for groups. Whether the proprietors are one or many, English or Turkish, is not publicly announced; but two Turks are named as managers of the museum—C. Oscan you and S. Aznavour; and there are both Turks and Armenians among the intelligent clerics within the building. The catalogue gives to Mr James Boggi—an Italian, we presume—all the credit for the production of the waxen Turks forming the collection. In the introduction to the catalogue—which we may say, *en passant*, is above the level of exhibition catalogues, generally, in merit—it is stated that the rapidly changing character of many things in Turkey has been

one of the motives to the formation of the present museum: 'It is to be regretted by all lovers of the beautiful and picturesque, that the magnificent costumes of the Osmanlis have nearly all been superseded by the more convenient but less graceful European modes of dress; and it is the object of the present effort to secure to the world, while they are yet passing away, some remembrances, with their peculiar originality, of a nation which has been from time immemorial—not quite immemorial, we should say—so interesting and attractive. The different grades in life—the officers under government, civil, religious, and military—the various trades and callings, and individuals of both sexes—were formerly, each and all, designated by a peculiar style and appearance. The janizaries, or the militia of the country, were also habited in various costumes, according to their ranks and employments; so that to renew and present to the public all these personages as they walked and talked a few years ago, is to establish a lasting monument to the gorgeous taste of the Ottoman nation as it existed for so many centuries.' This preliminary remark is not altogether unnecessary, for the waxen Turks at the museum shew the Ottomans at a time when the Turks were Turks, and not blue-coated, tight-trostered, Wellington-hoated semi-European, clipped of their fine, lazy, flowing orientalism.

If the attempt here made were simply to illustrate the costume of the Turks in the times now passing away, the interest would be limited to one single social element; but the buildings, rooms, vehicles, furniture, and various implements and utensils, are also illustrated in a way of which we will endeavour to give some account.

One of the first objects seen on entering the gallery, is a *Hammam* or *Hammum*, or Turkish bath, copied with great exactness from those which are now in use at Constantinople. There are two rooms, fitted either with the very appliances themselves, or with good imitations of them. One has a kind of lantern-roof; while the other is lighted by about a dozen small, round, glazed apertures in a domed ceiling: one is the saloon, and the other the bath. The saloon, in which the bathers dress and undress, is an apartment surrounded on three sides by elevated platforms, on which are placed mattresses and cushions. The clothes belonging to each bather are wrapped in a shawl, with his own turban at the top, to designate them. In a real Turkish bath, the bather, wrapped in towels, passes from the saloon to the *halvet*, or tepidarium, where he reclines on cushions, to accustom himself to the high temperature; but the *halvet* is omitted at this museum, and we are shewn only the saloon and the bath. The bath-room contains a marble platform in the middle, on which the bather lies while being rubbed or shampooed; when rubbed into a perspiration, he moves to another platform, where he sits while an attendant dashes bowls of hot and cold water upon him, and rubs him with a silken cloth until his skin assumes all the Oriental softness of which we have read so much. After a due course of sloughing and rubbing, he is wrapped in towels; he reclines upon the cushions in the saloons, and luxuriates on sherbet or coffee and pipes, until he dresses and departs. Now, so far as can well be done, all this is represented at the museum by waxen figures, presenting something more than the usual amount of expression. There are, among the figures, a janizary about to take a bath; a man reposing on the cushions after a bath; a *tellak*, or attendant, fanning him;

another attendant inviting other visitors; the *kahve*, or bath-proprietor, sitting near his counter, in which is a slit for receiving money; a bather being shampooed, and a *tellak* pressing and squeezing him in the manner which constitutes shampooing; another bather being rubbed with the silken cloth, and a *tellak* rubbing him. Besides the *personnel*, the *matériel* is well represented. There are specimens of different kinds of towels used at the baths; the drying-stove for the towels; *naluns* or high clogs to protect the feet from the heated floor; the *tass*, or bowl, with which the water is poured on the bather; a brass bowl for soap-suds; a silken mop wherewith to apply the suds, &c.

Next to the Turkish bath is a Turkish *kahvé*, or coffee-house, not less characteristic of an Oriental people. It is a regular little coffee-shop, with door, and windows, and roof. Looking into the interior, we meet with an exact fac-simile of such places in Constantinople. The Turk is not a great eater, but he must have his *kahvé* and *tehibuk*, not only once but several times a day. The coffee-shops are very numerous in Constantinople, each having its own regular set of customers, who regard it as a kind of casino, club-house, or Exchange, where they discuss politics, transact business, and gossip about things in general. The coffee-shop has an elevated platform round three of its sides, with cushions for the visitors; in one corner is an elevated fireplace for the preparation of the coffee; and near it is an array of the tiny cups in which the coffee is served, holding not more than an ordinary wine-glass, with their brass or silver stands, like egg-cups; around the fireplace are shelves on which are arranged the *chibouks* and *marghils* for the smokers. The *kahvé* is also a barber's shop, in which the barber plies his varied avocations of shaver, hairdresser, dentist, bleeder, cupper, and leecher. By an ingenious arrangement of grassy turf and flowers in pots, a little garden has been formed by the side of the *kahvé*, to afford an idea of the real arrangement at Constantinople. The figures are such as will suffice to illustrate the living elements of such a scene as this. Here we find the barber busily at work on the cranium of an Osmanli, shaving off every vestige of a hair; a Turk sitting on a cushion, sipping a cup of coffee; a *tabby*, or attendant, serving coffee to the customers; and two persons squatting on the grass in the garden, playing at backgammon. We catch a glimpse also of the implements and vessels—such as a Turkish coffee-pot; the cups and stands; the box for containing ground coffee; the *marghil*, and its *marghile* or tube; a dressing-case, a looking-glass, a Turkish razor, a comb, a soap-stand, a water-jar, a suspension-candlestick, &c.

A group near the *kahvé* illustrates features and costumes rather than employments. It represents seven persons concerned in an Armenian wedding. The Armenians, although their nominal country is in Asia Minor, are scattered all over the East, somewhat resembling the Jews in their wanderings, although themselves Christians. Being active and intelligent, they constitute the real men of business in Turkey: they are the bankers, the merchants, the traders, without whom the Turks, the Osmanlis, would make rather a sorry figure in business. There are said to be no fewer than 200,000 Armenians in Constantinople alone. Their religion and their domestic usages are scrupulously respected by the Turkish authorities; indeed, without this they would not remain in Turkey at all. The marriage-ceremonies are peculiar; but in this museum they are illustrated only so far as costume is concerned. There is the bride, muffled and tinselled in her bridal-costume, which completely hides her face; there are her bridesmaids—an Armenian lady on one side, and an Albanian lady on the other; there is the Armenian patriarch, who performs the marriage-ceremony; there is the bridegroom, in an Armenian dress of somewhat earlier times than the present; there is a

friend who gives away the bride; and who, according to Armenian custom, becomes sponsor to any children of the married pair; and there is a Greek guest of visitor.

Having seen how the Armenians marry, we may next see how the Turks eat. Four Turkish grandees are seated round a low table; they slip their legs under a hanging cloth, and dip into a dish in common. Cloth, napkins, knives, forks, plates, glasses—there are none of these; a few such innovations are to be met with at Constantinople; but a Turkish meal is better pictured without them. The Turks, well-to-do in life, have many dishes at table, but small: they contain soups; *pilafs* of rice; *paklavah*, or a peculiar kind of pastry; *mohalleby*, or bluncheon-mange; *kebabs*, or little pieces of roast meat; macaroni, jelly, entremets of vegetables and meats cooked together, fish, fowl, sweet dishes; while around the edge of the table or tray are ranged small dishes of fruit, pickles, anchovies, cheese, and small loaves of brown bread. It would have been difficult to give or to represent the eatables in the museum group; but we have the diners; the copper tray which serves as a table: the stand whereon the tray is placed; a pitcher and basin for washing hands; a Turkish dinner-set—spoons, water-urn, bread-baskets; and lastly, an *ayaz*, or servant, attending on the guests.

Next come a group of janizaries, illustrating the dresses, the arms, and other peculiarities of that remarkable portion of the Turkish people. The janizaries, as is generally known to ordinary readers, were a military body, formed some centuries ago by Sultan Amurath, as a kind of body-guard, or household troops, near the sultan; but they became too powerful, and were massacred to a man by Mahmoud, the father of the present sultan. There are upwards of twenty janizaries here represented—privates, chief of the city-guard, colonel, lieutenant, runner, cook, water-bearer, serjeant-at-arms, &c.—all attired just as those functionaries were wont to be; and a queer set of dresses they certainly are. There are also five figures representing functionaries in the regular Turkish army, with the dresses worn before the recent changes.

It is not the least curious among the circumstances of Turkey at the present day, that the European costume is gradually superseding the Oriental, in the palace as well as in the army. Here, in this museum, we see how marked was the difference of dress, according to the rank and office held by the individual. Among several groups is one of palace-attendants. There is the *solak-bashi*, or chief of the orderlies; the *bash-tchavoush*, or serjeant-at-arms; the *hassaki*, or outdoor attendant; the *shutir*, or officer of woods and forests; the *bostanba-bashi*, or chief of the body-guards. There is, again, among the religious functionaries of the palace, are the *mollah-hunkiar*, or chaplain to the sultan; the basin-bearer and the jug-bearer, for the purposes of the sultan's ablution before prayers; the *muezzin*, or announcer of the hour of prayer; the turban-bearer and the stool-bearer. All these indicate, by their remarkable costume, the nature of their respective offices, or at least they would do so to the eye of an official Turk. But this is still more exemplified by a gorgeous group which occupies a large space in the centre of the gallery. This is a *divan*, or Turkish cabinet council in the time of Sultan Mahmoud. The sultan is seated on a *daïs*, and is surrounded by the great officers of state, about twenty-four in number. Nothing can exceed the diversity of form and colour in the dresses worn by these functionaries; most of them are splendid, some ugly, but none of them European. It affords a striking contrast to see, near this *divan*, the isolated figure of the present sultan, Abdul Megid Khan. With his plain frock-coat, his tight trousers drawn over his French leather boots, and his plain blue military-cloak, he is a quiet European gentleman, with nothing Oriental about him except his *fez* or red cap.

He looks like anything but a regular Turk of the Blue-Beard cast.

One of the most beautiful and interesting portions of the museum admits us into the harem, or female department of a Turkish palace. There are two apartments—a sleeping-room and a reception-saloon; and the taste and elegance displayed in the whole arrangement are worthy of notice. In the sleeping-apartment, there is a lady sitting close to a *tandour*, or Turkish stove, and pencilling her eyebrows with black; and there is an unhappy infant, packed up in swaddling-clothes as tight as a parcel to go by railway, and carried in the arms of a nurse as black as ebony. In the room is an elegant silken and embroidered bed, of a richness which none but Orientals are accustomed to indulge in; and a Turkish cradle, fine enough in all conscience, but with plentiful strappings to confine the little victim within it; and a small round table, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, whereon candlesticks, night-lamps, or water-jugs may be placed; a lady's toilet-glass; and *nabans*, or high clogs, such as ladies wear when walking over the marble floors. But the reception-saloon is yet more striking, from the number of figures and the luxury everywhere displayed. One of the figures is the *firma sultana*, or daughter of the sultan; another is a *kubla*, one of the sultan's wives or ladies; three others are ladies-in-waiting, holding trays, coffee-cups, and coffee apparatus, most of which are exceedingly elegant; two others are dancing-girls, one a child of great beauty, and both having castanets; while the last figure in the group is the *kuzlar-lar-oghlesi*, or head black eunuch—a fellow as black as he is stout, as ugly as he is black, and as watchful as he is ugly: they have even gone so far as to give him rolling eyes, moved by clock-work, so that he becomes a very terrible defender of the choice contents of the harem. All these figures are dressed with great richness—the jewels and the other costly ornaments being, of course, only imitative. The furniture and accessories present, in like manner, a luxurious appearance; and altogether this ladies' domain is very attractive.

A shoe-bazaar affords us a little insight into the shopkeeping arrangements of the Turks. At Constantinople, and other Oriental towns, as is pretty generally known, the principal traders congregate in bazaars—long streets covered with arched roofs. There are thus the spice-bazaar, the silk-bazaar, the calico-bazaar, the pipe-bazaar, the shoe-bazaar, and many others. Each dealer has a stall in his appropriate bazaar, behind which is a small room, and he sits before his shelves on a sort of elevated platform. He has no shop-window; all is open to the passers-by; and a most busy and exciting scene it is, as all travellers assure us. In this shoe-bazaar, there is the *kaffak*, or shoemaker, squatting down, as Turks love to squat; while near him is a lady trying on a pair of slippers, in an attitude which, to European ladies, would appear neither convenient nor decorous. The shelves of the shop are crowded with slippers, of cloth, silk, and leather, mostly embroidered in an elaborate manner; while strings of little children's little boots are suspended, like onions, from the ceiling.

An unlucky, or rather a roguish baker is the chief subject-matter of another group, relating to the administration of justice. An agent of the city-governor is on his duty, detecting false weights and measures; a baker has been discovered erring in this particular; the officer has a small brown loaf in his hand, apparently the evidence of the offence; while the luckless bread-merchant, in accordance with a Turkish custom, is nailed by one ear to the door, and the waxen baker really does look very uncomfortable and woe-begone in this situation. A story is told, in relation to the summary mode of punishment adopted in Turkey, that a baker was once sitting in his shop at Constantinople, conversing with a friend who had just arrived from the

country. The baker suddenly noticed the detector of false weights approaching; he disappeared for a few minutes, leaving his friend in the shop. The inspector appeared, detected an under-weight loaf, and instantly nailed the poor stranger's ear to the door, where he remained until the baker came forth and ransomed him.

The *hamals*, or porters, of Constantinople are the subject of a group; some carrying burdens on their heads, and some slung from poles borne on the shoulders. These men are mostly Armenians; they are athletic, and can carry immense weights. One man has been known, for a wager, to carry a thousand poundweights for a distance of a quarter of a mile! They are men in whose honesty the fullest reliance is placed; and they are on that account much valued as patrols or watchmen by merchants.

We have heard a good deal of *Bashi-Bazouks* lately; and we are, therefore, not unwilling to meet with them at the Turkish Museum. The meaning of these two words is said to be 'disorderly headgear.' Every rank and profession, until recent times, was designated by its peculiar turban; and any person who had no particular calling, and nothing to designate by his turban, obtained the name of *bashi-bazouk*. An English *bashi-bazouk* would probably be a scapegrace, harumscarum, ne'er-do-weel, trampler, adventurer, Jack-of-all-trades, living from hand to mouth, how he could and where he could. In a military sense, the *bashi-bazouks* are irregular volunteers in the present Turkish army, and a queer set of fellows they look. Among the group, a place has been found for *Kara Fatma*, the dame who lately arrived at Constantinople at the head of 2000 irregulars, whose services she offered to the sultan. We must not picture to ourselves a beautiful Joan of Arc, or Maid of Saragossa; she is a tall, bony, very strong woman, with a face so homely and so dark, that the Turks call her *Kara Fatma*—Black Fatima.

There is one group representing two physicians, European and Turkish, and an invalid lady, whose pulse is being examined by the latter. There is a group of Constantinopolitan Jews, comprising a Jewish gentleman in his ordinary dress, and two Jewish ladies in the outdoor and indoor costume. There is a group in which a *katib*, or Turkish scribe, is writing a letter for a veiled lady, whose education, probably, did not include 'reading, writing, and arithmetic.' But we will pass over these, just to say a few words at closing concerning the largest group in the museum—largest in area, though not in number of figures. It is an ingenious attempt to represent some of the characteristic features of a Turkish watering-place, such as *Genk-souzou*, or Sweet Waters of Asia; and *Kihat-hané*, or Sweet Waters of Europe—two beautiful pleasure-spots on the banks of the Bosphorus. There is a sort of terrace, on which is seated a lady, reclining upon cushions, and listening to the strains of three gipsy musicians, who accompany their voices with small stringed-instruments; a little boy, the lady's son, is by her side; and near her is a Circassian maiden, waiting in respectful attention. There is a grassy-plot on which a little boy and girl are playing; and near them a vender of sweetmeats, whose tray is filled with sugar-plums. But, best of all, there is a full-sized Turkish *araba*, or lady's carriage, drawn by two oxen: the *araba* was made at Constantinople for the museum, and the oxen are cleverly stuffed. The carriage is decked in crimson and gold; it contains three fair ladies; and around and near it are the *arabages*, or conductors; a *yamak*, or attendant, on the oxen; a black female slave; a black eunuch; a gipsy woman telling the fortune of one of the ladies; and a group of *boyniks*, or Bulgarian peasants, who attend the sultan's horses at the *Kihat-Jané*.

In such times as these, when our political affairs are so much mixed up with the destinies of Turkey, it is

pleasant thus to be able to see the Turks in their homes, as it were. The Turkish Museum does not aim at so much as the Chinese Collection; but what it does, it does well, and so far deserves commendation.

CONFLICT BETWEEN LAND AND WATER.

THERE is something peculiar about the appearance of the coast of Suffolk and Norfolk. The land and the sea have evidently been at war one with the other. The sea, sometimes the aggressor, has seized and taken away a portion of that which once belonged to the land; while the land, as if in retaliation, now occupies spots which were once covered by sea. There is an apparent contradiction here; but it is only apparent, for both classes of phenomena are resultants of one cause.

It might not be that a sojourner on any one part of this coast could obtain full evidence of these conflicting processes; but a comparing of notes might throw much light on the matter. We will first speak of the encroachment of the sea on the land.

In most instances where a coast is gradually worn away, this is produced by the action of tides, waves, and currents—sometimes one of these only, sometimes two or all. The eastern coast of Britain is exposed to a remarkable action in this respect, owing to a curious double tide which prevails there. At most ports, as we well know, the tide rolls in from the ocean, and rolls out again after highwater, but on the eastern coast, this rolling-in comes from two quarters at once. When the tidal current from the Atlantic reaches the Land's End, it divides into two: one branch proceeds northward, and winds round Scotland into the German Ocean; while the other travels eastward along the English Channel, and turns up to the north after passing through the Straits of Dover. These two tidal currents meet; but the larger course takes the longer time; and the combined and alternate action of the two produce a peculiar rubbing motion against the coast, calculated to wear down cliffs, and to give a smooth outline to the sea-board.

There is abundant proof that portions of Norfolk and Suffolk, once inhabited and flourishing, are now buried beneath the sea. In more northern parts of the island, where the coast is stern and iron-bound, the destructive action has exhibited itself in other ways. In the Shetlands—composed of hard rock—steep cliffs have been hollowed into caves and arches—passages have been worn through the hardest rock—rugged islands have been formed—and huge masses of stone have been torn from their beds, and hurled to surprising distances. On the eastern coast of Scotland, where there is less rocky cliff, the destruction has come home more immediately to the handiwork of man. At Findhorn, an old town has been carried away; in Kincardineshire, the village of Muthers was carried away in a single night in 1795; at Arbroath, houses and gardens have disappeared within the memory of those now living; and the light-houses at the mouth of the Tay had to be carried further inland, because the sea was approaching. On the Northumberland and Lincolnshire coasts, equally strange movements have been and are still going on. In an old map of Yorkshire, we find the villages of Auburn, Hartburn, and Hyde, at spots where are now nothing but sand-banks covered with water at high-tide. Sir George Head, in his *Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts*, gives a graphic, almost a painfully graphic, description of a

church-yard in Yorkshire which is at this present moment being eaten away by the sea. The dead bones are first exposed, and then they are washed out, and then they fall upon the beach below; each year doing something towards the destruction of a pretty grave-yard which was once a mile or more inland.

In the portion of coast south of Yorkshire, Norfolk and Suffolk exhibit the effects of the wearing action more decidedly than Lincolnshire, which is so low that it may be said to have been flooded rather than abraded. Cromer is 'looking up,' as a sort of pleasure-town; but the real original Cromer has long ago been swallowed up by the sea, and the present town is only a substitute. Shipden, Whimpwell, and Eccles—all old towns on the Norfolk coast—are not now to be found. At Sheringham, between Cromer and Wells, the progress of the sea has been singularly marked and definite. In 1805, an inn was built at that place, and it was supposed, from the known progress of the sea, that the house might last about seventy years before it was attacked; for it was seventy yards from the coast, and the destruction was estimated at about a yard per annum: but the rate of wearing afterwards increased, and by 1829, the sea approached very near indeed to the inn. The Sheringham of to-day is not the Sheringham of old: that is gone—swallowed up by Neptune; and perhaps Sheringham the new may go likewise, unless protective works be executed. For it may be worth while to observe, that if there is a judicious arrangement of breakwaters, or rows of stakes carried out into the sea, there may be formed accumulations of sand along the bottom of the cliff; and this sand, when a peculiar kind of binding-grass has grown upon it, will tend to preserve the cliff from the destructive action of the waves. Corton, Pakefield, Dunwich, Aldborough, Bawdsey, on the Suffolk coast—all have suffered in a similar way. As for Dunwich, it appears to be two miles from the site of the original Dunwich. The town of Orwell lives only in tradition—nothing more. Twenty years ago, Sir Charles Lyell warned the inhabitants of Harwich, that if they go on doing as they have hitherto done and now do, they will find themselves some morning on a little island. He thinks the sea is cutting a channel across the isthmus which connects the peninsula of Harwich with the mainland; and that by selling for cement the stones which roll down upon the beach, the inhabitants are retarding that process; for the stones, if left alone, might act for some time as a sort of breakwater or shield.

But what of Yarmouth and Lowestoft? Here, at any rate, there are no great indications of wearing away; indeed, the enormous accumulations of sand tell of a reverse process. When, a few weeks ago, we witnessed a holiday review of the East Norfolk Militia on the South Denes at Yarmouth, we could not but think of the strangeness of the fact, that this spot had been stolen from the sea; whereas, in most other parts of the Norfolk and Suffolk coast, the sea is steadily and irresistibly stealing from the land. The two processes, however, as we have stated, are joint results of one cause. The waves, and tides, and currents carry away the cliffs from the towns named in the earlier part of this article. But whither do they carry them? The shattered fragments must go somewhere; and it depends upon a number of local circumstances how and where the deposition shall take place. Near the mouths of the rivers, such as the Yare, there are reasons which would lead one to suspect that such deposition might take place there. If a tidal current

is carrying its load of spoil, its fragments stolen from a cliff elsewhere, and if it meets a river-current at right angles, it may be made to drop its burden, and thus a sand-bank might grow up just opposite the mouth of the river. That some such process has been going on at Yarmouth, is plain enough; and the good people of that town make all their commercial and social arrangements in conformity with the plan thus marked out for them by the currents and tides.

The three towns of Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft are worth a few days' visit, irrespective of their own points of attraction, on account of their relative positions in respect to the sea. Considering the strangely flat marshy district separating the three towns, there seems much reason to believe that it was once sea. The three rivers Yare, Bure, and Waveney, which find a common outlet at Yarmouth, present such fantastic twistings and twinings, that there can be little doubt that changes have occurred hereabout in the relative distribution of land and water. It is believed that the Yare was once an arm of the sea up to Norwich, the Bure another arm up to Aylsham, and the Waveney another up to Bungay. At any rate, it is pretty evident that there was once sea where is now green swampy meadow. If any crotchety traveller, in search of the dull and unpicturesque, should find himself on the Norwich and Yarmouth Railway, we would warrant his contentment. The moiety of the railway nearer to Norwich brings in view a few pretty bits of scenery; but as we approach Reedham and its marshes, good-bye to all prettinesses. From thence to Yarmouth is an unmitigated flat, with a house or two, apparently surprised to find themselves set down in such a place, and half-a-dozen cows and horses, which look as if they would get their feet wet and catch cold. Nor is the railway route from Norwich to Lowestoft—identical with the former as to the distance between Reedham and Norwich—much more varied and picturesque; for it follows in part the course of the supposed arm of the sea represented by the present river Waveney.

Norwich is an interesting old city—interesting for its fine cathedral, and for its connection with the worsted and silk manufactures: but we are just now visiting it with an eye directed to other features. If the river Yare were really at one time an arm of the sea, with Norwich in the innermost nook, Norwich must have occupied a fine position; for there are sufficient bold elevations to give marked and striking scenes. The question is—have these changes in land and water occurred since we took possession of the region? We know nothing of Norwich until the earlier incursions of the Danes. The city appears to have risen gradually from the decay of Caister, once a British, and then a Roman town, but now an inconsiderable village, about three miles south-east of Norwich. Some think, that in the time of the Romans—others think, so late as the Normans—the lower parts of the present Norwich were under water, studded here and there with islands. The elevation whereon the castle is built must, in those days, have been either a promontory or an island; and, in either case, it must have offered a tempting site for castle-builders.

As matters now stand at Norwich, the streets are evidently set up and framed in accordance with the castle elevation on the one hand, and with the river on the other. The river is called the Wensum until it has passed through Norwich; after which it receives the name of the Yare, or rather it falls into the Yare. The Wensum performs all sorts of queer antics in its passage through the town, curving and winding in serpentine course—now flowing south, now north, now south-west, now north-east. The town is mostly built on one side of this river, but as it is gradually extending on the other, the bridges over the river have become very numerous, and these bridges point in almost every direction of the compass. As for the

streets, what can be said of them? Did any mortal ever see such a labyrinth? Did any stranger ever succeed in finding his way through them without a guide? We have a pretty good acquaintance with English towns, from Harwich in the east, to Plymouth in the west, from Berwick in the north, to Brighton in the south; but we know of nothing that can compare with Norwich for crooked streets. The only principle of arrangement discoverable seems to be this—that no two streets shall be at right angles.

If Norwich has received any of its peculiarities of position from the existence of land where once was water, Yarmouth is, as we observed in an earlier paragraph, still more dependent on a similar cause. We must endeavour to convey an idea of this remarkable town—a town unlike any other in England.

The river Yare, after running eastward through Norfolk, seems to have been checked in its course when within half a mile of the sea; it bends suddenly to the south, and flows parallel to the sea for three or four miles, when at length it finds an outlet. There can hardly be a doubt that it once flowed direct into the sea; that the mouth became gradually choked up with sand; that the river wended southward in search of a new outlet; and that this outlet itself travelled further and further southward. The Yare brings with it the waters of the Waveney; and just at the point where the division takes place, the Bure also joins it; so that all three rivers are affected by this change of outlet. The metamorphoses of the district seem first to have converted three arms of the sea into three rivers, and then to have driven the three poor rivers about in search of an outlet.

Now, it is just at this remarkable spot that Yarmouth has been built. The town has the sea on the east, and the river on the west. Yarmouth has thus a sort of double façade, so to speak: a west front towards the river, and an east front towards the sea. The east front is irregular and straggling, for it is greatly at the mercy of the sands; but the west front can boast of a quay far superior to those ordinarily to be met with: indeed, there are those who say that there is not such another quay in Europe, except at Marseille. Be this as it may, a quay three-quarters of a mile in length, more than a hundred feet in width, and planted with trees along a great part of its length, is a possession of which townsmen may well be a little proud. It is, however, the other side of Yarmouth which best exhibits the dependence of the town on the changes between sea and land. What a wilderness of sand it is! Near the southern extremity of the town, new streets and houses have been built further and further towards the sea; and a jetty, fishermen's stands, ship-owners' look-outs, and maritime inns have been built; but, north and south of this point, the houses keep at a respectful distance from the water-side. And good reason is there for this. The sand is fine, soft, and of great depth; the foot sinks in at every step, so as to render walking tiresome. The sand is not quite flat, but presents a sort of billowy surface. We should imagine that if a man wanted to dust his jacket, he could not do better than go upon Yarmouth sands during a windy day. That wind is more plentiful there than water, seems to be shown by the numerous windmills dotted hither and thither on the more consolidated portions of sand. Beyond the northern limits of the town, the sands are called the North Dunes; while beyond the southern limits we meet with the South Dunes. The South Dunes, and Yarmouth town, together occupy the tongue of land lying between the river and the sea. On the South Dunes, a little scanty grass has grown, and a barrack, a gas-work, a battery or two, a race-course, and a Nelson's Monument have been formed; but its general area is bare, and wholly unoccupied. At the southern end of this tongue, the river bends sharply round and enters the sea; while at the spot

where the South Dunes may be said to join the town, Yarmouth is trying to polish itself up to the dignity of watering-place celebrity, by the fashioning of a holiday-pier, a terrace, a marine parade, a parade hotel, baths, beach-walks and terrace-walks; and so forth.

The effect of its curious location upon the trade of Yarmouth is worth noticing. No harbour, no quay, no basin, no landing-pier, enables ships to draw up to the shore on the sea-side of Yarmouth. All the ordinary trading vessels enter at the river's mouth, two or three miles south of the town, and proceed upwards to the quay on the west of the town. The beach and the sea-side are the domain of the fishermen. The vessels which bring herrings and mackerel, anchor at half a mile or so from the beach, and boatmen go out to bring the fish from the vessels to the shore. This is altogether a bustling scene on a fine morning in the fishing-season. We lately saw sixty or eighty mackerel-boats all ranged along at one time. The headmen were busily at work, rowing their clumsy but roomy boats out to sea, and bringing back the mackerel in baskets. No sooner were they landed, than the vessel-owners made their appearance; the fish were taken out and counted; and the beachmen received—or were to receive—payment according to the number they brought ashore. The bargain between the vessel-owner and his crew is managed in another way and at a different time. Dealers and salesmen are on the look-out to purchase the best fish as they make their appearance; and then salesmen, acting on behalf of the vessel-owners, put up to auction the remaining fish, which are sold at just what they will fetch, be it high or low: sold they must be, and are, even for a 'song.' Dealers of a humbler class range themselves round the open-air auctioneer, and make or withhold their bid-dings according as their judgment or their pockets may dictate. No want of flowery language on the part of the salesmen, be sure of this. We heard one of them declare that the mackerel he was selling 'tasted like hung-beef, and smelt like v'lets'—qualities which we should scarcely have supposed to be exactly fishlike; but this may only be proof of our ignorance.

A few lines about Lowestoft, and we have done.

Lowestoft, the third of the towns connected with the singular delta-shaped district we have endeavoured to describe, although a coast-town, has properly no river actually belonging to it. The town lies about ten miles south of Yarmouth; and between the two there is a considerable length of singular sand-cliff, exhibiting many proofs of the peculiar tide-action of the sea. Between Lowestoft and the sea, as between Yarmouth and the sea, the accumulation of sand is enormous; deep, rolling, apparently endless masses of the finest and most penetrating sand.

Until joint-stock enterprise took the matter in hand, Lowestoft had no water-communication with Norwich; but the river Waveney, in its winding course towards Yarmouth, came within three or four miles of Lowestoft; and the ponds called Oulton Broad and Lake Lothing intervened. By engineering-works, executed at various times, the Yare has been connected with the Waveney by a canal; the Waveney with the ponds by a canal; the ponds have been deepened, a cut into the sea has been made, and a capital little harbour formed out seaward, with walls, and piers, and quays, and warehouses, and railways, adequate to a very respectable amount of business. A steam-ship company has been established, to run steamers across from Lowestoft to Denmark; and this maritime trade, with the repairing establishment of the company, is creating quite a new town, entirely southward of Lowestoft proper. Southward, again, of the harbour and railway is another new town—Lowestoft the fashionable, with such a hotel, and such a terrace, as would make some of our old watering-places stare, if such places can stare. We are inclined to think that unless Yarmouth

puts on its best and does its best, it may be thrown behind a cloud by Lowestoft one of these days. However, we need not predict. Both have done wonders in combating the strange marshes which lie westward of them, and the still stranger sands which lie eastward.

THE WOLF-HUNTERS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

I now follow Pierre to the farm whither his steps were directed when the brothers parted company. The scene into which he entered was a strange one. A rather large and very dirty room was lighted only by a long yellow candle, such as are used by the French peasantry, made of resin, and rolled out by the hand: its light, at any time insufficient for the apartment, was rendered more indistinct by the cloud of smoke that issued from numerous pipes and cigars. This room was nearly filled by peasants, attired à la mode de Bretagne—that is to say, like our friend Pierre, in coats of skins, undoubtedly the most old-fashioned dress in the world; although here and there the more modern trunk-hose of the sixteenth century might be seen worn by a straggler from another district; and in two or three instances, the still more modern, and far less characteristic equipment of our now-a-day sportsman; for it generally happened that some such adventurer either placed himself under the protection of the *louveteurs* (wolf-killers), 'to behold the battle,' or, depending on the merits of their fowling-pieces, took a part in it. Fusils and gunpowder, however, were too great rarities to be seen in all hands, or too inglorious weapons to be used by them. Most of the *louveteurs* were armed like Pierre, except that many, instead of a pike, carried a sort of pitchfork.

While the uncouth assemblage ate, drank, and smoked in the dim light and stifling atmosphere of the apartment, their strange gesticulations, the vehemence of their tones, apparently increased by their wild native dialect, as they argued, contradicted, screamed, grinned, chattered, and seemed to be defying each other to mortal combat, while arranging some particulars concerning which each was nearly indifferent—Pierre entered among them, and his arrival was clamorously greeted by the men, who knew his cool, intrepid character, and his present interesting circumstances. But whatever share poor Pierre might contribute to augment the smoke, he did not do much to increase the noise: he smoked his pipe in silence, until the old *louveteur*, on whom, from his age and experience, devolved the order of the day, gave the signal for departure; and the wild animals that were setting forth for the destruction of those only a little wilder, drank off their sour cider, rekindled their pipes, seized their pikes or forks, and sallied out to taint the fresh cold air of morning with the obnoxious fumes that issued from their mouths.

As they gained the borders of the forest, the countenance of the old experienced leader grew more serious: the guides or spies who had preceded them, brought intelligence that the numerous tracks upon the snow plainly indicated the number of antagonists they might expect to find within the forest. Accustomed to make such observations, they calculated that the wolves were not only in force, but that they were united in a pack, and prepared for an attack, which only occurred when hunger rendered them furious.

The oldest of these wolf-killers, whose age and victories made him the man of importance, and the generalissimo of the band, stopped near the edge of the wood, and drew his company round him, to decide on operations, and give them directions on which the safety of each must principally depend. It was not to hold a council of war, but, happily for himself and his comrades, to deliver directions which no one would dispute, that he spoke. 'My children,' he said, 'we must divide now: it is necessary to encircle the forest as much as possible; you will therefore go off in couples, and take your posts. With your hearts, two men may easily defend themselves against four wolves, even should they be attacked. But as we shall arrive at so many places at the same instant, we shall give occupation to their noses, and distract the scent: thus it is not at all probable that four will fall to the lot of any one of you at once, and you can thus more easily gain the heads you wish for. But, mark me! if you do not desire to draw the whole pack upon you, do not speak one word aloud; and, above all things, do not fire but when you are sure of your aim. Let our fusils be as equally divided as possible—no two who carry them keeping together, but associating themselves with those who have only forks and pikes.'

The group that surrounded him separated as he ceased to speak, and formed into couples without choice or dispute. Pierre was thus accidentally coupled with an amateur sportsman. As the wolf-killers approached silently to their respective posts, a long, low, distant howl saluted their ears. The eyes of Pierre kindled, as, with an impatience that is felt by the soldier who awaits the charge, he stepped forward more quickly. A silence profound, and almost solemn, followed; and after this pause, prolonged and numerous howlings resounded through the lately silent wood, and showed the *louveteurs* the truth of their old general's calculation, that the enemy was in force, and preparing for a concentrated attack.

The object of this attack was soon discovered by a cry so wild, so piercing, so agonising, that no one who has not heard it can imagine a horse capable of uttering it. And this bitter cry of mortal agony came from an assembled group of these poor creatures, round which the hungry and grinning wolves were already assembling, waiting only till their comrades should arrive to give security to their meditated assault. Such a scene as this is not very uncommon in the wild and thinly-peopled part of Brittany. The custom that prevails in a province where the business of agriculture is carried on in a very slovenly, unskillful manner, is, I believe, practised in similar districts which are rendered intricate by woods, moors, or defiles, more suited to the pasturage of animals left to nature, than to the business of the regular farmer. In these districts, persons who breed and trade in horses, leave at liberty those which their limited domains and premises cannot provide for: flocks of horses are turned wild upon the moors and woods, to be caught as their owners need them; they are marked so as to be easily reclaimed; but I suppose, in the case of the young progeny by which the flock is augmented, either family-likenesses or affection must decide the fact of paternity, for I am ignorant of any other mode of arranging it. The losses these proprietors suffer by means of the wolves, are sometimes very great; and it is not very unusual, therefore, to hear, in remote districts, that really appalling cry to which I have alluded.

The wolf-hunters hastened in from their out-posts, and rallied round the old *louveteur*, to unite for an attack on the combined foe. The band thus concentrated, advanced in silence towards the spot whence the sound of danger issued: it was a small glade or open space in the forest, where the sagacious but

unfortunate animals had assembled—acting on the principle that unity is strength—but shewing in the arrangement of their position a higher and stronger principle than any philosopher or political economist ever devised. The mares, with their young ones pressed close to their sides, and shivering in mortal terror, were in the centre, surrounded by their noble male protectors, which, with erect manes, and flaming eyes staring and rolling in their heads, shewed all the horror they endured, yet stood, vigorously prepared for defence, their forelegs stretched forward, and fixed firmly on the ground, the hinder drawn closer together, and ready for a kick or a plunge at the heads of their assailants, which prowled around them, with white glaring teeth and bristling manes, gnashing their dry, hungry jaws, but kept at bay for a little time by the heels that had already fractured the skull of one of their impatient number. Even the old loupvetier was puzzled as to the best mode of proceeding in order to deliver the victims, whose fate was only delayed until the arrival of a re-inforcement of their enemies; for even the report of the fusils, should their discharge not prove fatal to the horses instead of the wolves, must necessarily throw disorder into the armed band that still continued to owe the safety of each to the unity and firmness of all.

Pierre arranged his serpe, raised his pike, and made a sign to his comrade that he was ready to begin the battle; but hardly had he made this movement, when a horrible barking howl was heard behind them, and almost the next moment, eighteen or twenty famishing wolves plunged suddenly right among and over the hunters, overthrowing some of them in their furious bound, but springing beyond them to the prey they liked better.

This was the re-inforcement the others had expected. The band of their threatened victims was now broken; confusion and terror were in their ranks; plunging, kicking, slaying, or wounding, the gallant horses gave way, and opened a passage to the agonised mares, and their trembling, helpless offspring, which fell an easy prey to the conquerors. Then the flight of the horses took place, and pursued by their raging enemy, they flew to all sides of the forest, starting off in a moment; so that the loupvetiers, unable to fire a shot, were forced to fly in confusion to the shelter of the trees, to avoid being trodden under their feet. This confusion did not last long: the poor horses were soon at a distance, and drew many of the wolves after them; but some of them had already killed the young dead, and the old wounded; and numbers of the wolves, either less active or more hungry than their comrades, remained to feast upon the prey before them.

The sight was tempting to Pierre, as he eagerly counted over the heads, and the pieces of silver that were within his reach. Nearly at the same time, the old loupvetier made a signal for the fusils to fire. Pierre looked then for his comrade; but, alas! he perceived only a dark spot up in the snow-powdered branches of a tall tree. Not even the report of the firearms, nor the death-cry of some of their number, diverted all the famishing beasts from the meal they were growling over; and seeing himself deserted by his confederate, and without the aid of his fusil, Pierre no longer restrained his impatience, but raised his pike, and advanced to the charge.

The battle now commenced: the wolves that had been frightened by the fire, returned only more full of rage, and their adversaries were each obliged to seek the tongue of the sword, and find the shelter of a tree, by the side of a defended hill, while engaged with a barrack, and a Nelson in front. But its general advance by hope, and tired of inaction, soon found himself engaged; and scarcely sharply round and on ere he tried to pin another to the

earth. The stroke was a powerful one, dealt with his whole strength; but in leaning forward to make it, his prudence, though not his courage, forsook him—he left the screen of the tree; and a horrible growl, a sudden weight, and a terrible gripe of his shoulder, gave him fearful intelligence of the advantage he had given to the enemy. The savage creature had sprung upon his back: its fangs were on his right shoulder. With a cry of torture, Pierre endeavoured to grasp his serpe with the left hand; but his position, the weight of the monster, and the sudden pain, prevented this effort. He fell, calling, though not very loudly: ‘A moi! à moi! à mon secours, loupvetiers!’ But while the words were on his lips, the head of the wolf that had been upon his shoulder rolled down before him; Victor, his young brother, caught him in his arms, and Pierre fainted upon his breast. . . .

That memorable fight was over and done. Many wolves had been slaughtered, the rest fled howling from their conquerors; and the loupvetiers raised their successful, but unfortunate comrade, and carried him to the place of rendezvous he had left that morning.

Victor, his wrist encircled with four wolves’ heads, which dangled from a leathern girdle, walked beside him: he was unable to assist in carrying him. He had twice retraced that snow-covered moor, and had been fortunate enough afterwards to despatch two wolves; but now his strength and courage failed; he walked, weeping, beside his brother, yet secretly congratulating himself that he had arrived in time to save his life by a stroke of his serpe on the neck of the assailant.

On turning back, in the manner I have already related, at his brother’s request, he had gone to seek their mother, and tell her that it was contrary to that brother’s desire he had resolved to join the wolf-hunt. But the mother was occupied with the sick father; he found Virginie alone, and made her his confidante. The girl’s gratitude was great, for she understood the motive Victor would conceal. She caressed him; wept over him; called him ‘*mon dour*,’ ‘good little one,’ ‘beloved child,’ and by some other endearing epithets, which Victor would much rather not hear; and told him he must not attempt to go to the fight. Victor left her with this parting speech: ‘Whatever happens, tell our mother that Pierre never knew I was there.’ And then he hastened vigorously over the moor.

And now the result of the battle was known: he had killed two wolves, and Pierre had, he said, killed two; but the fourth head was that which had rolled over the poor young man’s shoulder when he arrived exactly, as he hoped, in time to save his brother’s life by that vigorous stroke. But Pierre was badly wounded; his head as well as his shoulder was lacerated. Fever came on, and his life was pronounced to be in imminent danger.

Then came poor Virginie—weeping, praying, and visiting the old sacred places where her offerings were promised for his recovery. Alas, in vain! No healing fountain could restore Pierre to strength, and all her invocations remained unanswered. At his own request, the young man was conveyed home, to lay his head once more on the pillow where it had lain at first—on his mother’s breast. But Victor and Virginie watched him day and night, and shed many a tear over him. Another, too, came often beside him, to offer a consolation they could not so well impart: the parish priest—a simple-minded, benevolent man, who had baptised the boy, and was to have married him, now found he would have another, the last of the offices of the church, to perform for him. He came now to turn his mind, and thoughts, and heart from one world to the other—from time to eternity.

He was present one afternoon when the young man, who had been reposing after receiving these admonitions, demanded in a weak voice to know who was with

him. 'Is it thou, petit?' he said, as Victor bent over him. 'Ah, my brother, I have wronged thee! Listen, Victor. I knew your love for Virginie—knew it all along. But I despised your youth, and thought she must do so likewise. Victor, forgive me before I die; and then, if in some future time our dear Virginie shall know that she, too, has all along loved you, then you will tell her it was my last earthly wish that she should be your wife, and that you should make her happy.' Thus having relieved his mind, the young man gave up all his attention to the solemnity attending the close of mortal life. At midnight, he died in the arms of Victor and Virginie.

Virginie had left her place to take up her old abode in the house of her betrothed. For some time after his death, the stillness of sorrow pervaded it and all its concerns. The people worked, indeed, still, but all went on in a softened sort of manner, as if no one liked noise, while no one ever spoke against it. In time, this began to wear off, and when it did, Virginie announced her intention of returning to her place at the farm. When Victor heard this, he took the girl aside, and said to her:

'Certainly, Virginie, you must do whatever will make you happy. But see now how we are situated. I must talk of it, though it will force me to remind you of cruel circumstances. Well, then, our mayor has paid me for four wolves' heads: see there, one hundred and twenty francs! Now, Virginie, this money is yours, for it was to obtain the right of remaining with you that our dear Pierre—'

Here Virginie burst into tears, and sobbed out: 'Speak no more of it, brother, and never let me see that silver.'

'That is just what I wish not to do,' the youth answered; 'but I know that you, too, would wish to do what would give our brother—I mean my brother—pleasure.'

'Ah, yes; I would obey his wishes gladly.'

Victor paused a moment, and then resumed. 'Well, his wish was—one of his wishes was—to take care of our good old mother. Now, Virginie, you know how our mother loved her cow, as indeed all persons do: she has not been the same thing since my father's illness obliged her to sell it. I propose, then, that you buy another cow.'

'Yes, yes; that is beautiful! Thank you, good, dear brother.'

'Ah, I have not said all: I must ask you to do more. See, now, Virginie; if the cow is bought, there must be some one to milk her, and to take care of the milk, and make butter for the market. Our mother can do that no longer; and unless you can stay here and help her, it will be of no use to buy the cow. But if you would rather leave us—'

'Ah, Victor!—No, it was not that; but if you want me to take care of the new cow, I will stay.'

'Thank you, thank you, good, kind Virginie!' So it was all said and done. The cow was bought, and Virginie stayed to take care of it. Victor set himself to work on the little farm, and active, untiring labours soon produced a decided improvement in the aspect of affairs. The young man had forgotten his resolution to join the army of Africa; perhaps it was as well he did so, for a Breton cow is always the object of care; and as Virginie and he had been herds together in childhood, they could naturally associate their attentions on an emergency.

So time went quietly away, and Victor was going into his twenty-second year; and though Virginie was still a year in advance, she had long ceased to give herself airs of authority and protection on that account; and did not call him 'dear little one,' or 'poor dear,' as she once used to do; she ceased, also, to call him 'brother,' which word might bring painful memories to both. In some respects, however, her conduct was

a little mysterious. Virginie had her own 'stock in trade;' the cow, indeed, was family property; but out of its first profits she had bought some fowls and some wool, wherewith to set up on her own account. The fowls multiplied; the eggs were sold; and the wool was spun and knitted into stockings, which also disappeared; but no one saw or heard of the fruit of the sales. She would often go, even weekly, to the market-town, when the mother thought there was no great use in her going, and when the snow or rain rendered the road difficult; and, after all, no one could tell what she did there, for no one heard of her sales or purchases. It was not on dress, certainly, she laid out her money; for, with the exception of the complex and extraordinary cap, which was as snow-white and coquettish as possible, poor Virginie's working-dress seldom knew a change; and as for her quaint and picturesque holiday costume, it might, for aught I know, have served some generations before her. It was no wonder, then, that the old mother sometimes, on Saturday nights, shook her head a very little, and looked gravely at her son, as much as to say: 'Is it not strange?'

Time, however, went on, and the old father who had been so long ailing, died. They buried him with due respect, and after the customs of Brittany, in a place from whence he was one day to be disinterred, and his skull, with his name legibly inscribed in black paint on the brow, placed in the *reliquaire*, or bone-house of the parish, where it, as well as that of his lamented son, might be seen by successive generations.

Victor was now the only as well as eldest son of the widow, and, consequently, by the law of France, was free from the conscription, which had been perhaps to him, as others, like a dark cloud looming in the distance; for another wolf-fight might not have afforded him the means of getting a substitute. But one day, when the roof of the house was undergoing some repairs, the workmen drew from beneath the rafters a quantity of pieces of money, silver and copper—not ancient good-for-nothing coins, but good franc and sou pieces. Young Victor was astonished, and carried them to his mother, supposing his poor father had kept a secret hoard. The mother was not there, but Virginie was.

'Ah!' said she, 'have you found my money?'

'Yours?'

'Yes. I saved it to buy you a substitute in case you should draw a bad number at the conscription.'

Victor looked inquisitively in her face, and its colour rose. 'Virginie, was it for my mother's sake you did this?'

'No.'

'For my father's?'

'No.'

'For mine?'

'No.' The colour rose still higher.

'Not for mine! Ah! for whose, then?'

'For my own!' The colour now was so high that tears came to the eyes, as if to check it.

'Dear Virginie—'

'I will be true to Pierre,' cried Virginie.

'I wish nothing more,' replied her lover with seriousness. And then he quietly repeated his brother's words; adding: 'I never told them to you before, Virginie. I have often and often thought that it was most likely I never should tell them to you; but now you know all, and, if you do not believe me, ask our good priest, who was present when our dear brother spoke.'

Victor, perhaps involuntarily, pronounced the plural pronoun *our* rather emphatically; Virginie wept; but the Bretons are said to be credulous, and I have not understood that she ever doubted any part of what Victor told her, although I believe he told her more than what his brother had said. And as the same priest shortly afterwards joined their hands, in that manner which it is said no one can disunite, there is every

reason to suppose that the case stated by Victor was all right, and that the good man would not disallow the propriety of the way in which I terminate my story of the Wolf-hunters of Brittany.

THE THREE ERAS OF OCEAN STEAM-NAVIGATION.

TWENTY-SIX years ago, the great American orator and statesman, Daniel Webster, in a lecture he delivered at Boston, said in allusion to steam-power: 'In comparison with the past, what centuries of improvement has this single agent comprised in the short space of fifty years! . . . What further improvements may still be made in the use of this astonishing power, it is impossible to know, and it were vain to conjecture. What we do know is, that it has most essentially altered the face of affairs, and that no visible limit yet appears beyond which its progress is seen to be impossible.' When Webster spoke thus, the grand problem of ocean steam-navigation had not been solved; in fact, the possibility of a steam-ship crossing any ocean was generally denied both by practical and scientific men. Three distinct eras of ocean steam-navigation have, however, subsequently become matters of history. The third era is only just inaugurated, and the fact has suggested to us that a couple of pages may be not unprofitably devoted to a brief chronicle of the three first voyages of the pioneer ships.

ERA FIRST. Almost contemporaneously with the publication in a quarterly review of an essay by a learned and scientific writer, who demonstrated in a way perfectly satisfactory, so far as figures and theory went, that it was impossible for a steam-ship to cross the Atlantic, a spirited company were preparing to solve the problem by an actual trial. A steam-ship called the *Great Western* was built at Bristol, her registered tonnage being 1310, and therefore a much larger steam-vessel than any ever launched before, although now-a-days she bears about the same relative proportion to the gigantic *Himalaya*, for instance, as a frigate does to a three-decker. All being prepared, she took 600 tons of coal on board, to work her two engines of 225 horse-power each. History, hereafter, will not omit to record that the name of her able commander was Lieutenant Hosken, R. N. Immense interest was excited throughout Great Britain and America by the news that so bold and important an experiment was about to be tried. Many were sanguine of its success; many otherwise. One thing was evident—that if the voyage should be successfully performed, incalculable advantages, commercial, social, and political, would result to both countries. A number of daring passengers—for daring they were thought in that day—took berths for the voyage; and, finally, on 8th April 1838, at noon, the gallant ship steamed away from her anchorage at the mouth of the river Avon—a few miles up which Bristol is situated—and majestically descended the Severn, bound for New York. She had commenced her memorable voyage—a minute and graphic narrative of which, by one of her passengers, is lying before us. When they were fairly under-way, he makes this noteworthy observation: 'Whatever misgivings might previously have assailed us in the contemplation of our voyage, I believe that at this moment there was not a faltering heart among us. Such stability, such power, such provision against every probable or barely possible contingency, and such order presented itself everywhere on board, as was sufficient to allay all fear. That there should latterly have been a doubt as to the practicability and safety of a passage by steam across the Atlantic, seems indeed strange, when with any effort of reason we look at the question.' It is easy and simple enough for even a school-boy to indorse

this last sentence now; but early in 1838, we must not forget that the problem was unsolved, and that the great question of theory versus practice had not been decided in favour of the latter.

It is unnecessary to chronicle here the incidents of the voyage. Suffice it that the *Great Western* entered the harbour of New York at full speed on the afternoon of 23d April, having performed the passage in the then unprecedentedly short period of fifteen days, in which only 453 tons of the 600 tons of coal on board had been consumed. The fort on Bradlow's Island saluted the steamer with twenty-six guns; and what follows is of such permanent historical interest, and is so well described by our passenger, that we need not apologise for quoting his vivid narrative. 'It had been agreed amongst us,' says he, 'some days previously, that before we left the ship, one of the tables should be christened Victoria—the other, the President. Wine and fruit had been set upon them for this purpose: we were standing round the former of them; the health of Britain's Queen had been proposed; the toast was drunk; and amidst the cheers that followed, the arm was just raised to consummate the naming, when the fort opened its fire. The fire was electric. Our colours were lowered in acknowledgment of the compliment, and the burst which accompanied it from our decks—drinking the President and the country, and breaking wine again—was more loud and joyous than if at that moment we had unitedly overcome a common enemy. Proceeding still, the city became more distinct—trees, streets, the people—the announcement of the arrival of the ship by telegraph had brought thousands to every point of view upon the water-side; boats, too, in shoals, were out to welcome her, and every object seemed a superadded impulse to our feelings. The first to which our attention was now given was the *Sirius*, lying at anchor in the North River, gay with flowing streamers, and literally crammed with spectators—her decks, her paddle-boxes, her rigging, mast-head high? We passed round her, receiving and giving three hearty cheers, then turned towards the Battery. Here myriads seemed collected—boats had gathered around us in countless confusion, flags flying, guns were firing, and cheering again—the shore, the boats, on all hands around, loudly and gloriously, seemed as though they would never have done. It was an exciting moment—a moment which, in the tame events of life, finds few parallels: it seemed the outpouring congratulations of a whole people, when swelling hearts were open to receive and to return them. It was a moment that, if both nations could have witnessed, would have assured them, though babblers may rail, and fools may affect contempt, that at heart there is still a feeling and an affinity between them. It was a moment of achievement! We had been sharers in the chances of a noble effort, and each one of us felt the pride of participation in the success of it, and this was the crowning instant. Experiment then ceased; certainty was attained; our voyage was accomplished.' A proud and thrilling moment it must indeed have been to all concerned. In explanation of the allusion in the above to the *Sirius*, we may here state that this was a smaller steam-ship which had sailed from Cork before the *Great Western* left Bristol, and had arrived a day or two before the latter vessel; but as the *Sirius* only partially used her engines, not having, we believe, stowage for sufficient fuel to keep them constantly plying, and performed most of the voyage under canvas, it is to the *Great Western* the fame is due of being the first ship propelled by steam across the Atlantic.

ERA SECOND.—After the lapse of twelve years, a second striking era of ocean steam-navigation commenced. The public mind was excited to a pitch of feverish anxiety concerning the gold discoveries in Australia, and in order to provide for the delivery of mails to and from the colony with greater speed

and regularity, a company was formed, pledged to effect this by a line of great steam-ships. Even then, people who ought to have known better, confidently predicted that direct steam-communication with Australia was impracticable. As in the previous case of crossing the Atlantic, nothing would convince them, or settle the question, but actual performance. Now, as the distance to be run is little short of 16,000 miles, it is obvious that no ship, unless of enormous size, can carry sufficient fuel to perform the entire voyage, under steam, without stopping to take in coal at stations on the way; and this has caused hitherto considerable delay and great additional expense. The pioneer was the *Australian*, a large new Clyde-built iron steam-ship, that first started from London, and after some accidents and delays, finally left Plymouth with the mails on the 5th June 1852, under command of Captain Hoscason. She anchored at St Vincent on the 16th to take in coal, which had previously been sent to the depot there from England. This occupied three days. The ship then proceeded on her voyage, and after coaling at St Helena, reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 19th July, where she again coaled, sailing from Table Bay on the 22d, and anchored in King George's Sound, West Australia, on the 20th of August. There she received coal from a ship sent out with a cargo from England expressly for her, and a few days afterwards proceeded to Adelaide, which she reached on the 29th, and Melbourne on the 2d of September. This was the first voyage performed by a steamer from England to the antipodes. In some respects, it was a badly managed voyage, much unpleasantness occurring among both passengers and crew, repeated accidents happening to the machinery, and the coal running short between the stations, so that at times the engines stopped, and the vessel had to lie-to or proceed under canvas. Nevertheless, it effectually demonstrated the practicability of the enterprise; and since then, several splendid steam-ships—including the famous *Great Britain*—have been put on the station, and perform the voyage to and from Australia in a satisfactory manner; calling at the Cape, both on the outward and homeward passage, to land and receive mails and passengers. When arrangements for coaling, &c., are perfected, there can be no doubt that steam-ships will make—even if they do not already—the Australian passage with a punctuality equal to that which distinguishes the Atlantic and Mediterranean steamers. Taking into consideration the prodigious expanse of ocean to be traversed, surely this will be, and in a great measure is, a triumphant realisation of the most sanguine hopes of those who have watched the progress of steam-navigation—progress which we may safely say is only paralleled in the history of railway enterprise.

ERA THIRD.—A very recent era is the third. Last year (1853), a remarkably fine American paddle-wheel steamer called the *Golden Age*, came to Liverpool, where she attracted much notice. She was of great size and power, built with all the latest transatlantic fashions and improvements. One truly novel peculiarity about her struck us exceedingly—she literally had no bowsprit! When we first saw an engraving of her, we thought it probable that she would rival, if not surpass, in speed any ship ever built in England, and the sequel fully bore out our anticipation. Her owners resolved to send her to Australia, and she made the quickest passage out on record, up to that time. What she has done since, is far more memorable and important. On the 11th May 1854, she left Sydney, and in thirteen days reached Tahiti, where she took in the enormous weight of 1200 tons of coal. This occupied her six days; and on the 31st she sailed direct for Chagres (Isthmus of Panama), which she reached on the 19th of June—the passage from Sydney, including the long stoppage mentioned, thus being performed in

about thirty-nine days! Let the reader refer to a map, and he will better appreciate this wonderful feat, which, it is said, was rendered more remarkable owing to strong head-winds during the first part of the voyage; and the current against her course is estimated as equal to an extra 768 miles! It is, however, mentioned that 'from Tahiti, so smooth was the sea, and so mild the passage, that a canoe might have come the whole distance in safety.' Pacific Ocean this, and no misnomer! When she arrived at Chagres, or Panama, she happened to be just in time to transfer two hundred passengers, her mails, and a million sterling in gold, to the West Indian steamer *Mayduna*, and consequently, we received in London on the 18th July, letters from Sydney to the 11th, and from Melbourne to the 5th May—only 67 days from Sydney!*

It is thus to American skill and enterprise that credit is due for first opening direct steam-communication across the vast Pacific—in that manner connecting Australia and Europe by the medium of Panama. We cannot read without regret that the spirited proprietors of the *Golden Age* have incurred a dead loss of several thousand pounds by the experiment, solely owing to the cost of coal at Tahiti. But they have shewn what can be done; and nothing can be more certain than that, ere long, arrangements will be made sufficiently economical to enable a regular line of noble steam-ships to traverse this novel route, and so bring us within two months' distance of Australia. To quote a newspaper paragraph: 'Ever since Columbus set out across the Atlantic in search of India, it has been the dream of commerce to reach the East by the West; and from the time that Balboa caught a glimpse of the great trans-American ocean from the heights of Darien, the world has looked forward to the junction of the two oceans at one point or another, as the commencement of a new era in the history of commerce. Nevertheless, the Pacific has hitherto been a field of adventure rather than of regular commerce. Till recently, it has been cut off from all direct communication with the trade and civilisation of Europe and America. No maritime nations of importance have occupied any part of the extensive line of coast by which it is circumscribed, and within which it has lain in silent repose rather like a secluded lake than a mighty ocean. But a new destiny is beginning to dawn upon it. The *Golden Age* breaks in upon its isolation, and arouses it from its slumbers. She inaugurates an era in which its commerce will probably transcend that of the Atlantic, as the latter eclipsed that of the Mediterranean.'

Only sixteen years have elapsed since the *Great Western* first crossed the Atlantic, and already England alone possesses scores of mighty ocean-steamers, varying from 2000 tons to 3500 tons burden—and others very much larger are in the course of construction. Regular lines of them traverse both the North and the South Atlantic, the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Sea, the Mediterranean, &c. Millions of capital have been expended in their building and equipment, and the British government pays to the several companies a sum little, if anything, short of a million sterling per annum for postal services. Liverpool is the chief port of departure for the Atlantic and Australian steamers;

* Since writing the above, we have learned that the English screw steam-ship *Argo* (1850 tons register) has recently returned to England from Australia via Cape Horn—being the first steamer that has circumnavigated the globe. According to an advertisement by her owners, she made the passage out to Australia in 64 days, and has now returned via Cape Horn in the same time. Since the ancient days of Jason and his Golden Fleece, several celebrated ships have borne the renowned name of *Argo*; and certainly we consider the present steamer not the least worthy of the number to be chronicled in history. She has proved herself one of the most notable pioneer-ships of the nineteenth century.

and Southampton for the Oriental, West Indian, Peninsular, &c. The United States bid fair, ere long, to rival us by sending forth as many, and as magnificent ocean-steamers, as ourselves. France also possesses a few fine ones, plying between Havre and America. Most of the great steamers built of late are propelled by the screw. All the British and American ships are fitted up in a splendid manner—every imaginable provision being made for the accommodation and enjoyment of first-class passengers. So far as these are concerned, a voyage in an ocean-steamer is a delightful pleasure-trip, spent in gorgeous saloons, where they live quite as luxuriously as they could in a first-rate hotel on shore.

A ceaseless progression is manifested in the construction of our ocean-steamers. Each newly-built steamer-mammoth excels its predecessors in some respect or other, in superiority of size, in improvement of build, or of machinery, or of internal arrangement, or of provision for the safety of passengers and crew—and there is yet very urgent need for better management in the last essential item; for keen rivalry between our various companies, and between all of them and our friends on the other side of the Atlantic, is a powerful stimulant. Above every other consideration, *swiftness* is deemed the grand desideratum. 'I am nothing if not swift!' is the ocean-steamer's motto. There seems hardly a limit to what combined science and practical skill, aided by increased experience, may effect in this direction. Shakspeare's Ariel talked of 'putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes,' and ere another generation has passed away, we verily believe our ocean-steamers will girdle the earth—steam their 25,000 miles round the solid globe—within forty days!

THE WEST HIGHLAND EXODUS OF 1837.

IN 1837, great destitution prevailed in many parts of the West Highlands and Hebrides, chiefly in those districts where the manufacture of kelp had been carried on. This manufacture, once lucrative, was now at an end, in consequence of the prohibitive duty being taken off a foreign article. The case, therefore, somewhat resembled that of the West India planters, on free admission being given to the sugar of Brazil. The crops of the district also had failed for several seasons. While the bulk of the people had lost their usual means of subsistence, the landlords could do little to help them, for they had suffered likewise by the late changes. An appeal was made to public benevolence, and a large sum was quickly raised for the relief of immediate wants. It was seen, however, that, without a reduction of the numbers of the people, the existing destitution would be permanent; and it became obvious that some extensive plan of emigration should be adopted.

From various circumstances, it fell to the lot of the writer of this paper to take a leading part in promoting and conducting such a scheme. I first bent my thoughts on Canada, but soon learned that the government could give no aid towards emigration to that colony. They possessed, however, certain funds from the sale of crown-lands in Australia, which were designed to assist in carrying out labour to that more distant region. If the Highlanders could be induced to remove so far from home, and into a region where so few of their countrymen were as yet established, here was a prospect for them. The government, however, had been assured that the Highlanders would not emigrate at all; consequently, they turned rather a cold ear to my proposals. After much discussion with the head of the Colonial Office, their hesitation somewhat gave way; they agreed to furnish vessels, and I engaged to give my aid gratuitously to an officer they proposed to appoint for conducting the operations.

In a very short time after my return to Edinburgh,

I received a call from Dr Boyter, R.N., who informed me that he had been appointed by the government to carry out the necessary measures; and that, in compliance with the directions he had received, he now called on me for special instructions, as to whether he was to proceed in the first instance. "After discussion with Dr Boyter, I arranged that he should commence in the Isle of Skye and adjoining districts—not only because an extensive emigration was much required from that locality, but from the further reason, that in Skye and its neighbourhood I was well known, and possessed some local influence. To Skye, therefore, Dr Boyter went; and in about fourteen days afterwards he wrote to me, that having been in Australia on four different occasions, and having travelled over much of that country, he fully knew the kind of people who would do well in the colony; and proceeding on this knowledge, he had no hesitation in saying, that he had enrolled as intending emigrants as fine a set of men, women, and children, as he had ever seen; and that, in consequence, he had written to London, requesting that three large emigrant ships should be fitted out, without delay, and sent to Skye, where the people were to embark. All this was to me cheering in the extreme: but in about ten days thereafter, I received a most unlooked-for intimation from my new friend. He wrote to me, that notwithstanding the greedy desire evinced at first by the people to have their names enrolled for immediate emigration, an unexpected reaction had taken place; and that although the first of the ships ordered by him was then, he believed, about to sail for Skye, he feared that there were not a sufficient number left on his 'roll' to fill even one-third of that vessel. He therefore entreated my immediate presence in Skye, to aid him in his difficulties.

With this communication before me, and recollecting my promise to the government—whose doubts as to the Highlanders consenting to emigrate appeared now to be but too well founded—I hesitated not as to the course I was to follow. I left Edinburgh that afternoon, and did not halt till I reached Skye, and joined Dr Boyter.

I found matters in the same state as they were when Dr Boyter wrote to me. There was no time to be lost, as the first ship was daily expected. We instantly set to work to dispel the strange delusions under which the poor people laboured. We saw the ones intending emigrants; we heard their reasons for drawing back; and we answered, and fortunately successfully, the strange and ridiculous misgivings that had induced them to the resolution, rather to remain and starve in Skye than emigrate to Australia.

One class represented that they had been informed by learned persons, that 'the government never did anything for nothing;' and that, although the emigrants were to be taken out free, still, on their arrival in New South Wales, they were all to be made soldiers—the passage to the colony being viewed as the bounty-money for the enlistment; and as they were determined that soldiers they would not be, they had made up their minds to stay at home. A second class said, that the above was not the reason why they had drawn back, but they had been informed, that on their arrival in the colony they were to be worked on the roads 'in chains,' like the convicts, till such time as the expense of their passage was paid by their labour. A third class scouted the idea of being in the least swayed by either of the reasons stated above, but said they had been informed by men who had read books, that New South Wales swarmed with 'serpents with wings,' whose choicest food was white children; and they were told, that if they went to Australia, and if one of their children was seen by a serpent with wings, basking at the door in the sun, the creature would, without ceremony, pounce down on the

poor child, and off with it to the mountains as food for its young. A fourth class had been credibly informed, that Australia was overrun with savages—'little red men with long tails, the terror of the white population, particularly the women and children.' And one and all of the objectors united in saying, that no real friend to the Highlanders could desire them, under such startling circumstances, to emigrate to Australia.

It was quite evident that some persons, for their own amusement or other reasons, had been at work to delude the people—for whom, it may be remarked, there was ample excuse in their general ignorance, as well as in the novelty of the idea of Australia. Few had, indeed, ever heard of the country before, except as a place of banishment for British malefactors. Very naturally, too, it was difficult for these poor people to understand how a boon so great and so costly as a free passage to Australia could be given, if that country was really a desirable field for emigration. But in a few days, all objections were answered to their entire satisfaction; a reaction set in in the right direction; and I then felt comparatively at ease.

The ship which was to convey the emigrants to the land of their adoption now reached Skye. She was large, and comfortably fitted up, and excited the wonder and approbation of the whole population. No coaxing or entreaty was required to induce the people to go on board: on the contrary, there was a rush on the part of many to embark and secure their berths. One man, a shepherd, with his wife, on being disappointed of a berth, offered ten sovereigns to any married pair who would give up their places in his favour; but not one in the whole ship—and there were about 320—would take the bribe, and the shepherd was, in consequence, and much to his annoyance, obliged to delay his sailing till some future time. The ship sailed the following day, quite full. She reached her destination in safety, and all the emigrants found immediate and advantageous employment.

Before I witnessed this embarkation, I had been led to believe that such a scene was of a truly harrowing nature. And, indeed, there were the painful leave-takings of friends assembled on the shore; but once the emigrants were on board the well-found ship, their spirits revived, and many were their expressions of gratitude for the trouble that had been taken to secure their comfort during the passage, and provide for their independence in the country to which they were proceeding.

After the sailing of the first ship, immediate arrangements were made for the despatch of the second; and the dread of the savages now once more returned. A stout, active Highlander expressed to Dr Boyter a great desire to go, if he could only be made certain of the non-existence of these much-dreaded aborigines. The doctor laughed at him, and told him that people had been practising on his credulity; on which Donald observed: 'Well, doctor, I am told you have been frequently in Australia, and have travelled over much of the country; now tell me honestly, did you never see a savage in the course of your travels?' The doctor, looking him full in the face, replied: 'I assure you, on my honour, that in all my travels in Australia, I never saw such a savage-looking being as yourself.' This reply occasioned a laugh against Donald, and from that time no more was heard of the 'little red men with long tails.'

While finally taking down the names for the second ship, a decent Highlander, accompanied by his wife and family, came forward for enrolment; and while their names were being inserted, it was observed that the eldest daughter was weeping bitterly. Dr Boyter asked the girl why she was crying. She replied, she had no objection to go, only she was certain she would be drowned on the passage; on which the doctor said to her: 'Never fear, my girl. I have been four

times out and home, and you see I was not drowned. I advise you to go; and I shall be very much mistaken if you are twelve months in the colony before you are married, and riding in your own carriage.' The idea of the carriage caused a general laugh. But Jenny went with her parents, and in due time she wrote home that Dr Boyter was surely a warlock; 'for, only believe! I have just been eleven months in Australia, and I was married about three weeks ago to an excellent husband, who drives me every Sunday to church in his gig.' It may be well imagined that this letter from Jenny did not in any way damp the desire of the Highland lasses to emigrate to Australia.

From first to last, about thirty ships were despatched under the immediate superintendence of Dr Boyter, and from time to time cheering accounts were received from the emigrants, intimating the comfortable circumstances in which they were placed, as contrasted with their former miserable state, and advising all who could to leave the 'deserted country,' and proceed to Australia. While engaged in allaying the doubts and fears of those who had drawn back from their engagement to go, many questions were put to me as to the Great Country, as they termed Australia; several of which, I confess, I was not at the time able to answer. On my return home, however, I threw together, from such materials as I could collect, a small pamphlet of about twenty-four pages of print; and I was rejoiced to find afterwards, that it was productive of much good in the Highlands and Islands.

On referring to this little publication, and contrasting the state of Australia in 1837 with its present condition (1854), I am so much impressed with the facts brought before me, that I cannot refrain from advertising to them.

The population of New South Wales in 1837 was upwards of 80,000, independently of the population of Van Diemen's Land, which was then upwards of 35,000. In the year 1852, the population of New South Wales had increased to 220,474, and that of Van Diemen's Land to 70,164. But great as these increases are, they sink into the shade when contrasted with what has taken place in the neighbouring settlement of Victoria, as it is now called—late Australia-Felix, or Port-Phillip District of New South Wales—with Melbourne as its capital. In the year 1837, when the emigration commenced from the Highlands and Islands, this new Australian colony was unknown. Major Mitchell, the intelligent government surveyor, in his dispatch of 22nd October 1836, giving an account of his discovery of the country, says:—'It has been in my power, under the protection of Divine Providence, to explore the vast natural resources of a region more extensive than Great Britain, equally rich in point of soil, and which now lies ready for the plough in many parts, as if specially prepared by the Creator for the industrious hands of Englishmen.'

And what is now the state of this extraordinary colony of Victoria? In the year 1852, it had a population of upwards of 200,000. Its exports were that year to the amount of £17,500,000, and its imports upwards of £4,000,000; thus shewing, that in the year 1852, every individual in Victoria was consuming on an average £20 worth of imported goods. This colony continues to increase daily. It is estimated that the gold produce of last year was £20,000,000; and it is stated in one of the public journals, that in the year 1853, the imports into the colony were to the value of £15,842,637, of which about £13,000,000 was from Great Britain and British colonies, and about £1,700,000 from the United States. The population

* Much valuable information as to this interesting colony will be found in a recent publication by Mr Westgarth, late Member of the Legislative Council of Victoria.

by means of emigration daily increasing, and at a most extraordinary ratio. I have looked with interest at the tables shewing the increase of emigration to Australia since the year 1837. It appears from a return by the Land and Emigration Commissioners, that this emigration from the United Kingdom was, in the year 1836, 3121; 1837, 5054; 1838, 14,021; 1839, 15,786; 1840, 15,850; 1841, 32,625. Then follows a decrease for some years. But the number in 1852 was 86,901.

The above numbers are irrespective of the many thousands who have gone to Australia unsaid by the government commissioners; and it may be safely stated, that the population of the several Australian colonies now greatly exceeds 600,000. What a contrast this is with the 1030 persons who, in the year 1788, landed with Captain Phillip at Sydney, and founded the now flourishing colony of New South Wales!

The first free emigrant who obtained a grant of land in New South Wales was a German, who had been sent out by government as an agricultural superintendent. His grant comprised 140 acres, which, unfortunately for himself, he was induced to sell piecemeal. Had he only retained it about twenty years longer, he could have sold it for at least £100,000, owing to the rapid increase in the value of land in and about Sydney.

Emigration from the West Highlands still continues, and to a large extent. In many instances, the emigrants are now assisted by remittances from friends who preceded them, and who, being active and industrious, have 'done well.' And in many letters sent home by the now wealthy settlers, this language is used to induce their friends to follow them:—'Come here, and if you are only active and industrious, independence awaits you. At home, tea was seldom seen by us, and when it was, it was cautiously measured out in a spoon; butcher-meat was a luxury rarely enjoyed by us; while here, in our new country, the tea-chest stands open in a corner of the room for the use of all; and as for butcher-meat, we have as much as we can consume or could desire.'

MANCHESTER DRUNKEN RETURNS.

In *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, No. 485, when comparing the drunkenness of great cities, the writer lets off Manchester too easily—and no wonder. In Glasgow and Liverpool, a drunken man, however quiet, is at once laid hold of by the police, and marched off to the office, to be out of harm's way; whereas in Manchester, unless actually riotous, he is allowed to find his way home. But this is not all: he the last-mentioned city, even if his condition is so suspicious as to cause his apprehension, he must be convicted and sent to prison, otherwise his name will not appear in the list of drunken people. This is sufficient to explain the difference in the drunken returns. A city like Manchester, where it was recently proved that out of a population of 315,000 souls 214,000 visits were made to the public-house on a single Sunday, is hardly entitled to be held forth as an example of comparative sobriety!

OLD MANUSCRIPTS.

A book written on vellum implies a certain antiquity immediately recognisable by the initiated. If it does not appear to be ancient, it is then more than probable that it contains the works of some author of more than ordinary consideration, to have made it worth while to go to the expense and labour of a careful scribe and a material difficult in those days to procure. An illuminated manuscript on vellum, if not a prayer-book, secures additional attention; independent of its value as a work of art, it must be of some consequence to have made it worth illuminating. A large manuscript, as a general rule, is worth more than a little one, for the same evident reason, that its contents were considered at the time when it was

written to have been of some importance, and deserving of more labour, time, and care, than if it was just written out cheaply by a common scribe. Uncial writing—that is, a book written in capital letters—is much more ancient than one written in a cursive hand, and the most ancient volumes were generally large square quartos. It is curious that this should be the case in almost all nations and languages surrounding the Mediterranean, though their customs may be so different in other respects. Manuscripts on paper, again, are sometimes of remarkable interest, from their containing the works of authors then considered trivial and inferior, but now of much more value than the more ponderous tomes of the middle ages.—*Curzon's Travels in Armenia.*

BIRTHDAY VERSRS.

This spring-tide air is calm and clear;
The sky bends softly o'er us;
And flushed with hope, the passing year
Gleams gay and bright before us.

Beneath our feet the tender blade
Is matched with opening flowers;
Sweet choral music fills the glade,
And charms the happy hours.

What may such promise-plot betide
Of sunny summer-time?
How softly will its splendour glide
To autumn's golden prime!

And so with thee, my gentle friend,
The youth that crowns thee now,
May all its joys with brighter blend
To light thy woman's brow;

May thy young hopes and girlhood's dreams
No worldly blight assail;
No mists of earth their golden gleams,
No clouds their glory pale!

The friendly hearts now linked with thine
By stranger ties than blood—
For nobler far than royal line
Is holy brotherhood—

May they remain still true and tried
Through sorrow, care, and ruth,
The fount of feeling still supplied
By dew of early youth!

Thus may thy years pass lightly by,
And Time age nought but dust;
Let this thy midnimed Soul defy
In her immortal trust.

When twilight shades forebode the night
Whose dawn shall be afar,
May he who was thy Morning Light
Be then thy Evening Star!

April 1853.

CHINESE NEWSPAPER IN CALIFORNIA.

A Chinese newspaper has been established in California, under the title of *Kin-chan-ji-sin-lou*, which signifies *The Gold-mine Journal*. It is lithographed in four pages, and divided into columns, commencing at the right hand of the top of what with us would be the last page, as is usual with the Eastern writings. It opens with an address from the editor, setting forth the design of the journal, and soliciting subscriptions and advertisements. Besides these, commercial news and articles of intelligence likely to interest the Chinese are noted. An eminent Chinese scholar of Paris, who has examined the newspaper, says that it displays talent and industry, but is not written in the choicest language or most elegant style.—*American paper.*

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AN ALMS-HOUSE IN SHROPSHIRE.

ONE day last autumn, after fifteen months' arduous and incessant literary duty, I gladly for a time turned my face from London. My destination was to one of the western shires, there to perform an act of pious duty in a charitable foundation, said to be placed amidst the solitude of a wild moorland scene. I had rather a humble idea of what I had to behold, arising from a depressing conception of the meaning of the word 'charitable;' but the object of my journey rendered it of little consequence to me whether the place should prove a palace or a hovel.

At the early hour, I started, it was cold and rainy; but I was too much delighted with my hard-earned holiday to be affected by disagreeables of a small kind. They proved, however, numerous enough to put the question of patience to the test, for instead of four in the afternoon, it was nine at night when I reached the little town to which I was destined. This I found to be full of fogs, fires, smoke, and colliers.

I had yet four miles to go through a wild country, and the night extremely dark; but placing myself and treasures in a fly, I soon set forth again into the wildness of the night, far intensely wild and keen blew that autumn wind; so much so, that had I been set down blindfolded on the spot, I could have told that either a great open tract of country, or the sea, lay near at hand.

Though the highway was little more than a succession of rugged and narrow country lanes, its hedgerows could be scarcely seen. Sometimes these were still more shadowed by the overarching trees of park or field; sometimes the stacks of the new harvest scratched against the windows of the vehicle, or cast a yellow gleam within; sometimes I breathed the unrivalled odour of that season's hay; at others I caught pleasant glimpses of fire and candle light in farmhouse and cottage; sometimes of the fitting lantern-light, far away in solitary sheilings. But on the other hand, and seen the more intensely for the pitchy night, ran that marvellous backbone of Staffordshire and Shropshire, lurid with countless heaps of coke and ironstone burning in its first process, as well as with blast-furnaces belching forth their flames like so many Heclas. This is, in reality, a wonderful sight; the more so when we recollect that the first Levison was 'ill content' with William the Norman for this 'poor moorland fee.' But time changes material values as well as men; and here this mighty creation of riches will proceed, as far as iron is concerned, perhaps for countless ages yet to come; and as respects coal, till

new changes arise, and science has eliminated out of nature the secret of a new combusive power.

At length the vehicle stopped before a park-like gate, painted white, and opening between two lodges prettily overhung with hollies and other shrubs. The driver then led his horse up a short avenue of elms, and stopped at other gates, lofty, and of beautiful wrought iron. Here stood my dear relative, as well as the handsome old serving-man of the building, and I was led—yes, led is the word, for I was still a child in the heart of the aged alms-woman—up the flagged side-path of a shaven lawn, and into a lengthened cloister; and such a cloister as few except more ambitious collegiate buildings can at this day shew. Here were some attendants with lanterns, but the richest and warmest light fell far and wide upon the cloistered pavement through an open door. To this I was taken; and a little scene was before my delighted eyes that, for its air of comfort—I might almost say opulence—its excessive quaintness, its sense of holy, nay, as it impressed me, its religious peace, will never fade from me whilst life remains. Perhaps I was a partial looker-on, perhaps I might be influenced by the mingled and many-coloured feelings of that night; but though I remained there six months, this first impression was neither dissipated nor changed; on the contrary, only intensified and mellowed. I would, indeed, that one of our best painters could have seen that room that night: it was, indeed, a worthy scene, with its blended lights and shadows, for the richest ministration of art. I was at Preston Hospital, in Shropshire; my aged relative was an alms-woman—I was in her quaint home.

As soon as the door was closed, and I had thrown off cloak and bonnet, and drawn a quaint high-backed chair to the fire, I had time to look about me. The first brave thing was the fire itself—a mass so full of sparkling life as to light all but the distant corners of the room, like a jet of gas, and, by its bounty, enough to astonish a Londoner. But it is only in coal counties that you see such fires; and yet there was need of it, for the room was large and very lofty, and its pavement, stone, though warmly carpeted throughout. The walls, newly and tastefully papered, were in thickness much like those of the keep of a Norman castle, and gave comforting assurance of warmth and protection when winter winds and snow should sweep across the moors. Opposite to the door, opening, as I have said, so picturesquely from the cloister, was a large and antique window running up nearly to the ceiling; across this swept a handsome curtain, as tastefully hung as in a drawing-room; and in the wall opposite to the fireplace, was the ample bed-place or recess;

so often seen in Scotland and on the continent. It was slightly raised above the floor, and across it was likewise drawn a curtain—the only thing that rather grated on my sight, and gave an alms-house air to the otherwise handsome room. On either side the fireplace was a large closet, the one on the side nearest the window having a corresponding casement, and serving as pantry and china-closet. Such, in addition to a small garden-plot, constitutes the domicile of each alms-woman. But the differing taste in embellishment, and the possession of numerous relics of by-gone days, make the seven-and-twenty homes in Preston Hospital strangely various, as I in good time saw.

There great natural good taste, a love for decoration, the descended culture of an old race, extreme cleanliness, and carefully preserved means, had done all that was possible to make it a bright and pleasant home. Old china, cups and vases, graced the mantle-piece; above those hung portraits of children long dead or far away—one a miniature on ivory, painted by a French abbé in Dartmoor Prison, many years before. Then there was 'Dick' roosting in his cage; a cluster of pretty modern bookshelves, bearing a few cherished relics of a once rich library—the top shelf being crowned with rare old china—and a little antique silver urn of exquisite beauty. Then, spread about the room, were chairs of varied shapes, a capacious sofa, differently shaped tables too—one in its brightness shining like a mirror, another bearing on it the old family-bibles and their parchment scrolls.

So much for decoration. But a little table was now drawn closely to the hearth. On this was spread a snowy cloth, country bread, butter, cream, cold roast beef, and steaming tea; and I in my old-fashioned high-backed chair, and my aged alms-woman in her pleasant easy one, sat fairly down to rest and talk. Both were necessities: we had not met for seventeen years; in that time the cherished living had become the revered dead, and, like myself, my aged alms-woman was worn out with unusual fatigue—she having waited for me in the little country town all day, only giving up my arrival as night closed in, and it was time to return home.

It was twelve o'clock before we retired to rest, and I lay long awake, wondering at the quaintness of my new home, and its solemn and monastic stillness; unbroken, by a sound save the occasional baying of a watch-dog on a neighbouring farm, and the old bell-fry-clock as it tolled the hours. Even I, with my imperfect hearing, could note this last, as it multiplied its slow, sweet echoes in gallery, cloister, and room, and then swept out upon the wind to moorland wastes and hills. Then I called to mind that this noble charity was founded in 1725, or thereabouts, by a Lady Herbert—of that old race, undoubtedly, which had been prolific of so many noble men; two brothers of them, though at the antipodes of human opinion, having names illustrious in English letters: the one, Lord Herbert of Chesham, born—contrary to the ordinary accounts—in this neighbourhood; the other, the 'sweet George Herbert,' who, with all his outrageous quaintness and incipient Puseyism, was not only a true poet, but the possessor of an exquisite human heart. His little poem, *Man is all Symmetry*, has unrivalled philosophic depth and beauty—a perfect gem, whose true meaning awaits the appreciation of a greater age of physiological knowledge

and medicine than our own; and whose life—one of those old Walton 'writ with an angel's pen'—will always present a charm for English readers, though they wisely smile at the old fisherman's occasional disquisitions against Puritanism, and what Lord Clarendon styled the 'Great Rebellion.' Then I went on thinking of the mother of these men, who, born at High Arculf, in this neighbourhood, bore the half-poetic maiden-name of Magdalen Newport. Then I was led on to ponder upon benevolence as a human characteristic—of its self-multiplying effects—of its magnificent power of nobly influencing remote causes—of its pre-eminence abstractedly considered as a virtue in alliance with human progression—of its being, under its higher aspects, the invariable accompaniment of the most perfectly organised and developed natures: and so, reaching my favourite class of speculations, I fell asleep.

The morrow rose, a brilliant September morning—rich in sun and the exquisite perfume of mignonette from the neighbouring gardens. I rose betimes—for primitively early hours are the fashion here—and went out into the cloister, which was warmed and glowing with the rich young beauty of the day. I then saw that this large building formed three sides of an extensive square—a hall, ascended to by a flight of handsome steps, and used both as a chapel and school, occupying the upper portion; cloisters, with wide galleries and rooms above, forming either side; and from these, short wings, more recently added, branched out. The intermediate square as I had seen the night before, was laid with a rich sweep of turf—as was the case in all the old conventual buildings—with flagged paths across it, the whole being bounded by the palisading and iron gates referred to, and which divided it from the outer lawn and avenue. The cloister opposite the one I now paced, exactly resembled it, with a similarly wide staircase to the fine gallery above and its diverging rooms, and a passage through to the old gentlewomen's plots of garden: everything was alike, with this exception, that here the school-house and matrons-dwelling occupied the angle. To add to the privacy, only doors open into these cloisters—all the windows, except those of the galleries above, looking towards the garden.

In addition to the original endowment by this Lady Herbert—who had the building initiated from that of a monastery in which she had been hospitably sheltered in the Tyrolese Alps—other noble donors augmented the charity from time to time; so that, at the present date, it is said to be an immensely rich one. Its farms and lands are spread far and wide about the neighbourhood, and are eagerly competed for by occupiers, who seem to be a thriving class: though little can be said for their education, their courtesy to the recipients of the charity, or their style of farming—many essentials of which, as the condition of their fences, gates, and roads, would put Lord Ducie or Mr Mechi in a fever.

The original endowment of the charity was for the support of twenty decayed widows, and the maintenance and education of twenty poor girls between the ages of ten and sixteen years, and destined to be brought up as domestic servants. Spinsters are now eligible to the charity as well as widows; and the class of recipients seems to have been raised, till it now embraces the widows and daughters of clergymen, surgeons, landed proprietors, and others of the educated middle classes. The further this proceeds, the better: educated poverty is peculiarly deserving of compassion; and the more homogeneity of feeling, education, and tastes brought together in an institution of the kind, the better for all concerned; for no differences separate more widely or so effectually as these arising from education.

The charity is rather a private than a public one, though controlled by Chancery; the patronage being vested by the original donors in the Earls of Bradfords. But all appointments are irreversible, except for flagrant misconduct; and it says much for the morale of a long line of old gentlewomen, that in a century and a quarter, there has not been more than one or two expulsions. Candidates are not eligible for admission till the age of sixty. Many thus go in merely to die, though others enjoy a green old age for some twenty or thirty years. One charming feature cannot be too highly praised, as it is a somewhat rare one in institutions of the kind—there exists no badge or distinctive mark of charity. In dress, in the reception or stay of guests, in absence from or return home, there is unconditioned liberty. The only points necessary for admission, in addition to that of age, are, that each candidate be of the Church of England, and that she deposit the sum of £10 in the savings-bank of the neighbouring town, as a contingent against any extraordinary medical expenses. The depositor may draw the interest, or let it accumulate; and the whole may be willed away, or pass by heirship. The charity now supports twenty-seven old ladies, each of whom has two tons of coal yearly, and a home, such as I have described, furnished by herself. In addition, twenty receive £18 per annum, and the remaining seven £26—this larger stipend passing by seniority of admission to the rest as death makes vacancies. The sum of £5 is also allowed for the burial-expenses of each inmate. With the exception of general supervision and assistance in case of sickness, the duty of the matron, who is also schoolmistress, is confined to a monthly visit to each room; but these are so charmingly managed, as to lose, in the majority of cases, all air of official duty. The loan of a book or newspaper, a friendly chat, or a neighbourly service, hide the formal duty; and in our case, these periodical visitations were amongst the most delightful episodes of my winter-evenings.

As for myself, I was most fortunate. Though not intending to make a long stay, I had brought my work, and was rejoiced to find a study. The next cloistered home to ours being vacant, owing to the permanent absence of the owner, it was most kindly given up to my sole use; and here, by half-past eight or so in the morning, one of the little incipient school-maids, in cap, luv, and apron, had lighted me a brilliant fire, and soon after I was cheerfully at work, my open casement—as long as weather permitted—admitting many tiny friends, in the shape of robin and sparrow. True, I had not many household effects—two tables, three chairs, a footstool, and a poker, comprised my worldly stores; but I was 'monarch of all I surveyed'; had stillness, light, and warmth, and my beloved books—what more? As time wore on, one of my feathered visitants grew very tame, ceased to mind the rustle of book-leaves or pen, brought his pretty red breast quite close to shew me, and would have perched upon my shoulder, had I remained long enough, I am sure. At half-past twelve, I locked up my study, had a saunter in our sunny cloister or in the fields; then dined, then rested, then had a two hours' walk far away amidst the wildness of the moors, the autumnal beauty of the woodlands, or beside the winding way of crystal brooks. At five o'clock, I returned; paid duty to the toilet; had tea; at six o'clock, went steadily to work beside our own hearth, my aged alms-woman sitting opposite stilly at needle-work, with 'spectacles on nose.' As the bellfry-clock struck nine, I put by; then came supper, a chat—bed. Thus the peaceful days flew on.

As they did so, my enjoyment of our cloister grew greater and greater. From it I had a fine view of that celebrity of Shropshire—the Wrekin; beyond it, that range of desolate hills, so exquisitely mentioned by

Sir Roderick Murchison in his great work the *Silurian System*; and at night—dark ones especially—I had all the Etna-like wonders of the Lea-Priory Forge—one of the greatest blast-furnaces in the world. But the sunsets were the loveliest, when strips of golden glory fell across the shadowed floor. Then slowly pacing up and down, the hope was constantly mine, that, should any self-sustained endowment or college be founded for the literary class, its building might have cloisters. The idiosyncrasies attending the higher kinds of mental toil must ever be the same, and the cloister be as much a contemplative luxury to the true workers and thinkers out of an advanced human knowledge, as to a Roger Bacon or to Wycliffe, and those other large-brained monks, whose meditations on the corruption around them must have been an effective, if indirect, agent towards the liberation of human thought. For in this case, as in all others, the corrective power sprang up from within the boundary of the evils which awaited reformation.

Intent upon lesser things, but most peaceful and pleasant in their way, these good old gentlewomen much enjoyed their cloisters, the one opposite to ours especially. Here, on fine days, they might be seen chatting, or sauntering, or visiting each other in their quaint homes. No sign of fine weather was more sure than to see our opposite cloister populous; for just as in the 'weather-houses' of children, if the least cold or damp prevailed, their green doors were hermetically closed; if fine, these latter stood open, affording pretty glimpses of interiors: deep casement ledges filled with plants; snowy caps and bright silk gowns; and, if the bellfry-clock had struck four, tea-tables and pleasant occupants. Considering that even the larger stipend is not 'infinite riches,' these old gentlewomen might teach a lesson in economy to many a wiser person. Almost all of them dress well; some support a daughter or grandchild; others lay by money; and almost all their homes have an air of well-doing and comfort. It is only a pity that a large institution of the kind was founded in such an out-of-the-way spot. At the time the hospital was built, the country around was to a great extent a huge morass, and the climate in winter must have been inclement in the extreme. In this respect it has not much to boast of even now; though drainage, enclosure, improved farming, canal cutting, and a recent railway have effected wonders. In the neighbourhood of the county town were lovely sites; and an institution of the kind raised on some green acclivity of the Severn, would have had by this time an island fame. As it is, its isolation brings many disadvantages, not only as respects the laying out of individual incomes, but that social intercourse, so beneficial to all, but especially to the aged.

The children are well fed, and kindly treated, and behave with great respect to the old ladies. Twice a year—at midsummer and at Christmas—the latter dine together, appearing in great state of blond caps and silk dresses. Every few months, Lord and Lady Bradford, accompanied occasionally by their daughters or other visitors, drive over, stay a few hours, and make a kindly call of inquiry on each old gentlewoman: this without ostentation or intrusiveness, but with that suavity and simple kindness of manner which belong in so remarkable a degree to the better part of our English aristocracy.

As autumn waned into winter, my time passed very happily in my antique room: I only kept my fire the brighter as the days grew colder; made myself a screen by hanging an old carpet on some chairs at my back; and kept the casement shut, to the evident wonder of my little red-breasted friend. But occasionally I admitted him, treated him with some crumbs, let him stay with me for hours when the weather grew very cold; whereupon he learned to perch himself upon the mantle-piece above me, watch my moving pen, and

chirp if I looked up at him. One thing comforted me with respect to Mr Robin: when deep snows came, he was not a starved-out householder, but lived with Mrs Robin in a huge wheat-stack I could see from my window, where he had always a well-stored larder.

By the time Christmas came, I had resolved to stay till spring, as my prescoe was not yet needed in town. So I bought a pair of ponderous leather-boots, with which to traverse the deep mud of the surrounding lanes and roads, and the morass-like places I occasionally encountered in my voyages of discovery, and settled myself down to make the best of my quaint home, and the austere winter which gathered around it. Christmas brought the systematic cleaning of the great building from end to end; and after this came the school holidays. Such rubbing and scrubbing as there was, few can conceive. The tessellated marble floor of the hall underwent entire purgation; its quaint stools and forms were piled together in a huge heap on the lawn; the agent's rooms, the matron's rooms, the dormitories, the fine *ökikitchen*, with its service of pewter-plates and dishes, the galleries, the cloisters, were all besieged by some six or seven little housemaids, in mobcaps and checked bedgowns, such as our great-grandmothers wore. The cleaning of the pewter, which takes place only once a year, is the most important affair of all. It has to be boiled, scoured, and rubbed—making altogether an elaborate process. But the reward comes when set on its oaken dresser, with holly between, and it shines like silver. Yet beautiful as it looked, as it scintillated in the blaze of the great Christmas fires, it is wisely kept for show; and we can but rejoice that the improvements introduced by Wedgwood's genius and science, have superseded all this intolerable drudgery of our grandmothers, and given us platters at once cheap and easily cleansed. As for our cloister, it was like a place in a state of siege, with chairs, tables, carpets, and other wonders of the old ladies' homes. Happily for me, I was left at peace in the shadows of my little study.

Snow had begun to fall, and the holidays were come. One morning whilst I sat at work, the snow lying thick on the outside of the casement, and weighing down the great leafless rose-tree which shadowed it, such of the scholars as performed little offices of duty came one by one to courtesy their adieus. The little letter-carrier was the last of these visitors. She opened the door, came very gently in, closed it, and stood in its deep shadows. At all times lovely, she looked eminently so now in her quaint garb, and with her look of holiday happiness. A small bundle in a scarlet handkerchief rested on her arm; her warm gray duffle-cloak was wrapped close about her; her bonnet was piquantly tied on with a little shawl, to keep it from blowing off in the snow and wind; and she formed altogether a picture, in her childlike innocence and Hebe beauty, such as few could have looked upon without admiration.

Our Christmas was a quiet one; but the last day of the old year brought grander things. I have a bachelor relation, who passes six days of every week in a railway Babel in Liverpool, notifying the arrival of American cottons, or the departure of English goods. He had obtained a brief holiday, and would come to see us. I therefore put by work and all signs of it; and the night before, set about the preparation of a grand Christmas-pudding—chopping suet, stoning plums, and so on. The next day at noon, with deep snow lying round, came our quaint, though not old friend, his pockets and carpet-bag filled with divers things for our aged alms-woman, for this was our little festival to her. Then came an hour's chat by my study-fire; then dinner of an elaborate giblet-pie; then a pleasant afternoon and evening, till it became time to see about the final elaboration of the great pudding. But, lo! in the hurry of the day, the eggs had been forgotten, and our good domestic, search where she might, could get

none; for the morrow was New-year's Day, and everybody was going to have a pudding. Fortunately, I am not turned easily from a good purpose, either in regard to trifles, or in things of more moment; and I resolved, though the night was truly Siberian, to set forth on this search myself, as it would never do to send our bachelor back on his journey of seventy miles without tasting pudding; so wrapping myself up, he and I set forth, the brilliant moonlight converting the night into day, and shining with inexpressible beauty on the great waste of snow round. To village and farmhouse doors we went; our appearance in some cases creating quite a wonder; but nobody had any eggs to spare, for everybody was going to have a pudding. Yet the walk and what we saw, would have made up for much greater disappointment. Such pleasant warm homes; such pretty rustic festivals; such jugs of home-brewed ale; such crab-apples dancing on the top; such steaming puddings, and pies, and roasts; such gossip; such merry children; such cheerful old men and aged dames—these, with the deep snow outside, the wild, solitary country, the distant forge-fires roaring on and on, made a whole such as no pen can describe. In most cases we were hospitably asked in—in some to taste the cheer. At last, after wandering through the deep snow of a primitive little orchard, whose russet tints and crystal rivulet I had in autumn-days stayed many times to see, we came to a snug farmhouse, and were admitted into a kitchen, where a wood-fire roared up a chimney centuries old. A little new-born baby, its newly risen mother, and the father and grandparents, were gathered round, and being invited to the fire, we admired the baby, when we not only got what we sought, but also a hot jug of spiced elderberry-wine, against the tasting of which no negative would be taken. This little episode over, and many grateful thanks given, we returned home, and I finally elaborated the great pudding, as our aged alms-woman and quaint bachelor chatted beside the pleasant hearth. On the morrow, the goose proved splendid, the pudding superlative; the day was pleasant; the morrow also: and the next day, the quaint bachelor departed. It snowed incessantly all night; the next morning, a drift, three feet high against our door, fell forward into our room when it was opened. For full ten days, my walks were at an end; for four, we had no post; a drift, fourteen feet deep, lay on a declivity of the high road. It was a perfect Siberia in England; but everybody knows about that pitiless winter.

With the spring flowers, I had to take leave of my peaceful study and my constant robin. Partly from want of leisure, partly as a matter of taste, I had made but few acquaintances amongst the elderly gentlewomen; nevertheless, a series of most pleasant tea-drinkings closed my peaceful visitation. The dear motherly hearts were full of interest, goodness, and human kindness—virtues which sit so gracefully on the old. There was no farewell more pleasant than that of an aged lady whose room opened from the great gallery above my favourite cloister. A lady in the strictest sense; it had been my habit to visit her chiefly on Sabbath-evenings, when throwing a shawl around me, and taking our great lantern, I wound my way up the wide old staircase to her door. Then going in, there was her glowing hearth, her small round table near it, her spotless handkerchief, her books, her light, her room all neat and neatness, with pretty landscapes round its walls, the work of daughter-like accomplished nieces, and herself—the brightest picture in the room—in her neat apparel, and with sensible and comely face. What true things must culture and refinement be, when they thus cleave to us in the ebbs of fortune and the decline of years! Another visit was to a cloister neighbour—one ninety years old—who, with her faculties yet bright about her, and as cheerful as a bird in spring, sits always by her hearth, saving

in summer-days, in an ancient costume of spill and kérobief; a sketch for Rembrandt, and as though ever ready for the beneficent summons of the Great Renovator. Nor did my little handmaids forget me; a deputation waited upon me with pincushions, needle-books, and markers enough to last a life. There was one from whom I parted with more regret than all—the presiding spirit of the place, whose friendship is the richest boon this sojourn afforded me.

Farewell noble charity!—may your hearths long be bright as when I saw them—your walls shelter the infirmities of age—and your genial beneficence soothe the memory of past sorrows!

A VISIT TO THE FRENCH EXCAVATIONS IN ASSYRIA.

WE were lounging with our nurgilas after dinner in the Iwan or portico of the French consulate, at Mosul, when one of the overseers of the excavations at Khorsabad came rushing into the courtyard, and with the most frantic gestures informed us that 'the chariot of Nimrod' had been discovered. As the Arabs always ascribe everything which bears the marks of antiquity to Nimrod, my French friends instantly set it down as a discovery of the chariot of Esarhaddon, whose name had been deciphered upon some of their inscriptions; and we had soon arranged a party to start the next morning, and to combine a visit to the old Assyrian's coach-house with a gazelle-hunt. We, accordingly, assembled betimes; and after my companions had settled matters with a bottle of the villainous unseeded raki of the country, to which they seemed quite to have accommodated themselves, and which they were never without for very long together, we managed to pick our way over the rough and unsteady bridge of boats ere the sun was well above the horizon. Anxious to make the most of the cool morning, we pricked sharply on for the first few miles. Our road, after crossing the river, wound between the two great mounds of Konyunjik and Nebbi Yunus, and thus led us through the centre of the ruined city which still bears the name of Ninevé. We passed between the remains of two gigantic towers which once guarded the gateway of the town, and crossing the treble line of fosses which still bear witness to the skill of the Assyrians in fortification, we entered upon the open country that stretches to the foot of the Armenian Mountains.

We could now make out the mounds of Khorsabad lying at the foot of the Jebel Makloub, a considerable hill which here advances into the plain, and forms a sort of outpost to the chain behind. Its name, though very difficult to translate into English, means something like the 'overturned' or 'discomposed mountain'; and certainly it is difficult to imagine rocks more discomposed than these have been. Huge blocks of stone appear to have been tossed about and piled one upon another, or are strewn in disorder down the mountain-side; while in some parts they form uncounted groups, much resembling those of the Chaos, and of the Valley of Ikas in the Pyrenees. But our road lay over the plain, and we had not entered far before the cry of 'Gazelles' was raised, and we saw a herd of these beautiful creatures bounding over the undulating ground on our right. Away went the Frenchmen, utterly regardless of the distance of the game. Away too, of course, went the dogs, but with very little chance of success, when so much law was allowed against them, for even the fleetest greyhounds find it a difficult matter to run down a gazelle without some advantage in the start or in the ground. Away went the cawasses as fast as their horses could carry them, and away went my dragoman, a great deal faster than he liked; and then, determining to

make the best of a bad bargain, and if I could not have a hunt, at least to have a good gallop, I loosened the reins, and my black Arab speedily brought me up with the rest. There was a deep water-course in our way, and we went at it nearly abreast. One of my companions reached the other side with the loss of his hat and both stirrups, and unfortunately it was he who had all the morning been loudest in his praises of his own horsemanship. The other—a cavalry officer too—was to be seen on the pommel of his saddle, and holding on, like grim death, to the mane. My dragoman was to be seen on the bank, and about half our followers were not to be seen at all—they had disappeared in the gully! The gazelles had taken the direction of Khorsabad, so that we lost no ground by pursuing them; and by the time they had run us and the dogs out of sight, we found ourselves near the ruined walls which surrounded the Assyrian city.

Dismounting at one of the larger mounds, which evidently marked the site of a gateway or bastion, and descending into the trenches, I was astonished to find before me a most perfect and magnificent archway. It was built only of sun-dried bricks; but from its size and proportions, it was quite worthy of forming the entrance to a magnificent city. It had been uncovered but a short time before, and little more than the arch had as yet been excavated; but in the pavement of the road which ran through it, were the ruts left by the chariot-wheels, worn as deeply into the stone as they are at Pompeii. It is curious, that in this country, which was once so famous for its chariots, and where, as we see from the Assyrian sculptures, other kinds of wheeled-carriages were in constant use, everything of the sort should now be utterly unknown. The reader will remember the graphic account given by Layard of the excitement produced in Mosul by the great wagon with which he moved the sculptures from Nimroud. It was probably the first that had been seen in the country for many centuries, and may possibly be the last, unless the visionary scheme of the Indian Railway should be realised, and a noisy, matter-of-fact steam-engine should come to disturb with its whistle the long rest of Sennacherib or Nebuchadnezzar.

The discovery of this arch was the more remarkable, that, with the exception of a small vault found some little time before at Nimroud, no other structure on this principle had been uncovered in Assyria.

Remounting our horses, we rode along the line of fortifications to the street of mud-huts which now forms the village of Khorsabad. At the entrance to the village was a deep muddy ditch, over which we leaped our horses, and were cantering up to our night's quarters, when we heard a cry behind us, and turning round, saw all that was to be seen of my unfortunate dragoman; namely, part of a pair of legs projecting from the mire in which he had been squashed head over ears. One of the cawasses soon got hold of his feet, and literally pulled him out of his unpleasant position by the legs.

On our arrival at the hut appropriated to the expedition, we found that the so-called chariot had been brought down from the mound to meet us; but 'Parturient montes, nascitur ridiculus mus'; and the long and highly ornamented spokes, the body of bronze inlaid with ivory, and the pole, with its ram's head at one end, which we had so often seen in the sculptures, and which we now expected to see in reality, had dwindled down to four little wheels of solid copper, hardly as large as cheese-plates. A quantity of decayed wood was found with them, and the remains of the iron axles: but there was nothing to indicate the size or shape of the carriage to which they had belonged, though it was certainly neither a chariot nor a battering-ram, the wheels of which are the only ones that are represented in the bass-reliefs.

We did not long delay paying our respects to the mound that marks the site of Esarhaddon's palace, and in which such interesting sculptures were discovered by a former French consul, M. Botta, ere the English excavations at Mesul and Nimroud had made much progress. The number of sculptured balls found here is almost incredible; and as they were, generally speaking, in better preservation than those at first found by Layard, a pair of them were purchased by our government, and now form one of the chief attractions of the Assyrian collection in the British Museum. M. Botta's trenches had mostly fallen in, or been filled up by the earth washed down into them by the winter rains, so that little beyond the shape and arrangement of the rooms was to be made out; but I was hurried through this part, and carried off to the latest and most interesting discovery in the mound—what, I was assured by my French friends, had been the wine-cellar of the king of Assyria. We soon reached a part of the excavations where the trenches had literally been dug through piles of terra-cotta vases; and I was shewn, on some broken pieces, the traces of a glutinous substance, which were 'evidently the remains of dried-up wine.' In fact, they had carefully washed out one of the vases, and given the proceeds to one of their number to drink, with his eyes bandaged, and he had pronounced it to be a glass of the most excellent Malaga! Unfortunately, all the other authorities upon the subject of Assyrian antiquities seem agreed, that the so-called wine-cellar was a place of burial, and that the delicious Malaga must have been a decoction of some of the descendants of Nimrod!

A short time before, I had seen in the English newspapers a report sent home by the French Commission, of the discovery of handsome pillars and colonnades of considerable extent; and on inquiring for them, I was shewn a plaster-wall with boudings on it, somewhat resembling half-columns. It stood at the head of a very handsome staircase, which appeared to have formed the entrance to the private apartments of the palace. The only other object of interest was an arched culvert just being cleared out, but which seemed to begin and end nowhere. After looking at this, and watching one of the party as he vainly endeavoured to take a photograph of it in the dark, we descended again to our house in the village. I must, however, mention that our photographic friend had left one of his gutta-percha trays upon a sloping stone outside the trenches, exposed to the full heat of the sun; and that when he had finished his work, and returned to look for it, the only trace that remained of it was a half-dissolved mass at the bottom of the slab.

In the evening, we sallied forth with our guns in search of the snipe that abound in the wet rice-fields of Khorsabad. We had not gone very far before my companion stopped, and begged me to walk along cautiously, as we were in a particularly good place for game; and if we could only manage to see them on the ground, we might have a chance of bagging one or two for our larder. Of shooting flying, he seemed to have no idea; and he was very much disgusted at my killing the birds as they rose, as the report of the gun made those which remained on the ground, and which he might otherwise have shot at there, lie too close to be seen. We had, however, very fair sport, and we returned with a good bag of snipe and wild-fowl.

On the following morning, after another visit to the trenches, we mounted our horses and cantered back to Mesul in a couple of hours, reaching the hospitable house of our consul in time for a late breakfast. On the way, I shot a catar, or pintailed grouse, from curiosity. The flesh of this bird is dry and coarse, but its plumage is very beautiful. It is met with in incredible numbers in the plains of Mesopotamia; and the flocks of them I saw there, first enabled me to realise the descriptions of the migrations of the American

pigeons, which are said to darken the sun in their passage.

It is very unfortunate that the spirit of jealousy between France and England, now apparently so happily extinguished at home, should have been fostered and inflamed in the East by the petty jealousies of those whom science and antiquarian research should rather have united. The Assyrian excavations have been a constant source of irritation between the subjects of either country who have been concerned in them, and their disputes are believed to have occasioned no little trouble to the ambassadors at Constantinople. It is, however, to be hoped, that now that the Union Jack and the Tricolor are waving in harmony in so many parts of the world, they may not be separated in the East, by those whom the same hope of discovery and spirit of investigation have brought together.

A HOME EMIGRATION.

On a fashionably-looking morning, ten years past, a gay group, consisting of three ladies and three gentlemen, came out of a cake-shop in the main street of a southern (Irish) spa-town, chatted awhile beyond the door-step, and then parted; the ladies turning up, the gentlemen down street, as is the country phrase. At that moment a young man in mourning, with a frank, fine countenance, darkened by what looked to be unusual sternness, was walking rapidly up the street towards them.

'Good-mornin', Cheekley.'

'How d'ye do, Cheekley?'

'What's in the wind, John, eh?' cried the three gentlemen at once.

'How d'ye do, gentlemen?' rejoined the young man addressed, passing the speakers as if indisposed to further parley.

'That's a match,' said one.

'Who? Cheekley and Jane Delmege?'

'Yes.'

'No, I say: an old fox is not trapped so easily. Report says all is not right over the water.'

'By Jove!' cried the first speaker, after looking back. 'she's distanced him already, or he's taken himself off. Her fortune wouldn't do, maybe.'

'It won't do, depend upon it, if it would—of which I know nothing,' was the rejoinder.

The ladies had made a little move preparatory to the pause to speak, and looked blankly at one another as Mr Cheekley raised his hat and passed on—abruptly rather than hurriedly, as if he lacked the inclination rather than the time to stay.

'What on earth ails him?' exclaimed the eldest of the three.

'I'm sure I don't know,' answered the second.

'Nor do I,' was expressed in the countenance of the youngest, but she did not speak. She watched the young man's progress until his moving round a corner into a street off the main one took him out of sight; and when, after a moment, as she and her companions turned in the same direction, she saw him go by her door without a glance towards the house, an expression of both pique and perplexity gathered round her parted lips and soft brown eyes. When left at home, she entered as if scarcely seeing whether she was going. She walked into a parlour, sat down on a sofa, and remained for some minutes pulling at the ends of her sash, absently, as if her thoughts had got into a cross-knot which she was endeavouring to disentangle. A knock at the hall-door startled her out of her reverie; she rose, and moved towards a large bow-window; as she reached it, the subject of her thoughts walked into the room.

'You are alone?' said he.

'Yes,' she replied, 'I am, Mr Cheekley.'

• Intent on his own thoughts, he did not seem to notice

the coldness of her manner. He took her unoffered hand, dropped it, and, turning to the window, looked thence for some minutes before he spoke again. Then he said slowly:

'I came to bid you good-by.' The lady's countenance changed, and changed again. She looked relieved rather than otherwise when he had added: 'I am going—to emigrate. Not to America,' he continued, following her eyes to a large map hung upon the wall; 'nor to Australia. I am going further from you, Jane. I am going to do what will divide us more widely, more finally. I am going to quit the position, and not the place which I was born in. After this week, you can no longer give me your acquaintance—I can no longer accept it. I came to see you once more, upon the footing of old times—happy times to me. I came to make a parting request to you—that you will hear me for a few minutes, and without reply. This morning, all I possessed was swept from me—at a blow. I was left but the bare means of maintaining my orphan brothers, by entering at once upon a servile employment. I have made up my mind to do so. But I had my heart too, to—I could not reconcile that to my debased position. I cannot meet you upon an equal footing; I would not meet you upon any other. Before I leave you for ever, I came to tell you, *in words*, that I love you; that I sought you with the hope of winning you; that I only waited to feel it would not be presumptuous in me to expect your preference. Remember that I loved you fondly and frankly, as long as I dare ask you to become my wife; I tell you so now solely as an atonement due to you, not for my own sake. When I entreat your silence, you cannot misconceive my motive. You could answer me now in one way only, and I do not need to be rejected. Give me your hand once more, for old times. You could not hold acquaintance with a carrier? No words? God bless you! Good-by, Jane—good-by.'

This strange monologue was spoken without pause, although deliberately. The speaker had quitted the house before the lady, whose breath he had taken away by the surprise, could have spoken, had he wished it. She was disappointed, bewildered, pained. She had been awakened, and found the treasure-trove of her dream-time gone. The mystery that had hung like a golden gossamer between two young lives and the world was withdrawn. That unspoken confidence had been explained away. That pleasant relation, so familiar, yet so distant, so fond, and yet so fearful, was to be no more.

And he was to be a carrier!

And what could she do? What could one do in whom the gentlest instincts, tastes, and sympathies, loves, hates, and aspirations, of three county families were interwoven and bound up closely as the three strands of the broad anburn plait wound round that fair and puzzled head? What could Jane Blakeney Dawson Delmege say to a declaration from a carrier? Nothing. And she could not be sorry that confusion had been beforehand with reflection in preserving silence. For a long time she stood still where he had left her—no eyes lived over the way to watch her. Spring Lane was a one-sided, semi-rural street, stretching towards the country, like a fashionable forefinger extended by the town to the neighbouring rusticities. Its upper windows looked into the deer-park of the manor; the lower ones upon the blank dead wall. At last she moved away, went up stairs, put away her gloves and bonnet with a sigh, as though something else was laid aside with them in the wardrobe. She walked into the drawing-room; opened the windows wider—she felt as if the room required more air; sat down with her hand under her head; and glancing along the soft green grass and shadowy trees, so well known to both herself and him, her mind ran over that strange interview: then further back, to other

conversations, other mornings, till a mist came over both. For a moment, she could not see quite clearly; but it passed away in the twinkling of an eye; and as Sir Harry's carriage rolled by to a call next door but one, she could distinguish every member of the party. She closed her meditation, by resolving to say nothing to her family of what had occurred—to let John Checkley's course disclose itself. It was enough that his heart was wrung, poor fellow!—it would ill become her to bare it to the world. Then came her mother's knock; and as a first step to her part, she retired out of the way of question as to whom she had met since breakfast. On coming down to dinner, she found that some passing town-topic had diverted all probability of embarrassing inquiry. It was not till the same hour next day that the facts of the change in John Checkley's prospects came coherently before her. He had 'outrun the constable' in the report of his own misfortunes.

'He should have kept matters quiet for a little,' said a guest at table. 'He might have bolstered up the property with some pretty girl's fortune.'

'That could but break his fall, and give him a new companion in it,' replied Mr Delmege. 'But that he might have done so, I have very little doubt.' Jane's cheeks burned; but her father avoided looking towards her side of the table. 'That he might, and did not, should increase his friends' esteem for him. Checkley is a sterling fellow—a thoroughly gentleman, be his position what it may.'

'Well, I think he might have done better for himself, and for others too,' rejoined the guest. 'A fellow of decent family cannot sink alone. A man owes it to his connections to hold his head up, if he can at all. Checkley ought to have interest enough to get a commission.'

'Live horse, and you'll get grass!' quoted Mr Delmege, with an expressive shrug.

'Fact!' returned the guest, smiling. 'I only hope his brothers may be willing to do as much for him.'

Here the conversation dropped. The heroism of John Checkley's resolution—time, and place, and circumstance considered—was tacitly recognised by all present; but every one had a motive, through politeness or prudence, for not choosing to enlarge on it just then.

Not quite one year before, John Checkley entered on possession of a middle interest, old as Queen Elizabeth, in a large tract of land in 'good heart' and favourably located. It brought with it the burden, or, as he would rather say, the privilege, of providing for two brothers, twins, and many years younger than himself. As playthings and durlings to him and his bride-elect, he looked forward to rearing and training them, to settling them in professions, or dividing with them, in due season, a property trebled in value by his care and skill and the 'good time coming'—the millennium of the farming interest. He saw nothing to prevent his completing all his schemes, realising all his dreams. He planned and experimented, studied and worked; and through all he loved. Absorbed in the small pleasures and trials of his daily life, sun and wind, meeting and parting, took his time and thoughts from the one serious circumstance most likely to affect him. In the distance, like a rain-cloud far away, but so lying that a single change may bring it down, there was a danger he had scarcely looked to—a bond guaranteed by his father for a sum extravagantly beyond his means to meet. John Checkley, senior, had the satisfaction of rescuing the county treasurership from the hands of a prudent, well-principled plebeian, and so went to rest with his fathers. His aristocratic friend, the treasurer, 'robbed Peter to pay Paul'—it was so he drank claret. He used the county funds for his own immediate purposes, fully bent on making his tenants pay up to the grand-jury; but, meantime, he died. The heir came into possession, but considered that his own debts

should take precedence of his father's; the rather that, they being yet uncontracted, there was no obligation whatsoever to discharge them. It was a mere extension of the common law of honour. He shut his ears, and his pocket on the creditors; and down came the county upon poor John Checkley. In an hour, his all was seized—crops, stock, furniture—everything except two horses and two carts purchased by himself. It was, indeed, rather to foil the bailiffs, so far, than to serve 'the master,' that these were claimed and kept for him by his workmen; so worthless were they in comparison with what the law had laid fast hold on.

Then John Checkley looked around him. It was easy to ostentate his resources. He had relatives; but through them nothing could be gained without delay, perhaps not more even with it; and he could not afford time for the trial. He put that chance out of sight. In fact, he possessed nothing but these carts and horses; he could count on no other reality for support of his orphan brothers. On these, then, he was to speculate.

When he had quitted the presence of Miss Delmege, he returned to his own home, only to yield it up to strangers. He gave up his accounts with his lands to a receiver, and then resolutely turned his back upon Monally, and, so far as was possible, on all associated with it. He took lodgings for his brothers and himself, and by the week's end had disrated himself from the genteel company of a ten-miles-wide circuit around Fountainstown by means of advertisement, that 'John Checkley, carrier, solicited public custom for the conveyance of goods, &c.' By being his own 'guide,' he would himself have all the profit of his undertaking; and he had no desire to avoid that office. His pride was, of that proudest sort—that when down, will second circumstance in sinking itself further; and, progress being the law of events, strikes the bottom to make sure of an uprise. From Fountainstown to the next seaport, twenty miles distant, carriage paid ten shillings the ton. He could accomplish the journey twice in six days, and thus average at the outset £2, 5s. per week—£117 a year. And when his horses were fed and stabled, there would still remain sufficient for a young man and two boys to live on.

Cools were the steadiest article of import; to these, after a trial, he confined himself; and 'John Checkley solicited the public of Fountainstown to try his cauls.' Of his former associates, some dealt with him for their own convenience; others gave him their custom through good-nature; and others, again, patronised him through impertinence. The money of all went into the same purse, and that purse was filling; John Checkley was prospering beyond his hopes. Not a few of his old companions met him almost as familiarly as ever—when they saw him; for his frieze-coat and felt-hat could easily pass unobserved as his; and the distance from the footway to the middle of the street, where he walked after his cars, might as well be miles as inches to those who did not chance to look across. He had had, too, invitations to some parties—of bachelors; but steady and good-humoured refusals following each, they ceased. The feeling that dictated them was neither gratified nor offended: it died away quietly, like most good easy things.

The relation that he himself had prescribed existed unvaried between him and Miss Delmege. They avoided each other so cautiously, that accident had all the credit of keeping them from meeting. If reliance on her sympathy had had any part in his motives or expectations, he was disappointed; she had accepted in full his renunciation of their acquaintanceship, but she had gone no further; she had not fulfilled his bitter prediction, 'that she would marry into the next marching-regiment, to do away with all remembrance of her courtship with a carrier.' Two years from their parting interview passed by, and such a marriage, if

not any marriage, was seemingly as far as ever from her prospects.

At the close of that time, an accountantship in the Fountainstown Bank became vacant. The manager, a stranger in the town, who had taken a fancy to John Checkley's mode of doing his own business, offered him the place. The twins then conducted the home-business during bank-hours, still, by a little management, not omitting a fair share of school-duty; and the eldest brother's salary was added to the common stock. After six months more, there came another change. John Checkley quitted Fountainstown, for, report said, a situation of more ease and trust in England. One of the twins succeeded to the place in the bank. 'The interest in Mr John Checkley's store, a large quantity of coals, a number of horses, cars, &c.,' were 'cried' and sold, and the proceeds lodged for the second of the twins, who earnestly desired to attain a profession hereditary in the family. The lad himself departed with full light heart to enter on his new pursuit. The twin accountant soon followed in his eldest brother's steps to England, and a higher post; and the Checkleys were lost sight of in Fountainstown for a time; seldom even named, except that, at the club-meets, if the fox ran towards Monally, some passer-by conjectured that, when the debts were cleared off—yet a distant prospect—some member of the family would repossess the old place.

John Checkley returned as manager long before anybody looked to see him back. His thorough knowledge of the complicated relationships and connections of the neighbouring gentry, was of no small commercial value in troubled and changeable times: it secured him the place of his now superannuated friend. It happened to be at the same season, and nearly at the very hour, that saw him part with Jane Delmege some summers gone, that he now re-entered Fountainstown; but he felt this forenoon much finer than that well-remembered one, which had left a chill upon his recollections. His heart opened to the old places, and the old people too—'the neighbours.'

That Miss Delmege was still single, was a fact that made itself known to him, unasked, during the first hour's exercise of his new duties. Mr Delmege had engaged in milling; and to spare the time of a confidential clerk, and avoid the risk of trusting other parties, Jane sometimes walked to the bank, to lodge or draw any considerable sum. Here her old lover encountered her. Hearing her name called out, he turned round, and found her standing before him. Her hand was extended with a cheque; but he could not do less, for old acquaintance' sake, than offer to take both together.

'You've returned here,' observed she, with some embarrassment of manner.

'Yes,' he refrained from adding, 'as manager.' She could perceive that fact—and continued: 'And I am not sorry to find myself once more at home.'

Some indifferent remarks followed reciprocal inquiries for Mr and Mrs Delmege, and the twins. His years of absence lay, bridge-like, between their past and present: it was ground on which both stood at ease.

'May I thank you to look at that,' said the lady at length, glancing at the cheque—'I am rather in haste.'

'Certainly; excuse my detaining you so long,' replied the gentleman, as he took up the fluttering bit of paper. Then adding: 'One moment; pray pardon me; I am still new here,' he moved towards his own office, reaching, as he passed, the cheque to an accountant. Miss Delmege saw, or thought she saw, his countenance changing, meantime, to the official dubiousness of 'account overdrawn?' It was with a proud swell of the heart she felt she had come to claim money, not to ask credit. She could expect no tender remembrance of the past from the young manager, and she looked for none in transacting business with him. And

yet she misjudged somewhat the feelings and motives that she canvassed; they leaned over the counter far more than she supposed. Never had John Checkley been so little disposed to quarrel with her conduct as at the moment when she was questioning herself of its necessity, or even its dignity. He *had* condemned her weakness before he had had opportunity to estimate his own. It was with a thrill of the heart he remembered that his old avowal was to that hour unretracted and unrejected—that he was, in fact, her suitor still, if he desired to appear in that relation. It was this returning love that had swept across her path, and ebbed away with changing circumstances years before, which now said to itself: 'It might perhaps serve her better than in aiding her father's projects if'—Here a great letter D cut short suppositions. A fair balance in the book before him, shewed that the Delmege in nowise needed friendly aid. They were yet well to do—remarkably well for these overwhelming times. The paying of the customary parting compliments was all needful at his hands just then; and he returned, feeling himself a little put aback, though why he would have found it hard to say. While the teller and Miss Delmege counted and recounted the money, he filled up the time for himself with a vague and rather careless expression of 'having purposed to inquire for Mrs Delmege as soon as business would permit.' Whether it was, that through the obviously increased coldness of his manner, Miss Delmege saw something of what really had been passing through his mind, or that she was prompted by the habit of hospitality, she thought proper to reply, that mamma would be very happy to see him.

They parted: the lady to go home, and make a very observable miscount in her transfer of cash received; the gentleman to go through his books with a brain not altogether clear. Through debits and credits flitted many strange items. Hopes, fears, doubts, took place of pounds, shillings, and pence; ranging themselves down the double columns, mingling and changing, till at length the manager brought them to a check.

'Why not to-day?' said he, shutting up the book. 'It is not I who should be backward, if she is willing to recall old times; and if not, the sooner I know her mind the better for my own.' This settled, he was able to give all his attention, if not quite all his heart, to the interests of the worthy governor and directors to whom he was indebted for the means to press his own just then. This very thought was enough to make a hopeful lover a zealous, earnest man of business; and the new manager gained the top of the wheel in the rapid revolution of genteel opinion that day in Fountainstown. Long-headed vice-chairmen of poor-law boards, starched J. P.s, and affronted forty-fifth cousins affiliated with as kindred genius, or hailed as the triumphant and irrepressible aspiring of thorough breeding, what the manager set down to a simple, honest instinct, favouring circumstances, and perhaps one little incident that he would not return on to analyse. The county club talked of the height of his forehead; he in his inmost soul thanked Providence. When the clock struck three, he sprang, like a school-boy, from his seat, oversaw the closing arrangements, and hurried away once more to the old house in Spring Lane.

The ladies were at home. Checkley began something to the younger of 'fears he might be even more occupied the next days,' but her mother's welcome and inquiries cut short an explanation that was not much needed. Jane scarcely spoke. Mrs Delmege invited him 'to stay, without ceremony, for the day, believing that he was free from home engagements.' He confirmed her suppositions; then paused, and looked at Jane. Jane looked out of the window; she remembered he was now manager. He, too, remembered the same fact, and it prompted acceptance of the invitation, even though she would not second it. He laid by his hat,

and with it the remnant of constraint that had hung round him previously. Conversation was resumed and kept up between him and the elder lady; the younger sat in the window, listening or thinking, as might be—Checkley wondered which. Yet when, on the entrance of a second guest to Mrs Delmege, an opportunity of ascertaining offered, he would not use it. Mr Delmege was expected home to dine; and the manager desired to make sure that, taking one thing with another, he would be acceptable as a son-in-law. He was not wholly sanguine of the result. For himself, he had attained a full sense of the 'nobility of labour,' and could look with ease—without envy or contempt—on those who had not had opportunity to make a like acquisition. He could make ample allowance for the sway of feelings that, save on one point only, could no longer give him trouble. His apprehensions of refusal were just strong enough to make acceptance *delightful*. Meantime, he made his passing companionship agreeable to Mrs Delmege and her friend; and meantime, too, Jane withdrew from the window, and joined their little group. Perhaps the recollections wafted thither, with the odour of the primroses and cowslips from over the park-wall, were not altogether pleasant.

Mr Delmege arrived in due time. His welcome to 'our new manager and old acquaintance, my dear,' was both hearty and discriminative—he was just the man to make his feelings felt. The manager was made to make himself at home. He might have forgotten there was such a thing as coal in creation, had he not been keeping it determinedly before his mind's eye all that five-long summer afternoon.

'Take your wine, Checkley. Here's your good health, and further promotion!' cried his host, when the ladies had passed away to the drawing-room.

As a most natural apropos to his acknowledgments, came an avowal of the young manager's 'entire satisfaction in his present place, if, only, the position he had some time held in Fountainstown, formed no bar to his pressing an old, unchanged attachment to Miss Delmege'—

'Not a bit of it,' answered her father, interrupting him. 'Am I not dabbling in trade myself now? A miller may shake hands with a collier any day.'—Jesting apart, my dear Checkley, that thorough-bred idleness we Irish gentry used to pick ourselves upon, is fast becoming obsolete—may all our woes go with it! If Jane be pleased, as I have very little doubt she will be, I know no one in whose hands I should hold her happiness more safe. I know, my dear fellow, and feel how handsomely you acted towards my family, at a time when Jane's little fortune would have been a matter of some moment to you.'

John Checkley sprang up stairs three steps at a time. The two elder ladies looked round in surprise to see a gentleman so soon in the drawing-room; Jane kept gazing straight before her, till, at a whisper of 'Will you allow me to speak one moment with you there?' she rose and walked with him to the window.

'Do you remember, Jane,' said he, 'the last time we stood here together?'

'It was not here—it was down stairs,' she replied with a blush and half smile.

'True: so it was indeed. That is a favourable omen. Will you reconsider now what I said to you then? On my side, all is the same. I took your hand then without hope or wish to keep it: there is mine now; will you take it?—'tis a hand with a heart in it.'

'I did not expect you would ever think of me again,' said Jane ingenuously.

'Do you suppose I ever ceased to think of you?'

'Not quite, perhaps. I did not deserve remembrance from you.'

'I am not sure of that,' said the young manager frankly. 'If you had made me at all less miserable then, I might be far less happy now.'

One month after, John Checkley gave Jane Delmege a partner's right in the honours and emoluments of the 'Bank-house.' Across the river, in the distance, lies Monally, its old trees and gray walls fair in the sunshine of a pleasure yet to come.

WHAT IS AN OVAL GUN?

STIMULATED by the war-trumpet which now resounds throughout Europe, we took up arms some time ago in our own fashion, presenting our readers with a short description of the various kinds of fire-arms employed up to that period in military service. We exhausted the list. No important firearm of any description remained to be particularised. Yet a little reflection on the relations between demand and supply might have awakened a suspicion that the list would soon be extended. In times like the present, when the military resources of nations in all that relates to engines of war are so nicely balanced, the discovery of a cannon able to project a missile a few yards further than any other, may involve the battering down of a fortress, the conquest of an enemy, the termination of a war. Mr Lancaster, the gunmaker of Regent Street, among others, has been at work. He has turned his attention to the improvement of large firearms, and, we believe, with success. At anyrate, the new class of gun and dispatch boats, which the shallowness of the Baltic demands, and which, mushroom-like, have sprung into existence with such marvellous rapidity, are armed, as newspaper reports tell us, with Lancaster's *oval* guns. *Oval* guns! One hardly comprehends the meaning of the term. The discovery of a new cannon of tremendous power just at the present time, when we have an enemy to chastise whom we do not wish to be so well informed as ourselves concerning our warlike resources, is naturally suggestive of secrecy. Perhaps, therefore, the term *oval gun* has been advisedly used, for the purpose of mystification? The newspaper reader suspects the fact. He determines to look out for the next report, and to learn further particulars from the context. Well, a few days elapse, and he finds it mentioned that Lancaster's *oval* guns are very well adapted for throwing *spherical* case-shot! This is a *quintus* he relinquishes the study of newspaper contexts in despair. An *oval* gun for throwing *spherical* case-shot!

But let us see how we can help him. Having donned our fighting-gear at anyrate, we shall now try what we can do with the new Lancasterian *oval* gun. First, then, let us premise that the chief cause of irregularity in the flight of all projectiles, is the irregular disposition of the matter round their respective centres of gravity. Every person, in the least degree conversant with mechanical science, must be aware, that of all possible shapes that of a sphere presents the greatest chance of the centre of gravity coinciding exactly with the centre of the object. Nevertheless, if a thousand cannon-balls were set floating in mercury, not two out of the thousand, it is probable, would float alike; thus proving the unequal distribution of parts around the centre. Of course, a similar inequality of distribution exists also in smaller globular masses. Whether we have to do with a cannon-ball or a musket-ball, the conditions remain the same. However, in the case of small firearms, errors resulting from the cause above mentioned are obviated by rifling the barrel, and converting an ordinary musket into a rifle-gun. If rifling has succeeded so well in the case of small firearms, then why not rifle-cannon, it may be asked? Because simply it could not be done; or if done, the rifling produced with so much labour would be ineffective. The reason of this we shall see by and by; but in the meantime, let us take a glance at the construction of a rifle-gun.

If the finger be thrust into the muzzle of a common

musket or fowling-piece, nothing will be discoverable but a smooth round bore, going straight down towards the breech. If a rifle—any ordinary rifle, that is to say—be thus examined, it will be found to have peculiarities of its own. The bore, instead of being smooth, as in the instance of the musket or fowling-piece, will be found indented with a variable number of little furrows and belts; and unless some little attention be devoted to the investigation, no peculiarity of these furrows and belts, technically called *lands*, will be discoverable. Further examination, however, will prove that they are arranged spirally, but with such elongation as to effect only one, or, it may be, one revolution and a half, in proceeding from the muzzle to the breech. Now it follows, that if a leaden ball be jammed into such a barrel as we have described, in such a manner as to receive an impress of the rifle-lands or ridges, then such ball can emerge from the barrel only by following the threads of the screw, turning rapidly on its axis during the period of discharge, and retaining the same rotatory motion during its atmospheric flight. Of this sort is the motion of a rifle-ball; and the reader will at once see, that the continuous rotatory motion practically compensates for any inequality of ponderible matter of any one lateral aspect of the projectile. Point by point, and with extreme rapidity, every lateral aspect of a rifle-ball in flight is brought into the same relation with the axis of flight. In this description we have assumed that a bullet emerging from a rifled-barrel must necessarily assume the rifled motion. Under one condition, however, it may not do so. If the charge of gunpowder be inordinately great, the ball may *strip*, to use the technical phrase: in other words, it may have its screw-thread rendered ineffective by the mere force of discharge. It appears, then, that the very principle of a rifle-gun necessitates the indentation of the projectile with the lands or grooves where-with the barrel is furnished; and this brings us to the consideration of loading a rifle. Either the ball is rammed down from the mouth, or it is put in by some trap-door contrivance near the breech, where, fitting tightly, it is made to emerge by the sheer force of gunpowder. Rifles of the latter construction seem best on paper: in practice, however, they have been very sparingly adopted: mouth-loading having continued to be generally preferred. Notwithstanding this preference, they are ordinarily so difficult and so tedious to charge, that much attention has lately been devoted to the perfection of schemes for charging them with greater facility. The most celebrated, and at the same time the most successful of these, is the arrangement of Captain Minié, which, having been adopted by Mr Lancaster in a modified form, we are bound to describe.

The desideratum was, the construction of a projectile which, entering loosely into the barrel, should fit tightly during the act of discharge. M. Delvigne, if we mistake not, was the first to solve this problem. He furnished the breech-end of his rifles with each a little *anvil*, projecting in the middle, space being left for the charge of gunpowder all around. Against the anvil, the bullet was hammered with an iron ramrod, until, by expanding laterally, it pressed into the furrows of the barrel, and assumed the condition of a screw. M. Delvigne, however, only substituted one difficulty for another: the remedy was almost worse than the disease. If a soldier had to stand hammering with an iron ramrod, he might as well adopt the more ancient expedient of driving in the ball tightly at first. Moreover, the little anvil, or *tige*, was continually liable to bend and break, and barrels of this kind were difficult to clean. The *carabine à tige*, nevertheless, marked a new era in the history of rifle-guns, and prepared the way for the more practical measures of Captain Minié. We have spoken of the projectile employed by Delvigne as being

a bullet; it, however, was not a bullet, but a cone or conoid—a form of metal which not only presented greater facilities than a globular mass for lateral compression, but which, assuming its sharp end to go foremost, was far better adapted for flight through the air than a globular mass, even when not flattened. Now, it is not a little curious, in running through the history of rifle-guns, to find the adoption of sharp conical projectiles in place of bullets so long deferred. So long as projectiles had to be launched from non-rifled-barrels, the only chance of assuring accuracy of flight in the latter consisted in making them spherical; but rifling being once adopted, theory suggests the employment of elongated projectiles—those more nearly resembling the shape of an arrow. Advantages great and numerous flow from this. Not only is the weight of the projectile no longer rigidly limited by the diameter of the bore, but the projectile itself readily becomes adapted to the principles of Captain Minié now to be mentioned. The shape of a minié ball, if we may be permitted to continue that name, is conical, very much like a sugar-loaf in appearance. As regards material, it, like all other small-arm projectiles, is made of lead—a soft, easily expandable material. Now it is clear, that if a nail or plug of any kind were to be driven into the base of a leaden projectile of this kind, the leaden surface would expand, and this is just what the principle of Captain Minié accomplishes. Each minié cone—we will no longer term it minié ball—is hollow at the base, and into this hollow a small metallic thimble is loosely inserted. Of course, the thimble in question, from its very position, receives the first shock of inflamed gunpowder—a shock which acts just like a hammer-stroke, driving the thimble a considerable distance up into the hollow cavity, and, as a consequence of this, expanding the walls of the projectile. Such is the system of Captain Minié, which Mr Lancaster has adopted, minus the thimble, in his new small-arm rifle.

We now come to the particular in which Mr Lancaster's rifle-gun differs from all others. It is totally devoid of grooves or lands. To the touch, it is quite smooth, like any fowling-piece or musket; neither is the eye competent to detect at once any difference; but on minutely scrutinising the shape of the bore, it will be found to be very slightly oval. Perhaps the reader will anticipate the function which this oval is intended to fulfil: it does not go straight down through the barrel, but revolves in the descent exactly like rifle lands or grooves, and thus would necessarily impart a rotatory motion to any accurately fitting projectile. Such, indeed, is the intention. What, then, are the advantages possessed by an oval or smooth-bored over an ordinary grooved rifle? They are numerous. In the first place, there is an end to stripping the projectile, no matter how high the charge: it must assume the screw-like rotation. Secondly, the conical projectile, duly expanded by inflamed gunpowder, accurately fills the rifle-barrel, no space intervening to permit the escape of gas. Thirdly, and what is more to the special point under consideration, the projectile is no longer necessarily required to be made of lead. The problem is no longer to cut screw indentations into a yielding surface, but to adapt an oval plug to an oval cavity. If lead be the material employed, the minié or expanding principle may be adopted with advantage, but equally compatible would it be to fashion the projectile at once of a form corresponding with the bore of the gun, in which case the material of such projectile may be iron. This is a very great point gained. As a rule, cannons must be supplied with iron balls; and iron balls are altogether unmanageable in connection with the principle of ordinary rifles. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that leaden balls were compatible with the necessities of large firearms, still their employment in connection

with ordnance rifled on old principles would be impossible. If designed to be charged by the mouth, the mechanical force requisite to drive home to their charge such balls would be enormous; and as regards the idea of breech-loading ordnance, it suggests difficulties greater than those attendant on breech-loading small firearms. What should prevent the construction of cannons bored on Lancaster's oval principle? Why should rifled cannons, thus constructed, be inferior in positive accuracy and relative length of flight to oval rifled small-arms? These are among the questions now on trial; and the military world—which means just now pretty nearly all Europe—await the decision with much interest.

SONGS OF THE DRAMATISTS.

THE new volume of Mr Bell's Annotated Edition of the English Poets is devoted to the Songs of the Dramatists, from the earliest writer of regular comedy down to Sheridan. The idea of this selection is a happy one, and the volume supplies to a considerable extent what has been long felt as a desideratum in our literature. The general reader, however, will hardly recognise here, we suspect, the 'riches' described by the editor as existing in this branch of our lyrical poetry. A comparatively small number of dramatic songs are poetical, in the higher sense of the word; and the reason is, that they are not spontaneous—they are introduced for a particular purpose, to illustrate a circumstance or a character. The writers who have a wider margin before them, who sing what they feel or see when the spirit moves them, are generally more successful, notwithstanding the brilliant dramatic lyrics of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that might be cited on the other side. A selection of English lyric poetry which does not include the names of Carew, Withers, Herrick, Heywood, Herbert, Lovelace, and others, can give but a very imperfect idea of the general richness of the language in that style of composition.

Mr Bell's task, however, was confined to the drama; and he has executed it with great care, although in some few instances, towards the end of the volume, he appears to have sacrificed value to novelty—selecting specimens, not because they were the best, but because they are less known than the best. We cannot well see, however, what Sheridan has to do in the series. If no good songs could be found between the beginning and the close of the eighteenth century, it should have ended with Farquhar, instead of springing over a gap of about seventy years, in order to close with a brilliant author of the *School for Scandal*.

Strange as it may appear, the great advantage possessed by our earlier song-writers consists in the comparative want of polish, so far as the vehicle is concerned. They give the idea fresh, sudden, and direct as it comes, taking their chance as to the melody of the language in which it is delivered. With most of the more modern writers, on the contrary, melody is everything; force, passion, energy, must give way to it; and they elaborate in a stanza an image which their predecessors would have darted like an arrow in a single line. That this directness, however, is perfectly consistent with melody, is proved in individual instances, and in the case of Shakespeare throughout, who unites the energy of the old with the sweetness of the new school. It is likewise proved, among the moderns, in the case of Burns, whose force belongs more to the close of the sixteenth century than to his own time, while in musical cadence he is unmatched even by the most effeminate of still later writers. These instances serve to show that the music exists in the soul of the true poet, and is not the result of elaboration. Ben Jonson studied harder than Shakespeare, and was a more accomplished scholar; but although some of his pieces are

very graceful, they want as a whole the bewitching melody of his great contemporary:

A misconception of this fact leads some of our living poets far astray. They strive to go back in a certain way to the directness of the old song; but finding that generally associated with roughness, they fancy roughness to be one of its necessary attributes. Even setting this mistake aside, they miss their point; for the arrow of the old poet quivered in the heart, while theirs only tickled the imagination. To draw tears, or excite smiles, they consider wide of the poet's task, the object of which they conceive to be the awakening of surprise or admiration. The sudden sentiment that makes your heart beat and your eyes overflow, is not poetical with them, because it presents no sensuous image to the mind. Their performances, when successful, are, in short, not so much flashes of genius as tricks of ingenuity. A sentiment—not an image—occurs to us at this moment which is worth a whole library of these dexterities. It occurs in a simple Scottish song by Hector McNeil, in which a young lassie, tempted by her suitor, calls to mind the various reasons why she must not listen to him, but still cling to her widowed mother:

She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes,
She's been my confort a' my days—
My father's death brought gony weas:
I cume ied' nix mairny!

The suddenness of the line we have distinguished by italics, and its touching associations, are one of the great triumphs of poetry, let the sensuous school smile as disdainfully as it will.

The simple materials of the old song-writers are well illustrated in the first specimen given in the volume before us. It is from *Ralph Roister Doister*, the first regular comedy in our language, and certainly printed some time before 1551:—

THE WORK-GIRLS' SONG.

Pipe, merry Annot;
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.
Work, Tibet; work, Annot; work, Margerie;
Sew, Tibet; knit, Annot; spin, Margerie;
Let us see who will win the victory.

Pipe, merry Annot;
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.
What, Tibet! what, Annot! what, Margerie!
Ye sleep, but we do not, that shall we try;
Your fingers be numb, our work will not lie.

Pipe, merry Annot;
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.
Now Tibet; now Annot; now Margerie;
Now whippet apace for the maystrie:
But it will not be, our mouth is so dry.

Pipe, merry Annot;
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.
When, Tibet? when, Annot? when, Margerie?
I will not—I can not—no more can I:
Then give we all over, and there let it lie!

As an extraordinary contrast to this, and in so short a time after it as 1581, we give a specimen from John Lyly, the inventor of the Euphuism, touching which Sir Percy Shafton lectures so zealously in the *Monastery*:—

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;

* *Mastery, superior skill.*

Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

Passing over Shakespeare and his immediate predecessors, we come, in a quarter of a century after this, to Ben Jonson, from whom we are tempted to quote a single song, which, as Mr Bell observes, is a 'remarkable illustration of the art with which he constructed these compositions':—

THE 'GRACE OF SIMPLICITY.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be pondered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid counter-act not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Nobles loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Here is an exquisite specimen from Beaumont and Fletcher, supposed to be the composition of the latter:—

A 'SAD SONG.'

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully:
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see:
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to wa;
Gentlest fair, morn, mourn no ma.

The following, from the same, is well known; but we give it as one of the most finished compositions of the kind in our language:—

MELANCHOLY.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy;
Oh, sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

The following short piece is from John Webster, touching whom the editor follows what we cannot help thinking the exaggeration of Lamb: 'To move a terror skilfully,' observes Lamb—'to touch a soul to the quick—to lay upon fear as much as it can bear—to wear and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in

with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit: this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may "upon horror's head horrors accumulate," but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality; they "terrify babies with painted devils," but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum.

A DIRGE.

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

On this Lamb observes: 'I never saw anything like this Dirge, except the Ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates.'

The following is from the *Thracian Wonder*, by Webster and Rawley, and, one would suppose, must be the composition of the latter:—

THE PERSIST OF LOVE.

Art thou gone in haste?
I'll not forsake thee;
Runnest thou ne'er so fast,
I'll overtake thee:
Over the dales, over the downs,
Through the green meadows,
From the fields, through the towns,
To the dim shadows.

All along the plain,
To the low mountains,
Up and down again
From the high mountains;
Echo then shall again
Tell her I follow,
And the floods to the woods,
Carry my holla, holla!
Cel la! ho! ho! hu!

The two next will form an agreeable contrast. The *Death-bell* is by Heywood, and the *Bridal-song* by Ford:—

THE DEATH-BELL.

Come, list and hark, the bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul.
And was not that some ominous fowl
The bat, the night-crow, or screech-owl?
To these I hear the wild wolf howl,
In this black night that seems to scowl.
All these my black-book death enroll,
For hark, still, the bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul.

BRIDAL-SONG.

Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
Like soft hours never ceasing;
Plenty's pleasure, peace enervating,
Without jars, or tongues envying;
Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than theirs by custom bedded;
Fruitful issues; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced;
Budding as the year ensueth,
Every spring another youth:
All what thought can add beside,
Crown this Bridegroom and this Bride!

We shall now present a specimen from Shirley, with whom 'terminates the roll of the great writers whose works form a distinct era in our dramatic literature. He was the last of a race of giants. Born in the reign of Elizabeth, he lived to witness the Restoration, and carried down to the time of Charles I. the moral and poetical elements of the age of Shakspeare. New modes and a new language set in with the Restoration; and the line that separates Shirley from his immediate successors, is as clearly defined and as broadly marked as if a century had elapsed between them.' The poet was a Protestant clergyman; he then fell off into Romanism; and, finally, became a writer for the stage. Being burned out by the fire of London, his wife and he suffered so much by the alarm and loss they had sustained, that they both died on the same day:—

LOVE'S HUE-AND-CRY.

In Love's name you are charged herewith
To make a speedy hue-and-cry,
After a face who, t'other day,
Came and stole my heart away;
For your directions in brief,
These are best marks to know the thief:
Her hair a net of beams would prove,
Strong enough to captive Jove,
Playing the eagle; her clear brow
Is a comely field of snow.
A sparkling eye, so pure a gray
As when it shines it needs no day.
Ivory dwelleth on her nose;
Lilies, married to the rose,
Have made her cheek the nuptial-bed;
Her lips betray their virgin red,
As they only blushed for this,
That they owe another kiss.
But observe, beside the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue; for if your ear
Shall once a heavenly music hear,
Such as neither gods nor men
But from that voice shall hear again,
That, that is she! Oh! take her t'ye,
None can rock heaven asleep but she.

Whether Sir William Davenant was the son of Shakspeare or not, he certainly had no inheritance in his dramatic genius; and yet we question whether the following lively, leaping song, if found among the supposed paternal lyrics, would be considered the worst in the collection:—

JEALOUSY.

This cursed jealousy, what is't?
'Tis love that has lost itself in a mist;
'Tis love being frighted out of his wits;
'Tis love that has a fever got;
Love that is violently hot,
But troubled with cold and trembling fits..
'Tis yet a more unnatural evil:
'Tis the god of love, 'tis the god of love, possessed
with a devil.

'Tis rich corrupted wine of love,
Which sharpest vinegar does prove;
From all the sweet flowers which might honey make,
It does a deadly poison bring:
Strange serpent which itself doth sting!
It never can sleep, and dreams still awake;
It stuffs up the marriage-bed with thorns.
It gores itself, it gores itself, with imagined horns.

Here we would conclude; but as Sheridan has been lugged into the volume, head and shoulders, we must give a *merceau* from him. It shall not be *Let the Toast Pass*, 'perhaps the most popular song in the

language, but one nearly as good, although the idea is not original:—

LOVE FOR LOVE.

I ne'er could any lustre see,
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till I, grateful, press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE past few weeks have been especially fruitful in matters electrical, some of which possess more than ordinary interest, and are striking instances of advance in scientific research. One is Dr Watson's electric-light railway signal-lamp, which, as the inventor avers, can be seen at a distance of five miles through the densest fog. The ordinary lamps, as is well known, are comparatively useless in thick weather; and if the new light be as penetrating as is asserted, it may do signal service in preventing such collisions as those by which we have been startled of late on certain lines of railway.

The electro-magnetic weaving-machine, which we have more than once mentioned, is growing more and more into a practical reality. The inventor, Cavaliere Bonelli, has sold his patent to two eminent banking firms at Turin and Lyon: models are soon to be exhibited in Paris and London, and in the United States; and no doubt is entertained that the machine will effect a great change in the weaving art. The invention is indeed one of the most remarkable applications of electro-magnetism to industrial purposes we have yet heard of. Most persons will remember the Jacquard-loom in the Great Exhibition, and the large perforated cards, or cartoons, which had to be shifted with every movement of the shuttle to produce the pattern. In the electro-magnetic loom, instead of cards, numbers of small iron bars are employed, arranged in sets according to the pattern; and these being in connection with the magnets, move obedient to the will of the designer each time the shuttle leaves his hand. The movements are, of course, effected by a repeated making and breaking of the magnetic current, aided by an instrument similar in construction to a comb, which strikes the bars at the required moment, and throws them in or out of position according to the nature of the design. It is in the 'comb,' we believe, that the pattern is first set, after which its reproduction is a mere question of time; but it reappears in the woven material as accurately as a message printed at one end of a telegraph-wire is repeated in print at the other. From these particulars we see that the new apparatus offers considerable advantages to the silk-weaving trade, and there is this further in its favour, that it may be fitted to Jacquard-loom at present in use. Some of the initiated say that tapestries and textile designs, however exquisite, will be so readily reproduced by the aid of electro-magnetism, as to supply the most beautiful materials for dress and decoration to all classes of purchasers. We may add here, that a new weaving-machine, called

the 'appareuse,' is about to be tried in the cloth factories at Leeds. It combines the principle of the 'gig' and 'shearing-machine,' and at Rouen, and some other manufacturing towns on the continent, has been found superior to any machine yet introduced for the same purpose.

Next comes M. Becquerel's new method of treating mineral ores, the result of twenty years' study, which, in two words, is electro-chemical. Every one knows that in the separation of metal from the earthy matters with which it is combined, certain processes are gone through, involving the use of quicksilver or of fire, as in smelting, cupellation, &c., varying according to the nature of the metal operated on. For all these, M. Becquerel proposes to substitute an electro-chemical action, by which he dispenses with them entirely. Seeing that his experiments have been made on more than 10,000 kilogrammes of ores of silver, copper, and lead, from Mexico, Peru, the Altai Mountains, and other parts of the globe, there is no question as to the attention due to the results. We must content ourselves with a brief outline of the process. The ore is first treated in such a way that its constituents shall be soluble in solution of common salt at the maximum of saturation. In the case of galena, the constituents are chloride of silver and sulphate of lead. When these are dissolved, the liquid is transferred to wooden vats or reservoirs, in which the decomposition of the metallic salts is effected by means of a galvanic-battery, the plates of which vary according to the nature of the metal to be thrown down—carbon in some instances being used for the negative. The battery being set in action, the operation, as a rule, is complete in twenty-four hours, but may be accelerated by the application of heat. Argentiferous lead gives up all its silver without the necessity for cupellation; and ores the most refractory, such as blende and gray copper, yield readily to this mode of treatment. The experiments have all been satisfactorily confirmed by M. St Clair, a refiner of Mexico, who in his report dwells strongly on the fact, that the exhaustion of quicksilver-mines, long dreaded by American miners, need no longer be feared, as quicksilver will no longer be required in their operations. Only in places where common salt is very dear, would the electro-chemical process be too expensive to be profitable.

M. Becquerel has published a book containing a full account of his method; and we commend it to the notice of miners in this country, where the price of salt is no difficulty in the way of experiment, and where any means by which fuel and labour may be saved claim serious consideration.

A 'liquid purifier' has been invented by Mr B. L. Phillips, which is understood to effect a great improvement in the manufacture of iron and other metals. It is introduced as a flux when the metal is in a state of fusion; and, according to the *Mining Journal*, the result as regards iron is an increase in the strength of the bar by at least 16 per cent. Copper and brass have been experimented upon with equal success; and the *Birmingham Journal* states, that the purifier has been proved to add greatly to the crystalline and cohesive properties of glass.

The next is an instance of the employment of electricity in furtherance of astronomical science. Father Secchi, of the observatory at Rome, is carrying on an important series of magnetic observations, during which he has found in the movements of the bar-magnets a means of detecting the appearance of the aurora. Wishing to extend his researches to other celestial phenomena, he suggests calling in the aid of the electric-telegraph in the observation of shooting-stars. For instance: a meteor being seen at one observatory, information of the fact is to be instantaneously flashed to the next beyond, and so on, thus enabling two or

more observers to notice the same object; and then, by subsequent comparison and calculation, to discover whether they all saw it at the same instant, and in the same part of the sky. These and some other points being ascertained, it will be possible to clear up certain doubts that now confuse the question of shooting-stars. From some few experiments made between Rome and Naples, Father Secchi believes the present notions on the subject to stand in need of rectification.

M. Deville is pursuing his task of extracting aluminium from clay with the most marked success—his latest achievements having been laid before the Académie in sheets, ingots, and medals, all of the new metal. M. Castels has discovered a way of making artificial quinine, by a process not yet made public; but if the fact be as he states, a step is here gained in an important branch of chemistry which promises well for further discovery. Fresenius has done something towards preventing the incrustation of steam-boilers which is worth recording. Having observed that incrustation is due rather to sulphate than carbonate of lime, he throws soda into the water as a remedy, in the proportion of 78 of soda to 100 of the sulphate, and thus neutralises the latter. 'Take,' he says, 'a given quantity of water from the boiler, filtered if necessary, divide it into two portions, add to one a portion of soda, to the other a small quantity of lime-water. If the former remains clear while the latter becomes somewhat slightly turbid, the proportion of soda is correct; if the contrary, soda must be added; but if the lime-watered portion becomes very thick, then the soda must be diminished.' This experiment is simple enough, and there appears to be no reason why it should not be tried wherever incrustated boilers are complained of.

The continued ravages of the vine-disease, and consequent increase in the price of wine, has led a Parisian chemist, M. Hoffmann, to seek for some vegetable substance from which alcohol might be distilled suitable as a beverage. After sundry trials, he found what he wanted in a gramineous plant, the *Tritium repens*, or couch-grass, the roots of which are known to be sweet and nourishing, though regarded by agriculturists as a noxious weed. This grass, when properly treated, yields a 'colourless alcohol, of agreeable flavour, without any empyreumatic odour, and altogether analogous to that obtained from sugar.' Whether it be desirable to increase the production of alcohol may admit of question; but as great quantities are needed for manufacturing purposes, farmers and others might find it worth their while to collect couch-grass for distillation, instead of burning it.

Foucault is again making the rotation of the earth visible to the eye, and with an apparatus that exhibits the phenomenon more palpably to the ordinary observer than did his famous pendulum experiment, which was so much talked of two years ago. The contrivance now used resembles, in its main features, the beam and wheel to which we drew attention last April: the wheel being made to rotate rapidly, sets in motion a second wheel moving slowly in a different plane. Gradually, as the movement continues, the axis of the latter places itself precisely in a line with the true meridian of the place where the experiment is tried, as is clearly seen by the spectator looking through a telescope fixed at a short distance off on the same floor. Stability and quiet are required for the success of the experiment, and M. Foucault has been permitted to fix his apparatus in the Pantheon, where he demonstrates the rotation of the earth to numbers of admiring Parisians. There is more in this experiment than appears at first sight. It furnishes a means whereby the true meridian may be found in any part of the world, and thus the deviation of the magnetic meridian may be detected, the compass corrected, and the dangers from magnetic disturbances avoided. In

fact, it is said, that with this apparatus properly fitted, a ship might go to sea without a compass; but as yet the difficulty of neutralising the motion of a vessel on the waves presents an insurmountable obstacle. From another quarter we hear of a machine which, fitted under the bottom of a ship, indicates by a dial on deck the rate of sailing; and of a 'marine clock,' that tells the latitude and longitude while the vessel pursues her course.

The great oceanic survey is advancing from discussion into real practice: the governments of Holland, Belgium, Portugal, and Prussia, complying with the recommendations of the 'maritime conference' held last year at Brussels, have prepared lists of their ships to be employed in the observations, and issued the necessary instructions to their captains. These, with the United States and British vessels which are already engaged in the work, will be able to make a good beginning in all latitudes, and is a task which pre-eminently requires the amplest co-operation.

While science is thus busy on the ocean, she is turning her attention to a rather delicate question on land. We do not yet know so much as we ought to know of the weight and mass of the earth, and the relation it bears in these particulars to the other planets. The question is one which has arisen again and again, in proportion with the growing sense that rigorous exactitude in scientific research is an indispensable condition; and attempts to solve it have been made in various ways—by swinging a pendulum in different latitudes, and by observations of the attraction of suspended balls. Some twenty-five years ago, certain eminent members of the Astronomical Society swung a pendulum at the top and bottom of the Dolcoath Mine, in Cornwall, but failed to arrive at any satisfactory conclusions—perhaps because of the flood which drove them from the lowest part of the mine before their second series of experiments was completed. Now, a new attempt is being made by the astronomer-royal, who, when he thinks a thing ought to be done, loses little time in setting about it. He has chosen the north for the scene of his experiments, and has set up his pendulums at the Horton Mine, at Shields, on the banks of the Tyne. The depth of the mine is 1200 feet; and as the pendulums are placed in electric communication with each other, we may hope that it will be found possible to detect differences of the earth's action upon them, at the surface and far below it. These differences being determined, will furnish data for calculating the effect of different strata, and shew what is to be allowed for geological structure, and what for density. Although these experiments may not solve the whole question, it is impossible not to wish them success, when we remember of what importance the answer will be to astronomical science.

A curious experiment has been made in France, apparently to shew that swallows can be made to do the work of carrier-pigeons: for in these days of telegraph-wires, any other object seems to be out of the question. Six swallows were carried to Vienna, where, a small slip of paper, bearing a written communication, having been tied under the breast of each, they were let loose to find their way back again. It was seven in the morning when they started: two reached Paris at one in the afternoon of the same day; a third, between two and three; and the last, at four; while two of the six never made their appearance at all. Leaving this fact to speak for itself, and be accepted for what it may seem worth, we go on to remark that a project is talked of for laying a submarine wire from Corfu, or Cephalonia, to some Dalmatian port. Another attempt is being made to carry a wire from Holyhead to Howth; and six of our principal dockyards are in direct telegraphic communication with the Admiralty offices in London. Again has an

attempt been made to send a signal through water without a wire; this time, at Portsmouth, where it was attended with partial success. The thing has often been tried: a few years ago, a couple of savans might have been seen sending their messages across those minor lakes known to Londoners as Hampstead ponds. It must not be reckoned among the impossibilities. An Aeronautical Society is on the tapis—to experiment on, and investigate the possibilities of aerial navigation. Not yet, we fancy, will Tennyson's vision of 'argosies with magic sails' gliding through the heavens be realised. In a freestone quarry at Airdrie, nearly forty feet below the surface, a fossil-tree has been found, with roots in some parts six feet thick. Some fossilised nuts were picked up in the same place, forming altogether a most interesting prize for geologists. Dr. Livingston, who, a year or two ago, made a remarkable exploration in Eastern Africa, has just been heard of at a place in Angola, 150 miles from the coast, to which he had travelled through the interior from the Cape of Good Hope. If this be true, the worthy missionary will have made one of the most successful journeys on record. Among the victims of cholera, we regret to see the name of Signor Melloni of Naples, so well known for his researches into the radiation of heat, and for the soundness and originality of his views. His death is a real loss to science.

Captain Galton's report of railways, just published, shews the total length of finished railway in the United Kingdom in 1853 to have been 7686 miles, leaving more than 3000 miles still to be made. Nearly 6000 miles of the amount are in England. The total receipts in the same year were £1,18,000,879; and the number of passengers 102,286,660—being 13,000,000 more than in 1852. It is worthy of remark, that while the first and second class receipts shew a decrease, those from third-class passengers present a considerable increase. Perhaps it is for this reason that the third-class carriages on the Great Western Railway are now improved into most comfortable and convenient vehicles.

The Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851 have sent a circular to the authorities of the free museums throughout the kingdom, offering 'to present to them collections of illustrative samples, amounting to some hundreds of specimens, and consisting chiefly of produce, taken from the trade collection.' To which may be added the fact, that thirty-five certificates of proficiency have been granted by the Government Department of Science and Art to as many students. Is this a sign that the schools are progressing?

Captain Penny's whaling-expedition to Davis's Strait, which we mentioned at the time of its sailing, has proved completely successful. It was undertaken with a view to see whether a resident establishment would not prove more profitable than the ordinary mode of fishing, and the two vessels which sailed in July last, while at Kumsocka; and now the one has come home with one of his ships, and the other is following—both full of oil, valued at £1,8000. There are deposits of plumbago and other minerals near the settlement, and it is possible that in time these may come to be worked in conjunction with the fishery, though it is but an inhospitable region for colonists.

The Commissioners of the Irish Fisheries, in their Report for 1853, give some particulars respecting the artificial production of salmon, which we have much pleasure in repeating here, as helping on a work the success of which will add so largely to the food resources of the nation. Having considered that the persons who rear the young salmon in the spawning-beds, should not lose the reward for their trouble on the migration of the fry to the salt water, the commissioners suggested the formation of a reservoir on

the margin of the sea at Kingstown, which appears to have been effected, for they say: 'This may be termed a sea-pond, 200 feet long by about 50 feet wide, and 6 feet deep at low-water. A rise of 6 or 7 feet occurs at every tide, flowing in through a grating placed across the entrance to confine the fish within. We took fry from the fresh waters of the Liffey and Bray rivers, at the proper age and migratory state, and have transferred them to this pond, where they can now be seen daily. They are watched by many persons anxious for the result of this experiment, and appear to be thriving well, and have increased considerably in size.'

'Very small fish pass in through the grating from the harbour, and the young salmon are seen feeding upon them. If, continue the commissioners—and we gladly support their suggestion—'if this experiment should succeed in demonstrating that salmon may be thus successfully kept under control, until they attain to a size rendering them valuable in an edible point of view, innumerable enclosures may be made around the coast, varying in extent according to circumstances; and by these means, the artificial production of salmon may become of vast importance.'

THE SULTAN.

We were ushered up the grand staircase of the palace, towards the large reception-room where sovereignty was embodied in *propria persona*. This apartment is one of ample dimensions, and its numerous windows look out on the winding Baghuz. It is plainly, yet neatly furnished: like Reschid Pacha's room, it is covered with a light matting, and divans form the prominent buttresses of the four walls. Handsome mirrors, from ceiling to floor; wonderful clocks; a few chairs of ordinary stamp; two or three mosaic tables; and two large globes on stands, complete the rapid inventory. At one end of the room, and the centre of all eyes, on the 'centre of the universe,' sat the sultan on a divan, which was raised by a platform. His shoulders were covered with the cloak he generally wears, clasped around the neck with diamonds. He was looking better than usual, though his general appearance is not one strongly marked. He is a man of moderate stature—probably five feet six inches—and delicate frame, having a slight drooping and recession of the chin, accompanied by a laxity of the muscles of the mouth, denoting that want of firmness which is a point of his character. His hair is black, and his eyes small and languid. With these personal disadvantages, heightened in walking by the *bandy-leg movement*, he has the redeeming trait of a natural goodness of heart, which, if cultivated and unrestrained, would lead to a great amelioration of his people. True, he has often shewn this fact at different times and in different actions, and he possesses a strong inclination to deeds of charity, kindness, and liberality, which is diminished, if not counteracted by a selfish and intriguing ministry.—*Correspondent of the New York Times.*

STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

A committee appointed by the common-council of this city, has visited Cincinnati, at their own expense, for the purpose of seeing the efficiency of the fire department of that city. In order to shew the New Yorkers what the firemen of that city could do, an alarm of fire was given, and in seven minutes thereafter every engine was on the ground ready for work. Among these were the two steam fire-engines, which were throwing streams of water in nine minutes after the torch was applied to kindle the fire under their boilers. Both engines threw eight streams through three-quarter inch nozzles a distance of 120 feet. They were tested in every possible way, and the committee, we understand, are well pleased with what they witnessed.—*American Paper.*

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THE CARPET-BAG

People may talk as they will about steam travelling, gaslighting, and the telegraph, in my opinion the greatest discovery of the age—or application of discovery—is the Carpet-bag. Your new facilities in travelling, your substitution of machinery for horse flesh and for coaches acted upon at its own pleasure by the fantastic wind, your increase of the speed of locomotion from ten to fifty miles an hour—all these are very well so far as they go, but without the Carpet-bag I question whether we should not have been better without them. Trunks and portmanteaus belong of course to the old system, they are part and parcel of the slow coach regime, and don't understand being in a modern hurry. In some fortunate instances they may do as you would have them—in some they have of course, but in both cases it is at the expense of a constant fever on the part of the owner and no end of screaming and bawling and running frantically here and there. I look at the scene that ensues on the arrival of a railway train—say by daylight. It is by no means into the train and comfort, a majority of the passengers emerge from the carriages. They throw about them in alarm a look, and commence hurrying some on, some some another occasionally meeting, like so many locomotives in collision, till at length all rush consentaneously or are carried by the stream towards the luggage van. It is not of themselves they are thinking but of their portmanteaus. The most delicate unprotected female stands up for her property and elbows and bows with the best of them. What glaring eyes are thrown towards the opening of the cavern as it disgorges trunk after trunk, box after box, and tumble them upon the ground as if they belonged to nobody in particular, but were to be scramble for by all! What sinking hearts follow the unloading as it goes on almost to the end without disclosing that brown leather portmanteau in which its owner was so unhappy as to intrust to the integrity of the Great Trunk and Railway Company! Meantime the wiser of the travellers have gone quietly off, edging themselves clear of the frantic mass and making energetically for the express like men intent upon their supper. There is one who turns his head to look with mingled compassion and amusement at the tumult. The moment the train stopped he picked up his baggage from under the seat, and strode away with it. He has his fortune in his own possession. He has no feeling of doubt or anxiety on his mind. Stand out of the way there, you fellow—he doesn't want your assistance—he is not ashamed of his Carpet-bag.

The very word Carpet-bag is intensely English so

plain straightforward, sensible, descriptive, practical. Your Frenchman sickens you with the affectation of his *val de nuit* and your German is little better with his *carminischer Koffer*. If a Carpet-bag was not unlimited in its uses, your Spinard calls it *manga*, your Italian *valigia*, your Swede, *l'appasak*, your Dane, *l'kaka*—all more or less objectionable terms, and none approaching the sturdy simplicity of Carpet-bag.

Why did I not take a Carpet-bag on my first trip to the continent? Because it was my first trip, because I was a raw islander, ignorant of the road and of the world. My sufferings on that occasion were inconceivable and in fact, I have ever since then had superstitious feelings connected with a portmanteau which make me look at it with a kind of vague terror. Such was not the case at first, for mine was a very handsome one of the largest size and sleek and green new. This newness was of itself a mistake—a grievous mistake. Old portmanteaus have always some distinguishing feature, some modification in tear and wear by which you can tell one from another, but when they first come into the world they are as like as two peas even to the lock and key. I found this to my cost at the outset. There was a good deal of crowding and hurrying at the French douane, but my handsome new portmanteau secured its owner some official respect and the officer readily took my key I proffered, and opened it. I did not quite recognise my things, however as they were turned over one by one, and I said myself for a time with conjectures as to whether my worth might not have intended these delicate articles for a surprise and that beautifully fine underclothing as the practical termination of an argument we had had as to the necessity of such trifles. But other things followed, to the presence of which no humanity could reconcile me, and at last I broke into sudden perspiration as the truth flashed in. But I was employed in administering the effects of some official agent. And there the gentleman was by my side, turning a perplexed look from me to the portmanteau, and from the portmanteau to me, till our eyes met, when he uttered a silent in my face.

I find this isn't mine after all, said I sheepishly. I dare say it isn't. Oh, I shouldn't wonder if it is. You would like to tumble a few more of my things would you? I quailed for a moment at his severe look, but the thought of my own portmanteau, which was certainly not in the room, roused me, and with a hasty explanation I plunged through the crowd, leaving behind me I felt a very indifferent character. The end of this adventure was, that my baggage, in about an hour after, made its appearance.

in the douane, but without any explanation of the delay; and the other gentleman having by that time disappeared, I was detained in the town all night, that I might get a new key made for my portmanteau.

But this was only the beginning of the troubles entailed upon me by the portmanteau. Notwithstanding all my care, it seemed to vanish occasionally before my very eyes. It was more than once the subject of correspondence between the bureau of one town and that of another fifty miles off. Oh, the sensation of arriving in a strange place without so much as a change of linen—with the suspicion rising up every now and then like a spirit that you had not seen your portmanteau stowed, but like a fool had taken the fact for granted—and with a presentiment gnawing at your heart that you were never to set eyes on it again!

It is not my intention to give a history of this unfortunate journey, in which I acted throughout as the coward of my portmanteau—only without wages. I cannot help recalling, however, an awkward and absurd position in which it placed me on the road from Paris to Strasbourg. Literally on the road. I had arrived within some thirty miles of the latter city, when I found that I had been carried by the diligence a considerable distance beyond a village, the name of which I now forget, where I had intended to remain that day, for the purpose of viewing some ruins in the neighbourhood. I at once called a halt; dismounted with my portmanteau, and without any suspicion that I had acted imprudently, stood listening to the rumbling of the wheels of the huge vehicle as it pursued its course, and gradually disappeared in the distance. I say I stood listening. Very well. The sound was by and by at an end, and I could hear nothing but the notes of a lark overhead, and the buzz of innumerable insects on the wing. The road on either hand was as straight as an arrow, and perfectly level as far as the eye could see. There was not a tree in the whole expanse of country; and as for hedges, you may travel whole days in France without coming to anything of the kind. The country is laid out before you like a carpet, variegated only by the shades of the different kinds of grain. Now here was I by the roadside, sitting and listening, with a July sun beating full on my head—at the hottest time of the day; and the portmanteau—I could not even sit down on it, for it soon became so hot that it scorched me to touch it! To expect a country cart to pass at that broiling time of the day was out of the question; to shoulder the portmanteau was a feat for which I was unequal, even in a moderate temperature; and to go on without it towards the village, never once occurred to my imagination. There is the curious thing—a thing worth looking into by philosophy—the portmanteau has a mystical attraction for its master, or more correctly speaking, its slave, which he cannot conquer even when in danger of being broiled alive. He can no more liberate himself from his portmanteau than an elephant can from his trunk. For my part, I suffered so much, that when the earth did at length cool, and the peasants were going about again on their avocations, I was unable to move, and was fain to be transported, as well as my portmanteau, in one of their carts to the village.

I shall mention only one more little adventure, for I long to get back to the Carpet-bag. It occurred on the banks of the Loire, where the genuine country-life is very pleasant. I had a strong predilection for this sort of thing. I was always drawn away in imagination by the sounds of the rustic fiddle, and would fain have joined the cortège of village lads and lasses when bound for the neighbouring green. On one occasion the temptation was irresistible, and I shall presently explain why. I suddenly told the conductor, just as we were setting off again after changing horses, that I had determined to part from the diligence here, and

requested him to leave my portmanteau for me at the inn at Blois, where I expected to arrive the next day or the one after. He assured me that all would be right, and giving him a gratuity—for the fare was already paid—I rushed round the corner of the village hostelry, and following a pretty footpath at full speed, soon came up with the party that had attracted me. This was a sort of dancing-procession I had frequently seen on the stage in England, and sometimes caught a glimpse of in France when rumbling along in the diligence; but I saw it now for the first time in all the poetry of rural life. Imagine fifteen couples of young men and women skipping along, hand in hand, gaily dressed, and both sexes decked with bright-coloured ribbons, chiefly pink. Imagine the troop led by a young fellow with a fiddle, fiddling away while he skipped, and the rear brought up by three young girls, not the less merry, and not the less beautiful, that they had come too late for partners. Imagine the locality along which they tripped to be a belt of green country in the middle of the variegated carpet of grain, and swelling here and there into such rounded eminences as are assigned to the moonlight revels of the fairies. Such was the picture that floated before me—and very often floats still; descending upon streets and squares, and ball-rooms and picnics, silencing the crash of bands and orchestras, to fill my ears with the tones of that solitary fiddle, and exercising plumes and diamonds, veils and bonnets, to bring before me instead that rustic group, those fair and gay young girls—and her, the fairest and gayest of them all!

It was this circumstance, you shall understand, of there being female supernumeraries in the party which had determined my motions. In all former cases that had come under my observation, the sexes were equally balanced, and I had no business to interfere; but here I was not only at liberty to gratify my inclinations, but called upon to do so by considerations of common humanity. When I came up with the rear of the dancing-procession, I fell into the jig step as well as I was able, and pulled off my hat to the supernumeraries. The three, without stopping, courtesied as only French women can courtesy; and two edged themselves aside, as if surrendering to me the third. This one hesitated for a moment, looking sweetly and kindly at her companions; but there was no alternative. It was a settled thing that Annette was the prettiest girl in the village, and the rest put her forward as a matter of course: so, dancing up to me with a blush and a smile, and the most graceful bend in the world, the young girl put her hand into mine, and away we skipped. Away we skipped on the smooth green turf, between the fairy mounds, across the glancing rivulet, through the belt of young lime-trees—whither? I neither know nor care. All I can say is, that when we stopped, I was greeted by the rest as if I had been one of themselves come so late that they had given up expecting me. They would have thought it rudeness to treat me like a stranger. They pardoned my dress; the ridiculous fineness of my laces; the absurdity of my round hat; and they refrained from smiling at the formality of my jig step, and the general insularity of my air. The girls gathered round me, and pinned a knot of ribbons on my shoulder; Annette fastened another upon my waistcoat, just over my heart; and when she had given an admiring glance at the effect, she looked up in my face—gracious heavens, what eyes!

Now, you understand, was a wedding-party; and weddings are not over in that part of the country for several days. How could I help that? I stayed to the end, as in duty bound; and then—let me see—what became of the rest of the time? My mind is a little confused on the subject; I, in fact, have no precise idea of how the days slipped away; but at any rate, it was in the forenoon of the eighth I walked into the courtyard of the inn at Blois, dejected, fagged, covered

with dust, and bathed in perspiration. As I made my way wearily towards a door which seemed to lead to the café, I observed something leaning against a lamp-post in the middle of the yard—something that gave me a qualm of discomfort, for it was a portmanteau, a good deal of the appearance of my own calamity, but a little browner. This one, however, had an *affiche* stuck upon it; and I crossed over to see what was the matter, being just, to say the truth, in the mood to learn that there were people in this venetian world as miserable as myself. The advertisement, however, was very brief, although significant enough; it merely set forth that the said portmanteau was to be sold by auction that day at two o'clock, to pay expenses.

'Ah,' thought I, 'some foundered traveller! he has not had wherewith to pay his bill, and they are selling him up, poor fellow! I wonder whether I know him—where is the address?' and turning up the portmanteau, I read my own name on the brass-plate!

'To pay expenses!' they could not make out more than a single frame for their trouble in keeping that wretched portmanteau. But why blame them? Were they not as much the victims of fatality as myself? I came just in time, some people will say: I deny the fact, I swelled bitterly, that I had been two hours later! But my mind was now made up; a desperate step occurred to me in the very midst of my fracas with the host; and when I sat down exhausted, the resolution grew rigid as my limbs stiffened. Nantes was the last point of that zigzag journey, and on my arrival there, I carried the plan into effect. There is a street in Nantes which transports you into the very middle of the middle ages. The tall houses are built in projecting stories, till they almost meet at the top, and the avenue thus resembles, both in its gloom and contour, a lofty cavern. The shops in this street are almost wholly clothiers'; but in one of them I obtained what I sought—a Carpet-bag. To this I transferred from the portmanteau every article of real value or necessity; and then, with a sigh of relief and a smile of triumph, I sat down and contemplated what I have called, in imitation of a lady-novelist—who applies the word to a man's wife—my calamity. It was no longer new; it was brown and tarnished; and instead of being sleek and comfortable-looking, great hungry-looking hollows betrayed here and there the void within. I could not help giving a savage chuckle as I gazed.

I took wonderfully to the Carpet-bag: I must own, in fact, that there was at first something eccentric in my attachment to it. I opened it in the diligence on the slightest occasion, or none at all, and frequently carried it in with me to the roadside-inns when there was no necessity for so doing. My fellow-travellers called me 'the man with the Carpet-bag;' and I took it as a compliment.

You think that at this rate I should not be long of seeing the last of the portmanteau; and I own that was at first my own idea. Nay, since I am in the confessional at any rate, I will say that by degrees there gathered upon my mind a morbid desire to get rid of it! But as I would not be thought absolutely frantic, I must add that this was not till the contents had not only ceased to be of value, but were composed of things so worn and dirty, that I was ashamed to give them away, and still more ashamed to acknowledge them as my property. The portmanteau, however, that had been hitherto so solicitous to escape, now stuck fast; and instead of there being on foot a general conspiracy to rob me of it, the whole world seemed to be anxious to act as its guardian! This is a fact, unaccountable as it may seem. Once, when it had actually disappeared for two days, it came back to me with a polite letter from a functionary, pluming himself upon his happy fortune in being the means of restoring it, and concluding with the assurance of his most profound consideration. It is true, all these turns of

fortune cost money. An innkeeper once sent a man and horse with it express thirty-five miles, and the expense came to as much as it would have fetched at the auction at Blois, although then its contents were of a very different character. As I came nearer and nearer the coast where I was to embark, I became more and more feverish as I reflected on the persecution I was subjected to; and, besides, the awful condition of the few things it contained made it impossible for me to think of seeing it opened at the English custom-house.

I was at length at Calais; the steamer was to sail early in the morning; the portmanteau lay before me. It was by this time intensely shabby, owing to the wear and tear of the journey, to its own peculiar adventures, and to something else which I mention with a little hesitation. After all, however, my patience had been sorely tried; and perhaps few readers will be surprised to hear, that on several occasions recently, when shut up with it in my bedroom for the night, I had relieved my exasperated feelings by giving it a severe kicking. I now came to a final determination that I should not embark with it, or that it should not embark with me, *coute qui coute*; and on this understanding with myself I went to bed.

The next morning I paid my bill, and got clear off. I was on board. The vessel was unmoored, and we steamed out to sea.

On the evening of the day on which I reached home, while endeavouring to satisfy the curiosity and alarm of my worthy aunt as to what had become of the portmanteau, the following letter was put into my hands:—

'My dear fellow—You may remember when we met at Dijon, giving me an account of the difficulty you had in keeping hold of your precious portmanteau; and you may therefore guess how much I was surprised and amused to find it, bearing your name and address, in the bedroom they gave me at Calais, where I arrived just after your departure! It occurs to me, that you may have been cleaned out on your journey, as most people are, and that you left it as a guarantee with the landlord. I found him a close fellow, however: he said nothing but that he had a "claim;" and as I was only £7, 15s. 6d. English money, I of course paid it, to save you the trouble of remitting, and I shall have the pleasure of restoring your property by this time to-morrow evening.'

• He kept his word. I handed him the money grimly, and cut the fellow dead from that hour. As for the portmanteau, I got the servant to sell it to an old clothes-man, who paid for it with a bad half-crown.

THE FLOWERS AND EXOTICS AT SYDENHAM.

If so happens that, while public attention has pointedly and repeatedly been drawn towards the new Crystal Palace in respect to its architectural and sculptural beauties, very little notice has yet been taken in newspapers and journals of the botanical collection—the flowers, and trees, and shrubs. One reason for this is, that the Fine Arts Courts are seen in their completed state, while the Botanical Department is yet in process of arrangement; while another reason is, that the plants, so far as the interior of the building is concerned, are accessories to other departments, and are not collected in any one spot; they are trimmings, fringes, fillings-up, adornments, finishing-off the beauties of the Palace, without putting forth any pretentious claims to be regarded as beauties themselves. Yet this modest subordination of position ought not to cause them to be placed in the background in respect to public favour. They are really a grand element in the

...scheme of the Sydenham Exhibition; and, moreover, they grow, in size as well as in number, and next year will see wonders in this department. So little is publicly known about the plants at the Crystal Palace, except that which is gathered during a momentary admiring glance, as the visitor strolls through the building, that we think a few explanatory details may not be misplaced.

In the first place, then, the celebrated botanical collection of Messrs Loddiges at Hackney was the basis of this Crystal Palace collection. It was a fortunate coincidence that, at the very time when the Sydenham project was under consideration, Messrs Loddiges had resolved to retire from business, and to sell off the whole of their unequalled collection—unequalled so far as private nurserymen are concerned. Nay, the very sale-catalogue was being drawn up, when Sir Joseph Paxton, by authority of the Crystal Palace Directors, stepped in and bought the entire collection by private contract, giving one round sum for the whole of the plants. The plants have remained at Hackney until room was prepared for them at Sydenham; they have been conveyed by waggon and carts on the ordinary road from one place to the other; and a most formidable undertaking this has been, considering the distance, the many thousands of plants, and the large size of numbers of them. Scarcely a day has elapsed, for many months, on which these plant-loads have not been seen wending their way from north to south.

The collection at Messrs Loddiges' was in every way remarkable. It was about ninety years ago that Conrad Loddiges began to form it, and it gradually became one of the most celebrated in Europe. The general custom of nurserymen has been to cultivate and sell such pretty plants as readily find admirers and purchasers—such as auriculas, dahlias, tulips, geraniums, and so forth, without troubling themselves about any plants which entail much difficulty in the collecting; but there are a few firms actuated by a higher spirit, approaching botany as a science to be loved, and spending liberal sums in procuring rare and beautiful plants from every part of the world. Of 'such stuff' were Messrs Loddiges' made. Travellers and botanical adventurers were offered handsome terms for any new or striking plants they might bring home, and hence arose by degrees a magnificent collection. The collection was not especially gay in colours; for brilliant petals are only one among the attractions for which botanical specimens are admired; and Loddiges' place was not one for mere flower-worshippers. There was an *orchidaceous house*—a long building, in which a hot and humid atmosphere fostered hundreds of the strange and fantastic orchids, each ticketed with its descriptive label. There was a *palm-stove*, containing many extraordinary palms and ferns, among which was one giant, whereof we shall have to say more presently. There were *conservatories*, containing a few of the rarer plants requiring stove temperature—such as the cinnamon-laurel, the clove-tree, the coffee-tree, the India-rubber tree, the mango-tree, the nutmeg-tree, the pepper-plant, the cocoa-tree, the tea-plant, the tamarind-plant, and so forth. There were *greenhouses*, containing *side-trees*, camphor-trees, orange and lemon trees, olive-trees, the indigo-plant, magnolias, lobelias, fuchsias, &c. There was a *camellia-house*, crowded with specimens of this beautiful flower. There was a *tropical conservatory*, containing those portions of the collection which required the highest temperature. In short, there were all the appliances for a very choice and extensive collection of plants from all parts of the earth. Those of our readers who have at hand the Second Series of the

Journal, will find a tolerably full account of Loddiges' nursery as it was eight years ago.*

This, then, was the parent collection, whence that at Sydenham has sprung. A large portion of plants have been conveyed from the one place to the other; but there are still many to come. The collection comprises numerous specimens remarkable either for their size or for some other characteristics. There is, for instance, the *Areca catechu*, whence the betel is obtained; there is the *Artocarpus integrifolia*, which, though a small tree here, rises to sixty feet in its own native clime; there is the *Piper nigrum*, the black pepper-tree; the clove-tree, and others yielding spices; the strange and fearful poison-tree of Java; the *Calamus rotundus*, which rises to a height of 200 feet in its Asiatic home; the fantastic umbrella-tree, with its broad-spreading leafy summit; the cabbage-palm; the *Elais Guineensis*, now of such extraordinary value to us as the source of palm oil, which is pressed out from the pulpy part of the fruit; the *Phoenix furcata*, yielding a kind of *ago*; the *Latania Borbonica*, the monarch of Loddiges', which must have a paragraph to itself presently; the *Theobroma cacao*, whence cocoa and chocolate are obtained; the cow-tree of South America, so named from the milky juice which it yields; the banana-plant, which yields *bassam* of capivi; the *Cordia monoica*, remarkable for its rope-like structure; the golden-leaved *Chrysophylla macrophylla*, which in Sierra Leone attains a height of 100 feet; the *Bertholletia excelsa*, the magnificent tree which yields the Brazil nut; the mahogany-tree. Indeed, dwarfish as most of the plants necessarily are in comparison with the sizes which the species would attain in their own native homes, they present, besides beauty of appearance, abundant materials for instruction in respect to the economical and medicinal uses to which they are applied.

The Loddiges' collection, then, was the basis whereon Sir Joseph Paxton proceeded to form the Sydenham collection. But, empowered by the company, he has likewise made large purchases elsewhere. He has obtained, from one quarter or another, as many as 8000 camellias, and 10,000 geraniums, fuchsias, and calceolarias. There are no fewer than 600 roses in the Alhambra alone, forming elegant parterres around the marble fountain in the Court of the Lions. One very interesting purchase has been made—a collection of seventy-two orange-trees and twenty-four pomegranate-trees, brought from the Château de Neuilly after the death of the late King Louis-Philippe. The remarkable shape and large size of the orange-trees, and the brilliant green of the leaf, render them very conspicuous and ornamental objects; while the pomegranate-trees carry us in imagination to Eastern climes, where all sorts of beautiful princesses ate of their fruit in enchanted castles and fairy palaces.

Besides purchases, the Sydenham collection has been enriched with many botanical gifts, and will doubtless be enriched with many more, for there is abundant liberality of the kind among wealthy persons of taste in this country. They will give, if their gifts seem likely to be appreciated and taken care of, as we have had proof in the noble presents of books to the British Museum, and of pictures to the National Gallery—despite of our lamentable want of good rooms in which

* *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, Second Series, No. 148, p. 281. There is one remark made in that article which had something semi-prophetic in its character:—'Under the fostering influence of botanical societies, scientific collections are forming in many places; it has even become a fashionable pursuit for the rich and great, and there are already many splendid private collections of orchids and other natural families of plants. It may not be rash even to expect the formation of a national conservatory at no distant epoch, which would form a noble and eloquent trophy to science, and one as useful and instructive as noble.' There is something curious in the words which we have italicised, knowing, as we now know, that the Loddiges' collection is embodied in the yet larger Sydenham collection.

to place the pictures. Her Majesty has given two specimens of the *Araucaria excelsa*, and about a dozen other plants. The Duchess of Gloucester has given a collection of white camellias. There have been presented a fine American aloe by the Misses Ranall of Blackheath; an *Araucaria excelsa*, by Mr Lloyd of Wickham; an American aloe, by Miss Millington of Greenwich; a *Ficus macrophylla* from Australia, by the Botanical Society; an *araucaria*, by Earl Powis; a splendid Australian flowering-plant, by Mr Fairnie of Liverpool; a small collection of plants, by Earl Mansfield, from Caen Wood; a magnificent aloe, which had been brought when young from the Palace of the Cæsars at Rome, by Mrs Jenkyns of Wells Deanery; a variegated aloe, by Miss Blaxwell of Camberwell; two *araucarias* by Mr Wells of Red Leaf; a striped aloe, by Lieutenant-colonel Tweedie of Bromley; a *Diacana diaca*, by Mr Keene of Croydon; two American aloes, by Mr Lettis of Dulwich; a noble *araucaria*, by Messrs Veitch of Exeter; a collection of aquatic plants, by the Duke of Devonshire; and a large number of other gifts, which, though the company very properly record them, need not be catalogued here.

The arrangement of so fine a collection has necessarily occupied much of the weighty attention. It was at one time intended to arrange all the plants within the building geographically, in some determinate order, according to the countries to which the respective species belong. But difficulties have presented themselves. Although there are ten architectural courts to illustrate ten different epochs of art, it by no means followed that the company possessed, in equal ratios, plants belonging to all the various countries represented by those courts; and it might very likely be, that the botany of some countries, if unrelieved by specimens from other places, would look meagre and poverty-stricken in respect to colour or size, and would not aid in carrying out the picturesqueness which has been so much studied in the general arrangement of the fine arts departments. It was decided, therefore, to adopt a systematic arrangement in connection with the ethnological specimens, and also in one important part of the Park or grounds; but to arrange everything else in such forms of beauty as would contribute to the general effect of the Palace, considered as a whole—to make the plants and flowers a graceful decoration to the building itself, and to the courts and halls which occupy so large a portion of its area.

The Ethnological groups, the Nations, are really instructive, for their botany as well as for their characteristics of human tribes. There are a few of them at the northern end of the building, but the main portion is at the southern end. Here we have the Australian, the Tasmanian, the Papuan, the Tabitian, the Negro, the Bojesman, the Hottentot, the Bornean, the Sumatran, the American-Indian, the Esquimaux—all are given with the scrupulous regard to feature and form which Dr Latham is well fitted to insure; and such simple adjuncts are provided as may assist in illustrating the dress, and weapons, and usages of the people. Then, in each bed or parterre which contains a group, Sir Joseph Paxton has brought his botanical knowledge to bear, by planting trees and shrubs obtained from or indigenous to the country inhabited by that group. When the plants are more fully labelled than they yet are—and we recommend the utmost possible liberality in this respect, as a matter that will be sensibly appreciated by the mass of general visitors—these nations will be very instructive. Let us have our laugh at the brown skins, the thick lips, the rings in the nose, the shank legs, the squatting postures: a laugh will do no harm; but we can do something besides laugh, if we will—we can learn a little concerning the botany of tropical climes.

These national groups, we have said, offer facilities for a systematic arrangement of the plants; but in

other parts of the building, the picturesque has been studied rather than the systematic, without, however, an entire neglect of the latter. For many months has the process of arrangement been carried on by a whole army of gardeners, under Sir Joseph Paxton as commander-in-chief, and Mr Eyles, as one of his two head-generals. Trees and shrubs of considerable size, mostly in boxes, are ranged along both sides of the nave at appropriate intervals, forming a beautiful vista as seen from either end. Then, in front of all the eighteen or twenty courts, Fine Art and Industrial, beds of beautiful flowers are arranged, with winding-paths between them, to afford access to the courts—an arrangement singularly novel and refreshing to the eye. A third repository is found in some of the courts themselves, where, as in the Alhambra, plants and flowers can be introduced in harmony with the general style and purport of the court. Another source of arrangement is afforded by the two marble basins—one marble in present, and the other marble in future: the elegant vases and circular recesses around these basins are filled with exquisite flowers; while, when the hydraulic arrangements shall have been completed, the basins themselves will be filled with aquatic plants, including the widely renowned *Victoria regia*. Wherever there are any large spaces between or beyond the courts, these have been filled with plants, sometimes mounted upon or grouped around mounds of foot-work. Lastly, suspended from a great height, are upwards of 300 wire flower-baskets, of elegant contour, which furnish a very striking addition to the grandly beautiful appearance of the nave. Each basket is, internally, a kind of wire hemisphere three or four feet in diameter; and this is enclosed within an outer basket of graceful form and florid decoration—florid, so far as wire-work can be. Each basket is well packed with moss round the interior; rich mould is placed within the moss, and flowers are planted in the mould. The baskets are hung up at regular intervals along both sides of the nave by wire-ropes, which can be raised or lowered; and an ingenious plan is adopted for watering the flowers in the baskets. Flowers with bright colours and drooping tendrils are purposely selected; and nothing can be more pleasing than the appearance thus presented.

A visitor, leisurely strolling along through the building, will meet with many plants which attract attention. At one place is the 'Elephant's Foot,' or *testudinaria*, one of the oddest of all odd plants. It looks like a block of wood, brown and hard, and furrowed over in a strange manner; it has just two delicate little branches at the top, but else it looks like a huge lifeless lump; it grows on rocks and barren places. There are multitudes of palms and ferns, which deserve our notice, for the grandeur of their leafy summits. There is the Caffre bread-tree, with its strange shell-like exterior and pulpy interior. There are the tiny oaks in front of the Nineveh Court, grown from acorns brought from Nineveh itself. There are the Egyptian palms near the Egyptian colossi and sphinxes—palms which, like some other things at the present day, have suffered through the war in the East; for they were detained so long at Malta while the *Himalaya* was conveying troops to Turkey, that they have not yet recovered from the ill effects of their journey. There are the pomegranate-trees, fittingly placed near the Alhambra, and looking beautiful with their small, delicate leaves. There is a goodly number of the orange-trees, which will hold up yet more grandly when they are dressed in their new boxes or canes. There are creepers which, next year, will have crept up to the second tier of girders—some forty feet from the ground.

We have spoken once of the *Latania Barbatica*, the tallest, and bulkiest, and heaviest plant in the building: it was Loddiges' most choice palm, and has always been

It is about five-and-thirty feet in height, and at Hackney it had not room to grow, for its top was flattened against the glass roof of the palm-house. Here, however, at Sydenham, it has every body's permission to grow as tall as it likes. The stem is brown and smooth, covered with a yellowish cuticle in the lower part, and with a peculiar hairy-like envelope higher up; and it has a beautiful plume of fan-like leaves at the summit. There is an interesting bit of history connected with this palm. It was brought originally from the Mauritius, and was once in the collection of the Empress Josephine at Fontainebleau; it was purchased thence by Mr Evans of Stepney, and at his decease, in 1814, it came into the possession of Messrs Loddiges. At that time it was only five feet in height; but in forty years it grew sevenfold. The tree itself weighs upwards of a ton, and, when packed in a box of solid earth, eight feet square, the ponderous mass weighed no less than fifteen tons. When, therefore, the time came for removing the tree from Hackney to Sydenham, great preparations had to be made. Messrs Younghusband, who have removed the materials of the old Crystal Palace from Hyde Park to Sydenham, and most of the plants from Hackney to Sydenham, were intrusted with this duty also. A very strong carriage was made, weighing seven tons, and having enormously broad wheels; and on this the tree was placed, strongly incased in timber, with iron bracing, and shored up on either side. Thus arranged, on one fine day towards the end of July, Messrs Younghusband harnessed about thirty horses to the carriage, and drew the *Latania Borbonica* in triumph through the streets of London. The fan-like leaves sometimes swept against the three-story windows of the houses, and we may be pretty sure the boys of London had a rich treat in following the wagon.

The plants at Sydenham, as every one is aware, are not confined to the interior of the building. There is a park, which, when completed, will be as instructive to the botanical student as attractive to general visitors for its fountains. And here we will venture to give a few words of advice to visitors, by way of parenthesis. In fine weather, enter the Palace from the railway by way of the Park. Do not feel compelled to trudge along the hundreds of feet of glazed corridor, gallery, passage, and wing, and to ascend the formidable flights of stairs, and to pass through so much of the Refreshment Department before entering the building. There is no occasion for this. There is an entrance into the Park immediately adjoining the railway station, and you get into a scene of beauty at once. You have the yet unfinished, but even now striking Rose Temple immediately before you; you have fine gravel-walks winding between grassy plots and beds filled with lovely flowers; you have noble terraces on the left, on the balustrades of which are statues, vases filled with flowers, and some of Louis-Philippe's orange-trees; and lastly, you have the finest of all possible views of the Crystal Palace itself; for from no point does the grandeur of its garden front become so perceptible as the south-east, within a short distance of the railway station. Of course, in unfavourable weather, it is a good thing to have a covered passage-way from the station to the Palace; but at all other times the Park route is to be preferred; you are pleased at the outset, and enter the building determined to be pleased with that which is to come.

The Park, so far as plants are concerned, will present very different appearances in different parts. The upper terrace, close to the building, has little besides flowers placed in vases. The lower terrace forms part of the Italian garden, which is laid out with beds of graceful shape, filled with choice shrubs and flowers. Below this is the English garden, presenting, both in its general arrangement and in its plants, an analogy to the pleasure-ground or garden of an old

English mansion. Many of the trees which formerly occupied this spot have been retained, as forming suitable ornaments for such a garden. There is one cherry-tree which perhaps may, in future years, be pointed out as a memorial; for Sir Joseph Paxton sat under that tree while he sketched the vast idea of the Crystal Palace and its Park.

We have said that one of the two modes by which a systematic arrangement of plants will be adopted, will be put in force in the Park. Under the care of Mr Milner, who is second in command out of doors, as Mr Eyles is within, this park-system will gradually be carried out in a somewhat remarkable way. There is to be an Arboretum—a classified arrangement of trees and shrubs. This Arboretum is to assume the form of a broad, well-made gravel-path, bordered on either side with the classified plants. The path will not be straight and monotonous: it will begin near the railway station; it will wind about in graceful curvatures; it will follow in part the borders of the tidal lake, and carry the visitor, within easy reach of the geological and fossil specimens; and it will bend east and north of the great fountains, until it comes to an end near the north wing of the Palace. Throughout the whole length of this path, the trees and shrubs and hardy plants will be arranged according to the system of Jussieu. There will be abundance of labels or inscriptions, to denote genera and species, and so forth. Speaking in general terms, and without reference to minute correctness, the Park will ultimately be bounded by the Palace and its wings on the west, and by the Arboretum on the east—the two meeting on the north and the south.

It is obvious at a glance, that many months must elapse before such an Arboretum can be completed; but it is no more than just towards those concerned, to know that plans are in progress for imparting system as well as beauty to the arrangement of the large and fine collection of plants belonging to the company. There is a rugged hilly spot on the south margin of the Park, where is now being formed a collection of ferns, built up on a mass of rock-work, or rather root-work, in rather a singular way; but this will form no component part of the Arboretum.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

RAILWAYS, TELEGRAPHS, AND OTHER THINGS.

THE railways, now an extraordinary feature of the United States, are rapidly developing the latent resources of the country, and effecting such changes on the general aspect of affairs, that in a few years hence an inconceivable progress will have been attained. There are some things so peculiar about the American railway-system, and so desirable to be made known in England, that I propose to offer a few explanations on the subject, the result of personal inquiry and of information derived from official papers.

Railways for the transport of stone and coal came into operation in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania in 1826 and 1827, and increased in number for general traffic up to 1848, when 6000 miles of railway were completed throughout the States. Since that stage in their history, they have considerably increased, and been pushed to great distances towards the interior. In October 1853, the length of railways in actual operation in the United States was 14,494 miles, nearly one-half of which was in the New England States and in the state of New York. The number of railways in these states, and also in Pennsylvania, surprises every traveller from Europe. They are seen radiating in several directions from every city, interlining and

erecting and sending out branches, so as to bring every seat of population of any importance into ready communication with the chief marts of commerce. In Massachusetts alone, in the early part of 1853, there were about 1200 miles of railway—a large number for a state with one-third of the population of Scotland. At the same period, New York had 2123 miles; Pennsylvania, 1244 miles; and Ohio, which is by comparison a newly settled state, 1385 miles. Large extensions have now been made in all, and the entire railway-system of the United States at the present moment may be said to comprehend nearly 18,000 miles, with several thousand miles in course of construction. It is anticipated that, previous to the year 1860, there will be completed within the limits of the United States at least 35,000 miles of railway.

The principle pursued in organising this marvellous system of transport, has been, in the first place, to rest satisfied with single lines until the resources of a district were so far opened up, and capital thereby created, as to warrant the construction of double tracks. Only a few have as yet attained the dignity of double lines. I have no recollection of seeing more than one railway which had reached this degree of maturity. That down the banks of the Hudson to New York—and even it is only double at particular places. It will be understood, therefore, that American railways are almost all only single tracks, and do not admit of trains passing each other, except at appointed stations. Sometimes a train has to stop for an hour till the arrival of the one in the opposite direction; but this, as with other inconveniences, is felt to be of inferior moment in comparison with having no railway at all; and keeping in remembrance the wretched state of the ordinary roads, or rather tracks in mud, not worthy of the name of roads, I am not in the least surprised at the patience shewn by Americans in waiting for trains at mid-way stations. In general, however, there is not much detention on this account; it being ordinarily contrived that meals may be taken at the places where such unavoidable delays occur.

Contented at the outset with single lines, the projectors of railways are also satisfied with other simple and economic arrangements. Where bridges or viaducts are required, they are usually constructed of logs of wood, both for the upright supports and cross-bearers, applied in a rough state from the adze, without polish or painting. In some instances, there are long viaduct connections of this kind across lakes and inlets of the sea; and so little are they above the surface, that the trains seem as if running on the water. I seldom saw any ledges to these viaducts; and nothing could have saved the trains had they slipped from the track. In the more populous and advanced districts, we occasionally see viaducts across rivers, constructed at a considerable cost of stone and iron. There is a handsome bridge of this kind near Philadelphia, and another of stupendous proportions on the New York and Dunkirk line of railway.

The rails ordinarily employed are of the T shape, common in England, whence they are largely imported; and the gauge is, with some exceptions, our own width of 4 feet 8½ inches. The universal practice is to lay them in an unexceptionable manner on transverse wooden sleepers, of which there seems to be no scarcity anywhere, for they are generally placed not more than a foot apart; this abundance of sleepers apparently compensating for a want of proper ballasting or packing with gravel. Little trouble is taken to dress the surface, to drain the sides, or to fence the lines. Where the railways intersect cultivated fields, or patches of a superior kind of pasture-land, the lines are enclosed with the usual zigzag rails; but in many places there are no fences of any kind, and the lines can be crossed by foot-passengers without challenge. Sometimes,

owing to the want of fences, cattle stray upon the line, and are killed; although, to avert such catastrophes, the locomotives are provided with a shelving-fender in front, called a cow-catcher, which is intended to clear the tracks of any large object that may be in the way. At various places, the railways proceed for miles through thick forests of tall trees, and there the prospect from the windows of the cars is wild and solemn. Lofty pines, intermingled with birch and maple, rise like a wall on each side. Here and there, occur small clearings, in which huge trunks and boughs are strewn about, rotting into mould, or gathered together in heaps to be burned. Sometimes the outermost trees have been partly torn up by the roots by the last gale of wind, and recline on those behind them, or impend in dangerous proximity to the line, as if nodding in anger at the passing trains—monarchs of the wood, whose reign in these ancient solitudes has been strangely intruded upon by the rushing engines of modern transport. Probably, there is a law to enjoin the cutting down of trees within a proper distance of the line; but if there be, it is not always strictly regarded. From the neglect of such precautions, trees that are blown down occasionally fall across the tracks, causing accidents or stoppages. On coming from Cleveland towards Buffalo, through a forest which skirts Lake Erie, I learned that, two days previously, a fallen tree had retarded the train for several hours, and caused considerable inconvenience to the passengers.

Economy is likewise practised in the construction of station-houses. The more important termini, at the principal cities, consist of handsome suites of offices, for the sale of tickets, waiting-rooms, and other purposes, but on a scale very inferior in point of grandeur to what we see at Foston Square—the very outlay on the pillared entrance to that establishment being enough to make a railway of moderate extent on the American pattern. At Philadelphia and Washington, the termini are more than usually elegant. Those of New York are commonplace, and confused in their arrangements: nor do they require to be of an imposing character; for in the last-mentioned city, the cars enter and depart in detachments, drawn by horses. The method of constructing the cars with steps accessible from the ground, renders high platforms unnecessary; and such slight elevations as are placed for the accommodation of passengers, being made of wood, like a raised flooring, there is, in this particular also, a saving of outlay. In the waiting-apartments, there is likewise nothing very fine; and the only distinction is a separate reception-room, and in many places a separate wicket for the sale of tickets, exclusively for ladies. At many stations on the western lines, I observed no waiting-rooms of any kind, if we exclude from that category the space outside the bar of the ticket-seller. At Richmond, in Virginia, I was set down in the middle of the public street, and saw no trace of a station-house, further than a small office where tickets were obtained.

So far, it will be perceived that an American railway is got up on an exceedingly cheap plan; and, placed in comparison with the magnificently constructed lines of England, it might be pronounced a rude and shabby affair. As regards initiatory expenses, something instructive can be said. In most of the states, each railway company requires to have a special statute or charter, which is procured at an insignificant cost; all that is necessary being to shew that the proposed company is provided with means to carry out its undertaking. In several states, including New York and Ohio, no special charter is now needed for a railway. A general railway law prescribes the rules to be followed by all corporate concerns; and within the provisions named, any railway company, if it has the means, may commence operations. There is thus, in reality, no impediment to the covering the whole

country, with railways; and this freedom is imparted on the solid ground, that each company best knows its own interests, and that nobody will be so foolish as to throw away money in making a railway, any more than in setting up a store, or building a factory, where it is not wanted. This free-and-easy system may be attended with evils; but some will perhaps think it preferable to the expensive and generally futile contests about railway bills in Parliament.

Thus, relieved of many expenses which weigh heavily on our system, and diminish profits, the American railway companies have the further advantage of getting land for nothing, or at very insignificant prices. In the western, or unimproved parts of the country, land for railways is sometimes given by townships, counties, or the state authorities, in order to encourage capitalists; and I heard even of instances in which the public contributed not only the land, but the earth-works—so much alive are the people to the advantage of having a district opened up by such communication. In the older settled states, land is less easily procured, and may have cost in many places as much as £10 to £20 an acre; the highest of these prices, however, being not more than a twentieth of what is paid for some of the most wretched land in Great Britain.

The only expenses worth speaking of in the construction of American railways, are those incurred for labour and for iron rails. Wood for sleepers can, in many places, be had for the cost of cutting and preparing. To the great open prairies, wood as well as rails must, of course, be brought from distant quarters; but the expense of carriage is balanced by the comparatively light cost of earthworks. In these prairies, a railway may be carried 500 miles in a straight line on nearly a dead-level—the line stretching onward through grass and flowers without the slightest obstruction, and appearing to the eye like a zone girdling the earth. In these level regions, the cost for railways, including every outlay, is stated to be about 20,000 dollars per mile; but the general average cost over the whole States, as I see by an official document, is 34,307 dollars, or about £6866 per mile. No doubt, this is a small sum compared with the average cost of our great lines, swollen by the rapacity of landowners, by parliamentary expenses, and extravagances of various kinds. But as single lines, of an economical kind, are now being constructed in Scotland for little more than £4000 per mile, I am inclined to think that, but for the protective duties imposed on foreign rails (and perhaps, also, a little quiet jobbing), the cost of lines in the United States, all things considered, would be materially less than it is.

An English railway, as is well known, is secluded from end to end within palings and gateways, the whole forming an enclosure from which passengers are not allowed to make their exit without delivering up their tickets. Things are entirely different in the United States. The side-palings, as above mentioned, are at best only fences of particular fields; and near the stations no gates are employed to detain passengers. Every kind of mechanism for seclusion is rendered unnecessary, by the plans for selling and receiving back tickets. Within all the principal termini, there are places, where tickets may be procured, and there are, likewise, in every city of importance, general railway agent-offices, resembling shops, where tickets for a series of railways, *en suite*, may be purchased. There seems to be considerable competition among the agents who keep these establishments, in order to induce passengers to go by particular lines. Their shops are known by flaming placards hung out at the doors, and vast quantities of handbills are distributed, recommending of certain routes as the cheapest and speediest. It would be impossible to give an idea of the profusion with which such alluring advertisements are scattered

among travellers. At the hotels, they are literally sown broadcast on the ground; it being nothing singular to see a lad enter with a mass of yellow or pink coloured bills, and throw them about on the tables; chairs, and floor of the bar, to be picked up and read according to pleasure.

Whether purchased from agents, or at the stations, the tickets do not carry any date, further than the year in which they are issued. The practice is to sell all the tickets required in the route, although embracing the lines of several companies. In England, there is a more convenient plan of issuing a single through-ticket, which carries the passenger forward to the end of his journey. I am not aware that this is adopted anywhere in America. So far as my experience goes, the passenger is furnished with several tickets for the line of railway on his route. Comparatively few persons, however, put themselves to the trouble of waiting to buy tickets at the stations, but unceremoniously enter the cars, and take their seats even at the last moment, leaving the business of settlement to be adjusted with the conductor. Let me say a word respecting this functionary.

An American conductor is a nondescript being, half clerk, half guard, with a dash of the gentleman. He is generally well dressed; sometimes wears a beard, and when off duty, he passes for a respectable personage at any of the hotels, and may be seen lounging about in the best company with a fashionable wife. No one would be surprised to find that he is a colonel in the militia, for "good-whips" in the old coaching-time are known to have boasted that distinction. At all events, the conductor would need to be a person of some integrity, for the check upon his transactions is infinitesimally small. One thing is remarkable about him—you do not get a sight of him till the train is in motion, and when it stops, he disappears. I can account for this mysterious feature in his character, only by supposing, that as soon as he touches *terra firma*, he removes from the front of his hat the word blazoned in metal, which indicates his office; and so all at once becomes an ordinary human being. The suddenness of his appearance when the train gets under-way, is very marvellous. Hardly have the wheels made a revolution, when the door at one end of the car is opened, and the conductor, like a wandering spirit, begins his rounds. Walking down the middle, with a row of seats on each side, and each seat holding two persons, he holds out his hand right and left as he proceeds, allowing no one to escape his vigilance. All he says is "Ticket!" and he utters the word in a dry, callous tone, as if it would cost something to be cheerful. If you have already bought a ticket, you render it up to this abrupt demand, and a check-ticket is given in exchange. Should you have followed the ordinary practice, and have no ticket to produce, the conductor selects the ticket you require from a small tin box he carries under his arm, and you pay him the cost of it, increased in price to the extent of five cents, as a penalty for having had to buy it in the cars—such fine being exigible, according to a printed notification on the walls of the station-houses.

Having finished off in the car in which you are seated, the conductor opens the door at the further end, steps from the platform across a gulf of two feet, to the platform of the next car; and so goes through the whole train, till he reaches the van devoted to the baggage, where he has a kind of den for counting his money, and cogitating over his affairs. But as there is no rest for the wicked, so there is no repose for a conductor. Just before coming up to a station, he makes his appearance, and takes a deliberate survey of his customers, receiving checks from those who are about to depart. When the train is in motion again, the same ceremony is gone through—rather troublesome, it must be owned; but the conductor has a faculty for remembering who have checks for a long,

and who for a short journey, and ceases to say, 'Ticket' more than two or three times to anybody. When it grows dark, the conductor does not trust to the lamp, which lights up each car; he carries a lantern with a strong reflector, which enables him to scrutinise the equivocal bank-notes that may be tendered in payment. To enable him to perform this operation satisfactorily, the lantern is made with a tin hoop beneath, and through this ring the arm is thrust, so as to leave both hands disengaged.

The checks which are distributed and collected by the conductor in the manner just explained, consist of narrow pieces of pasteboard about three inches long, and are of some use to travellers. On one side, there is a list of the various stopping-places, with the intermediate distances in miles; and thus, on consulting them, we are able to ascertain our progress. Information in this form is very desirable; for as there is a great deficiency of railway-officers at the stations, and as the conductor is usually out of the way when you want to ask a question, you are very much left to such knowledge as the checks and the American Bradshaw are able to furnish.

Wanting the precision, and, it may be, the comfort of the English railway-system, the routine of procedure in America is in one respect superior. I allude to the arrangements connected with baggage. Every train possesses a luggage-van (called a crate), and within an opening in its side is found a baggage-master, who takes charge of every person's luggage without any additional fee. The way this is done deserves notice. On going up to the baggage-master with a portmanteau, he, on learning your destination, attaches a brass-plate on which a number is struck, the plate being hung to a leather strap which he loops through the handle of the portmanteau. At the same time, he gives you a duplicate brass-plate, on producing which at the end of your journey, your portmanteau is rendered up. At all the principal termini, you are spared the trouble of even looking after your luggage. Just before arrival, the baggage-master leaves his van, and walking through the cars, asks every person if he would like his luggage delivered, and where. Thankful to be relieved of what is at best an annoyance, you give up your duplicate brass-ticket, the number of which is immediately entered in a book, with the name of the hotel you are going to; and, behold! in half an hour or less after arrival, there lies your luggage on the floor of your bedroom. This trouble is required by a small fee, which is paid by the clerk of the hotel, and entered in your account. There is a very extensive process of baggage-delivery of this kind in New York and other large cities. I should, however, recommend travellers in the States to carry with them only a hand-valise, or carpet-bag, which they would be allowed to take with them into the cars.

Economical as the trains are in general construction, and with little cost, as I should think, for attendants, the expense of running them must also bear but lightly on the revenue. The common rate of speed is from twenty to thirty miles per hour. Two passenger-trains, each way per diem, is an ordinary allowance; and from the general levelness of the country, the cost of haulage cannot be excessive. English locomotives, consume coke, manufactured for the purpose; but American engines are much less nice in this respect—they 'fire up' with billets of wood, procured at a trifling cost, and stored in large stacks along the road, ready for use. From this rough fuel, when ignited, sparks rise in large quantities; but to prevent their egress, a capacious grating is placed over the chimney, and we do not hear of any damage being done by them. For the most part, the engines are powerful, and seem fit for any kind of work.

The most peculiar thing of all about these railways is the passenger-carriage—always called a 'car' by the

Americans. The object which in exterior appearance most nearly resembles an American railway-car, is one of those houses on wheels which accompanies travelling shows and menageries; the only difference being that the car is double the length. The car is, in reality, nothing more than a long wooden box, painted yellow, with a roundish shaped roof; a door at each end; and a row of windows at each side. Outside the door, is a small platform, provided with a flight of steps on each side, and which reaches to within a foot of the ground. The platform is guarded by an outer railing, except in the middle, opposite the door; and by means of this egress, the conductor is enabled to cross from platform to platform, along the whole train. Passengers, if they please, may also perform this feat while the train is in motion; but it is not unattended with danger, and there is a placard within the cars cautioning persons from standing on the platforms.

Cars differ somewhat in their interior organisation. Some have a small apartment at one end for ladies, or nurses with children. More commonly, they consist of a long unbroken sweep, with two rows of seats, and a pathway of eighteen inches between. Fully seated, a car should hold thirty persons on each side, or a total of sixty; but allowing space for a stove, the number is generally fifty-six or fifty-eight; and fully equipped and ornamented, such a car costs 2200 dollars, or £440. Considering the narrowness of the railway-track, I often wondered how these cars could accommodate four persons in the breadth, independently of the pathway between the seats. Space is obtained only by making the cars overhang the track, to a much greater extent than we are accustomed to in England. Mounted on two swivel-trucks, one before and another behind, each with four wheels, the car, long as it is, turns round a corner with the ease of a gentleman's carriage, by which contrivance, in surveying for a railway, it is not thought necessary to make long sweeping curves.

Running, as has been mentioned, right through cities and across highways, with no other protection to the public than the caution to 'Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings,' it is matter for surprise that so few accidents, comparatively speaking, take place. Perhaps something is due to the circumstance, that the conductor can at all times communicate with the engine-driver by means of a cord, which is confined like a bell-wire along the ceiling of each car, and arranged at the starting of the trains. Such accidents as occur arise chiefly from carelessness; and it was my impression, from what fell under my notice, that there is much recklessness in the management, and a general indifference to regularity or safety.

Candidly considered, the American railway-system has many imperfections. Its rude arrangements, including the plan of making no distinction in the classes of travellers, would never pass muster in Europe. Nevertheless, it is well adapted to the wants of the great new country in which it has been naturalised, and we may expect that it will in time undergo every desirable improvement. Already the most gigantic efforts have been made to unite the chief cities on the Atlantic with the Valley of the Mississippi and the regions westward and northward from it. From Portland in Maine, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, lines now proceed direct to the interior, where they are united to other lines, either finished or about to be so, by which a traveller may reach the principal cities in Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and Wisconsin. Joined to the lines now constructed, and forming in Canada, the north will be thoroughly laid open for settlement; and connected with a line proceeding southwards from Illinois, traffic will be opened up on the one hand with Mobile and New Orleans, and on the other, with the regions bordering on Lakes Huron and Superior. The next steps are to reach Oregon and California; and the manner in which such

are to be executed now engages earnest consideration. The most urgently called for of these lines is that to California, by a pass through the Rocky Mountains; and when this is effected, it will be possible to reach San Francisco in four days from New York, and by the additional means of steam-vessels, to go round the world in three months. Traversing from the borders of the Mississippi to San Francisco, a country 1600 miles in breadth, the line cannot be undertaken without liberal aid from government. We may venture to hope this will not be refused; for on no more noble object could the overplus public funds be employed, than in uniting by railway the Atlantic with the Pacific, and so pouring across America the copious stream of European and Asiatic commerce.

From the great, though still imperfect, railway organisation of the States, we obtain but an inadequate idea of the indomitable energy of the people, and the mighty power which they direct their enterprise. Their canal and river navigation, extending over more than 10,000 miles, is in itself a wonder; and in this, as in all other affairs, private enterprise greatly exceeds the operations of the government. In truth, the government, with a multiplicity of interests to conciliate, and naturally weak in its authority, is left completely behind in the race of public improvement. The fact of there being, in 1852, mail-ropes to the aggregate length of 214,284 miles, and post-offices to the number of 20,901, is outshone by the statistics of the express-system for forwarding parcels, money, &c. Conducted by private individuals and companies, and originating only about twelve years ago, the various express-houses are the goods and money carriers of the Union, and have now agencies in every part of the States and Canada; one company alone employing 1500 men, and its dispatches travelling not less than 25,000 miles per diem.

The system of intercommunication is completed by the operations of the telegraph companies. In the States, three kinds of telegraphs are employed—those of Morse, House, and Bain; the difference between them being mainly the method of indication. That which came chiefly under my notice, was the plan of writing the messages on a narrow slip of paper. Unitedly, the various telegraphic-systems pervade the entire region between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, and from Nova Scotia and Canada to New Orleans. The number of miles of telegraph in the States is now about 20,000, and in Canada, and other British possessions, from 2000 to 3000. The wires are carried along the sides of the railways, across fields and rivers, through forests, and in cities they may be seen crossing the streets and the tops of the houses. From New York, two lines proceed south to New Orleans: one by way of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Charleston, making a length of 1966 miles; the other runs from Cleveland, on Lake Ontario, by Cincinnati and Nashville, being a length of 1200 miles. Messages connected with markets, the rise and fall of stocks, news from Europe, and other matters of public news, are staple communications; but so small a price is charged, that there is also a large amount of miscellaneous correspondence. A message of ten words, for example, may be sent from Washington to St Louis—a distance of 949 miles—for 1 dollar 20 cents. Under 200 miles, the charge is about a cent per word. It is stated on good authority, that on some lines as many as 700 messages are sent in one day. So rapid is the transit, that the news brought to New York by a European steamer, at eight o'clock A.M., has been telegraphed, by way of Cincinnati, to New Orleans, and the effects there produced on the market returned to New York by eleven o'clock—being a circuit of nearly 4000 miles in three hours.

The amount of telegraphic business is largely increased by the number of dispatches for the press.

An association of the seven principal morning papers in New York, during the year ending 1st November 1852, dispensed, unitedly or as individuals, 64,000 dollars for dispatches and special and exclusive messages—large sums to be paid for news by papers which are sold for a penny each. Such an expenditure could not, indeed, be incurred but for the greatness of the circulation of these papers—the daily issue of some of them being upwards of 100,000 copies. The mention of such a fact as this, affords in itself a testimony to the spirit of intelligent inquiry which sustains the press of the United States. It is only, indeed, after being a little time in that country, that we gain a proper idea of the extent to which the business of newspaper publication may be carried, when liberated from monopoly, and left entirely to public enterprise. I should not expect to be credited, did I not speak from official authority,* when I say that on the 1st of June 1850, there were in the United States 350 daily newspapers, with an aggregate circulation of 750,000 copies; as many as 2000 weeklies, circulating in the aggregate 2,875,000 copies; and that altogether, including semi-weekly, tri-weekly, monthly, &c., there were 2800 prints, with a total aggregate circulation of 5,000,000. The number of newspapers printed during the year which then expired, amounted to 422,600,000 copies—a fact which throws more light on the freedom of thought in the States than any other I could advance.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT SEA.

WITHIN the last few years, we have heard numerous reports relative to the whereabouts of our indispensable friend the schoolmaster. We can scarcely take up a newspaper or literary journal without being in some way reminded of this worthy. Sometimes he is stated to be 'at home;' more frequently, he is confidently asserted to be 'abroad;' very often, and not without urgent cause, he is advertised as 'wanted.' In spite of the obscurity in which his movements have hitherto been involved, we think a clue has at last been found by which he may be traced. There is sufficient evidence extant to prove that he was once on shipboard; for an anecdote is recorded of him, that being during the voyage somewhat uncomfortably affected by the rolling motion of the vessel, and his scholastic attainments having instructed him in the fact that 'Britannia rules the waves,' he emitted a very natural groan, accompanied by the wish that she had 'ruled them straighter!' Now, never having known him to make his appearance when summoned from that day to this, and there being no authentic accounts of his having perished in the storm, we have good grounds for believing that he is at this moment undeniably and completely 'at sea.'

Proofs of this somewhat startling assertion lie around us on every hand. Here is one, picked up at random from the columns of a daily paper:—'Caution to Grocers and Coffee-dealers.—Mr George So-and-so, of Isleworth, has been prosecuted by order of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, and paid a penalty of L.10 for having sold a mixture of chicory and coffee without the requisite label being attached to the package.—By order, EDWARD SCATTERGOOD, Supervisor, Brentford, May 13, 1854.' Instead of this notice being headed 'Caution to Grocers,' it might with propriety have been styled 'Encouragement to the Fraudulent.' A man who is visited with the severe penalty of the law, in the form of a bonus of L.10, for mixing his

* Abstract of Seventh Census. Washington: 1853.

goods without a licence, will hardly 'suffer a recovery' of his honesty to interfere with his finances. O Edward Scattergood! where was thy schoolmaster? Most assuredly, 'at sea!'

We had scarcely got over this, when, turning to the obituary notices, we were startled by an announcement to the following effect:—'The deceased continued to walk to church for the last thirty years without intermission.' This, however, although a somewhat singular instance of the power of the human muscles, strikes us only with astonishment: it does not impress us with so overwhelming a sense of uneasiness at the schoolmaster's unavoidable absence as does another notice, supplied from a similar source. Here we have it, word for word, omitting the full names out of respect for the parties:—'On the 11th instant, at — Terrace, Chelsea, aged 78, Mrs. C. F., late of St. P., B., widow of the late Major J. F. —. This distinguished officer was at the taking of Seringapatam.' And where, when this gallant lady was in the 'imminent deadly breach,' where wert thou, O most reckless of schoolmasters? Still, and ever—'at sea.'

Here follows another of still later date, equally with the last-mentioned instance testifying to the frequently asserted mental and other capacities of the so-called weaker sex: 'On the 17th instant, in Thurloe Square, late of B., W., F., widow of the late Captain D., R.N., and, throughout the late war, Superintendent of the Board of Ordnance, in the 24th year of her age.'

We were ourselves, some years ago, present during divine service in the church of East Barnet, when it was gravely announced by the clerk, that 'On the Sunday next following, the service would commence at three o'clock, and continue till further notice.' At the intimation of a service to be thus indefinitely prolonged, it was impossible to refrain from indulging a hope that the clerk might be enabled to rouse himself sufficiently to give due dismissal to the slumbering congregation.

Very recently, it was authoritatively reported that the officers conveyed in the *Himalaya* steam-ship to the scene of the present war, had 'presented to the captain and purser a piece of plate.' On reading this, we were, like our friend the schoolmaster, completely adrift. At first sight, it appeared clear that a single piece of plate had been presented to two several persons—persons having no relationship to each other whatever; and the uncomfortable idea was at once suggested, that the gift must inevitably lead to a mental, if not to a physical struggle; either a generous contest must arise as to who should ultimately appropriate and bear away the solitary prize, or, on the other hand, a deadly feud would be the consequence of the too equal claim to the possession of the envied property. Or failing both these difficult modes of adjustment—friendly and belligerent—it might happen that, after the manner of Solomon's celebrated decision, each claimant would be obliged to content himself with his own individual share of the spoil, to the great detriment of the object of contention, and the obliteration of the flattering inscription, in which consisted its chief value as an honourable testimonial! However, on glancing down the column in which this somewhat vague, but, withal, gratifying notice, made its appearance, we were enlightened by reading transcripts of the letters penned by the several parties alluded to, each acknowledging in appropriate terms a piece of plate presented to himself individually. We laid down the newspaper, much relieved in mind.

Again, in some intelligence from the scene of war in Asia, we have the account of 'a complete defeat obtained' by a Russian general 'over a body of the enemy.' In this, we have presented to the mind the curious picture of a valorous leader of armies

struggling manfully for defeat, and at last obtaining it, fighting hand to hand over the corpse of his antagonist. Advertisements of unscholastic character abound, from that of the private instructor, who, intending to impart the elements at least of that knowledge he professes, signifies his want of 'two pupils, to be treated as one of the family,' to that of the inventor of a washing-machine, who holds out the tempting bait of 'Every man his own washer-woman.' An alarming notification, addressed to a poor emigrant, occurs in an Australian paper: 'If James Ledgrove, who is now at the Diggings, will apply at Mrs Willis's Cemetery, Melbourne, he will find his wife and family, who are most anxiously waiting his arrival.' Here a simple comma after the lady's name would have been a Godsend; as it is, the words strike home with as strange and grave a meaning as those of Mephistopheles on his introduction to Martha: 'Your lord is dead and sends his compliments.'

With some persons, even the educated, syntax is set a naught in the most amusing manner; sentences being arranged, or rather disarranged, much after the manner of a poor cripple by whom we were once accosted with: 'Please bestow a half-penny—had the misfortune to lose my leg—hope you'll never want it.' In quarters and among people where the name of the schoolmaster is unknown, word-and-phrase blunders are of course innumerable, and fall occasionally from the lips of the illiterate with sometimes a witty, sometimes a comic significance. A sailor was exhibiting to the visitors at Dover a group of the beautiful *Actinie*; and being asked what they were, plumply asserted these curious animal-flowers to be 'sea-enemies!' As Jack continued to describe how these sea-anemones were occasionally found adhering to the sides of ships, and 'doing no good there,' his blunder had at all events the merit of being an apt one. Our landsman is less quick. On one occasion, having been so devoid of proper caution as to intrust to a country carrier a pair of boots, which we desired should be taken to the boot-maker for the purpose of being soled, we for some time heard no more of our venture. Beginning at length to suspect that there must be some 'flaw in the indictment,' we made a point of ourselves calling at Crispin's shop. There, sure enough, lay our untouched properties, with which the mystified genius of the last confessed he did not know what to do, since the carrier had insisted that he was to sell them! Again, travelling home from Bromley, London-ward, by coach, we strove to impress upon the memory of the coachman that we particularly desired to be set down at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. Seeing our anxiety on the point, a fellow-traveller gravely informed us, for our satisfaction, that Coachy would be quite sure to stop at that place, for it was 'his destiny!' In the language of one good old soul, with whom it was at one time our fortune to lodge, such blunders took all possible amusing forms and shapes. It was not enough that she permitted her husband to cough 'successfully' for three hours, and then journeyed to procure him medicine all the way to—'Doctor's Commons;' by which I was left in the vague surmise that she must have meant Apothecaries' Hall: she did worse; for though she admitted some small kindnesses on our part, such as having 'learned' her to read, and having opened the front-door with our own hands, when from weariness she had 'laid' down, she yet had the conscience to mix the 'grievances,' instead of the ingredients, in our pudding, and to put, besides the pincushion, an extinguisher on my 'twilight!'

Yes, assuredly, the schoolmaster was 'wanted' in the primitive village of M—. Had our residence in that remote locality been of very protracted duration, we feel sure that we should have learned so to confuse the grammatical relations of things, so as never after to

have strung three words together without a blunder. The very recollection of that place produces in our minds such a conglomeration of ideas, that we hesitate to proceed further with the subject, lest we, too, should be caught tripping, and suddenly find ourselves where our friend the schoolmaster is, was, and, we fear, ever will be—'at sea.'

STITCH! STITCH! STITCH!

Who has not wept over the *Song of the Shirt*? Who has not sympathised with the tenant of the garret—

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt!—

until the very names, 'needle-work' and 'needle-women,' became associated with poor half-starved creatures, doomed by their employers to sit in foul atmospheres, chained to their seam by the constantly-applied needle and thread, like galley-slaves to the oar? And yet this continual ringing the changes on

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,

is not such a scarecrow to all—is not always so fatal in its consequences; and, though it may be the exception which proves the rule, in an instance we are about to mention, this stitch! stitch! stitch! was preferred—nay, as enthusiastically followed as any branch of high art—as absorbingly as a passion for music, or a love of painting.

Annie Linton was as the best sewer in Mrs Roy's school; and, as the mistress declared, on inspecting the first show of work she made for her father, 'that the Duke of Leuch himself might wear it!' This was high praise for little Annie, who was only eleven years of age; and she never forgot it. Her work was the neatest and the cleanest ever seen. Then she did it so quickly, her mother could not keep pace with her daily demand for 'Something to sew.'

'I wish Annie would take to her book,' said Mrs Linton to her husband. But it was quite clear that Annie never would take to her book; she had little reading, and less spelling; and yet she could 'mark' (with cotton) all the letters of the alphabet, as if she was a very miracle of learning.

'Something to sew!' eagerly demanded Annie.

'Will any mowing come of this sewing?' asked her father, with a very natural attempt at a pun.

'Those who do not sew shall not reap,' said little Annie, cleverly taking up her father's meaning and her work-bag at the same time, as she whisked past him in fear of being too late for school.

Three weeks after: 'Annie's learning to be a scholar,' said Mrs Linton; 'no more demands for sewing.' That afternoon Annie came bounding into the house from school, sat upon her father's knee, opened her work-bag, which hung over her arm, and putting a screwed-up paper into his hand, said: 'There's the mowing.'

Her father undid the paper, and found four half-crowns. 'Annie,' questioned her father, 'where did this come from?'

'From the sewing,' answered Annie, laughing delightedly at his surprise, as she escaped from his knee, and ran out of the room, to delay a little longer the solution of the riddle.

'Wife,' said John Linton, 'it is impossible that Annie could earn all this by the sort of child's play girls call work; and whom did she earn it from? I'm afraid there's something wrong.' And, to tell the truth, Annie Linton was practising a little disguise; nor had she given her father all the money she had earned. The sum originally was twelve shillings. This was all designed for her father alone; but a prior claim had come in the way. It was cold winter weather, and the children of the school brought the

forms, in a sort of square, round Mrs Roy's fire. Annie, who was a favourite of the mistress, always occupied a warm corner close to her own big chair. On the day in question, Mrs Roy happening to be out of the room—

'I'll change seats with you, Jessie Wilson, if you're cold,' said Annie, addressing a little girl, a very book-worm, who, clad in a threadbare printed cotton-gown, sat shivering over her lesson.

Jessie, thus invited, came a little nearer.

'You should put on a woollen frock like mine, and warm yourself well at your mother's fire before you come to school these winter-days,' said Annie, scrutinising the poverty-struck appearance of the girl.

'Mother says,' replied Jessie, 'that she'd rather do without a fire than my schooling, and she can't pay for both.'

'Has your mother no fire at home this cold weather?' asked Annie in amazement.

'No,' said Jessie; 'I wish I dared bring her with me here—it's warmer than at home. And I know mother is ill, though she won't tell me.'

'Sit there,' said Annie, placing Jessie in her warm corner; 'and don't go out of school without me.'

That afternoon the two girls went hand in hand to Jessie's door.

'Have you plenty to cut, if you've no fire?' asked Annie.

'This is the first day mother has been forced to send me to school without any breakfast,' said Jessie, hanging down her head, as if ashamed of the confession.

'Here,' said Annie after a slight pause, untwisting the paper in which were deposited her first earnings; 'I won't go in with you, for your mother might not like to take it from a little girl like me; but—and she put two shillings into Jessie's hand—'that is to buy you something to eat, and a fire; and if your mother can sew as well as I can,' said Annie with pardonable vanity, 'I can tell her how to get plenty of money to pay for both.'

No wonder Annie's riches increased: the first investment was a good one. Nevertheless, the concealing it from her parents she knew to be wrong; she feared they would disapprove; and she added to her little prayer at night, after the usual ending of 'God bless father and mother—and forgive me for keeping secret that I helped Jessie Wilson.' Could the Recording Angel carry up a purer prayer to Heaven?

Of course, Mr and Mrs Linton very soon discovered that Mr Seemwell, of the 'Ready-made Linen Warehouse,' was the grand source of Annie's wealth. He said there was no one who could work like her, and that he would give her eightpence each for the finest description of shirt-making. This was no great payment for Annie's exquisite stitching—and, thirty years ago, it would have brought her three-and-sixpence a shirt. But Annie is of the present, not of the past; and as she could complete a shirt a day, her fingers flying swifter than a weaver's shuttle, she earned nine shillings a week.

'Good wife,' said Mr Linton, 'we are not so poor but that we can maintain our daughter till she's twenty, and by that time, at the present rate of her earnings, she will have a little fortune in the bank.' But this little fortune amassed but slowly, for Annie seldom had nine shillings to put by at the end of the week—there were other 'Jessie Wilsons' who required food and fire.

Had Annie been a poet, she would assuredly have written, not the song, but a song of the shirt; for once when she was questioned as to the dull monotony of her work: 'Dull? Delightful!' said Annie in advocacy of her calling. 'Why, with this rare linen and fine thread, my stitches seem like stringing little pearls along the wristbands and collar.' What an anti-song of the shirt might not Annie have written!

Annie's eighteenth birthday was celebrated by a

tea-party to all the seamstresses of Mr Seamwell's establishment, where she was now forewoman, besides being a cheerful, kind-hearted little creature, beloved by everybody, it was a compliment, Mr Seamwell said, she well deserved—her admirable superintendence of the department allotted her having increased his business tenfold.

Some time after, there was a greater day of rejoicing in the firm of Seamwell & Co. The father had taken his son as a partner, and the son took a partner for life—the indefatigable little seamstress, Annie Linton. There never was a blither bridal. Annie—herself having risen from the ranks—had a present for every workwoman. Indeed it was a day of presents, for on that very morning, and in time to be worn at the wedding, a shawl arrived for Annie all the way from India—an Indian shawl that a duchess would have envied! Upon it was pinned a paper, on which was written: 'Wear this for the sake of one who is now rich and happy, but who never can forget the service you rendered to the poor school-girl—JESSIE WILSON.'

'Annie,' said young Seamwell after the marriage, 'I fell in love with you when you were a child, and came to our shop for your first sewing. I also happened to be passing when you gave part of your first earnings to Jessie Wilson; I was a boy then, but I said to myself: "If I were a man, I'd marry Annie Linton; not because she's so pretty"—here Annie blushed most becomingly—"not because she's so industrious, but because she's so kind-hearted."

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

Just at the time when we might fairly have expected that no incident would occur to disturb the state of tranquillity into which the literary world had fallen, a decision was given in the House of Lords which caused the utmost excitement in many circles. The decision to which I allude was that arrived at in the case of *Jeffreys versus Boosey*, by which the judgment of the Court of Exchequer was set aside, and the principle established, that no alien can hold copyright in this country. The moment this long-vexed question was set at rest, publishers began to reprint American works with a rapidity that shewed how closely the proceedings in the House of Lords had been watched. Messrs Sampson Low & Co., who had just published Mrs Stowe's *Sunny Memories*, found, in a few hours, that Messrs Routledge were already preparing an edition of that work for eighteen-pence; and before the week was out, two shilling editions, and one at *surpense*, were issued. Messrs Low, in self-defence, have been compelled to publish a cheap edition also, which meets with general favour. Prescott's works, for which Mr Bentley has paid large sums, have been reprinted by Messrs Routledge, and are issued at about one-tenth of their original price. Mr Bentley has, therefore, brought out the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, 'handsomely bound and printed,' for four shillings; and announces that it will be followed by all the other works of the same author at a similar rate. Unfortunately, Mr Bentley had just made an agreement to pay Mr Prescott £6000 for a history, in six volumes, of Philip the Second of Spain, and two volumes were in the press. The agreement must now be looked upon as useless. How this decision of the House of Lords has been received in America, we have not heard, but several Americans with whom we have conversed upon the subject, are much gratified with it, and appear to think it likely to lead to a satisfactory copyright treaty between the two countries. One of these Americans was a lady, who came to England expressly for the purpose of publishing a scientific work.

Of course, her journey is now rendered useless. Happily, a treaty exists between this country and France, so that French books are not affected by the new interpretation of the law. It is satisfactory to learn, too, that a treaty of a similar kind has just been signed between this country and Belgium.

Mr Patmore's charge against Campbell, alluded to last month, has been satisfactorily disproved by Mr Payne Collier and Mr Cyrus Redding. The latter gentleman actually saw Campbell at work upon the manuscript of the *Life of Mrs Siddons*—that manuscript which Mr Patmore alleges Campbell only put his name to; and additional testimony, equally conclusive, has been adduced. Mr Patmore has been roughly handled elsewhere. The *Times* especially discharged an article at him, such as the leading journal sometimes startles literary breakfast-tables with; and in which he was not very elegantly compared to a *diffonier*, and described as a 'literary lustman.'

A letter from Frederika Bremer, suggesting the establishment of a Peace Alliance of the Women of all Nations, has recently appeared in the same paper, only, of course, to be pool-pooled as 'impracticable,' 'Utopian,' and so forth. Rogers the poet is very ill, and scarcely any hopes are entertained of his recovery. A rumour to the same effect has so frequently been in circulation before, and has so frequently proved to be incorrect, that we should have paid little attention to it, but for a statement made by Mr Planché at the meeting of the Archaeological Association, held the other day at Chipstow, that his friend, Dr Roberts, was attending the poet, who, it was feared, was on his death-bed. Death elsewhere has been thinning the ranks of literature. Thomas Crofton Croker, the author of *Fairy Legends of Ireland*, *Legends of the Lakes*, and other works, has just died at the age of fifty-seven. He was an Irishman by birth; held for many years an appointment in the Admiralty, obtained for him by Mr John Wilson Croker, to whom, however, he was not related; and had for the last four years retired from active life upon a pension of £580 per annum. Thomas Crofton Croker was intimate with Sir Walter Scott, who describes him in his *Diary* as of 'easy, prepossessing manners, something like Tom Moore.' Southey's second wife, Caroline, principally known as the author of *Chapters on Churchyards*, originally contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* about twenty years ago, is also numbered with the dead. A large number of Southey's unpublished letters—twelve hundred, it is said—and other manuscripts, have been placed in the hands of the Rev. Mr Warter—the husband of Southey's daughter Edith—and are preparing for publication. Many interesting facts respecting the poet, which it was impossible for his previous biographer, Mr Cuthbert Southey, to have known, but which, according to Mrs Southey, he ought to have known, will thus be brought to light. A volume of much interest may be expected.

The manuscripts of the poet Gray have recently been sold by auction. Of course the most valuable item in the collection was the world-famous *Elegy*. It was bought for £131, by a contributor to *Alexander's Birmingham Gazette*, Mr Robert Charles Wrightson, who seemed greatly pleased with his bargain. The alterations made in the manuscript were very numerous, and shew with what persevering industry the verses were polished before finally passing out of the author's hands. Does not this suggest a lesson, which it would be well for some of the facile versifiers of the present day to study?

Two distinguished men, of very opposite principles—Lord John Russell and Cardinal Wiseman—have recently been aiding the educational movement, now engaging so much attention. Lord John Russell—caught rusticated on the banks of Wiodermere—very kindly consented to attend the inauguration of a new school just built there, and made a very excellent little speech. Cardinal Wiseman, engaged by the Society of

Art to lecture at their Educational Exhibition, at the Marlborough Hall, took for his theme 'the home education of the poor,' and descanted upon it in a manner that appeared to give great satisfaction to an audience that filled the room two hours before the commencement of the lecture. The drift of his argument was, however, to show that a state-censorship of our cheap literature would be desirable—an opinion not very likely, we should imagine, to find much favour in a country which takes special pride in the freedom of its press.

English publishers are frequently accused of illiberality; but the same charge certainly cannot be made against their brethren of France. George Sand has just been paid 130,000 francs, by the proprietors of *La Presse*, for the real memoirs of her life, which are shortly to appear in that paper; and with the money so acquired, she intends, it is said, to commence a new weekly 'Agricultural, Literary, and Artistic Journal,' changing her adopted name to Jean Rausin. The prospects of Journalism evidently are improving in France. French literature, too, is promised a fresh addition to its stores, M. Thiers being engaged at Caen upon a history of Italy and the fine arts in the sixteenth century, which, despite an affection of the larynx from which he is suffering, is progressing rapidly.

Generally speaking, the reading of a working-man is considerably influenced by the price of the book or journal; but in a free library, where there is liberty of choice without regard to the comparative pecuniary value of the publications, his taste is allowed to come into play. The statistics, therefore, of the Marylebone Free Library in Gloucester Place, New Road, London, now circulated by the secretary, are of much interest; and we are happy to say they present various points for congratulation. A table is given of the borrowings for the last six months, of which we shall mention the more salient items. Among the cheap magazines, the *London Journal* gives token of the popularity it has enjoyed throughout this class of readers for some time past: it was borrowed 918 times. Next to it stands *Chambers's Journal*—475 times; the few other miscellanies of the sort that are mentioned appearing to be almost disregarded. The *Illustrated London News*, combining the character of a newspaper and a picture-book, has 698 patrons. Among serials of a different kind, *Knight's Half-hour with the Best Authors* stand at 170 times; and the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and *Chambers's Repository of Tracts*, respectively at 153 and 145 times. *Macaulay's History of England*—178 times—stands at the head of the list of books of information. The *Life of Bonaparte* follows, 150; Southey's *Nelson*, 150; Thiers's *French Revolution*, 147; *Naval and Military Sketch-book*, 144; *Grot's Greece*, 137; and Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, 136. Shakspeare stands at right at the head of the poets, 152 times; and Byron next, 98 times. In fiction, the *Arabian Nights* and *Robinson Crusoe* maintain the pas, as they probably always will—the former 561 times, and the latter 318 times. Scott is not so popular as more recent writers, shewing the universality of the taste which in our day prefers the novel of manners to the romance; but of the works of Scott, the Marylebone readers prefer the most finished and masterly—*Ivanhoe*, 125. Of Dickens's works, they prefer *Black House*, 291; and next to that, *Oliver Twist*, 225; and the *Pickwick Club*, 206. *Valentine Vox*, a story, the amusement of which consists in tricks of ventriloquism, has 242 customers; while the greatest number Thackeray musters, in *Pendennis*, is 156; Bulwer Lytton, in *Paul Clifford*, 140; and Lever, in *Jack Hinton*, 128. It is proper to remember, in reading these titles, that the library is perhaps not very large; and that other popular authors would probably have commended themselves to the taste of the Marylebone artisans if the works had been within their reach.

To these items of news and gossip we have only to add, that Mr Tom Taylor has been appointed secretary to the new Board of Health, at a salary of £1,000 a year; that Mr Lever is about to bring out a new serial, entitled *Martin of Cro Martin*; that Mr Thackeray's *Newcomes* have reached the end of the first volume; that a life of Lisle Bowles, the poet, is in preparation; and that a number of the publicans of London, displeased with the *Morning Advertiser* for its advocacy of the new Public-house Closing Bill, have it in contemplation to start a new daily paper in opposition to their present organ. It is a curious fact, that of the 70,000 copies of the London papers issued daily, 40,000 circulate in taverns. Evidently, therefore, the publicans are not without power to carry out their intentions. Of works recently published, Miss Mitford's *Dramatic Works** may perhaps claim first notice. The most interesting feature of these volumes, is the preface which accompanies them. It is written with charming geniality and freshness, and enables us to obtain several glimpses of the author's early dramatic experiences—her disappointments and her successes. Few autobiographical sketches are more free from affectation, vanity, and straining after effect. Miss Mitford's gossip is the gossip of an educated and sensible woman—sparkling and animated, it runs merrily along, with no heavy commonplaces to impede its progress, or to cast their shadow of dulness over its path. The picture she incidentally introduces of that gloomy sight, a theatre by daylight, is singularly graphic. It is a perfect transcript of the scene, as impressed upon the mind of one who witnesses it for the first time. We may almost fancy, as we read, that every separate feature she describes is before us, and that we can hear the din that is constantly going on around—the noises from every part, above, below, around, and in every key; bawling, shouting, screaming; heavy weights rolling here, and falling there; bells ringing, one could not tell why; and the ubiquitous call-boy everywhere. Of the dramas themselves, all, with one exception, have been before the public previously. Written with considerable vigour, and containing some highly effective scenes and incidents, thoroughly imbued with the dramatic spirit, they worthily occupy a distinguished place in literature, and entitle their author to be regarded as one of the most successful of our female dramatists.

Mr James Augustus St John's latest production,† *The Nemesis of Power*, is one which, although small of size, fairly asserts its claim to be specially mentioned. The work, as its title implies, is of a political nature. To enter upon a discussion of the views he entertains—and which many will call one-sided—would, of course, be inappropriate in the present article. The author is an ardent lover of liberty, and his great theory is,—that all revolutions result from abuse of power, and that, consequently, all revolutions are justifiable. Appeals are made to history, and instances cited of kingly oppression and despotic misrule in support of this opinion. Although many readers will no doubt object to Mr St John's conclusions, few will fail to give him credit for thorough earnestness of purpose, a deep sympathy with suffering, and a most intimate knowledge of his subject. To the general reader, the work will recommend itself by the vast amount of information compressed into its pages, the graphic pictures with which it abounds, and a felicity of expression, which is one of the characteristics of the author's style. To the student it will be valuable, as a treatise containing the results of philosophical reflection and great study, which cannot fail to suggest inquiry and to stimulate thought.

* *The Dramatic Works of Mary Russell Mitford*. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

† *The Nemesis of Power: Causes and Forms of Revolution*. By James Augustus St John. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE STUDIO.

It seems to be a fixed condition with all government works in this country, that they must proceed with the utmost possible slowness. Any approach to business-like alacrity or dispatch, appears to be regarded as undignified and improper. We have an illustration of this in the new Houses of Parliament, which year after year have been in course of erection, but which are still very far from being finished. It is satisfactory to find, however, that the internal decorations are proceeding with tolerable rapidity; and that although much remains to be done, measures have recently been taken which will hasten the progress of the work. Many new commissions to artists and sculptors have just been given. Mr Gibson has been charged with the execution of a statue of the Queen, supported by figures of Justice and Clemency, for the Prince's chamber, which is also to be decorated with bas-reliefs by Mr William Shoed. Mr J. R. Herbert has been commissioned to prepare a series of fresco designs for the Peers' Robing-room. Mr Ward and Mr Cope are to undertake the decoration of the Peers' Corridor. Mr Macleise is to paint a fresco in the Conference Hall, the design being from his picture of the 'Marriage of Strongbow and Eva,' exhibited at the Academy this season. Of the twelve statues of eminent statesmen, proposed by the committee in their Report for 1845, three are complete, and five others are to be immediately commenced. The frescoes in Her Majesty's Robing-room, illustrating the story of King Arthur, and undertaken by Mr Dyce, are proceeding rapidly—Mr Dyce now being able to devote almost his whole time to them. Four are finished; the rest are in a forward state; and of the eighteen statues of barons and prelates intended for the House of Lords, eleven have been safely placed in their respective niches. Altogether, the progress made and making, although not what might be desired, perhaps is far from unsatisfactory. An increase of the annual grant, the insufficiency of which is said by the commissioners to have sometimes retarded operations, would perhaps have a stimulating influence.

Much scandal has recently been caused by the refusal of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey to admit the statue of Campbell the poet into that edifice, without payment of the modest fee of £200! The statue was paid for by public subscription, and has for some time been completed. There are, however, no funds remaining to defray the charge demanded, and the statue remains, therefore, in private hands. Much surprise, to call it by no stronger name, has been felt that the Dean and Chapter did not, under the circumstances, waive their accustomed claim. The defence set up by Lord Aberdeen, that there are no funds for the repair and maintenance of the Abbey except those derived from burial and monumental fees, has entirely fallen to the ground; for it appears that a fund, consisting of one-fifteenth of the corporate revenues, is annually set aside for the purpose; and any plea of poverty with an income which, after defraying all expenses, leaves £25,959, 8s. 7d. for the payment of the dean and eight canons—nine individuals in all—is altogether ridiculous. The system of turning our cathedrals and abbeys into twopenny-shows, has long been a reproach to the country. This last evidence of the 'itching palm' will not tend towards the removal of the stigma. Certainly if any proof were needed that the high dignitaries who have the control of these places are but men, selfish, grasping, and money-loving, like the rest of the world, they themselves lose no opportunity of affording it.

A missile, in the shape of a pamphlet, has been thrown by Mr Ruskin at the Crystal Palace, without, however, doing any perceptible injury to that glittering edifice. Mr Ruskin's wrath has been aroused by a

remark of Mr Laing, that the Palace might be regarded as the commencement of a new order of architecture. This Mr Ruskin cannot allow to pass unanswered. He declares that the building is a mere gigantic hothouse, a huge glass-shed, covering fourteen acres of ground. The aerial lightness and fairy-like elegance of the building, Mr Ruskin cannot see: those who can, have had 'their senses dazzled by a few panes of glass.' From what philologist Mr Ruskin has obtained permission to use the adjective 'few' for the purpose to which he has here applied it, he does not say. In a farce, such a term might be allowable; but in a serious argument, it is obviously improper. Perhaps the despondency under which Mr Ruskin laboured when he wrote his pamphlet—despondency of which he could neither repress the importunity nor forbear the utterance—may account for this slip of the pen. However, he is not wholly disconsolate: a gleam of satisfaction visits him when he reflects that 'we may over the German Ocean with frigates, and bridge the Bristol Channel with iron, and roof the county of Middlesex with crystal, and yet not possess one Milton or Michael Angelo.' In this profound and original thought Mr Ruskin appears to find much consolation. It is to be hoped that he may be humanely left to the sole and undisputed enjoyment of it.

I must dismiss the remaining items of art news and gossip in a single paragraph. Mr Bell has been commissioned by Colonel Adair to execute a marble heroic statue of Armed Science for the mess-room at Woolwich. Mr Noble's statue of the Queen is shortly to be erected in the Peel Park, Manchester. Mr John Evan Thomas is to execute a statue of the late Duke of Wellington—another Wellington statue!—for the town of Brecon. A colossal statue of the late Duke of Gordon is to be erected on the top of the monument at Lady Hill, in Morayshire. Mr Samuel Nixon, the sculptor, is dead. His best known works are William IV., at the approach to London Bridge, and the Seasons, at Goldsmiths' Hall. He was in his fifty-first year. Mr Leslie has resigned the office of Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy, and has been succeeded by Mr Hart. The resignation and appointment both seem to be matter for regret. *Lady* the *Art Journal* has entered its protest against the colossal statue to Shakspeare, alluded to last month.

GREEK MEETING GREEK.

Our readers may have heard the story of the Yankee shoemaker who purchased of a pedler half a bushel of shoe-pegs, all neatly sharpened at one end, and warranted to be the best of maple, and who found them on inspection to be nothing but pine. Not caring to be 'taken in and done for' after that fashion, and being constitutionally fond of whittling, he went at them with his jack-knife, and sharpening the other end of each peg, resold them to the pedler on his next trip for—outs! The Celestials, whose imitative faculties have always been notorious, have improved their recent opportunities of intercourse with the Yankee barbarians by learning a lesson or two out of their book, and are vindicating their capacity by heating the originals. This is seen in a portion of the return-cargo of the ship *Eagle*, which recently arrived from San Francisco. In what particular disguise the component parts were sent out we cannot learn; but the shape in which they have come back shews that the Chinamen are quite shrewd enough to prosper by the side of the 'cutest Yankee in the land of their adoption. We have before us a specimen of gunpowder tea, said to be a fair sample of sixty tons, which arrived from San Francisco, in the ship *Eagle*, to 'order.' There is not the least snell or taste of tea about it, but in appearance it is the most complete imitation we ever saw. It is probably made of thin paper rolled in mud; but in weight, colour, peculiar shape of the leaf, and everything else but *flavour*, it cannot be distinguished from the genuine article. Even the little bits of broken stones seen in good samples of gun-

...are imitated to the life—apparently all from the same material. Once mixed with genuine tea, the adulteration could hardly be discovered; and it may be well for visitors in this vicinity to keep a look-out as to the disposal of this invoice. Meanwhile, the San Francisco operators, who have thus returned as oats for our fine shoe-pegs, can have their diploma.—*Journal of Commerce (American)*.

A TRAVELLER'S APOSTROPHE TO AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

BY MRS ALABIC WATTS.

I never dreamt of beauty, but behold
Straightway thy daughters flashed upon mine eye.
I never mused on valour, but the old
Memories of thy haughty chivalry
Filled my expanding soul with ecstasy.
And when I thought on wisdom, and the crown
The Muses give, with exultation high,
I turned to those whom thou hast called thine own,
Who fill the spacious earth with their and thy renown.

JOSEPH RICHIE.

I HAVE wandered like an Ishmael to nations east and west;
I have seen of the world's wonders its brightest and its best;
I have ploughed the broad Atlantic Columbus ploughed of yore;
I have seen the giant forests stand as they stood ere Time grew dear;
I have scaled the Cordillera, where their summits pierce the sky,
And poured my homage in the sound, half syllable, half sigh;
I have skinned the land-locked waters, like inland seas that flow;
I have watched the meteor shadows, as they come and as they go;
I have paced the boundless prairies, where the savage wandered free
Ere man had chained his fellow-man, and shouted Liberty!
I have wandered like an Ishmael from distant shore to shore;
I have crossed the stern sierra, held sacred by the Moor;
I have crouched beside the Laplander, but one remove from night;
I have stood beside the Persian as he worships sun and light;
I have seen the land of Egypt spread before me as a dream;
And the broad Nile have I breasted, that owns no tributary stream;
Where the Arab plants his quivering spear, have I been a bidden guest;
And where the mighty Pharaohs sleep, have I laid me down to rest.
I have watched the giant Pyramids—Time's landmarks—stand apart,
And I own their mighty influences, but could they fill the heart?

I have wandered like an Ishmael to nations far and wide—
Jerusalem a widow seen, Sophia as a bride;
I have traced the Land of Canaan, where the patriarch footsteps trod;
I have climbed the Holy Mountain, where Moses talked with God;
I have seen the Holy Sepulchre, and to its vergo have crept;
And on the Mount of Olives have I hid my face and wept.
With a remnant of God's people have I worshipped at his shrine,
And owned the hand that succoured me to be the hand Divine.
When I heard my own land's language, how did my spirit burn!
Like an Ishmael I've wandered forth, like a prodigal return!

O England! queen of nations, thou cradle of the free!
Sure the cup of many blessings has been lavished all on thee!

My pilgrim-staff and scallop-shell for ever be laid by,
Let me muse but on thine own green hills, and commune with thy sky.

Men may taunt thee with thy climate, as a weeping vapour hung

O'er the beauty of thy landscape; they may chide thy rugged tongue:

From the icy arctic circle to the fervid torrid zone,
Where dwell the sons and daughters as favoured as thine own?

How like a nursing mother does thy placid beauty seem!
Men marvel at the cataract—they drink but of the stream.

The best of all that's beautiful within thy shores I see.
My native land, receive thy child, and spare a grave, for me!

A CLOAK OF THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Before this cloak came into possession of Kamehameha I., its fabrication had been going on through the reign of eight preceding monarchs. Its length is 4 feet, and it has a spread of 11½ feet at the bottom. Its groundwork is a coarse netting, and to this the delicate feathers are attached with a skill and grace worthy of the most civilised art. The feathers forming the border are reversed; the whole presenting a bright yellow colour, resembling a mantle of gold. The birds from which these splendid feathers were taken had but two feathers of the kind, and they were located one under each wing. It is a very rare species (*Melithreptes Pacifica*), peculiar only to the higher regions of Hawaii, and is caught with great care and much toil. Five of these feathers were valued at one dollar and a half. It is computed that at least a million of dollars have been expended on the manufacture of this gorgeous fabric. The garment itself would be a fitting portion of the regalia of any European monarch. Viewing it in the scarcity of the article of which it is composed, and the immense amount of time and trouble employed in procuring it, it would be impossible for despotism to fabricate a more magnificent or costly garment for its proudest votaries.—*Sandwich Island Notes*.

THE OLD COCK.

The principal inn at the head of Windermere had been known as the Cock; but the landlord, by way of compliment to his distinguished neighbour [Richard Watson, bishop of Llandaff], substituted the *Bishop* as the new sign. An innkeeper close by, who had frequently envied since host of the Cock for his good-fortune in securing a considerable preponderance of visitors, took advantage of the change, and attracted many travellers to his house by putting up the sign of the Cock. The landlord with the new sign was much discomfited at seeing many of his old customers deposited at his rival's establishment; so by way of remedy, he put up in large red letters, under the portrait of the bishop, 'THIS IS THE OLD COCK!'—*Gunning's Reminiscences*.

NOT ASHAMED OF THEIR TRADES.

Hon. W. W. Pepper, one of the Circuit Judges of Tennessee, was formerly a blacksmith; and 'for the fun of it,' he lately made with his own hands an iron fire-shovel, which he presented to the governor, Hon. Andrew Johnson. In return, Governor Johnson, who was formerly a tailor, cut and made with his own hands a coat, and presented it to the judge. The correspondence which passed is published in the Tennessee papers.—*Country Gentleman (Albany)*.

In next Number will appear the First Chapter of *MARETIMO*, a Story of Adventure and Vicissitude, by BARRY ST JOHN, Author of *Purple Tints of Paris*, *Two Years' Residence in a Louisiana Family*, &c. To be continued in Weekly Chapters till completed.

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MARETIMO.

BY HAYLE ST JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

THE LEE-SHORE.

Light baffling winds had kept the French schooner *Marc Antoine*, bound from Marseille to Patras, hovering many days near the eastern coast of the island of Sardinia. Once or twice a favourable breeze had indeed taken her gently across part of the expanse of water that separated her from Sicily; and land to the south-east had been signaled from the mast-head; but calms had succeeded, and currents had wafted her back again; so that, early in the month of May 182—, there lay the *Marc Antoine*, swinging gently to and fro, still in sight of Cape Tavolara—her sails now swelling out, now clinging to the masts as she rolled.

The crew were sleeping about the deck in the sun; the man at the wheel nodded; the captain was stretched on his back on a carpet, looking intently up at the sky, as if he expected to discover something there; the only passenger leaned over the bulwarks, watching the transparent waters, where swarms of small fish lazily glided; whilst every now and then a great fellow, on the look-out for prey, would dart amongst them, and disperse them like shadows. No one seemed to repine at the loss of time—so bright was the sun, so placid the water, so balmy the air, so dimly beautiful that long line of hilly coast, with the great cape standing boldly out like a citadel in front, the base of its thousand feet of wall ever spurning back the foam which, even in the calmest days, dashes against it.

The passenger was an Englishman, Walter Masterton by name. Though young, he had passed the age when the smallest delays excite petulant impatience. Experience had made him too wise to spend the present hour in fretting, because it did not bring all the enjoyment he had anticipated. Yearning for the morrow made him not unlappy; but, on the contrary, a cheerful confidence in the future—in the time which *must* come whether we watch for it or not—was evident in his whole demeanour. No doubt, he had reason to be satisfied with himself. Tall and vigorously formed, with bright-blue eyes and curly chestnut hair, he had often been made aware that ladies considered him handsome. The good-natured but slightly satirical smile on his lip, seemed to express consciousness of worth, but may have had its origin, partly in robust health, partly in the tranquillity of mind produced by the possession of comfortable worldly means.

Walter Masterton was of a good family, being the second son of a baronet. A considerable legacy from

one of his uncles, had early enabled him to indulge in a wandering propensity that seemed to form part of his nature; and at the period when we introduce him to our readers, he had already visited most of the countries in Europe, and spoke with more or less facility half-a-dozen languages. He was the very type of the roving English gentleman, who is at home in all capitals, knows and avoids 'the best hotels,' and has lost, by long intercourse with the world, all those roughnesses and irregularities which are supposed by foreigners to form the essence of our national character. Frenchmen told him unhesitatingly—meaning to be very complimentary—that he had nothing British about him; Italians declared that he was too polished for a German; and the ladies seemed generally agreed that he must be somebody in disguise. He was now on his way to Greece, where he had serious thoughts of employing his superabundant energy by joining the insurrection then in progress. What he really sought in his travels he might have found it perhaps difficult to explain. Sometimes he said it was knowledge; but he took no notes; visited few churches; and when he condescended to enter a picture-gallery, looked rather at the spectators than at the works of art. Sometimes he professed to be seeking opportunities of doing—of redressing wrongs, like Don Quixote—and had indeed got into several squabbles with the police of well-governed countries, by lending his passport to the first fugitive who chose to ask it. When he talked of travelling in search of health, his appearance at once belied him; and so, occasionally, when he happened to be in a confidential mood, softening his voice—hypocritically many thought—he would pretend to be in search of forgetfulness. Forgetfulness! look at that white smooth forehead round which the chestnut curls are playing; at that pair of calm eyes; at that almost perpetual smile. Few could believe the statement; for we are accustomed to conceive those whose hearts have been devastated by passion as distorted, or at any-rate sickly in countenance—Childe Harold must have hollow cheeks and haggard looks. Yet appearances, as our school-copies tell us, are sometimes deceitful. That glittering plain of waters seems to be created only to sleep on eternally, drinking in the sunbeams that are showered upon it, or doubling the already innumerable stars; yet wrecked fleets lie beneath: in an hour, too, the storm may come—the hurricane and the thundering wave.

'Monsieur le Capitaine,' said Walter, turning round after long idle contemplation of the doings in Fish-land—'methinks we shall lie here till we become fit subjects for another ballad by Coleridge. But you don't know Coleridge?'

'I shall be most happy,' replied the captain, drawing and looking indefinite, as if he had scarcely come down from the sky—'most delighted to make his acquaintance on your introduction.'

Upon this, Walter, in very idleness, began to spout the *Ancient Mariner*, in solemn preaching tones. The captain, who understood not a word, seemed interested; even the sailors, who had been lying on their faces, as if looking through the deck into the hold, turned round, rose on their elbows, and listened. This ebullition was quite an incident; nothing so out of the way had happened for some time. Walter went on gloriously; and by degrees quite forgot himself in admiration of what he was reciting; but suddenly he felt that he was no longer the observed of all observers. There was some other point of attraction. He stopped: nobody was listening to him—every one was at the side of the vessel looking towards the north.

Though not of much nautical experience, Walter soon understood what was the matter. The sky, which had previously been intensely blue all around, had assumed a threatening appearance in the direction of which all eyes were now turned. First, a haze had risen like a phantom above the horizon, thin, and almost imperceptible; but it rapidly thickened into a cloud that seemed stationary for a time, and then began to advance along the waters, making them gloomy as it came. Presently the tackle chook—producing a sound very much resembling that of ill-joked windows in a by-street when a carriage rattles through; and then the vessel itself creaked and groaned, as if rousing for action. Walter, though he had seemed so resigned to see the *Marc Antoine* lying lazily there, 'like a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' was full of gloom. Motion suited him better: he now felt impatient to be careering over the foaming billows. But what are those lubberly Frenchmen about? Instead of letting loose more canvas, they are taking in every inch; two men are employed in securing the boats by fresh ropes; everything movable is made fast; the sailors' blouses begin to flutter; their long hair, wet with spray, dashes in their eyes; eager, almost fierce orders fly from the captain's mouth; on rushes the haze; the coast disappears; the sea whitens; there is a pitch and a roll; the squall has seized the schooner in its embrace, and is hurrying her, under bare-pole, towards the south.

The violence of these squalls is usually not lasting; and in less than a quarter of an hour the schooner had her jib out, and presently afterwards, both main-sail and square-sail. Walter was delighted. The *Marc Antoine*, with only a stiff breeze on her quarter, was now enabled to pursue her course steadily, making nearly ten knots an hour, every knot an approach to the goal of her voyage. But the wind gradually increased again; and by sunset, it blew a terrific gale. They did not see the sun go down, for they were shrouded in mist; but they felt night coming on by the gradual deepening of the gloom. At length, all was darkness around; and the schooner, with only just sufficient canvas set to keep her steady, went bounding along over the seething waters, into which she seemed at times about to bury her bows, that, anon, were lifted high into the air. Walter rather enjoyed the motion than otherwise; and as long as he could keep his footing, paced the deck wrapped in his cloak, watching the waves, which appeared to rise every now and then like dim white phantoms, to look over the sides of the vessel. So much, when his eyes became accustomed, could he distinguish; but beyond, around, above, all was darkness. The seamen were constantly engaged moving to and fro on the slushed deck, silently obeying the brief orders of the captain. To the latter, Walter wished to speak, but found no encouragement: he was even gruffly repulsed. There are those that become gentle in times of danger—perhaps the most truly brave—but others become rough and surly.

After some time, accordingly, Walter went below and tried to sleep—no easy matter. The sea was running mountains high, and sometimes made a clean breach over the deck; whole tons of water seemed to come thundering down. Suddenly, Walter was startled by a tremendous detonation and a crash, as if a rock had been hurled on board. Reaching the ladder as well as he could—the vessel pitching and rolling dreadfully all the time—he rushed up, and found that a tremendous sea had stove in one of the boats, at the same time that the main-sail, though closely reefed, had been carried away. The snapping of the tackle was like the voice of a cannon. Everything was in confusion; the broken ropes dashed to and fro like huge whips; the men were in disorder; the vessel tossed about for a time without guidance. Shortly after, they attempted to lie to, and a sort of dull whisper went about of the dangers of a lee-shore; but they were soon forced to send again.

Thus night wore away; and when morning came, and the view over the cream-coloured billows gradually widened, the storm seemed rather to increase than to abate. The vessel had laboured a good deal during the night; and Walter was not a little disconcerted to find that some of the men had been at work for several hours at the pumps. He now ventured again to address the captain.

'Do you know where we are?' he inquired.

'In a tempest off the coast of Sicily,' was the gruff reply.

'Then we may at last hope for some shelter. If we are in our right course, we shall soon get under lee of the land.'

'Ay, ay, we may hope what we please, and, for that matter, fear too. *Chacun à son goût*. We are going where the wind takes us—it may be straight on the rock of Maretimo.'

'But surely you have still sufficient command of your vessel to be able to lie to?'

An English commander would have been less communicative. The Frenchman, though as brave a fellow as ever lived, could not conceal the truth. He had just sent three more men to the pumps; they had sprung a dangerous leak; there were several feet of water in the hold.

'However,' he added, endeavouring to appease his own alarm as well as Walter's—'on a pinch we can leave the pumps, and wear her, if anything alarming appears. We shan't sink yet. How many yards ahead do you think we could distinguish a rock some thousand feet in height?'

'Half a mile, perhaps.'

'Not a quarter; and there are breakers on the north-west side of Maretimo.'

Walter now understood the full extent of the danger. The greater part of the crew were necessarily employed in pumping out the water, and the remainder were not sufficient to perform any manœuvre that might suddenly be rendered necessary. He felt like a man who should be drifting towards the Falls of Niagara without anything within reach that he might grasp to stay his course; and looked anxiously ahead, calculating rather how long the suspense was to endure, than with any hope that the threatened danger could be averted. Suddenly, he thought he saw the mist become more and more dense above the bowsprit: a huge form seemed struggling to break through it.

'Is that a cloud?' cried he, touching the captain's arm.

'No, no,' was the answer; 'that is Maretimo.'

The captain instantly ordered the helm to be brought hard a-weather. The crew came rushing on deck, and scrambled in rather a disorderly manner to their posts; but several of them seemed to have been drinking. Some mistake in the manœuvre was made: a heavy sea broke over them, and washed the man at the wheel

right away, so that he was never seen more. The *Marc Antoine* drifted. In another moment, her keel struck with tremendous force; the masts went by the board, and she lay quite on her beam-ends, the sea breaking over her like a cataract. By the violence of the shock, Walter was hurled into the waves, almost stunned; being a good swimmer, however, he soon recovered himself, and managed to get hold of a spar, and gazed around to see if there was any hope in struggling back towards the vessel. He just saw it leaning right over, with several men clinging to the shrouds—a complete hopeless wreck. Immediately afterwards, a mountain of foaming water seemed to climb upon it with a triumphant roar—a huge white dome, that hung there, as it were, for a moment, and then broke away on every side in gushing streams, finding no further opposition; for the *Marc Antoine* had gone to pieces beneath the weight, and nothing remained of her but planks and barrels and spars.

Walter thought he saw at a little distance a boat, crowded with men, tossed up once on the summit of a tremendous wave; but of this he was not sure. The captain swam for a moment near at hand, and then disappeared. Fragments of the wreck were all around, swinging to and fro on the surface of the billows. Walter clung to his spar with the energy of despair.

Luckily, he had been east from the vessel inside a line of rocks, that to some extent broke the force of the waves. The strongest swimmer could scarcely have kept afloat more than a few minutes in the open sea. That was a terrible hurricane, long remembered in Sicily. The whole northern coast of the island was strewed with wrecks; and several vessels, that came from the horizon like a flight of birds, were seen to go down by those who crowded the house-tops of Trapani. Well, then, may Walter for a moment have given himself up for lost, although, as we have said, comparatively out of the influence of the raging sea. The water tumbled heavily toward the shore, which he could distinguish rising—a tremendous black mass, terminating in mist and cloud overhead—at no great distance. Unfortunately, the waves broke before reaching the land, so that there was evidently another line of rocks intervening. Indeed, in many places the water ran in and dashed up the sides of the precipice to an immense height, like white feathers—falling back in a cloud of spray. Walter, partly swimming, partly carried by the spar, gradually approached the iron-bound coast—with little hope, however, of ultimately escaping the fate which had probably overtaken all or most of his companions. It seemed impossible that he should avoid being dashed to pieces against the sunken rocks. No landing-place was apparent; no sign that the island was in any way accessible.

When Walter was carried close up to the breakers, he let go the spar, and having recommended his soul to God, made a desperate attempt to rise over them. The first time, his knees struck against the rocks, and he was nearly disabled; but the second, taking advantage of a larger swell than usual, he got across, and found that beyond was comparatively shallow water, when the wave had receded. He paused, breathless, for a moment, and then running forward, reached a ledge of rock at the base of the precipice, where he could at any rate sit down and rest. It is true that the water still reached him, and sometimes dashed in his face, but not with sufficient strength to make him lose his hold. He could now look round, and ascertain what were the chances of his ultimate escape.

By this time, the weather had a little brightened, and Walter could perceive the raging sea covered with fragments of the wreck; but there was no trace of any of the crew, except a pair of shoes that were floating near at hand. He thought that he alone had been saved—if saved he could as yet consider himself to be. There were no visible means of access to the island; and he

was even unaware of its being inhabited. To all appearance, it was a mere isolated mountain—a perpendicular pile of rock. Here and there, however, were breaks; but, from his position, Walter could see no sign of vegetation—nothing but precipices rising on all hands, as if to support one edge of a vast black cloud that stretched like a canopy over the sea.

From the time that seemed to have elapsed since Walter had come that morning upon the deck of the ill-fated *Marc Antoine*, he judged that it must be now nearly noon. The sun was, of course, not visible, but still the light seemed to come from behind the rock. At any rate, out at sea there was less shade than in the hollow curve within which Walter had been cast. There were, then, seven or eight hours more of day to elapse, and it was within that time that aid must come to be effectual, for it appeared impossible that any person, however hardy, could pass a night in such a situation. Walter's first care, when he had somewhat recovered his presence of mind, was to try and ascertain whether it was possible by any means to clamber towards the interior of the island. The rock immediately above him was, however, quite precipitous; not even a goat could have ascended it. He thought it possible that to the right or to the left a practicable passage might be found. But he soon ascertained that there was deep water on both sides; and the waves broke so furiously against the extreme points of the little inlet in which he had found shelter, that in such weather it would have been madness for him to attempt to swim round. He sat down, therefore, with his back to the rock, and calmly calculated what were the chances of his escape. Having fully appreciated the difficulties and the dangers by which he was surrounded, he undertook, in the next place, a self-examination. He found that, with the exception of a few slight injuries, which he had scarcely noticed until now, he still retained his full physical powers. It is true, he was somewhat exhausted from want of food, having tasted nothing since the previous day; but he remembered not only that others, when forced by circumstances, had found capacities of endurance within themselves which they had not previously expected, but that he himself, in his wild pedestrian tours through the sierras of Spain and the glaciers of the Alps, had manfully borne up against tremendous privations. He had been trained, too, to a hard life from his earliest infancy, ever delighting in those rough field-sports by means of which the upper classes of this country maintain their physical superiority. He brought himself to believe, therefore, that even if the contest for life were prolonged to the next day, he should be found physically equal to it. What he feared at the outset was, that a tendency to despond, which had early come over him, might obtain the mastery. During the first few moments, indeed, that he had rested in comparative safety, the idea had suggested itself that he was only preserving himself for greater suffering, and that it would be best at once to give up the unequal struggle with the elements. All men who have been placed in similar situations have, perhaps, experienced this momentary want of confidence. There are latent powers in the human frame and in the human mind, which are only called forth on special occasions, and the existence of which we never suspect until then. In this sense, if in no other, adversity is a good master. We never know all we are capable of until the hour of trial; and so it was with Walter. A short time of reflection convinced him of the cowardice of yielding up his hope and his life, because he had been suddenly placed in the midst of imminent perils. He had yet much to live for. If it was true that he had suffered one of those disappointments which disgust the weak and the degenerate—the spoiled children of fortune—there was still a wide horizon for him. He had powers of affection that had never yet been employed, and he felt, too, that he had a mission in this

world to accomplish is common with his other fellow-creatures, which it was not permitted him lightly to abandon.

These ideas did not suggest themselves to him in any very definite shape; they whirled hastily through his mind, and formed, together with the instinct of self-preservation, motives sufficiently strong to induce him to resolve, that as long as life was within him he would not give way to base despair. Many others would perhaps have been less courageous, for it was evident that, unless the storm soon abated, and the direction of the wind changed, only some assistance, which it was not likely could be at hand, would avail. In many other parts of the world, there might have been hope or fear in the ebbing or the flowing of the tide; but these variations occur not in the Mediterranean: there the sea perpetually maintains the same level, except when it is piled by long-continued winds against the same coast.

The day passed slowly by, and no change for the better or for the worse took place—still the wind roared, and still the waves tumbled heavily against the rocks. After some hours, however, the clouds that had seemed to hang in solid masses over the sea, broke up, and went drifting, or rather hurrying, away overhead. Small patches of sunlight fell upon the tumultuous waters. Walter was in hopes that the hurricane would soon be over, but, to all appearance, it continued to rage with the same fury as before. However, increased light brought increased cheerfulness to his mind; his confidence became greater. He tried to remember what he had heard of these famous islands of the *Ægates*, of which history speaks so much, and modern geography so little, and persuaded himself that he had somewhere read of this little archipelago being inhabited by a race of fishermen, who practised the good old virtues of hospitality, and were ever ready to receive and comfort the shipwrecked stranger.

The waters were still hissing and dashing at his feet, and, further out, in masses many tons in weight, still came thundering upon the ledge of rock. A thousand inarticulate sounds buzzed in Walter's ears. The monotony of danger, and perhaps, too, want of nourishment, made him at last giddy and faint. In spite of ~~his~~ courage, he found that his thoughts began to wander; and every now and then it required a fresh mental exertion to enable him to keep his position on the rock. Suddenly, he thought he heard a sound different from the voice of the elements; he started—he awoke to complete consciousness. He listened; he gazed to the right, to the left, overhead. It came again. Evidently, there was some human being near at hand—perhaps one of the crew—some fellow-sufferer hidden by a projecting point of rock, who was shouting for help—shouting to the roaring sea, which seemed to redouble its clamour to drown this ~~man's~~ outcry. Walter felt strengthened by the idea that there was some fellow-creature, perhaps even more helpless than he, near at hand; and half his misery seemed to be removed from him. The voice again made itself heard, this time a little nearer; but it was not the voice of complaint. It spoke in cheerful accents. The words, 'Take courage!' in Italian, were at length plainly to be distinguished. Though almost blinded with the water and with fatigue, Walter now made out, almost exactly above where he was clinging, the head of a man advanced over the precipice. He gave a cheerful 'halloo!' to shew that he had heard the signal. The stranger again called aloud, but it was impossible to make out what he said; however, it was evident that he was cheering the shipwrecked man. Presently he disappeared, but Walter now felt confident that aid was near at hand. He remained gazing at the place from which the promise of deliverance had come, till his eyes grew dizzy and his heart faint. After an interval that seemed an hour, though it was, in reality,

much shorter, several heads were seen peering over the precipice, and at last he made out that the people were taking measures to rescue him from his dangerous position. Presently, by the assistance of a rope, a man came clambering down the face of the rock, fixing his feet carefully in small holes, or on projecting pieces almost imperceptible from below. It may easily be imagined that Walter watched his progress with intense anxiety. Now and then, he loosened a fragment, and slipped; but down he still came, and presently reached the ledge of rock, and paused, breathless, to rest.

Walter, forgetting for the time his own situation, could not help looking with some surprise at the person who seemed, as it were, to have come down from heaven to his assistance. He had expected to behold a hearty and jovial fisherman, who would probably accept, with equal good-humour, his thanks and a reward; but there stood before him, slightly leaning against the rock to regain breath, a noble-looking person, dressed in garments which, though ruffled by exertion, were evidently those of a man of rank and refinement. His features, though animated by exertion at first, soon relaxed into an expression of tender melancholy. Not a word was spoken by either; but these two men, who had never met before, being brought face to face under such strange circumstances, seemed to feel their hearts leap irresistibly one towards the other; and ere they thought of further efforts for safety, they fell into each other's arms, and embraced. The cold nature of the Englishman melted to the ductility of the south; and Walter, who had borne up so bravely until then, overcome by gratitude and sympathy, wept silently—that strong man wept when he felt life and hope, which seemed to have abandoned him, come rushing back, like a flood, through his whole being; and the stranger's eyes were filled with tears also.

The two men soon recovered their calmness, and Walter, looking with affectionate gratitude at his new-found friend, said in Italian: 'And what are we now to do?' The stranger smiled, and asked him if he retained sufficient strength to climb the precipice by help of the rope. It was necessary, at any rate, to try, although the Englishman was much exhausted by fatigue and want of food. He assisted, however, in fastening the rope round his body, and roused himself for this last exertion. Presently afterwards, at a given signal, the men above began to haul slowly up. The distance was not great; but Walter received several bruises, for he was unable to keep out from the rock by his feet, and now and then seemed to lose consciousness. When he reached the edge of the precipice, several hands were stretched out to receive him, but his eyes swam, and he could only vaguely distinguish the forms of some people, who seemed to be dressed as soldiers. At a later time, he often thought of the strange sensations of that day. Whilst he was on the ledge of rock, except in a few moments of discouragement, everything around was perfectly distinct; but he scarcely thought of the past or of the future. His mind was almost completely occupied by the minute but keen sensations of the moment. He was engaged in a contest for dear life—a contest with chance and the elements; and there was time neither for reminiscence nor anticipation. When he felt that he was quite safe, external things seemed to float around him—to become dim and uncertain; the men who stood near were like shadows, the mountains like clouds; the sea that stretched far away, still tumbling tumultuously, looked like a vast expanse of smoke; and the sun, which by this time was nearly setting, glowed strangely red and large, as it sank amidst a bank of vapour. The only distinct feeling that accompanied these confused impressions, was anxiety for the safety of the stranger by whom he had been rescued. This kept him for some time from utterly giving way;

but when he saw the serious handsome face which had become so indelibly fixed in his memory again appear, he greeted it with a smile of recognition—felt the world, as it were, wafted swiftly away from him, and lost all consciousness.

On coming to himself, Walter gazed around anxiously in search of the one person, whose appearance and demeanour, as much perhaps as the great service he had rendered him, had made so deep an impression on his mind. But he saw only half-a-dozen men, dressed as common soldiers, who were apparently waiting for his recovery, without any great feeling of interest.

'Where is he?' said he in an eager tone.

They did not or would not understand to whom he alluded, and instead of answering his question, in true southern style asked another. 'Can you walk?' cried they.

He repeated his demand once or twice, fancying that his foreign accent prevented them from taking his meaning; and at last one of them, who seemed to be of superior rank to the rest, said rather gruffly. 'He has gone away, and you have no further need of him.'

At this moment, the roll of a drum was heard echoing through the mountains; and the soldiers, all rising at once, intimated that the sun having set, they must immediately return to their quarters. Walter understood, from their manner, that they wished to avoid all further conversation about the mysterious-looking personage to whom he owed so great an obligation, and naturally felt his curiosity increase. This was not the time, however, for satisfying it; and getting up with the assistance of two of the men—for he felt strangely weak—he accompanied the party up a steep defile that led, apparently, into the interior of the island, his mind still busily occupied with conjectures concerning his unknown preserver.

OUR GREAT WORKSHOP.

ONE of the most wonderful things in modern society is the manner in which employments spontaneously divide and classify themselves, making a gradual approach towards the maintenance of an equitable balance; it is true that this balance is never fully attained, but the approximation towards it is, nevertheless, remarkable. We may present the matter in this light. Say that there are 20,000,000 human beings in our own country—although, in reality, England and Wales are below this number; but England and Wales, with Scotland—that is, Great Britain—above it. How many persons are required to supply this number with clothing—how many with food—how many with dwellings? Who can answer such a question? Who can even make any approach toward an answer, reasoning by deduction from any principles? We can imagine a despot trying to order all things according to his own notions of right and wrong, and determining how many tailors and shoemakers, butchers and bakers, there ought to be; and we know that, in past times, our own legislature tried to effect something of the kind; but modern times have shown very clearly how powerless kings and governments are in determining such matters.

Society settles all this by a kind of belief in a law of continuity. If twenty families, living in — Street—we may fill up the blank how we please—consumed 100 quarter-loaves last week, the baker infers that they will be willing and able to pay for and to eat 100 quarters next week, unless some special circumstances seem to indicate a change. The law of continuity, of like results proceeding from like causes, is unconsciously acknowledged by all men; and this is really the groundwork on which men act in supplying their shops and warehouses. The baker, in determining how many sacks of flour he will bake into bread next week, looks at his sale for last week; judges whether

any disturbing causes are at work; and then decides how much flour it will be prudent to bake next week. So it is with all the bakers in all the towns: they do not trouble themselves with any calculation as to the quantity of bread required for 20,000,000 persons; each man is influenced in his guessings for next week by his experience of last week, resting on the law of continuity—though he may not know it by so fine a name as this—as a link between the two. So it is in respect to all trades and professions of every kind. To 10,000 carpenters, how many tailors? Neither carpenters nor tailors could answer such a question by any process of reasoning concerning the nature of the two trades; but the men, as individuals, settle it in their own way; they have to bear low wages and much suffering, if either class be more numerous than society requires; and it is by low wages, more readily than by anything else, that they find out when this excess of numbers has arisen. How best to proceed, when such a discovery has been made, is one of the most difficult questions of the day; but on that we do not touch here.

Although governments cannot command the proportions between different trades, it may yet be in the highest degree important and valuable to know in what way trades spontaneously proportion themselves. Such a desire has often been felt in England; but it is only by the Census Commissioners that anything valuable in this respect can be ascertained. A rough attempt in this direction was made by Gregory King, for the year 1688, from such data as he thought he could rely upon. His classification of the community was curious. He divided all the families of England and Wales into twenty-six groups—namely, temporal lords; spiritual lords; baronets; knights; esquires; gentlemen; persons in greater offices and places; persons in lesser offices and places; eminent merchants and traders by sea; lesser merchants and traders by sea; persons in the law; eminent clergymen; lesser clergymen; freeholders of the better sort; freeholders of the lesser sort; farmers; persons in liberal arts and sciences; shopkeepers and tradesmen; artisans and handicrafts; naval officers; military officers; common scoundrels; common soldiers; labouring-people and out-servants; cottagers and paupers; gipsies, beggars, thieves, &c. We need not stop to point out the extremely artificial character of such a mode of classification, with its 'better sort' and 'lesser sort,' or the dependence of the whole on feudal or at least hereditary bases; and as to numbers, we will simply say, that the highest numbers are—cottagers and paupers, labouring-people and out-servants, farmers, and freeholders of the lesser sort; an order of precedence which might lead one to ask, where are the artisans and handicrafts?

It was fifty years ago, when the legislature first tried to ascertain a few particulars of this nature through the medium of the census. In the census of 1801, a column was left for the occupations of the people; but the returns were unsatisfactory, in consequence of the impossibility of determining whether females of the family, children, and servants, were to be classed as of no occupation, or of the occupation of the adult males of the family. In 1811, therefore, it was determined to abandon all detail respecting individuals, and to notice families only; and these families were grouped in three classes—those chiefly employed in and maintained by agriculture; those chiefly employed in or maintained by trade, manufactures, or handicraft; and those not belonging to either of these two classes. A similar system was adopted in 1821. In 1831, however, as there were still doubts as to what is to be deemed a family, it was determined to ascertain the occupation of all males of twenty years and upwards. The limit of twenty years of age was chosen for two reasons: because a man is usually settled in his vocation at that time; and because that age almost exactly divides the

whole male community into two equal parts, offering conveniences for checking and comparison. In order to render the census practicable, a form, containing a list of one hundred different trades and handicrafts, being those most commonly carried on, was furnished to the overseers in each parish or place; this form was to be filled up with the number of males of twenty years of age and upwards, opposite the separate columns of trades. This was so far good; but the overseers were authorised to add to the list such additional trades as were not included in the printed form; and there was thus an absence of uniformity in describing these extra trades, as well as doubts concerning the discretion which the overseers had shown in their choice. In 1841, therefore, an endeavour was made to approach still nearer to correctness. Instead of entering one hundred occupations on a blank form, each man's own description of his own occupation was to be entered opposite his name. The result of this was exceedingly curious; for each man felt at liberty to name, if he pleased, the merest technical limitation to which his handicraft was confined. Thus in Lancashire, there were no fewer than 1225 distinct heads of employment in the cotton manufacture alone—that is, 1225 technical names for different employments connected with this particular manufacture. To set formally forth all the minute subdivisions thus given in by the enumerators, would have been practically useless, though curious; and the commissioners contented themselves with setting down a group of trades, expressive of cotton manufacture. In 1831, the separate occupations in Great Britain tabulated had been 598; in 1841, the number was 877. Of this 877, no less than 422 were employments connected with commerce and trade; while 319 were connected with manufacture.

Such being the nature of the information obtained, and the mode of obtaining it, the census of 1851 was looked forward to with much interest, as a means of eliciting yet more trustworthy and valuable details.

The Registrar-general has lately put forth two bulky volumes, as part of the record of his labours connected with the census of 1851. These two volumes, containing more than 1400 pages of close print, relate chiefly to the ages, civic condition, occupations, and birthplace of the people; together with the numbers and ages of the blind, deaf and dumb, paupers, prisoners, and lunatics. There had been before published voluminous tables respecting the numbers, education, religion, &c., of the people, so that the entire work will become of vast national importance. Our purpose here is only to notice the occupations of the people, in respect to the light thrown upon that subject by the census of 1851.

The Registrar-general, Mr Graham, with his coadjutors Mr Farr and Mr Mann, were the commissioners for managing this as well as other details of the census. They say: 'It was considered important to extend the inquiry so as to shew, as nearly as was practicable, the number of men, women, and children, in every trade or profession; and to obviate some of the difficulties which had interfered with the previous inquiries, short instructions on important points were printed upon every householder's schedule; and instructions still more elaborate were distributed among the enumerators and registrars. The result has been a great improvement in the quality of the information under this head, although it is still imperfect.' The commissioners point out how inevitable it was that anomalies would appear in the designations which individuals apply to themselves—the same name being applied to different occupations; or different names being applied to the same occupation; or many of the designations being vague, and of doubtful interpretation. It was determined, after a careful observation and analysis of the voluminous returns, to select 332 occupations of males, which appear to be pretty generally followed in various parts of the country; and to

publish the numbers and ages of the males employed in any of these 332 occupations, in every one of the counties and registration districts, and in most of the large cities and towns. There was a residuum of occupations left, which it was resolved to present in a more summary form, with less minuteness of detail. The list of 332 occupations was thus repeated so many times in the districts, counties, and towns, that the tables necessarily assumed their present bulky form.

The commissioners point out the fact, that in an early stage of society, the three chief trades are those of hunters, shepherds, and agriculturists, according as men lived by the produce of the chase, on the produce of their flocks, or the produce of tilled land; but that as society advances, and wants increase, the division of employments increases, and the need of classification augments as much as its difficulty. To give the eye something more to rest upon than wearying and repulsive tables, the commissioners requested Mr Augustus Petermann, the eminent geographer, to prepare a map of Great Britain, which should give a general notion of the distribution of occupations over the whole kingdom. The census-returns were the basis on which Mr Petermann proceeded, and he sought, by peculiar engraved marks and different colours, to render the meaning intelligible. The map, which is about two feet high by one in width, is tinted in a greenish green, to indicate the diffusion of an agricultural population; and Mr Petermann has conceived a great variety of quaint, ingenious, and suggestive devices, which were scattered in profusion over the map, to represent the distribution of handicrafts, mines, and manufactures of various kinds. The symbols convey all such information as the following—that 'ships are made at Woolwich: in London, silk is manufactured; watches are constructed; ale and porter are brewed; pottery, and engines and machines, are made in a large way; gardens surround it for the supply of vegetables; on both sides of the Thames, paper is manufactured.* Straw-plait, lace, and shoes, employ the people in the South Midland counties; the silk manufacture extends to Bucks, to Suffolk, to Norfolk—particularly around Norwich—to Coventry, Nottingham, and Macclesfield, with the districts surrounding the towns. Silk now employs hands in Manchester and Bradford; gloves abound about Yeovil, Barnstaple, Worcester, and Woodstock. Thus the seats of the principal manufactures can be traced on the map; the miners and the manufacturers of the principal metals; quarriers; the people spinning and weaving wool, silk, cotton, and flax; the manufacturers or makers of hats, stockings, gloves, shoes, watches and clocks, guns, engines, machines, tools, ships, chemicals, soap, combs, skins, leather, ale, toys, straw-plait, ropes, nets, thread, paper, glass, jewellery, locks, buttons, wire, nails, anchors, boilers, files, cutlery, needles and pins.'

No conditions were attached to the Census Act of 1851, to enable the commissioners to determine the number of shops and factories in different branches of trade; but it has been found possible to distinguish masters from men, and to ascertain how many acres of land are held by farmers, and how many men are employed by them. The returns are yet only roughly approximate; but they form a basis on which much useful information will be founded in future enumerations. It appears that 129,000 masters, on the census day in 1851, employed 727,468 men, or 5.6 men to each master. There were no fewer than 228 masters who employed more than 350 men each. A table is given of about 300 trades, with twenty-one blanks opposite each name for twenty-one numbers of men, to assist in denoting the numbers employed by the respective masters.

* It may be very well for paper-merchants in London to designate themselves paper-manufacturers; but there is very little, if any, paper actually made in the metropolis.

This table is well worth close study on the part of those who would estimate our industrial position. Engineers and machinists, cotton manufacturers, woolen manufacturers, silk manufacturers, worsted manufacturers, are those of whom the greatest number employ large bodies of men. The cotton manufacturers, as may be supposed, take the lead: there are no less than 113 of them who have more than 350 persons each in their employ—not merely an average, but *each one* has more than this number—certainly an astonishing fact. Of the tradesmen who returned themselves as masters employing two persons each, there were 2572 shoemakers, 1949 carpenters, 1667 blacksmiths, 1522 tailors, 1059 bakers—these were the highest numbers. If we go to the lowest limit of mastership, employing only one person, we find the order of precedence slightly altered—namely, 3444 shoemakers, 2470 blacksmiths, 2330 tailors, 2319 carpenters, 1692 bakers: in this, as in the former list, these five trades are larger than any others, in respect to the number of masters who employ only one or two persons. Without enumerating intermediate trades, it may be useful to bear in mind, that the five trades which are most distinguished for the large average number of persons employed in each factory or workshop, are manufacturers of cottons, woollens, worsteds, silks, and machines; while those at the other end of the scale are shoemakers, blacksmiths, tailors, carpenters, and bakers.

In respect to farmers, there were 225,318 persons who returned themselves as occupying land, and employing 665,651 labourers and servants—just about three persons employed on an average by each farmer or land-occupier. The returns were frequently vague in this respect; and the commissioners regard the result as only approximate. In respect to the farms, however, as distinguished from the farmers, the information is in many respects interesting. It is found that in England and Wales the average size of farms—225,318 in number—is 111 acres; almost exactly equal to the *hides* of land among the Anglo-Saxons. These occupy two-thirds of the entire area, leaving one-third for hills, moors, marshes, barrens, and water. About 170 farmers employ more than 60 persons each. Nearly 800 farms exceed 1000 acres each, and 90 of these exceed 2000 acres each.

In respect to the occupations of the people generally, the commissioners have had abundant difficulty. The same man is a member of parliament, a magistrate, a landowner; under which heading shall he be placed? So of the innkeeper and farmer, the fisherman and the farm-labourer, the maltster and the brewer. It was therefore decided to place a man under that one of his occupations which seemed to be the most important.

When the decision had been arrived at concerning which of two or more occupations should be selected as belonging to each individual, and when the total number of occupations to be tabulated had been settled, the commissioners sought for some system of classification. They first separated all occupations into two great groups—1st, Those who work; and, 2d, Those who professedly have no definite occupation. The first group is divided into fourteen classes, which we may briefly designate without going into details:—1st, The Queen; the Royal family; the Lords and Commons; the civil servants of the crown; the officers of local government. 2d, The army, officers and men; the navy, officers and men; marines, half-pay officers and pensioners. 3d, The clergy and pastors; lawyers and judges of all kinds; physicians and medical men generally. 4th, The learned in art, science, and literature, including authors, editors, artists, sculptors, architects, men of science, teachers, and governesses. 5th, Wives and widows (not otherwise designated); children, educated at home and educated at school. 6th, Boarding and lodging house keepers; domestic

servants; makers of dress. 7th, Persons who buy, sell, let, or lend money on houses or goods—such as agents, brokers, factors, bankers, clerks, sellers, and auctioneers. 8th, Persons employed in conveyance by road, railway, sea, river, or canal. 9th, Farmers, graziers, shepherds, gardeners, agricultural labourers. 10th, Drivers, farriers, grooms, fishermen, and others employed about animals. 11th, Persons engaged in art and mechanic productions (a very large class, which seems to us not well chosen, for it includes sub-classes too widely divergent in character; authors, and painters, and architects, are placed in Class 4; while publishers, and engravers, and carvers, are placed in Class 11: why is this? and why are carpenters and bricklayers placed in the same class as actors and musicians?) 12th, Persons working and dealing in animal substances—such as bone, horn, ivory, whale-bone, skin, feathers, hair, fur, wool, silk. 13th, Persons working and dealing in vegetable substances—such as vegetable food, cotton, flax, timber, gums, &c. 14th, Persons working and dealing in minerals—such as coal, ores, metals, salt, glass, earthenware, &c. The second group, comprising those who professedly have no definite occupation, is soon got over. It has three classes: 1st, Persons of rank or property who are not returned under any office or occupation; 2d, Labourers, whose branch of labour is undefined; 3d, Persons supported by the community, and of no specified occupation, including vagrants, prisoners, and persons supported by *pauper* charity.

Thus the Queen's subjects in Great Britain are divided into 17 classes, subdivided into 91 sub-classes; and these are further subdivided into 332 separate occupations. These are for males; but the females are also classified. Some of these find places in all the 17 classes above named; but the total number of distinct occupations or social positions set down for females is limited to 198, of which the first and foremost is 'Queen.'

In any analysis of the whole of the occupations of the people, with a view to determine their relative importance, much of course depends on the judgment with which the classification has been made. Taking the commissioners' classification, however, as it stands, we find that there are 108 occupations, in each of which there are more than 10,000 persons. The two great items are—1,460,896 farm-servants and field-servants, and labourers of all kinds; and 1,038,791 domestic servants. The cotton-workers of all kinds are just about 500,000; while the labourers (undefined), the farmers and graziers, the boot and shoe makers, the milliners and dressmakers, and the coal-miners, range between 400,000 and 200,000. There appear to be just about 2,000,000 persons, or nearly one-tenth of the entire population of Great Britain, employed in working on dress, or on materials for dress. If we deduct from the farmers, graziers, gardeners, and agricultural labourers, a small percentage for the raising of produce *other* than food, it appears to us that there are also about 2,000,000 persons employed in growing, and making, and selling food. As the table from whence these items are taken contains no occupations in which the number of persons is less than 10,000, there is an addition to make on this score; and the result seems to be this—*one-tenth of our entire number are employed upon dress, and one-tenth upon food.* Of course, much of our cotton goods, iron, machinery, coal, &c., go to supply other countries; and numerous persons in other countries are employed in growing our tea, coffee, sugar, silk, &c.; therefore the exact number of persons required to supply dress and food to 21,000,000 persons is not clearly determined; but still the approximation here made is extremely valuable. A family, in the ordinary English acceptance of the term, consists on an average of just about five persons; and this gives us another general statement—the

persons employed upon food and drink equal the number of families, equivalent to one person in every family being so employed.

The almost interminable series of tables put forth by the commissioners, would bewilder any but the most determined statist; but the reader will see, from the few familiar details here given, how deeply interesting are the results deducible from these tables respecting the distribution of employments among the mass of the people.

GOING A-SOLDIERING; OR THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

WHAT a system of change is the sublunary scene in which it is our lot to dwell! Ups and downs; ebbings and flowings; dissolution and reproduction; reversions and inversions; sudden storms and unlooked-for calms; tackings backwards and jumpings forwards; round about circumbendibus arriving at the same starting-point at last: such are the kaleidoscopic characteristics of that heterogeneous jumble men call the world. Byron might well ask: 'Where's Brummel?—Dished. Where's Long-John Wellesley?—Diddled.' For ten years, as a period for time to work in—ten years are not an age, but an eternity of mutability—give me only two years' change to descant on; it is more than enough to suggest a theme. Grant me this, and I proceed to ask where is the French hostile descent upon England, about which heathen newspapers raged so furiously? And, instead of this fearful bugbear, what do we now see!

One thing, however, changes not—and that is the foolish credulity of men, and their equally foolish incredulity and suspicion. The ghost of invasion still weighs like a nightmare on a few weak minds. People so stupid that they deserve to be shot, as a Frenchman said of them the other day, mutter dark hints that the ultimate object of the troops, whether now assembling at or departed from Boulogne, must be to turn hereafter against their allies! Nor is it quite impossible that journals may be found to take up the theme. They may perhaps try to get up an English shout of *Perfidie France* as a counter-cry to the French howl of *Perfidie Albion*, now happily as good as forgotten. Such nonsense would not deserve a thought, were it not capable of working mischief. To discuss it is needless, just at present. At no period of history has greater unanimity and good feeling prevailed between the rival nations.

External changes strike us most. On the road from Calais to Boulogne, there is a remarkable point of view, at which I always stop to gaze. It is at the top of the hill, just before you descend to the village of Wimille. Not to weary you with landscape painting—before you are round-swelling downy-looking hills, containing in their lap a deep and rich valley; on the horizon stands the unfinished cathedral of Boulogne, and also the column originally built to commemorate Bonaparte's conquest of England; to the right, the sea flows round an insular and solid but dismantled fort, which grimly rests on its foundation of rock; whilst a line of grassy sand-hills bounds the coast. In general, the eye of an ordinary observer cannot repose upon a more tranquil bit, than the corner of the picture which is composed by the blue English Channel, the harmless fort, and the swelling hillocks of close-fed pasture. The other day, I halted as usual to enjoy the scene; but, lo! what a

metamorphosis was there! Had the hills been hired as a bleaching-ground? Or had all the linen in the department of Pas-de-Calais been hung out there to dry, for the benefit of sea-air and sunshine? The green slopes whereon I had taken many a quiet contemplative stroll, now sparkled with regular patches of white, fluttering in the breeze like a field of standing-corn, over which the summer wind is sweeping. Multitudes of blue-bodied emmets, with red legs (on which they stood upright), and with red top-knots, were moving to and fro amidst what were evidently their dwelling-places, built of white sackcloth. I hastily rushed down the hill, threaded the green little valley of Wimcreux, and a glance told me that the long-talked-of Camp of Boulogne had at last been inaugurated. Soldiers appeared in every direction, in great diversities of costume, and engaged in all sorts of occupations—from washing out a pair of stockings in their shirt-sleeves in a tiny streamlet, to taking their full-dress careless walks abroad.

Can the reader imagine the change that is made by the establishment of a camp in the neighbourhood of a secluded sea-side village? 'Mine inn' is no longer the same establishment, except that I still receive a hearty welcome. The salon we tenanted last summer, with so little, sometimes too little, disturbance, is closed to us; for valorous and mighty men have engaged it as their mess-room and restaurant. The slow and slatternly, yet good-tempered girl, who used to wipe everything with her apron, is replaced by a dapper mustached waiter, who mounts the stairs two or three steps at a time; dances Vestris's gavot from room to room; and cuts a caper every time he draws a cork. But Julie is slow and slatternly no longer. Love, inspired by an upright object measuring not less than five feet ten in perpendicular height, has imparted brightness to her looks, cleanliness to her face, smartness to her dress, and nimble vivacity to every movement. If her head would but save her heels, what a treasure of a waitress she would turn out now! But the heart absorbs all the spiritualising influence which ought to reach as far as the brain, and poor Julie remains as thoughtless as ever, never dreaming that when she brings you a knife, she may just as well fetch a fork to bear it company; nor supposing that either bottles of wine and corkscrews, or tallow-candles and snuffers and extinguishers, have the slightest possible relationship to each other. Madame, now half-worried out of her life, and overwhelmed with the thoughts of the fortune she is to make, no longer presumes to do the cooking herself. In the little hot kitchen, there is installed, in state, a white-capped, white-coated, white-aproned chef—a professed man-cook, with his soul in his art, and the genius to fall into ecstasies when you tell him the secret of making shrimp-sauce à l'Anglaise. My chamber is gone; an engineer has run away with it, converting it into bedroom, dining-room, and study. However, for us there shall be room, though twenty people should be turned away: so at last we are hospitably accommodated with a snug little lodging aloft in the garrets. What fine air! What a delightful view! By stretching my neck, I can peep beautifully through the trap-door sky-light in the roof, which is appropriately styled a *tabatière*, or snuff-box window, commanding a panoramic prospect of the camp. Would a traveller wish for more? The other window has a slight defect—namely, the absence of a square of glass. The wind rushes fiercely through it; never mind that—I'll stick the crown of my French hat into it till to-morrow, when it may have a chance of being mended perhaps.

But a camp is the place for expedients on a small

as well as on a grand scale. In France, after a good dinner like this, we have a perfect right to call for toothpicks. We do so, and Julie retires with wondering eyes. She is quite sure there are no such things as those in the house. A slight bustle is heard in the yard; then the loud and angry cries of geese. A few minutes afterwards, up comes Julie, flourishing in her hand three or four virgin quills warm from the pinion, wherewith to fashion toothpicks for ourselves. And how am I to shave to-morrow morning? Once, at Inverary, during an ussize-week, I actually beheld an independent self-confident Scotch laird sit up on his shake-down on the dining-room floor of the inn, and prepare his face to appear before my Lord's Judge without the aid of water, soap, or looking-glass. A few dry scrapes with the razor sufficed. Not having yet arrived at Caledonian magisterial boldness, a mirror I must have. So at last madame lends me her work-box, the lid of which is lined inside with looking-glass; and I promise to smooth the surface of my chin with scrupulous respect for the pins, needles, tapes, and thread enclosed. How stupid to go a-camping without a pocket-reflector, even if you have to carry it in the crown of your hat! The soldier who has done his day's turn of cooking, thereby making himself as black as an Ethiopian serenader, brightens up his countenance and smooths his hair at last, by gazing complacently at a round little toy the size of a crown-piece, which lies hid in the hollow of his swarthy left hand.

It is shameful, however, for sensible men to complain of making shift while dwelling in a brick-built house, with glazed windows and a tiled roof. A quarter of a year's tenancy of a snug little tent would help to bring them to their senses. The tents here are shaped very like square paper-bags, opened at the mouth wide enough to stand on end with the bottom uppermost. In each of the sides a wide slit is cut, which, being lifted up and supported by sticks, form two doors, before and behind, to be opened or shut according to wind and weather. At each of the ends is a smaller opening, made by lifting a square of canvas, which rudely represent a couple of windows. In sultry weather, all these apertures are raised, and gaping ready to receive the breeze from whatever corner it may blow; for when a tent is hot at all, it is usually very very hot indeed. If it is cold, with wind and rain, everything is fastened tight with buckles and straps; and if the wet begins to penetrate, the inmates have to amuse themselves, now and then, with beating the walls of their castle with a stick inside, to prevent the drip from falling within. The front-door of the tent is usually labelled with a ticket, bearing its number. Without such numbers, it would be impossible to write a guide-book to a town of tents. Upon the whole, those who have tried it, say that a tent is not a particularly uncomfortable home when once you get used to it.

Suppose you are a common soldier here; you go to bed, say at half-past nine. Suppose you have fourteen or sixteen tent-fellows; each side of the tent is furnished with a capital bed of straw, with a green-turf foot-board. You undress to your shirt and drawers. You are possessed of a sack, which serves you as a chest of drawers and a storehouse by day, and also as a pair of sheets by night. Into that you creep as deep as you can. You have a blanket, with which you envelop the upper part of your person, and you sleep soundly—supposing you have not to get up and mount guard in the night—till five in the morning, when you are awakened by beat of drum and call of horn. You then jump up, and betake yourself to your special avocation. Perhaps you are born to be, by and by, a distinguished drummer at the end of eighteen months' hard practice. In that case, you take yourself off in company with twenty or thirty other pupils of the drumming-class, and stand on some hillock, or strut in some hollow,

beating rataplan all the very drum-sticks ache, and the sheepskin itself cries out for mercy. Perhaps your talents are devoted to the bugle; you then start away with other birds of the same note and feather, and blow and blow, till the wonder is that the horn does not unwind itself and poke out straight, under the force of your potent breath. Or you take your wheel-barrow, and wheel clay, to form the cabins you are building fast; or you shoulder your mattock, to make the road which is now being opened at the top of your cliff; or you throng with a few hundred others to the beach, to gather and pile every likely-looking stone; or you are a promising *chasseur*, or rifleman, and go down to the beach to fire at a target, that you may make sure of your Cossack a thousand yards off; or you take your place in the awkward squad, and at word of command throw your legs and wings about in a way that would make the drill-sergeant believe you were going to commit suicide by dismemberment, like a brittle star-fish, were he not long since hardened against your antics; or you have cultivated the virtues of sobriety, neatness, and attention to orders, to so successful an extent, as to be walked off suddenly *au violon*, under arrest, to the *Maison de police* in close confinement; or to-day it is your turn to cook, and you don your white night-cap—or what ought to be white—your check-trousers and jacket, and make yourself look as pitiable an object as a galley-slave sentenced to hard labour for life. But whatever you do, and whoever you are, severe internal pangs arise, the consequence of the bracing sea-side air, which go on with ever-increasing intensity till breakfast at ten puts an end to them.

After breakfast, much the same as before, with the exception that on Sundays and Thursdays we have admirable military and other music from the combined bands of two regiments. Glorious to hear *God Save the Queen*, *Portant pour la Syrie*, and *Rule Britannia*, played off in the midst of a French camp, one after the other as a single piece, and almost in a single breath! A slight change this from the imputed and suspected—for I thoroughly believe they were no more—intentions only sixteen short months ago. I invoke thee, gentle southern breeze! waft *God Save the Queen* and *Rule Britannia* as a melodious peace-offering across the Channel, as I heard them nobly played yesterday, to still the troubled spirit of distrust, and to bind the overanxious heart in the charmed cords of harmony.

Camp-cooking is famous fun. First, there is the kitchen to make, something like a ditch cut in the side of a hill, covered with a few boards, to keep the wind from blowing the fires out and away. I side, however, is the true camp-cooking stove, with innumerable fire-places, and a turf-built chimney to every fireplace. Not that a great variety of dishes are prepared: one only, soup, is the Hobson's choice of the French private, corporal, and sergeant. *C'est la soupe qui fait le soldat*—'Soup makes the soldier,' is a proverb almost as old as Gallic feats of arms. Each fireplace is nothing but a narrow gutter, with edgings of turf, containing a line of burning wood. The kidney-shaped soup-kettles stand closely over it, and touching each other, cause the air to roar along the fire and up the chimney, so as to keep the pot boiling the whole afternoon. Delightful privilege of the soldier-cooks, to watch the progress of the blended stew! To taste the broth, try the tenderness of the cabbage, take a pull at the beef to see whether it is ragged enough, and prick at the carrots, leeks, and turnips. Simmering, or, as our dear old cook used to call it, 'simpering' all day long, is the secret to make a perfect soup. It is half-past four, and the stew is done; then comes the distribution. After reduction by the aid of fire, division and vulgar fractions follow through the ministration of spoons, ladles, knives, and fingers. On the grass stands a bevy of round tin-pots, each with its lid hanging to it by means of a chain, and stamped with the number corresponding to the individual mouth

which falls to its proper lot to feed. The perspiring cooks, with a loose blanket thrown over their shoulders, to save them from the chill of the sharp sea-air, divide their best to carve with fairness. Into every pot goes a bit of cabbage, a bit of leek, a bit of turnip, a bit of carrot, and a bit of beef. Slices of bread, stuck here and there, complete the solid contents of the vessel. Next comes the liquid to water the whole; steaming ladlefuls till each pot is full. Then clap the lids on, to keep all hot, and to make sure that the numbers are right that every man may have his dole. 'Sacré nom!'—don't swear, friend cook—'Sacré nom de cochon! I won't, but here's two thousand and seventy-four, and there's two thousand and seventy-six; where's two thousand and seventy-five?' Up comes two thousand and seventy-five's owner, in bodily and wrathful presence, and vows that when it is his turn to cook, he'll remember the fellow who mislaid his pot.

Turn we from these trivial troubles. Walk round the camp, and leave the malcontents to fight it out between them. Only think of an upstart oyster-shop, with the imposing sign of 'The Cancale Rock,' built of sail-cloth, and invitingly furnished with benches of plank. But nearly the whole circumference of the oyster-skirts of the camp is sprinkled with small tradesmen, male and female, who vend food for the mind as well as for the body. In one corner is a sort of vegetable market, strewed with the ingredients of the aforesaid soup; and since in camps nothing ought to be wasted, observe that the cooks make use of the refuse cabbage-leaves to polish the inside of their sauce-pans with. It is an improvement on the ancient wrinkle of rubbing your plate with a slice of shallot. There is no want of either necessities or creature-comforts, if you have but the sous to purchase them with. That strapping woman, who is squatted on the grass, with an open umbrella to serve as her shop, has a medley of sausages, bottled beer, cheese, red-herrings, penny-rolls, and lumps of bacon to sell. The man with only one arm, who is stretched on the turf a little further on, offers almanacs, song-books, paper for cigarettes, soap, brushes, lucifer-matches, needles and pins, buttons, tape and thread, buckles, and a hundred other useful things, to his customers. Almost every cottage lens painted on its freshly whitewashed walls a black profile portrait of a bottle and glass, or a coffee-beggin and cup, as a sorer appeal to the eyes of the military than an inscription even in Roman capitals would be.

We dine, like everybody else, at five. After digestion, we take an evening stroll. The soldiers, having no wine to sit over, have already commenced the amusements of their *soirée*. Some are gone to take a pipe and a walk; others have formed a ring round a couple of wrestlers, who begin their struggle by slapping each other's faces, and making mouths as if they were grinning for a wager. Roars of laughter arise from another knot. The performer who is entertaining them is a humorous hero, who runs on all-fours, caricaturing the voice and motions of a terrier-dog, scratches with his fore-paws to unearth an imaginary rat or rabbit, and convulses his audience by the witty style in which he smits at the hole he has made in the bank; till at last the actor and his public all rush away to join a jumping-match from the brow of a hillock into the soft bed of sand which lies in its hollow.

Blue time flies. The sun sets. 'Rat, tat, tat,' and 'tantarary!' Drum and bugle give hints of sleep. All is quiet. The patrol goes round, to give warning to stragglers. None are absent outside the camp, except the few provided with a written permission to make merry beyond the usual hour. Nought is seen stirring, except the sentinels pacing before their turf-built straw-thatched sentry-boxes; and we finish the day to begin the next to the music of the drum and bugle pupils.

What will be the next change of the kaleidoscope?

Will the Russian fleet escape Napier's wrath, and enter the Straits of Dover to ravage Kent? Will the French, instead of making a hostile invasion, come over the water to help us, like true brothers-in-arms? Or shall the Tricolor and the Union Jack wave side by side triumphantly at St Petersburg, while French and English soldiers eat soup together beneath their shadow? Whatever come of it, let one thing happen. No longer let it be the reproach of Christendom, that

The Channel interposed
Makes enemies of nations, which had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

WHOEVER has wandered much over the world, must have been deeply smitten by the gorgeous splendours, varied in every climate, which attend the birth and extinction of day. To have beheld these phenomena in one latitude only, is almost like reading one page of a great epic, in which beauties lie scattered as thick as stars in the galaxy. It affords delight to the imagination to watch the sun rise in the cold north, behind banks of vapour, which he converts, while ascending, into a variegated creation of purple, amethyst, green, and gold. But the chilliness of the atmosphere affects in some degree the nerves of vision. The well-springs of pleasure gush forth but imperfectly beneath the cold sky; and instead of standing still, or reclining to gaze at the Titanian artist as he paints the heavens with his burning pencil of light, you are satisfied to catch a few glances, and pass on. In the south, whether on mountain or in valley, on the vast plains of the desert or on the interminable ocean, it is altogether different. Plunged in balmy ether, with every fibre in your frame thrilling gently to its touch, you look with undisturbed rapture at the glowing orient, as it puts on before you its many-coloured veil. You find yourself in the warm rich living-room of nature, where she displays all her gorgeous vestments, and seems to be trying them, one after another, in order rapidly to fix upon that in which she will choose to appear for the rest of the day.

Whole volumes might be written on the infinitely varied circumstances which accompany the rising of the sun; indeed, all the poetry of the world is thickly sprinkled with descriptions of the dawn. Prose, also, with different, though perhaps equal resources, has sought to give permanence to the ever-fluctuating aspects of the morning; and landscape-painters, imitating by colours instead of words, have, so to speak, endeavoured to seize upon one phase of the heavens, and reflect it in all its brightness from their canvas. But when all has been done, when genius and art and language have exhausted their mighty treasury, you will feel, if you go forth beneath the opening eyelids of the morning, a freshness, a beauty, a grandeur, a rapture, an inspiration, transcending infinitely the delights and pleasures excited by the mimic creations of man.

We once knew a man who spent the greater part of his life in haunting the margin of the sea, picking up shells, and listening to the wild music of the waves. He knew not precisely what he was in search of, but fancied he was engaged in studying the science of conchology. What he found, however, may in part at least be stated, though not described. Often, in bright tropical lands, he went out upon the ocean-rim before the dawn, and there sat on the warm-ribbed sand,

watching for the appearance of Aurora. No Sabean ever gazed upon the stars with more holy rapture than did he upon the rising dawn as she came in gray mantle over the waves, tinging them gradually, as she passed, with pellucid amber and saffron, and crimson and purple, till the golden disk flamed forth through the portals of the east, converting the ocean into one infinite expanse of rose-coloured billows. Then the wanderer's heart appeared to dilate beneath the inspiration of physical nature, while his soul teemed with the births of poetry. He had carried along with him, not in material volumes, but graven deep on the golden leaves of memory, all the poets have sung on the beauties of morning, from the blind old man of Chios' rocky isle, down to the newest and most fashionable sonneteer. But glorious as their pictures are, he thought them pale and poor when brought forth at dawn on the cliffs of the Red Sea, or on the slopes of Pelion, or amid the arenaceous solitudes of the Upper Nile.

But our pen wanders: we reclaim it back, not to chronicle our own fancies, but to set down at our bidding some of those gorgeous and cheering words which the children of the Muses have bequeathed to us as an everlasting inheritance. In search of these, we must not turn to the byways of literature, and indulge in all such reading as was never read. On the contrary, we must journey along the common highways and beaten paths. Our business lies not with strangers, with startling masks or outlandish visages, but with old familiar faces, which have smiled upon us and blessed us from infancy. Let them come in, therefore, in God's name! They are none the less welcome because we have gazed upon them a thousand times before. Shakespeare, who loved to steep his imagination in the hues of nature, abounds with exquisite lines, which prove him to have drunk in with delight the beauties of the morning, though he has nowhere indulged in an elaborate description of them.

Hark! hark! the hark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lie;
And winning Mary-buds begin
To open their golden eyes.

Shakespeare's associations with morning were often grotesque and fantastical. Not content with what appears in nature, he had recourse to the vast structure of superstition, and linked the most hideous fancies with the gorgeous and fragrant beam of morning. Thus, in *Midsummer's Night Dream*, Puck, in colloquy with Oberon, observes:—

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: dunn'd spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear lest day should look their shames upon.

Oberon, interrupting him, replies:—

I with the morning have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

Friar Lawrence, in *Romeo and Juliet*, describes briefly the opening morning:—

The gray eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

Must up-hill this cooler cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

Afterwards, in the last dialogue between Juliet and Romeo, the faithful bride mistakes or confuses the indications of morning, in order to retain her lover, who could only provide for his safety by flying with the light:—

Juliet. It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow with thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love—what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

Spenser abounds in allusions—we wish they were more than allusions—to the phenomena of the dawn. His mind, full of exquisite taste and sensibility, seems to have drawn a peculiar inspiration from the morning, to which, in the *Fairy Queen*, he is never weary of recurring. His half-spiritual wandering knights, in the midst of enchantments, brazen towers, fairy goddesses, dens, wild beasts, and endless forests, cast upward now and then their valorous eyes to the sky, where they may, perhaps be suspected of mistaking Aurora for their mistress. In the feats, adventures, and narratives, we cannot profess to take much interest. His heroes are little better than shadows, his incidents extravagant, and his morals extremely doubtful—we mean the morals he designs to teach by his strange allegories; but in descriptions of all kinds he so greatly excels, that even the author of *Amadis de Gaul* must yield precedence to him. Generally, however, when he comes to speak of sunrise, his muse affects an almost oracular brevity. When entering upon the adventure of Paridell, who acts the part of Paris towards Helenore:

The morrow next, so soon as Phoebus' lamp
Beyrayed hail the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goody heaven moved quite.

And again:

And now the day out of the ocean main
Began to peep above this earthly mass,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grass.

Afterwards he interweaves a description of one of his heroines with a glance at sunrise:

In the midst of them a goodly maid,
Even in the lap of womanhood, there sat,
The which was all in lily white arrayed,
With silver streams amongst the liven strayed,
Like to the morn, when first her shining face
Bath to the glowing world itself hewrayed.
That dame was fairest Anoret in place,
Shining with beauty's light and heavenly virtue's grace.

The morrow next appeared with purple hair,
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light unto the heavens fair.

Cowley, in the midst of his quaintness and extravagance, of which he was fonder than of his own reputation, has some fine short passages on dawn and sunrise.

Soon as the morning left her rosy bed,
And all heaven's smaller lights were driven away,
She, by her friends and near acquaintance led,
Like other maids, would walk at break of day.
Aurora blushed to see a sight unknown,
To behold cheeks more beautiful than her own.

Phoebus, expected by the approaching night,
Blushed, and for shame closed in his bashful light.

She appeared,
And breathed fresh hooves on the smiling trees,
Which owe more of their gallantry to her
Than to the musky kisses of the winds.
Be sure 'tis she, thus doth the sun break forth
From the black curtain of an envious cloud.

It is no means our intention, however, to shew on this occasion any respect for chronology. The poets from whom we have borrowed the above passages happen to stand close at our elbow, so we took them up, and accepted the first good things they offered us. No doubt they contain much more that would be quite to the purpose. But we are inconstant and capricious, and without any particular reason, make at once a long transition to Mrs Hemans:

The morn came singing
Through the green forests of the Apennines,
With all her joyous birds, their free flight winging,
And steps and voices out: amongst the vines
Now light of richer hue
Than the morn sheds, came flashing mist and dew;
The pines grew red with morning, fresh winds played,
Bright-coloured birds, with splendour crossed the
shade.
Flitting on flower-like wings; glad murmurs broke
From reed, and spray, and leaf; the rising strings
Of earth's Eolian lyre, whose music woke
Into young life and joy all happy things.

Crossing the Atlantic, let us hear what Longfellow has to say about the morning. We question much whether his be the true inspiration of the savannas and eternal forests of the New World, which will yet tough with light and life a thousand new-born lyrics. But what he says is often quaint, full of a gentle melancholy, and pleasant to be read by the winter's fireside.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales;
The clouds were far beneath me; bathed in light,
They gathered midway round the wooded height,
And in their fading glory shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown.
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance;
And rocking on the cliff, was left
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft;
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
When upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

In that quaint odd poem called the *Building of the Ship*, Longfellow has another description of sunrise, which he interweaves adroitly with his very simple story. One of the charms of this writer arises out of the fact that he is an American: his imagery is not a mere reflex of that which is found in the poets of the Old World, but awakens new associations, and brings before the mind forests, and lakes and rivers, and trees and birds, of which no mention is made by the bards of Europe. There is, consequently, a freshness in many of his descriptions, akin to the freshness of the American woods, which extremely delights us. His genius, however, is not sufficiently bold to make use of all the riches which his fortunate position places, as it were, at his feet. He writes elegantly and sweetly, but yet with a certain amount of timidity, which checks the full swing of our emotions, and makes us feel that we are often on the very brink of a delight which we are not permitted, after all, to enjoy. Still Longfellow is a most pleasing writer, and will always be admired

for the truth and homely delicacy of his pictures. For examples—

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day;
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.

Afterwards, the poet skilfully connects the dawn of morning with the beginning of love. Speaking of a young naval architect, he says:

As he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair
With the breath of morn and the soft sea-air.

Returning to the Old World of poets, we take up the newly published magnificent edition of John Keats, which a lover of the Muses may take with him into the cool bowers of summer, and enjoy best there. In our own case, we are fain to content ourselves with the warm chimney corner, where, with our feet on the polished fender, we endeavour to fancy ourselves in some of the odoriferous vales of Arcadia.

The rosy veils
Mantling the east, by Aurora's peering hand
Were lifted from the water's breast, and fanned
Into sweet air, and softer morning came
Meekly through billows.

And again:—

Now morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touched a verdant hill,
Crowning its airy crest with amber flame,
Silvering the untainted gushies of its rill,
Which pure from mossy beds did down distil;
And after parting beds of simple flowers,
By many shadows, a little lake did fill,
Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And in its middle space a sky that never lowers.

Sunset is a comparatively familiar sight; yet it is not every day that here, in the less fortunate parts of the temperate zone, we can behold it to advantage. During many months of the year, we move about muffled up to the chin in cloaks or greatcoats, and think more of hiding our noses in the fur, than of exhilarating our fancies by gazing at the vapoury tabernacle which rises in gorgeous colours upon the western horizon. Nature with us is not lavish of her beauties. Our habitual atmosphere is an atmosphere of fog, or haze, or clouds. Sometimes, on the sea-shore, or amid the mountains, we obtain casual glimpses, which may enable us to form some idea of what real sunsets are far south beyond the Alps, or on the other side of the Mediterranean, where Africa reveals to a favoured few the gorgeous magic of her skies. A Danish naturalist, nurtured amid Scandinavian morasses, amused himself with the fancy, that the stars and constellations, on a cold frosty night, are as brilliant in the arctic circle as within the tropics. But this was more self-delusion. The whole host of heaven seems shrivelled and shrunken, and very much in want of shelter, as they march through the chilly solitudes of a hyperborean night. In tropical skies, their liquid splendour dilates visibly before the eye, till they glow and glitter almost like so many planets. It is the same with sunset. All the vapour that exists on the horizon is interpenetrated and inflamed with light up to the very zenith; and according as it is dense or rare, diffused or accumulated, is converted into

every variety of colour by the sun's vital beams, which spread and glow, and ripple the clouds, and turn them into seas and islands, mountains and moors, forests and chasms, water-falls and supernal arches and domes, and towers and minarets rising piled above each other to the starry crest of the empyrean. With elements such as these, poetry delights to build up her airy creations. Of old, it was amid the wastes of the sky, glowing with infinite grandeur, that the bards sought and found their Hippocrene. They sat on the slopes of Pindus or of Pelion, of Cythæra, of Parnes, or of Latmos, till the rays of the burning west, kindling up crag and forest, appeared to convert the aerial summits above and around them into celestial dwelling-places. Then it was that real inspiration flowed from the circumambient heaven into their souls. The lyres and harps on which they played were not material instruments manufactured by mortal hands, but a mighty mixture of harp and lyre fabricated by Olympian gods, and sounding for ever about them in the ethereal heights of the universe. Content with enjoying the older poets seldom sought to describe, though gushes of golden light sometimes poured into their verses. What they sought to embody was the inner universe of thought—sentiment, and emotion. In later times, their successors have endeavoured to rival nature herself in the gorgeousness of their pictures; but if we desire to borrow what they have written, we find it so interwoven with other things, that, when detached, it seems imperfect, abrupt, fragmentary. Shakspeare, though full of brilliant imagery, scarcely supplies a single passage sufficiently long and complete to be quoted; and Spenser's pictures are little better than miniatures. Milton first exhibited the strength which could dare to wrestle with nature on these fields of glory. His morning and evening landscapes, glowing with bright colours, and fresh with the dews of Eden, are among the most beautiful in the dominions of the Muses.

Shelley, in descriptions of sunset, has no superior. His language, when he undertakes to delineate the rapid changes and brilliant colours of the sky, exhibits a glow, a richness, and a splendour only inferior to the phenomena which he endeavours to paint by words. Exhibiting in other respects bad taste and incapacity to regulate his own ideas, he here displays uncommon felicity both in conception and language. His words, as they fall into their places, form, as it were, the richest patterns on the mind, and arrange before the imagination pictures of almost unexampled splendour. He was probably not an early riser; and therefore, when he speaks of the cool dawn and the glowing sunrise, he draws more from fancy than from nature, and his landscapes are rather modifications of sunset than reproductions of nature's aspect at the glowing advent of the Titan. Let us, however, accept the beauty and sublimity he offers us. Picturesque poetry in all her treasury has nothing finer:—

If solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
And thou hast lingered there
Until the sun's broad orb
Seemed resting on the burnished wave—
Thou must have marked the lines
Of purple gold, that motionless
Hung o'er the sinking sphere.
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds
Edged with intolerable radiance,
Towering like rocks of jet,
Crowned with a diamond wreath;
And yet there is a moment
When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery gold
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
Like islands on a dark-blue sea.

One more passage, and we take our leave of Shelley:

We stood,

Looking upon the evening, and the flood
Which lay between the city and the shore,
Paved with the image of the sky; the hoar
And airy Alps towards the north appeared
Through mist a heaven-sustaining bulwark, reared
Between the east and west, and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich embroidery,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue,
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent,
Among the many folded hills; they were
Those famous Euganean Hills, which bear,
As seen from Lido through the harbour piles,
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles;
And then, as if the earth and sea and heaven
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
Those mountains towering as from waves of flame
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent.

In Mickle's translation of the *Lusiad* there is found a very fine passage, describing the coming on of evening in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Storms, which, as the work is no longer popular, may be new to many of our readers. Camoens was in many respects an imitator of the ancients, and, like them, turns but seldom aside from his martial narrative to paint the beauties of earth or sky. But he is here seized with a passion for the picturesque, and with bold and rapid strokes dashes off a very striking landscape:—

Now shooting o'er the flood his ferid blaze,
The red-browed sun withdraws his beaming rays;
Safe in the bay, the crew forget their cares,
And perfect rest their wearied strength repairs.
Calm twilight now his drawy mantle spreads,
And shade on shade, the gloom still deepening sheds.
The moon full-orbed, forsakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave;
The snowy splendours of her madest ray
Stream o'er the glistening waves, and quivering play;
Around her, glittering on the heaven's arched brow
Unnumbered stars, enclose in azure, glow—
Thick as the dew-drops of the April dawn,
Or May-flowers crowding o'er the daisy-lawn.
The canvas whitens in the silvery beam,
And with a mild pale red the pendants gleam,
The mast's tall shadows tremble o'er the deep,
The peaceful winds an holy silence keep;
The watchman's carol echoed from the prows
Above, at times awakes the still repose.

To continue our picture of the dying day, we shall borrow from Lord Byron a few magnificent stanzas, which would almost appear to have been written on purpose for our use. He is not so gorgeous as Shelley, or so wild and fanciful as Keats or Coleridge; but he has a chastened grandeur, a moral beauty, a pathos interwoven with his pictures of nature, which raise them above comparison with the delineations of any of his contemporaries. His verses appear to flow freely from a classic source, with inimitable force and ease, and the grand style of the Spenserian stanza in those we select increases the effect:—

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains: heaven is fire
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and signs
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætan hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order: gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The gorgeous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streaks upon her stream, and glassed within it
glows,

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strows
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom cæli pang impues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

We shall conclude with a gorgeous description of an
Indian city at sunset, by Mrs Hemans:—

Royal in splendour went down the day,
On the plain where an Indian city lay,
With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,
Red, as if fused in the burning sky,
And its deep groves pierced by the rays, which made
A bright stream's way through each long arcade,
Till the pillared vaults of the Banian stood
Like torch-lit nides midst the solemn wood,
And the plantain glittered with leaves of gold,
As a tree midst the genil gardens old;
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,
And the stems of the cocoas were shafts of fire.
Many a white pagoda's gleam
Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,
Broken alone by the lotus-flowers,
As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours
Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed
Its glory forth on their crystal bed.
Many a graceful Hindoo maid,
With the water-vase from the silvery shade,
Came gliding light as the desert roe,
Down marble steps to the tanks below,
And a cool sweet splashing was ever heard
As the molten glass of the wave was stirred;
And a murmur thrilling the scented air,
Told where the Brahmin bowed in prayer.

We were scarcely aware, till we made the trial, of
how much sunsets predominate over sunrises in poetry.
The gentlemen who are of imagination all compact
even when lingering among warm Ansonian bowers,
appear to prefer their own pillows to those of Aurora.
If they would rise early, they would find a stronger
inspiration in the cool breath of the morning, when
the bees are abroad, when the cowslips nod with dew,
when the violets fling their perfume into the breeze,
when the copse is alive with music, and when all the
sounds abroad upon the earth might have been heard
in Eden. Pope, speaking for his whole tribe, says:—

To grottoes and to groves we run,
To ease and silence every Muse's sun.

But the ease and silence of the morning are almost as
great as those of midnight forests, and the inspiration
they give is rich and pure. Who has not felt the rising
of the spirits, the buoyancy of the frame, the thrill,
the ecstasy caused by breathing the elastic and balmy
air? Next to this delight is that inhaled from the
poet's page who has watched the day-springs from on
high breaking in all their splendours on the universe.
To commune with a poet's soul by brook or fountain,
or on the silent margin of the sea at such an hour, is
almost equal to the pleasure of giving airy nothings 'a

local habitation and a name.' Let our readers try;
and if they do not agree with us, we will consent
henceforward to renounce all skill in augury.

THE BLIND AND THE DEAF.

It is a common remark, that the blind are less solitary
than the deaf. It seems a strange conclusion to arrive
at—certainly not very flattering to human nature—
companionship, with the one being merely a little more
troublesome and exacting than with the other. But so
it is; and so obvious, that we not unfrequently hear
persons say—so dependent are we on our fellow-
creatures—that, of the two afflictions, they would
choose blindness.

I remember Andrew McDonald, who played reels
and strathspeys so merrily at the dancing-school in
the north, in the little town of Tain. He was blind; he
had lost his sight from small-pox in early youth; but
he was never alone. It was not that his violin could
'discourse most eloquent music;' he himself could
discourse, and well; but the charm which conjured so
many around him was—he loved most to listen. He
craved information about things that he could not see,
or read of; and we are all so fond of hearing ourselves
speak, especially when we are appreciated by our
audience, that Andrew had no lack of company. He
seemed singularly independent of his blindness; for
he guided once through the most intricate streets,
he would find his way alone ever afterwards. He
walked cautiously and slowly, however, feeling his
way with his stick—not like the poor men of the Blind
Asylum in Edinburgh, who, when they have not
their usual burden, go on, to the danger of themselves
and others, scarcely stopping for any obstacle, and
occasionally knocking down those who stand in their
way.

A gentleman from England, who happened to be
present at one of the dancing-school balls, questioned
Andrew as to his blindness, and told him of an oculist in
London who had done wonderful things, and would be
very likely to restore his sight. From that moment,
Andrew began to save for the journey, which, about two
years afterwards—a long period of hope, the happiest,
perhaps, of his life—he commenced, and what is more,
accomplished, all the way from Tain to London, and
from London to Tain, there and back alone! Alas! the
journey back was the darker of the two; hope had
lighted the way to London, where the oculist could do
nothing but shut out the one ray which had beguiled him
so far from his home. Poor Andrew returned a sadder
man. To regain his sight, had been the latent spark
of hope he had cherished all his life, which the English
gentleman had fanned into a blaze, but which was now
extinguished for ever! His friends, however, gathered
round him, and, as far as possible, compensated for his
great disappointment. A subscription was entered
into among his humble companions, to reimburse him
for the expenses of his journey; but though this had
been both expensive and difficult, it afforded Andrew
some pleasure to recount his adventures, and relate
how he had, to the amazement of every one, found
his way about by himself, in that far-off and wonderful
place—London.

In the same town of Tain, and in the house where
I happened to reside, there was, at the time, an old
deaf gentleman. It was a melancholy thing to see him,
seated in his great arm-chair, beside the fire, alone in
the midst of his family; looking eagerly at the young
people, as if he fain would know what they were talking
about, inquiring, perhaps; then, unnoticed, drooping
his head in contemplation of his bereavement, which
shut him out from social converse, but which was
regarded by his family as a light affliction, and excited
little sympathy. He was exceedingly grateful to me, when I occasionally took my knitting and sat

beside him, endeavouring, through the medium of his silver trumpet, to converse, that the tears would come into the old man's eyes, as he pressed my hand and thanked me for my attention.

'My children and my grandchildren,' he would say, 'look impatient, and consider me troublesome when I ask a question. Little Harry used to think it a toy to prattle to his grandfather through this silver tube; but now the child, like the rest, avoids me, or replies with a petulant abruptness, as if it was a restraint to be detained by me.'

I could not help pitying the old gentleman, and grieved to think of the blank my absence would shortly occasion. He said he was learning to check his eagerness to ask questions, for those about him sometimes told him that he was getting very curious, and that the conversation was not important enough to bear repetition: this might be very true, but as their discourse was for the most part trifling, according to this rule the poor man might sit from morning till night, without exchanging an idea or a word with any one. It certainly was a little fatiguing and troublesome to converse with the deaf old gentleman, but his delight and gratitude were an ample return. () that the young would have more consideration for the aged; and those who are blessed in the enjoyment of all their faculties, would minister more to those who labour under the terrible privation of any!

Along with my brother, who was collecting matter for a work he was about to publish, I visited the interesting town of Hexham—interesting at least to him, for it was a fine field for historical research, although, for my own part, I found little to admire besides its ancient church. The circumstance which, more than anything else, obtained the dingy town a lasting place in my memory, was our taking a lodging with an extraordinary pair, an old man and woman—husband and wife, who lived by themselves, without child or servant, subsisting on the letting of their parlour and two bedrooms. They were tall, thin, and erect, though each seventy years of age. When we knocked at the door for admittance, they answered it together; if we rang the bell, the husband and wife invariably appeared side by side; all our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness.

The first night, arriving late by the coach from Newcastle, and merely requiring a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this double attendance; and I remember my brother, rather irreverently, wondering whether we 'were always to be waited upon by these Siamese twins.' On ringing the bell, to retire for the night, both appeared as usual; the wife carrying the bedroom candlestick, the husband standing at the door. I gave her some directions about breakfast for the following morning, when the husband from the door quickly answered for her. 'Depend upon it, she is dumb,' whispered my brother. But this was not the case, though she rarely made use of the faculty of speech.

They both attended me into my bedroom; when the old lady, seeing me look with some surprise towards her husband, said: 'There's no offence meant, ma'am, by my husband coming with me into the chamber—he's stone-blind.'

'Poor man!' I exclaimed. 'But why, then, does he not sit still? Why does he accompany you everywhere?'

'It's no use, ma'am, your speaking to my old woman,' said the husband; 'she can't hear you—she's quite deaf.'

I was astonished. Here was compensation! Could a pair be better matched? Man and wife were, indeed, one flesh; for he saw with her eyes, and she heard with his ears! It was beautiful to me ever after to watch the old man and woman in their inseparableness.

Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity, and made their deprivation as naught.

I have often thought of that old man and woman, and cannot but hope, that as in life they were inseparable and indispensable to each other, so in death they might not be divided, but rather be spared the terrible calamity of being alone in the world.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PUBLICITY.

PEOPLE would need to be careful of their conduct now, for every day we see the most private matters flash out into the full blaze of newspaper publicity. One day, a little carelessness in performing a surgical experiment on a pauper, brings an unfortunate practitioner before the judgment of the nation. Another day, a set of officers in barracks, indulging from idleness, and high spirits in a number of rough practical jokes, or erring from the line of propriety, blush, or have occasion to do so, at finding all the particulars in the newspapers. A boy at a public school, armed (strange to say) with an authority which should be the master's, inflicts a cruel and vindictive punishment on a fellow—writes to his father in great indignation that anything so trivial should be noticed even at the school—but, a week or two after, has to writhe under the condemnation poured out upon him in a leader of the *Times*, by which his delinquency becomes known in every part of the globe. A public official dabbles in stocks, thinking that losing is the worst that can happen—but, lo! the whole of his transactions are exposed in parliament! A blundering gentleman pays his addresses to a lady—changes his mind, or is drawn off by his relations—and by and by every silly sentence he ever, in the fondness of his heart, spoke or wrote to her, is put into five hundred journals in one week, and made the theme of universal merriment! The most quiet arrangement which a gentleman can make for the indulgence of a passion noted for the sad scrapes into which it hurls its victims—who can tell but it may be matter of fame before a twelvemonth goes about? It would appear that, in all such cases, not the faintest conception of a possible exposure ever occurred to the unfortunate parties. Yet exposure has come. How stunning must it be to them when they find their inmost secrets turned out to the gaze of the whole world!

It must often be that the parties exposed are no worse than hundreds of others who remain concealed, for very generally it is not the degree of misconduct, but some unlucky accident, which leads to the exposure. But such is the course of things in the world generally. The thing to be considered, is the risk which attends every departure from the line of strict propriety, of being 'shewn up' by the press in some way that can neither be mitigated nor avenged. What a coercion towards 'respectability' is here! Yes—and to something else. Can we wonder that there is so much of seeming, of merely external decorum, of that system of shams which Mr Carlyle is always denouncing, when the smallest aberrations, if committed unguardedly, are so apt to become matter of general publicity?

LOCAL EXERTIONS FOR SANITARY IMPROVEMENT.

In the north of London is a parochial district (Regent Square Church), which has within the last year or two made some remarkably successful exertions for sanitary improvement, merely by means of a local association under the presidency of the incumbent—probably, like most such things, an expression of the active zeal of one or two persons. We learn from its Report, dated last May, that the number of dwellings in the district is

1160, being about a 280th part of the entire metropolis. The Inspector, appointed only in last November, had made 1453 personal inspections, chiefly in 172 of the houses, and already the reforms effected were surprisingly great. There were 168 cesspools in the course of removal and filling up; 170 foul house-drains cleansed; 271 sinks trapped, or about to be so; 168 glazed earthenware pans and siphons fixed, or about being fixed; 168 closets supplied with water, or under notices requiring the same; besides other improvements of a similar nature. It was found that 1344 square yards of surface of noxious matter had been obliterated, and 5100 lineal feet of house-drains renewed and cleansed out. The whole expense was *fifty pounds*, the money being raised by subscription. We think this altogether a most gratifying evidence of what can be done by simple means and individual exertions for the banishment of unhealthful agencies in a large city. It is to be hoped that the example will be followed.

VARIETY OF THE BLACKBERRY.

The New-Rochelle blackberry is evidently quite different from the common wild varieties, and also different from those that have been cultivated. It is much larger, more uniform in size, and more prolific than other varieties; it has less seeds, a good flavour, and is a good keeper. It is also thought to be better adapted to poor soils. On this point we cannot speak as positively from our own observation. One thing seems certain, that it has not depreciated by cultivation during eight or ten years. As to its size, it will surprise most persons who see it for the first time. At Norwalk, we saw several stalks bearing five to eight quarts each. We tried some that had been gathered over forty hours, and found the flavour quite good. A quart of them numbered 111 berries. We picked a quart from vines which had received no manure for two years past, and from which the largest had just been selected for the Newhaven Horticultural Society, and found that seventy-two of them filled a quart measure. The vines [stems or canes] grow quite large—many of them over an inch in diameter, and the fruit hangs in thick clusters—in size more like very large green-gage plums than like the ordinary blackberry. The flavour is not apparently diminished by its large size, and the few seeds are not its least recommendation. We think this berry a valuable acquisition to our domestic fruits, and worthy of a place in every garden. We have watched this blackberry in several localities for some time past, and are thus particular in describing it, in order to answer the numerous inquiries we are continually receiving in regard to it.—*American Agriculturist*.

DRAPERY FOR THE LADIES.

Red Drapery. Rose-red cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexions, without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Dark-red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because, being higher than this latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them, in consequence of contrast of tone.—**Green Drapery.** A delicate green is, on the contrary, favourable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience. But it is not as favourable to complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case, a dark-green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.—**Yellow Drapery.** Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favourable than the delicate green. To those skins which are more yellow than orange, it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it roseate by neutralising the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is thus that it suits brunettes.—**Violet Draperies.** Violet, the complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects; thus it imparts some greenish-yellow to fair complexions.

It augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion, it makes green. Violet, then, is one of the least favourable colours to the skin, at least when, it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone.—**Blue Drapery.** Blue imparts orange, which is susceptible of allying itself favourably to white and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this colour. Blue is, then, suitable to most blondes, and in this case justifies its reputation. It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange.—**Orange Drapery.** Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.—**White Drapery.** Drapery of a lustreless white, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose colour; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colours by raising their tone.—**Black Drapery.** Black draperies, lowering the tone of the colours with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermilion or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear, relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this same drapery, redder than if the opaqueness to the black did not exist.—*Cheruel's Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours*.

NERVOUSNESS OF THE DOG.

The nervous system in this creature is largely developed, and, exerting an influence over all its actions, gives character to the beast. The brain of the dog is seldom in repose; for even when asleep, the twitching of the legs, and the suppressed sounds which it emits, inform us that it is dreaming. No animal is more actuated by the power of imagination. Who is there that has not seen the dog mistake objects during the dusk of the evening? Delirium usually precedes its death, and nervous excitability is the common accompaniment of most of its disorders. To diseases of a cerebral or spinal character it is more liable than any other domesticated animal. Its very bark is symbolical of its temperament, and its mode of attack energetically declares the excitability of its nature. The most fearful of all the diseases to which it is exposed (rabies) is essentially of a nervous character, and there are few of its disorders which do not terminate with symptoms indicative of cerebral disturbance. This tendency to cerebral affections will, if properly considered, suggest those casual and appropriate acts which the dog in affliction may require, and which it would be impossible for any author fully to describe. Gentleness should at all times be practised; but to be truly gentle, the reader must understand it is imperative to be firm. Hesitation, to an irritable being, is, or soon becomes, positive torture.—*Mayhew's Dogs*.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

A collection of errors of the press of the malignant type would be amongst the curiosities of literature. Bayle records several curious specimens. In the loyal *Courier* of former days, it appeared that his Majesty George IV. had a fit of the goat at Brighton. We have seen advertised a sermon, by a celebrated divine, on the Immorality of the Soul, and also the Lies of the Poets, which should be a very comprehensive publication. The vicinity of Lives and Lies is indeed most dangerous—a single letter more or less making a lie of a life, or a life of a lie. Glory, too, is liable to the same mischance, the dropping of the liquid making it all gory. What is treason, asked a wag, but reason to a t? which is an accident of the press may displace with the most awkward effect. Imagine a historical character impeached for reason, or reasonable practices. Misprints are no doubt reducible to laws; and this is certain, that they always fall upon the tenderest part of an author's writing, and where there is a vital meaning to be destroyed.—*The Examiner*.

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MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER AND I.

To say merely that 'it rained,' does not usually describe the state of the weather. There may have been wind at the same time, and the rain may have been a compliment splashed against your face or window; or it may have been bitterly cold, and the rain may have counted only as an additional discomfort. But on the day I have before my memory, it rained and did nothing else. There was neither cold nor warmth enough to divert your feelings; there was no breath of air to disturb the perpendicularity of the drops; and no prospect of country you could see through them. Down came the heavy globules in mathematical lines; splash went the water against the level road; round went the wheels of the vehicle with a monotonous rumble; and away bowled we over the wet, steaming, endless plains of the Netherlands.

There was only one passenger with me in the coupé, and he was worse than nobody by several chalks. Solitude would have been endurable; but to be shut up in compulsory companionship with a man whose language you cannot speak, and who cannot speak yours, is dreadful. I saw the fellow was a Frenchman the moment I set eyes on him, and the cool easy impudence with which he said '*Pardon!*' when he knocked my hat from the seat on coming in, confirmed the fact. My knowledge of French had been acquired at school, and went only as far as reading; and I could not yet refrain from an insular blush when I was obliged to try to wreak my thought upon expression. This individual, however, roused me. I looked upon him somehow as an unauthorised intruder; and it was with a reckless air I made a remark to him in his own language about the weather—just to shew him that I could speak French if I chose, and didn't care a snap of my fingers whether it was good or bad. I think I said '*Quelle pluie!*' I encountered his eyes, however, at the moment, and a quiet smile, as he muttered '*Mauvais temps!*' demolished me. I had fallen, doubtless, into some unhappy cacology; and we both looked out of the window at the rain—I to conceal my confusion, and he, of course, to conceal a sneer, with all the distressing politeness of his countrymen.

A situation of this kind is the more embarrassing that one feels obliged to say something. Here was a man, a well-dressed, respectable, nay rather a gentlemanly person, with intelligent eyes that seemed to understand me; and to sit alone with him, hour after hour, all day and all night, without opening my lips, was impossible. He felt this himself—I was sure he did; for whenever I made an attempt, he listened earnestly, as if anxious to make out what I would be

at, without troubling me to repeat, and then replied in few words, as if unwilling to exhibit any colloquial superiority. I at last began to like the fellow, and to be more and more sorry and ashamed that I was unable to converse with him. Sometimes he took the initiative himself; and when I could not exactly catch his meaning, always kindly and laboriously repeated what he had said, occasionally varying the expression to make it more clear.

Down came the rain in the meantime, with its steady, determined, mathematical motion—quick as lightning, but never in a hurry, as the drill-sergeant says—down, down, down—splash, splash, splash—rumble, rumble, rumble: it was enough to make one mad. The Frenchman gave a heavy sigh, and I echoed it; he got up a half-melancholy, half-comical smile, which I reflected; he shook his head, so did I. 'Slow work this!' I would have said, only it would have been absurd in French; and he looked as if he would fain have given me the idiom, if I could but have understood it. At length the vehicle stopped to take in a passenger. Here was a chance. The new-comer was a plump, portly, handsome dame, who insinuated herself between my friend and me, and then expanded till, what with her and the cushions, we felt uncommonly comfortable. But she was a German; and when she had recovered breath, she looked first in the face of one, then of the other, and with an alarming sound of ugh—ugh—ugh, delivered in the interrogative key, appeared to be endeavouring to fish out of us whether we could do anything in that line. The Frenchman said, '*Je suis fichtre,*' and '*N'entends pas,*' and I shook my head in despair; negatives that only excited the risible faculties of madame, who went on clearing her throat of it, German in the midst of explosions of laughter, that made our contiguous sides and the cushions undulate in harmony. I verily think she considered herself fortunately placed in having two listeners with no speaker but herself, for she rattled away without intermission, interlarding her speech, in compliment to the Frenchman, with scraps of his own language, so horribly bad that even I was amused. We stood it for some time as decently as possible; but at last I could not help giving my male companion the wink, and saying in an under-tone: '*Quelle Française!*' Both of us proved too many for his politeness: off he set with a rear, in which I joined from sympathy; and so we went on all three, talking French and German, without listening to either, and laughing ready to die.

A more interesting episode, however, speedily occurred, for the coach stopped to a late dinner. Meals were a grand invention for that kind of travelling, although they have now gone the way of all horseflesh.

To snatch at a morsel as we do now, and devour it like an ogre, is not to dine; any more than to scald the mucous membrane all the way down is to get cheered with the cup that not inebriates. The recollection of that dinner is enough to disgust one with steam and its headlong haste, and make us inquire whether it is really the grand business of human beings to contrive so as to be nowhere at all at any given time. The bill of fare included scores of dishes, in soup, fish, meat, poultry, game, pastry, and confections; all with names that made them ten times more luxurious, yet, I must own, so unintelligible, that choice was out of the question. I thought of shutting my eyes, and taking something at random; but a qualm came over me as I reflected on the stories I had heard of the continental cuisine including frogs, snails, and the ox's liver—called vulgarly in England cat's meat. I looked at my Frenchman; but he was looking at me. He would not have begun before me for the world; and when, in hungry impatience, I grasped at something that turned out to be overdone boiled beef under the name of bouilli, so far from staring at me with the contempt I perhaps deserved, he helped himself largely to the humble fare. Eating, they say, wants only a beginning. My next venture was *un biftek au naturel*, then *un cotelette de mouton*, and then upon the *rigot*, which always comes last. The Frenchman, though looking with the eye of a connoisseur upon the tempting dishes around him, was true to his social principles, and followed rigidly the tastes, extraordinary as he might think them, of his fellow-traveller—so that, in the midst of all sorts of delicacies, we made a magnificent meal upon boiled beef and beef-steaks, mutton chops and leg of mutton.

After all, it was very satisfactory. We felt ourselves expanding, like the German lady—who had now vanished, for she resided at the place; and we looked at each other with increasing kindness and good-humour. Suddenly the Frenchman filled his tumbler half full of wine, and held it out. '*A votre santé!*' cried he, and in an instant I was ready for him, and brought my glass against his with, I regret to say, a fatal collision, for it smashed it in pieces and spilt the wine. I was bitterly ashamed of my awkwardness. It was the first time I had practised this fashion, which they call *tringuer*, and should have been more cautious; but the conduct of my companion was very admirable. He actually seemed to take it all upon himself, begging my pardon in the humblest manner for the outrage I had committed, in demolishing a man's glass, who had merely invited me in a friendly way to take wine with him. The worst of it was, the waiters and the other *garçons* were excessively impudent; not that they said anything—they never do on such occasions; but they looked at each other, and then bit their lips, and grinned horribly to repress a smile. As for the hostess, who had been looking at us a good deal, she covered her face with her handkerchief and precipitately left the bar. Both the Frenchman and I were much annoyed, and looked jealously from face to face to watch for an occasion of hostilities; but by degrees the thing was forgotten, and a capital glass of brandy-and-water made us all right. I thought, by the way, that my companion would have taken the alcohol neat, for I had known his countrymen express great disgust at our weak warm mixture: but he was a trumb throughout, and no mistake.

Our attempts at conversation while we were at table were very few, for I did not like to expose my slight acquaintance with the language before a mixed company; but when we were fairly resected in the coupée, after a plentiful dinner and a reasonable allowance of wine and brandy, we went at it again with a will. On such occasions, one has a full, comfortable, jelly feeling, which overthrows the barriers of reserve; and for my own part I talked away as if I was a Frenchman born;

only a good deal out in the grammar, and idiom, and meaning of words. My companion was equally communicative, and although he took great pains with my ignorance, but little more intelligible; and so we kept humming at one another during a great part of the night with less success than our perseverance deserved.

Even after I fell asleep, the same thing was continued for hours in my dreams. I thought I was speaking against the Frenchman for a wager of a tumbler of wine; when the contest was over, we each claimed to be the winner; and while struggling for the prize, the glass smashed in our hands, and the liquid descended over the whole earth in great, round, perpendicular drops. Whereupon I awoke. It was the sound of the rain that was in my ears, mingled with other noises—down, down, down—splash, splash, splash—rumble, rumble, rumble. Presently the coach stopped: we had arrived at the town where I was to lose my companion.

He was no more than in time for the vehicle by which he was to turn off into another route; and when I stood to see him mount, holding my umbrella over his head, it was with real emotion I bade him farewell. I could not help thinking at the moment what a pleasant time we might have passed, and what a permanent friendship we might have formed, had we only understood one another's language well enough to converse freely. I thought no more of my ps and qs in French speaking, but wringing him by the hand, bade him adieu in my own language.

'Good-by,' said I; 'God bless you!'

'What!' cried he, in the same tongue, 'are you an Englishman?'

'To be sure! and you! 'O Jupiter—Jovis—Jovi—Jovien—Jupiter—Jove!'

'Montez, monsieur, montez!' shouted the coachman.

'What a terrible mistake! But you speak the language so admirably!'

'I—I never tried it till a few days ago, while you seemed an old experienced Frenchman—quite a!'

'Montez, montez! Sacré!—nous sommes partis! Ye—e—e!'

We bumbled him in while the vehicle was actually in motion, and I saw no more of my travelling companion.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

LIMITED as had been my excursion and opportunities of observation, the broad fact was sufficiently impressed on my mind, that the people of England know but little of America, while that little is disfigured by certain prejudices and misapprehensions. Travellers have, for the most part, dealt so unkindly by the Americans, that I was unprepared for much that came in my way of a nature that can be spoken of only with respect. Their energetic industry, perseverance, and enterprise; the tastefulness of their dwellings, and (with one unfortunate exception) the cleanliness and good government of their cities; their patriotism and independence of sentiment; their temperance; their respect for women; their systems of popular education; their free and untaxed press; their spontaneous yet ample support of the ordinances of religion;*

* In 1850, there were in the United States 35,011 churches, with an aggregate accommodation for 13,849,886 persons; and the total value of church property was \$6,416,639 dollars. The Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians, were the most numerous bodies. As regards education: in 1850, nearly 4,000,000 of young persons were receiving instruction in the various educational institutions of the country, or at the rate of 1 in every 5 free persons; the teachers numbered more than 115,000; and the colleges and schools nearly 100,000—their support being chiefly from legally imposed rates.

as well as of every variety of beneficiary institution—all seemed to me to merit commendation, and, to over-balance greatly such imperfections as have been fastened upon and exaggerated in the descriptions presented by tourists.

Undeniably, the personal manners of the Americans do not, in general, come up to the standard established in England. In ordinary circumstances, we miss some of the more polite observances of Europe; but the blank does not represent an unmitigated loss. We are not encumbered with the formalities of an inexorable etiquette; nor do we see that stiffness of manner in the general intercourse between class and class, which is stamped on English society. The hauteur of rank is totally unknown, nor would it be tolerated. In the absence of hereditary honours, opulence and refinement create distinctions; but these are simply respected, not worshipped. We all know, of course, that ordinary politeness, or graciousness of manner, is a different thing from servility; and there can be little doubt that, as America grows older, and competition becomes more intense, a proper perception of this not unimportant truth will be more widely spread and acted on.

If the less-cultivated Americans be as yet faulty in this respect, their shortcomings are obviously traceable to the great breadth of field over which they exercise a command. Happy in not being cribbed and confined within a town, or even a spacious district, they can choose their locality over more than thirty states; and if one place does not come up to expectations, they can resort to another. Neither do they feel themselves indissolubly tied to any particular profession. I was frequently assured that no man in the States is damaged by a change from one line of industry to another. Every trade is open to everybody; and as, from the general diffusion of education, every one is prepared to do his duty creditably, he is presumed to be able to turn his hand to almost anything. Hence, the restlessness of the American character. Attachment to locality is scarcely known; and shifting from place to place, a thousand miles at a stretch, with a view to bettering the condition, seems to be an ordinary occurrence. There is, in fact, an immense internal migration. New England is continually throwing off swarms towards the newly opened territories and states in the far West; the latest manifestation of this kind being the movement of a colony of settlers from Massachusetts to the newly organised state of Nebraska.

The abundance of all material comforts, may perhaps be mentioned as a cause of the occasionally rude, independent bearing which falls under notice. No such indication of fulness exists in England. Straitened in circumstances, and burdened with taxation, but with a conventional necessity for keeping up appearances, a large proportion of our middle classes require to be exceedingly frugal in the consumption of articles of domestic use. A person accustomed to shifts of this nature, is astonished at the profusion at table in all quarters of America. There is, at least, no stinting as to food. It was often pressed on my notice, that the hired labourers in the fields are provided with better fare than falls to the lot of thousands of the 'genteel' classes in England.

In no part of America did I see any beggars or ragged vagrants; and except in New York, the condition of which is exceedingly anomalous, I did not observe any drunkenness—there having been, as I understood, a great reform in this particular. I should say that, independently of the 'Maine Law,' public opinion on the subject of drinking-usages is considerably in advance of that of England. My belief, however, is, that owing to peculiarities of climate, there is less desire to partake of stimulants, and less immunity from the consequences of an excessive use of them, than in the humid atmosphere of northern Europe.

Other things struck me favourably. I observed that all classes were well dressed. My attention was called to the fact, that when operatives had finished the labours of the day, they generally changed their garments, and were as neatly attired as those in higher stations. It was also observable that mechanics, in good employment, occupy better houses, pay higher rents, and dress their wives and families better, than is usual in England or Scotland; that they, in short, aim at living in greater respectability; and, in doing so, necessarily avoid such indulgences as would improperly absorb their means. It was agreeable to note, that the English language is everywhere spoken well. I heard no *patois*, no local dialect. The tone of speech was uniform, though more nasal in some parts of New England than in other places.

In forming an opinion of a country, much depends on the point from which it is viewed. The point of view for America, as it appears to me, is America itself. To look at it with English eyes and English expectations, is surely unwise. Hopeless would it be for any one fresh from the Old Country to look for magnificent gentlemen's seats, fine lawns, beautiful hedgerows, admirable roads, superb carriages, old-settled usages and institutions, and that artificiality of manner which in England has required a thousand years to mature. We must take America as it is, and make the best of it. It is a new, and, as yet, not fully settled country; and, all things considered, has done wonders during its short progress. No one can forget that, except in the case of Virginia, and one or two other places, it has been peopled by the more humble, or, at all events, struggling classes of European society. The aristocracy of England have shrunk from it. Instead of acting as leaders, and becoming the heroes of a new world, they have left the high honour of founding communities throughout America to groups of miscellaneous individuals, who at least possessed the spirit to cross the Atlantic in quest of fortune, rather than sink into pauperism at home.

The proper aspect, therefore, in which to view America, is that of a field for the reception of emigrants. It was thus I beheld it; and from all that came under my notice, I am bound to recommend it as a new home to all whose hearts and hands are disposed to labour, and who, for the sake of future prospects, as regards themselves and families, are willing to make a present sacrifice. To all classes of married manual labourers, the United States and Canada offer a peculiarly attractive field; not so much so, however, from the higher rates of remuneration, as the many opportunities for advantageously making investments, and by that means greatly improving their circumstances. This, indeed, is the only point worth pressing on notice. In England, the operative having scarcely any means of disposing of small savings to advantage—the interest of the savings-bank forming no adequate temptation—he rarely economises, but recklessly spends all his earnings, of whatever amount, on present indulgences. It is vain, I fear, to try to convince him of this folly. Practically, he is without hope; and, uninstructed, he does not reflect on consequences. In America, on the contrary, everything contributes to excite his higher emotions. The sentiment of hope is stimulated in an extraordinary degree. In the more newly settled cities and townships, so many bargains may be had of small portions of land, which may probably, in a year or two hence, be sold for many times the original cost, that there is the greatest possible reason for economising and becoming capitalists. The saved twenty dollars of to-day may, by a judicious investment, be shortly a hundred, nay, a thousand, dollars; so that, with a reasonable degree of prudence, a person in humble circumstances rises by rapid and sure strides to fortune.

I feel assured that this tends to explain the superior

character of the American workman. In coming down Lake St Clair in a steamer, there was on board a Canadian settler, who had some years ago left Scotland, and was now in the enjoyment of a pleasant and thriving farm on the banks of the lake. On conversing with him respecting his affairs, he told me that all the time he was in the Old Country, he never felt any inducement to save; for it was a dreary thing to look forward to the accumulation of a shilling or two a week, with no prospect of trading on the amount, and only at the end of his days having a few pounds in the savings-bank. 'But here,' said he, 'with a saving of two dollars we can buy an acre of land, and may, perhaps, sell it again afterwards for ten dollars; and this kind of thing makes us all very careful.' Did not this man's explanation solve the problem which now engages the attention of writers on social economy? Did it not go far towards elucidating the cause of so much of our intemperance—the absence of hope? The native American, however, possesses advantages over the immigrant. With intelligence, sharpened by education, he is better able to take advantage of all available means of improvement in his condition; the press rouses him with its daily stimulus; the law interposes no impediment of taxes and embarrassing forms in the transfer of property; the constitution offers him the prospect of rising to a position of public confidence; no overshadowing influence weighs on his spirits; he is socially and politically free; his whole feelings, from boyhood, have been those of a responsible and self-reliant being, who has had much to gain by the exercise of discretion.

If I may use the expression, there is a spontaneity in well-doing in America. In the circumstances just referred to, men conduct themselves properly, because it is natural for them to do so; and from the aspect of the American operative-classes, I am disposed to think they would feel affronted in being made objects of special solicitude by those in a more affluent condition. To speak plainly, why should one class of persons in a community require constantly to have the thinking done for them by another class? I am afraid, that wherever such appears necessary, as in England, there is something socially defective. The whole tendency of institutional arrangements in America, as has been shewn, is to evoke feelings of self-reliance. A contrary tendency still prevails to a large extent in Great Britain, where, from causes which it is unnecessary to recapitulate, the humbler classes require to be ministered to and thought for, as if they were children. We must contrive means for amusing them, and keeping them out of mischief; call meetings to get up reading-rooms, baths, wash-houses, and temperance coffee-houses for them; offer prizes to those among them who will keep the neatest houses and gardens; and in so many ways busy ourselves about them, that at length it would seem as if it were the duty of one half the community to think for the other. The spectacle of well-educated, thoughtful, independent America, enabled me to see through the fallacy of first disabling a man from thinking and acting for himself, and then trying to fortify him by a system of well-meant, but really enervating patronage. It is something to have to say of the United States, that the mechanics and rural labourers of that country do not require to be patronised.

The persons in America who seemed to me to merit compassion most, were not the poor, for of these there are not many, except in a few large cities: those who are to be pitied, are the rich. Obtaining wealth by a course of successful industry, it would appear as if there were no other means of spending it than in rearing splendid mansions, and furnishing them in a style of Oriental luxury, and thereafter living in gorgeous magnificence, like the prince-merchants of Genoa in the past times of Italian glory. So far as

the actual founders of fortunes are concerned, there is, perhaps, little to discommend in all this; but it was disagreeably pressed on my notice, that the sons of these millionaires, born to do nothing but to live on their father's earnings, were much to be pitied. In New York, they were seen lounging about idly in the parlours and bar-rooms of the hotels, worn out with dissipation, and the nightly victims of gambling-houses, of which there are a number in Broadway on a scale of matchless splendour. Among the vices they have lately thought fit to introduce, is the practice, now obsolete in England, of encouraging professional pugilism, the exercise of which occasionally leads to serious affrays. In Great Britain, as we all know, a considerable part of the fortunes realised in trade is expended in the purchase of land, and in effecting rural improvements of various kinds; the country, by such means, becoming a useful engine of depletion to the town; but in America, land conveys no honour, and is not bought except as a temporary investment, or as a source of livelihood. Wealthy men, therefore, would have nothing to look for in rural life beyond the pleasure of a villa; so far as I could learn, they do not even go that length, but consume their means, for the most part, in the more seductive but not very refining enjoyments of the city. With few exceptions, therefore, families of any note do not continue in affluence more than one or two generations. An 'old family' in America, must ever be a kind of miracle. The principle which seems to be laid down is, that family distinction is adverse to democratic institutions; and that, consequently, each generation ought to be left to shift for itself—a philosophic rule, no doubt, but which, like many other good maxims, is not without practical difficulties.

Leaving the wealthier classes of New York to discover, if they can, what is the use of money after they have made it, it is more to my purpose to call attention to the advantages which America presents as an outlet for the redundant and partially impoverished classes of the United Kingdom. When I reflect on the condition of the rural labourers in many parts of Great Britain and Ireland—the poorness of their living; their generally wretched dwellings; the little pains taken to afford them an education calculated to excite their better feelings; their blank prospects as to old age; and when I consider that, within a short distance, there is a country inviting their settlement, where they can scarcely fail to attain a position of comfort and respectability, I am surprised that the 'exodus,' great as it is, is not many times greater—in fact, the astonishing thing, as it appears to me, is, how under present circumstances any at all remain.*

Perhaps part of the reluctance to remove to America is due to fears on the score of health. Peculiar in some respects, the climate of those northern and middle regions to which emigrants usually direct their course, need not, however, be the subject of apprehension. The most remarkable peculiarity of the air, as has been already hinted, is its dryness. The prevailing westerly winds, coming over thousands of miles of land, lose their moisture before reaching the more settled regions in the east, and are felt to be thin and desiccating. Except in swampy districts, damp in any form is unknown, moisture being almost immediately absorbed. Newly plastered houses are dry enough to be inhabited a day or two after being finished. Clothes put out to

* On the day on which this was written, I saw, seated on the ground by the side of a road in Scotland, a party of ploughmen and female field-workers taking their mid-day refreshment, which consisted solely of coarse bannocks of pease-meal, milk drunk from a bottle, and morsels of meagre cheese. Could I avoid drawing a comparison between this hard lot, and that of the well-paid and well-provisioned labourers in Nova Scotia, Canada, and the United States?

dry, need to hang but a short time. In writing, I observed that the ink dried in half the time it would have required to do so in England. That such properties in the atmosphere have an injurious effect on the constitution, is more than probable; at least, I observed that the people generally were less florid in complexion, and less robust, than the English. At the same time, it was my conviction, especially as regards females, that much more injury is done to health in Canada and the States by the overheating of apartments with stoves, than by the aridity of the atmosphere. From statistical inquiry, it does not, however, appear that life is to any appreciable degree less valuable in the northern and middle parts of the States than it is in England—the damage which may be done by the dryness of the air and the extremes of temperature being, as it were, balanced by the unwholesome influences of our atmospheric humidity. Settlers in Canada, with whom I conversed on the subject, gave the preference to the American climate, on account not only of its pleasantly exhilarating properties, but of its equable character. It is proper to say, that there may be some danger in proceeding to America during the extreme heats of summer; and I would, on this account, recommend travellers not to quit England before August, from which time till December the weather is temperate and agreeable. Crossing the Atlantic in spring, during the prevalence of icebergs, is particularly to be avoided.

Fears have been sometimes entertained, that the constant influx of a large and generally uneducated class of foreigners, more particularly Irish, must have a tendency to disorganise the institutional arrangements of the States, and even lower the tone of society. Great, however, as is the flood of immigrants, not of the most enlightened kind, it does not appear that they exercise any deteriorating influences, or are in any respect troublesome, except in New York and other large seats of population. Scattering themselves over the country, they are, for the most part, lost in the general community, and soon acquire the sentiments of self-respect common to the American character. The change is remarkable in the case of the Irish. Attaching themselves to such employments as, without risk, bring in small sums of ready money, they are found to be a saving and most useful class of people, with tastes and aspirations considerably different from those they formerly possessed. Altering so far, they may almost be said to be more Americanised than the Americans; for they signalise themselves by saying hard things of the Old Country, and if not the most inveterate, are, at least, the most noisy of its enemies. In the second generation, however—thanks to the universal system of education—the Irishman has disappeared. Associating in and out of school with the shrewd native youth—laughed, if not instructed, out of prejudices—the children of Irish descent have generally lost the distinctive marks of their origin.

It is a curious proof of the permanency usually given to any idea, true or false, by popular literature, that well-informed persons in this country are still occasionally heard scoffing at Pennsylvania on account of her repudiated bonds. We all remember the effect of the half-whimsical complaints of the Rev. Sidney Smith on this subject. We join in the laugh, sneer at the Pennsylvanians; and so it goes on. All the time, it is an absolute fiction that this state ever repudiated her debts. She did, indeed, at a moment of singular pecuniary difficulty, affecting the whole nation, suspend payment of the interest of her bonds. The country having been so far drained of money, that barter had to be resorted to, it was simply impossible for the state to pay the interest on these debts; but the debts were always acknowledged, and as soon as possible payment of the interest was resumed. No one ever lost a penny by Pennsylvania. There are, indeed, I believe, some states in the west and south which did for a time

repudiate; and even the most temporary exemplification of such a system must be deplored, for the effect it could not but have in shaking the general faith in American state probity. It is at the same time true, that great as is the traffic between England and America,* we hear no complaints against the uprightness of the merchants of the latter country. It appears from official inquiry, that, independently of debts suspended by the defaulting states, the amount lent by foreigners on bonds and other securities to America is, at the lowest calculation, £40,000,000; and the interest on this debt is, so far as I am aware, always duly paid.

A question constantly arises, in looking at the political fabric of the United States: 'Will it last—does it not contain within itself the germs of dissolution?' In offering a few observations in reply, it will be necessary to touch upon what is admitted to be the most unpleasant social feature of this remarkable country.

When the American colonists renounced their allegiance to George III. and assumed an attitude of independence, it was confidently predicted that their rationality, unsupported by monarchical and aristocratic institutions, could not possibly endure beyond the first outburst of enthusiasm. The experience of eighty years has failed to realise these prognostications; and it may be said that the principle of self-reliance has never been so successfully tested as in the history of the United States. Left to themselves, and favoured by breadth of territory, the progress of the American people has for many years been no ordinary phenomenon.

At the Declaration of Independence, the number of states was thirteen, with a population of about 3,000,000—a wonderfully small number, to have defied and beat off the British monarchy. In 1800, when several new states had been added to the confederacy, the population was little more than 6,000,000. During the next fifty years, there was a great advance. In 1850, when the number of states had increased to thirty-one, along with several territories not organised into states, the population had reached 23,191,918. At this point, it was 3,000,000 ahead of that of the island of Great Britain; and as at this ratio it doubles every twenty-five years, we might infer that towards the conclusion of the present century, the United States will possess a population of not far from 100,000,000.

Such are the prospects entertained by the Americans themselves, with perhaps too slight a regard for a seriously disturbing element in their calculations. The present population, as above stated, are not all whites—exercising the privileges and animated with the sentiments of freemen. In the number, are comprehended 4,204,345 slaves and 433,643 persons of colour, nominally free, but occupying a socially degraded position. The presence of such an immense mass of population, alien in blood and aspect, in the midst of the commonwealth, is an awkward, and, I fear, a dangerous, feature in the condition of the United States, which cannot be passed over in any impartial estimate of the prospective growth and dignity of the country.

At the Revolution, there was, comparatively speaking, but a handful of negro slaves in the several states, introduced from Africa during the colonial administration; and it was probably expected by Washington and others, that in time the number would diminish, and that, finally, it would disappear. The reverse, however, has been the result. In the New England States, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, slavery, wherever it existed, has been legally abolished, leaving generally a residuum of free negroes; but in

* In the year ending June 30, 1852, the imports into the United States from Great Britain and Ireland were valued at \$90,000,000 dollars, and the exports to 115,500,975 dollars.

the other older states, slavery is still in force, besides being ingrafted in various new states, which have been acquired by conquest or purchase; so that, as an institution with large vested interests, it is stronger and more lifelike than ever. According to the census of 1850, it existed in fifteen out of thirty-one states; in one of them, however—New Jersey—it was in the form of an expiring apprenticeship.

For a number of years, as is well known, there has been much angry discussion on the subject between the northern and southern states; and at times the contention has been so great, as to lead to mutual threats of a dismemberment of the Union. A stranger has no little difficulty in understanding how much of this war of words is real, and how much is merely an explosion of *hukum*. In 1820, there occurred a kind of truce between the belligerents, called the Missouri Compromise; by which, in virtue of an act of Congress, all the territories north of latitude 36° 30' were guaranteed free institutions. By means of subsequent compromises, fugitive slaves were legally reclaimable in the free states; and there the matter rested, till the recent passage of the act constituting the state of Nebraska, by which the newly incorporated inhabitants, though north of the line of demarcation, are left the choice of their own institutions—at liberty, if they please, to introduce slavery. The commotion in the north, consequent on this transaction, has been considerable; and according to a portion of the press, in tracing the progress of events, 'Slavery is at length triumphant; Freedom subservient'—a sufficiently sorrowful confession to make respecting a country which prides itself on its achievements in the cause of civil liberty.

I repeat, it is difficult to understand what is the genuine public feeling on this entangled question; for with all the demonstrations in favour of freedom in the north, there does not appear in that quarter to be any practical relaxation of the usages which condemn persons of African descent to an inferior social status. There seems, in short, to be a fixed notion throughout the whole of the states, whether slave or free, that the coloured is by nature a subordinate race; and that, in no circumstances, can it be considered equal to the white. Apart from commercial views, this opinion lies at the root of American slavery; and the question would need to be argued less on political and philanthropic than on physiological grounds. Previous to my departure from Richmond, in Virginia, I had an accidental conversation with a gentleman, a resident in that city, on the subject of slavery. This person gave it as his sincere opinion, founded on close observation, and a number of physiological facts, that negroes were an inferior species or variety of human beings, destined, or at least eminently suited, to be servants to the white and more noble race; that, considering their faculties, they were happier in a state of slavery than in freedom, or when left to their own expedients for subsistence; and that their sale and transfer was, from these premises, legitimate and proper. Such opinions are, perhaps, extreme; but, on the whole, I believe they pretty fairly represent the views of the south on the subject of slavery,* which is considered to be not merely a conventional, but an absolutely natural institution, sanctioned by the precept and example of ministers of the Gospel, and derived from the most remote usages of antiquity.

It may have been merely a coincidence, but it is remarkable, that all with whom I conversed in the States on the distinctions of race, tended to the opinion, that the negro was in many respects an inferior being, and his existence in America an

anomaly. The want of mental energy and forethought, the love of finery and of trifling amusements, distaste of persevering industry and bodily labour, as well as overpowering animal propensities, were urged as general characteristics of the coloured population; and it was alleged, that when consigned to their own resources, they do not successfully compete with the white Anglo-Americans, or with the immigrant Irish; the fact being added, that in slavery they increase at the same ratio as the whites, while in freedom, and affected with the vices of society, the ratio of increase falls short by one-third. Much of this was new to me; and I was not a little surprised to find, when speaking a kind word for at least a very unfortunate, if not brilliant race, that the people of the northern states, though repudiating slavery, did not think more favourably of the negro character than those further south. Throughout Massachusetts, and other New England States, likewise in the states of New York, Pennsylvania, &c., there is a rigorous separation of the white and black races. 'In every city, there are white and black schools, and white and black churches. No dark-skinned child is suffered to attend a school for white children.' In Boston, celebrated for its piety and philanthropy, all the coloured children require to go to one school, however inconveniently situated it may be for some of them. This school was instituted in 1822, and the following is the existing ordinance respecting it:—'The coloured population in the city not being sufficiently numerous to require more than one school, it has been thought proper to provide in this the means of instruction in all the branches of learning, which are taught in the several schools for white children.*' In New York, there are nine public schools exclusively for coloured children, besides a coloured orphan asylum. In the city of Providence, Rhode Island, it is ordained that 'there shall be three public schools maintained exclusively for the instruction of coloured children, the grades thereof to be determined from time to time by the school committee.' In Philadelphia, there is a similar organisation of district schools for coloured children.

As an explanation of these distinctions, I was informed that white would not sit beside coloured children: and further, that coloured children, after a certain age, did not correspondingly advance in learning—their intellect being apparently incapable of being cultured beyond a particular point. From whatever cause, it was clear that a reluctance to associate with persons of negro descent was universally inculcated in infancy, and strengthened with age. The result is a singular social phenomenon. We see, in effect, two nations—one white and another black—growing up together within the same political circle, but never mingling on a principle of equality.

The people of England, who see a negro only as a wandering curiosity, are not at all aware of the repugnance generally entertained towards persons of colour in the United States: it appeared to me to amount to an absolute monomania. As for an alliance with one of the race, no matter how faint the shade of colour, it would inevitably lead to a loss of caste, as fatal to social position and family ties as any that occurs in the Brahminical system. Lately, a remarkable illustration of this occurred at New Orleans. It was a law case, involving the question of purity of blood. The plaintiff, George Pandelly, a gentleman in a respectable station, sued Victor Wiltz for slander. Wiltz had said that Pandelly had a taint of negro blood; inasmuch as one of his ancestresses was a mulatto of 'African combination.' In describing the case to the court, the counsel for the plaintiff was so overcome by the enormity of the offence, that he shed tears! He produced several aged witnesses to prove that the

* See *Types of Mankind*, by J. C. Nott and Geo. R. Gliddon. 1 vol., 4to. Trübner & Co., London; and Lippincott, Philadelphia. 1854.

* *Rules of the School Committee of the City of Boston*, 1833, p. 26.

ancestress, mentioned by Wiltz as a mulatto, was the great-grandmother of the plaintiff, and was not a mulatto of negro origin, but a woman who had derived her colour from Indian blood! Satisfied with the evidence on this important point, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, but no damages; which was considered satisfactory—the sole object of Mr Pandelly having been to establish the purity of his descent.

All the efforts, in my opinion, which may be made with a view to influencing the south in favour of emancipation, are valueless so long as there exists a determined resolution throughout northern society to consider the coloured race, in all its varieties of shade, as beneath the dignity of human nature, and in no respect worthy to be associated with, countenanced, honoured, or so much as spoken to on terms of equality. Excluded, by such inflexible and carefully nourished prejudices, from entertaining the slightest prospect of ever rising beyond the humblest position; condemned to infamy from birth; not tolerated in the railway-cars which are devoted to the use of the whites; turned away from any of the ordinary hotels, no matter what be their character, means, or style of dress; in a word, treated from first to last as *Paria*—how can we expect that objects of so much contumely are to improve in their faculties or feelings, or to possess, in any degree, the virtue of self-respect? The wonder, indeed, is, that they conduct themselves so well as they do, or that they assume anything like the dress or manners of civilised persons.

Glad to have had an opportunity of calling attention to many cheering and commendable features in the social system of the Americans, I consider it not less my duty to say, that in their general conduct towards the coloured race, a wrong is done which cannot be alluded to except in terms of the deepest sorrow and reproach. I cannot think without shame of the pious and polished New Englanders adding to their offences on this score, the guilt of hypocrisy. Affecting to weep over the sufferings of imaginary dark-skinned heroes and heroines; denouncing in well-studied platform oratory the horrid sin of reducing human beings to the abject condition of chattels; bitterly scornful of southern planters for hard-hearted selfishness and depravity; fanatical on the subject of abolition; wholly frantic at the spectacle of fugitive slaves seized and carried back to their owners—these very persons are daily surrounded by manumitted slaves, or their educated descendants, yet shrink from them as if the touch were pollution, and look as if they would expire at the bare idea of inviting one of them to their house or table. Until all this is changed, the northern Abolitionists place themselves in a false position, and do damage to the cause they espouse. If they think that negroes are *Mex*, let them give the world an evidence of their sincerity, by moving the reversal of all those social and political arrangements which now in the free states exclude persons of colour, not only from the common courtesies of life, but from the privileges and honours of citizens. I say, until this is done, the uproar about abolition is a delusion and a snare. As things remain, the owners of slaves are furnished with the excuse that emancipation, besides being attended with no practical benefit, would be an act of cruelty to their dependents; for that the education given to free persons of colour only aggravates the severity of their condition—makes them feel a sense of degradation from which, as slaves in a state of ignorance, they are happily exempted. The great question, then, is, What is to be done with the slaves if they are set at liberty? Are they to grow up a powerful alien people within the commonwealth, dangerous in their numbers, but doubly dangerous in their consciousness of wrongs, and in the passions which may incite them to acts of vengeance?

Serious as is this question, there is one, perhaps, still more serious. Are the slaves to go on increasing in a geometrical ratio—6,000,000 in 1875, 12,000,000 in 1900; and so on through an infinitude of years? Sympathising so far with the Americans in the dilemma in which circumstances have placed them, I cannot say they have acted with discretion in seeing this portentous evil widen in its sphere, and swell to such vast dimensions, as at length to go beyond the reach of all ordinary measures of correction. Nay, at this moment the canker is extending its ramifications over the boundless territories of the West; and it is to be feared that, in a few years hence, the northern and middle free states will be but a speck in comparison with the slave region. This is a thing which concerns not the Americans alone, but the whole civilised world. The highest intellects of Europe are looking with breathless wonder at the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race, impelled by their instincts, and led by the hand of God over the vast continent of America.* They talk of the not distant time when there will be a nation counted by hundreds of millions, speaking the English tongue, and governed by the institutes of freemen. But, always, in the midst of their glowing anticipations, there arises a terrific spectre—human slavery—reminding them that it was this which blighted the old civilisations, Egypt, Greece, Rome—and why not America! Already in Virginia, naturally rich and beautiful, there is a growing impoverishment, notwithstanding that large sums are realised by the individuals who rear human stock for the southern plantations. In the partially deteriorated state of that fine old English domain, and its apparent incapability of keeping pace with the more prosperous communities of the north, it may be said to approximate to the physical and moral condition which disfigured Italy in the second century. Is history to be an endless series of repetitions?

What the Americans may do to counteract the danger which threatens them, I cannot take it upon me to say. With a growing belief that slavery is injurious to the industrial and moral progress of a state, the institution may, in no great length of time, disappear from Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, because these states enjoy a temperate climate, and are a fitting field for the settlement of enterprising immigrants. Its expulsion from the intertropical regions in the south, is matter for less sanguine hope. The demand for American cotton in the markets of Europe, increasing year by year, too surely strengthens the institution in the southern states, and surrounds the subject with difficulties, not to be treated lightly or sentimentally, but with the profound consideration of practical statesmanship. That things can remain as they are, as regards the relationship between the South and the North, is by no means probable. The interests and feelings of both are becoming mutually opposite and hostile; and it should occasion little surprise to learn that the South, smarting under alleged losses and indignities, took the initiative of breaking up the Union, and setting up for itself as an independent power. In such a conjuncture, the North, reduced to a second-rate sovereignty, could scarcely be expected to retain a hold over the West, which would either form a third group of independent states, or seek for federation with the South. And so, in so far as political unity is concerned, falls the mighty fabric raised by Washington, and of whose destiny such high anticipations have been entertained! In Canada—free from the taint and the contentions consequent on slavery, and enjoying a high degree of liberty—I found it to be a common belief, that the

* M. de Tocqueville speaks of the progressive settlement of the Anglo-Saxons, as 'driven by the hand of God' across the western wilderness, at the average rate of seventeen miles per annum.

union of the States could not possibly long hold together; and that the North, in the event of a rupture, would sue for a federation with the British American provinces, as a natural ally. That these provinces—united, populous, and prosperous—will, some day, attain the dignity of an independent nation, few can doubt; but it is evident, that annexation to the States in present circumstances would be neither agreeable nor expedient, and will not be thought of.*

While lamenting the unsatisfactory condition, present and prospective, of the coloured population, it is gratifying to consider the energetic measures that have been adopted by the African Colonisation Society to transplant, with their own consent, free negroes from America to Liberia. Viewing these endeavours at all events as means of encouraging emancipation, checking the slave-trade, and at the same time of introducing Christianity and civilised usages into Africa, they appear to have been deserving of more encouragement than they have had the good-fortune to receive. Successful only in a moderate degree, the operations of this society are not likely to make a deep impression on the numbers of the coloured population; and the question of their disposal still remains unsettled.

With a conviction that much harm has been done by exasperating reproaches, from this side of the Atlantic, on the subject of slavery, I have done little more than glance at the institution, or the dangers which, through its agency, menace the integrity of the Union. I have, likewise, refrained from any lengthened comment on the constant discord arising from the violence of faction, and have barely alluded to the extreme hazards into which the nation, under the impulse of popular clamour, is, from time to time, hurried by reckless legislation.

Trustful that the American confederation is not destined to be dismembered through the unhappy conflicts which now agitate the community—trustful that the question of slavery is to be settled in a manner more peaceful than is figured in the speech of Mr Howe—and having great faith in the power and acute intelligence of the American people to carry them through every difficulty (all their political squabbles notwithstanding), provided they will only take time to look ahead, and avoid the perils that beset their course, I bid them and their country a respectful farewell.

At noon of the 14th of December, I went on board the steamer *Europa* at New York, and in a few hours the shores of America sunk beneath the waves of the Atlantic. In thus quitting the New World, I felt how imperfect had been my acquaintanceship with it. But I was pleased to think that I had realised a long-cherished wish, and was now able to speak, though with diffidence, of the great country to which so many inquiring minds are at present eagerly directed.

* On this point, I may be permitted to draw attention to the following emphatic passages in a speech in the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, delivered in May last by the Hon. Joseph Howe, provincial secretary: 'Sir, I believe annexation would be unwise for other reasons. I believe the United States are large enough already. In a few years, the population of that country must reach 100,000,000; they have as much work to do now as they can do well; and I believe before many years, if their union is preserved, they will have more work to do than our legislature can despatch after their modes in 365 days. . . . There is another question which must be settled before you or I, sir, or any Nova Scotian, will be a party to annexation. Sir, I believe the question of slavery must be settled sooner or later by bloodshed. I do not believe it can ever be settled in any other way. That question shadows the institutions, and poisons the springs of public and social life among our neighbours. It saps all principles, overrides all obligations. Why, sir, I did believe, until very lately, that no comestible, armed with a law which violated the law of God, could capture a slave in any of the northern states; but the Fugitive Slave Law has been enforced even in Puritan New England, where tea could not be sold or stamps collected.'

After a voyage unmarked by any particular incident, I arrived in Liverpool on the evening of the 26th of December. W. C.

END OF THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.*

THE NAVAL RENDEZVOUS.

THE other day, while walking through the streets of Seaport, the letters V. R., with an enormous royal crown between them, repeatedly attracted our notice. These well-known symbols headed an announcement, that Her Majesty's ship the *Alligator*, Captain John Pointblank, required a number of able-bodied and ordinary seamen and landsmen to complete her complement; and that eligible young men, from eighteen to twenty-four years of age, should lose no time in applying at the Rendezvous, Neptune Tavern, Harbour Point. Musing over this, we recalled to mind the very characteristic style in which Admiral Sir Charles Napier placarded Portsmouth when he was appointed captain of the *Powerful* in 1839, prior to that ship sailing to join the Mediterranean squadron speedily to be employed in the Syrian war. The following was 'Old Charley's' invitation to the Blue-jackets at Portsmouth: 'Wanted, active seamen for the *Powerful*—Captain Napier. The *Powerful* is a fine ship, and in the event of a war, will be able to take her own part.' That was all he said; and the result was, that he speedily got as fine a crew as ever manned a liner. Napier shewed that he knew what he was about when he issued his brief, simple, manly, seamanlike announcement. Some captains put forth flaming placards, offering incredible inducements to men to enter; and what is the consequence? Landsmen, boys, and a riffraff of ordinary seamen, may thereby be induced to offer themselves in greater numbers than are required; but when the real first-rate man-o'-war's-man, on the look-out for a ship for a fresh cruise, has spelled through the placard, he contemptuously rolls his quid, and passes on with an emphatic expression of disgust. He knows his own value, and also knows by experience what the service is; therefore any cajolery or exaggeration renders him indignant and suspicious of the character of the officer who unwisely resorts to it. In a word, good seamen like to be treated as intelligent men: place confidence in them, and they will place confidence in you; and so vice versa. No class is quicker to resent anything like deception.

Seaport is not a regular naval station, but the *Alligator*, being 100 or 200 men short of her complement, has been sent down here to pick them up, previous to sailing for her station in the Pacific. Thinking over this matter, we saunter unconsciously in the direction of Harbour Point, and perceive the ship herself—a dashing first-class frigate—lying at anchor a couple of miles off in the roads, a few slatternly-looking merchantmen at anchor near her, serving as admirable foils to set her off. She certainly is a crack ship to all appearance; and as she lies, head to the stream, the evening sun gleams along her rows of grinning teeth, whilst her lofty masts and symmetrical spars are finely relieved against the sky. We see a cutter put off from her side—at first a mere speck on the water, but ere long we can note the oars dipping with the regularity of machinery. Rapidly it skims over the intervening expanse, and we see the gold band round the cap of the midshipman in the stern-sheets, glittering in the slanting sunbeams, and soon we can discern his features. A score or two more strokes, and the cutter

* Although the above concludes the work of which it forms a part, the writer will not lose sight of the subject, but present occasionally, under the title of *American Jottings*, notices of such of the more remarkable phenomena in American life and progress as may be interesting both to the intending emigrant and the general reader.

sweeps alongside the pier, the men peak their ears, and the bowman makes a grab with his boat-hook at the nearest pile. Fine stalwart fellows are the cutter's crew! How neatly they are dressed; and how well they look in their simple uniform! Their low-crowned, broad-brimmed varnished hats, and their blue check shirt-collars edged with white, turned broadly back over their shoulders, leaving their bronzed necks bare and free of all restraint, offer a suggestive and very favourable contrast to the headgear of that soldier who stands near us gazing at them, half-choked as he is by his black leather stock as stiff as sheet-iron! No wonder that one of them looks up at him, and grinningly mutters something about a boiled lobster. Meanwhile, the midgy says a few words to the cockswain, and lightly jumps on the landing, whence he ascends the pier, and walks to the Rendezvous. Let us follow him.

The Rendezvous is a glaringly-painted and somewhat flashy-looking tavern, situated within a few yards of the pier. A huge sign-board over the doorway exhibits to our admiring gaze old Neptune, seated, trident in hand, in a chariot, drawn by conventional dolphins over an intensely blue sea, with mermaids disporting around him, all in classical style. From the window immediately over this sign, a Union Jack is suspended from a staff, and flaps over the heads of a noisy group of seamen, landstiffs, women, and children. One poor woman is weeping bitterly, because, as we learn, her husband, a sailor, has volunteered, and is already safe aboard the *Alligator*, sorely against the wish and will of his disconsolate spouse—a neatly-dressed and interesting-looking young woman. A strapping man-o'-war's man, with immense bushy red whiskers meeting under his chin, is doing his best to console her, in a speech replete with excellent salt-water philosophy, and we come up in time to hear the eloquent peroration.

'And to clench the argumentation,' says he, 'this is what I says and upholds—the Queen's service is out o' sight the best of all services now-a-days, and the only one as a feller of spirit will put up with. Now, marn, no offence, but you doesn't seem to know the rights of the case when you take on so about your husband Bill joining us. A beggarly merchantman isn't to be named the same day with a man-o'-war. In the merchant service, they grinds the very marrow out of your bones; they feeds you badly, and berths you in a place worse than a dog-kennel: and when you're used up and worn out, they casts you aside like a broken stick, and, mind ye, not one farthing of pension, nor provision or reward for past service of any sort. But when you serve the Queen's Majesty—(God bless her!)—you gets the best of food and plenty of it; you're well clothed, well berthed, and made out-of-hand comfortable. They treats you as a man, and only you do a man's duty, and there's nothing, no nothing to complain of. If so be as you get maimed, there's Greenwich under your lee, or leaseways a pension for wounds; and when you have served your time with good character, you get your pension sartain sure for life.'

'But what is to become of me while he is away?' persisted the wife.

'Why, Bill 'lots you a ticket for his pay, to be sure, and you gets your 'lowance reg'lar from the agent; and then there's prize-money as he picked up, and besides reg'lar pay, there's good-conduct-money. D'ye see this gold stripe on my arm? Well, I'm an able seaman, and that stripe means two shillings and sevenpence per month extra pay for good conduct—that's what it means. I expect soon to get another stripe, and that will give me twice as much; and a man with three stripes gets treble as much, or four pounds eleven shillings and threepence a year extra. They gives you another guess-sort of stripes in the merchant service, I reckon!' and here he looks meaningly at one or two merchant sailors standing by, who say not a

word, neither do we, for we know that all he has said is the truth.

'Is that little boy yours?' continues the tar, alluding to a stout boy five or six years of age clinging to the woman's gown.

'He is; and whatever is to become of him, now his father has gone and deserted us to—'

'Hold hard, marn, if you please,' somewhat angrily exclaims the man-o'-war's-man; 'what you call desertion, is just the best and wisest thing Bill could have done; and as to that boy of yours, why, now his father's one of us, that boy can be educated and made a man of at Greenwich Hospital Schools, free gratis for nothing. There now—it's the real ship-shape truth I am saying. Moreover, marn, when Bill comes back from this cruise of ours, when the ship's paid off, if he makes up his mind to stay in the navy—and he'll be a fool if he doesn't—he will get six weeks' leave of absence to see you; and mind ye, his full-pay will be going on all that time without stoppage! Oh, never tell me about the merchant service, give me the Queen's! And your husband, marn—I saw him afore he went aboard; he's a smart-looking chap, and they are sure to make a main-tyman of him; he will rise, never fear, and come home a first-class petty officer, like enough. And as to this young 'un, putting the boy's head with one huge rough paw, and giving him a shilling with the other, 'I hope that by the time his father has done with active service, and is moored alongside you in some snug berth for life, he will be serving his Queen and country in turn, and honestly 'arning a pension to make his own old age comfortable. It's truth I've said throughout; and if anybody here present can gainsay it, let him speak. Now, marn, you said you wanted to send a message to Bill aboard the *Alligator*; and as our cutter is lying here, if you will come with me, we will speak with Tom Keel, the cockswain, and rely on it he'll deliver it, and any little thing you want to send to your husband; and I'll talk to Bill, and stand by him myself as a friend when I get aboard again. Hol cheer up, and never be down-hearted—yo-ho!' Half-saying, half-singing the last sentence, the kind-hearted and sympathising fellow leads the mother and child down towards the cutter, and we elbow our way through the crowd, and enter the Rendezvous, much interested and pleased with the little episode we have witnessed at the doorway.

Near the bar, we pass a struggling group, composed of three or four young fellows, whose sweethearts and sisters are vehemently imploring them not to join the ship-of-war, lest dismial and unheard-of sufferings and calamities should be their lot. Entering a large, low back-room, we find a miscellaneous assemblage of young seamen and landsmen drinking, smoking, and confusedly talking. Only one man-o'-war's-man is present, and he is a short, square-built, old, petty officer, as we judge by the crown and anchor embroidered on the sleeve of his jacket. We learn that all the company are desirous to enter the frigate, and are now waiting their turns to be summoned to the room overhead, where one of the lieutenants of the *Alligator* judges of the eligibility of each volunteer; and if the latter is a seaman, puts a few professional questions to him, to form an idea of what he would be fit for on board. Recently, at a Scotch rendezvous, one worthy, who professed to be a seaman, confidently informed the astounded officer in answer to a question, that the mizzen-top-sail is hoisted on the maintopgallant-mast! Unless a ship is in most urgent want of hands, a considerable percentage of the patriotic youths and men who offer their valuable services to their grateful country are rejected by the examining-officer for one reason or other; and those whom he thinks eligible, next undergo a physical examination by the doctor, who in turn is sure to pronounce not a few unfit for service. Knowing this, we look around, and mentally

calculate how many of those present seem to be of the stuff to make man-o-war's-men. A few evidently are sailors; and although we should hardly take them for A.B.'s, yet they will very probably be accepted: but the rest seem, emphatically a queer lot at first sight. Four or five have the aspect of dissipated runaway apprentices; an equal number are stout, ragged, dirty youths, of eighteen to twenty, who do not appear to have followed any particular calling hitherto; one very fat young fellow we hear addressed as 'butcher,' and a glance at his greasy dress and raw-beefy appearance, convinces us that such has been his actual culling; a couple of pale sickly men near him must certainly be weavers; near there is a hulking savage-looking 'navvy,' and a very fine handsome young shipwright, as we know he is by his general aspect, and his blue frock and tarry moleskin trousers, with a rule peeping from the pocket; and two stolid ploughmen, in white smock-frocks and high-lows, sit gaping open-mouthed between a broken-nosed, bandy-legged young tailor, and a dissipated blacksmith. Now, putting ourselves in the place of the examining officer, we think the stout youths will do for the after-guard and mizzet-top; the ploughmen and the navvy are rather too old and stiff-jointed ever to make active toymen, but they are big double-fisted fellows, and will make capital holders; the blacksmith might prove an acquisition, if a good workman, to the armorer's crew; the butcher, if there is a vacancy for him, would be useful in his own line; the shipwright would join the carpenter's crew; but the tailor and the weavers we would decline altogether. Officer and doctor conjointly will perhaps reject one-half of the volunteers we see; but, as a general rule, it is really astonishing what the discipline of a man-o-war can effect with the most unpromising subjects. Everybody knows that a year's severe drill at barracks converts a stupid country bumpkin into a serviceable soldier, and in a lesser degree the same improvement of raw material results in a man-o-war. True it is, that to make a prime seaman, the younger a boy enters the profession the better; and countrymen and merchmies of twenty to twenty-five years will become only very ordinary seamen at the best. Many of them, in fact, will be rated as landmen, and do landmen's duties, however long they may remain in the navy.

Meanwhile, our old petty officer has just freshened his nip, and after taking a long pull at the tankard, raises his voice and thumps the table to obtain a hearing, for he is prepared to favour the loyal and spirited auditory with a brief exposition of his view of the new career they are ambitious to embrace. In fact, the old Salt may be called a sort of naval recruiting-sergeant, with this material difference, that we know he will not grossly lie and deceive: he will not, for instance, gull that clown with the hope of some day becoming an opauletted post-captain; nor will he flatter the young seamen by reminding them that Captain Cook served long years before the mast in a collier brig, as they themselves have hitherto done. Hear him! 'Now, my hearties, some o' ye know what life afloat is—in the merchant service, that is—but most o' ye don't know the jib-boom from the pomplanner. Well, every man jack o' ye will meet with his desarts and find his level once ye get aboard. A man's a man in the Queen's service; he must do his duty, and his officers will do their duty by him. Perhaps some o' ye may be a bit scared about man-o-war discipline; but I'll tell ye what, without strict discipline a man-o-war would be just a floating—Ye know what I mean. Now, in the *Alligator*—'

'Any mice aboard the *Alligator*?' saucily interrupts one of the dissipated-looking youths.

'Ay, and cats to catch 'em!' grimly retorts the old tar, perfectly comprehending the drift of the question. 'Tell ye what, young feller; I've sarved man and boy

in the navy all my life, and never has my back been scratched with a cat's claws, and no man's ever is who does his duty as he ought; but mind what ye are about, my lad, when you get aboard—though I don't think they'll take such a hard bargain; but if they do, mind you steer small, and clap a round turn on your jaw-tackle, and never shove your oar in as ye did just now, or else ye'll soon foot the gratings at the gang-way, and have slops sarved out to ye man-o-war fashion!'

At this rebuke, the gang of dissipated youths look uncomfortably at one another, and one or two begin to chew vigorously a piece of pigtail—though they know it will make them qualmish—by way of shewing that they intend to become sailors, in spite of all the cats in the navy, we suppose. Then the old man-o-war's-man discomsers much in the same style as we heard his shipmate do at the doorway of the Rendezvous, and fails not to express his conviction that they will have a much better chance of picking up prize-money from 'them beggarly tallow-eating Rushans' on the Pacific and South American station, than if they were ordered to the Black Sea or Baltic, where he sagaciously opines there will be only 'monkey's allowance—more kicks than coppers.' He fails not to tell the merchant sailors present, that they will find the main-deck of the *Alligator* a Queen's drawing-room in comparison, with the dark, damp, dirty, dismal hog-holes of forecables in merchant ships; and that at meal-times they will not be squatted, like a parcel of Feejees, round a dirty mess-tub, containing a lump of 'cld horse,' tough and tasteless as a bull's hide, accompanied by biscuits all alive with weevils; but that they will sit at neat mess-tables, and eat prime beef and pork from clean plates, in a civilised fashion; and to sum up, he emphatically declares that they will 'live like fighting-cocks.*' Next, he discusses the solid advantages of entering the navy, under the new regulations, for ten years' continuous service, whereby a seaman not only receives higher pay, but may get a pension of sixpence a day for life when discharged at the end of the term; or eightpence a day for fifteen years' service; or about a shilling a day after twenty years' continuous service: leading seamen and petty officers getting much more. And so he overhails the coil of the matter, very much to his own satisfaction and to ours, and, we trust, also to that of the enlightened and patriotic company, loyal men and spirited and enterprising youths included. But it is now high time to go, for several of the young merchant seamen have been summoned to the room above, for examination into their qualifications; and the tipsy blacksmith is getting obstreperous; and one of the ploughmen, excited by unaccustomed libations, is challenging the butcher to wrestle; and three of the dissipated youths have turned mortally sick through chewing tobacco, in order to shew they were of the stuff to make sailors; and the gruff old petty officer is indulging in some very characteristic sarcasms, and mysterious innuendoes, and prophetic denunciations, which we understand much better than any of the young gentlemen to whom they are especially addressed.

Ere quitting the precincts of the Rendezvous, we learn, on inquiry, that hitherto hardly any prime seamen have been entered on the books of the *Alligator*; but that a few ordinaries, and plenty of landmen of all

* This is no exaggeration, as the following scale of provisions daily allowed at the present time to every person serving in the navy amply proves:—Biscuit, 1 pound, or soft bread, 1½ pounds; spirit, ½ gill; fresh meat, 1 pound; vegetables, ½ pound; sugar, 1½ ounces; chocolate, 1 ounce; tea, ½ ounce. And when necessary, in lieu of fresh meat and vegetables, salt pork, 1 pound; peas, ½ pint, every alternate day: salt-beef, 1 pound; flour, 9 ounces; suet, 3 ounces; currants or raisins, 1½ ounces, every alternate day. And weekly, oatmeal, ½ pint; mustard, ½ ounce; pepper, ½ ounce; vinegar, ½ pint per man. All are well cooked, and served punctually to the minute; and if a man is ill, and cannot eat his allowance, the value of it is set down to his credit!

sorts, offer themselves. When the frigate fires her evening-gun, the lieutenant will put off in the cutter, taking with him the pick of the men he has entered that day; and if we look in during the evening, we shall find some 'liberty men' from the frigate, together with volunteers and a select party of friends of both sexes, holding a jovial carouse. Cordially wishing they may enjoy it, we steer our own private course, complacently humming:

In short, a tar's life—you may say that I told it—

Who leaves quiet and peace foreign countries to roam,

Is of all other lives—I'll be bound to uphold it—

The best life in the world—next to staying at home!

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER II.

THE ISLAND OF MARETIMO.

We left Walter proceeding with his soldier-companions from the spot where he had been rescued from his perilous position towards another part of the island. In about a quarter of an hour, the sea came again in sight. Beyond it, at the distance of some miles, rose a lofty mountain, the summit of which was still slightly tinged with gold by the rays of the sun, although all the rest of the landscape was clothed in the shadows of evening. This was the island of Favignana; and beyond, in the dim distance, stretched the hilly coasts of Sicily.

Walter, however, gave but a casual glance at the beautiful scene before him, for he was too weak to care much for anything save repose. They were moving along a path cut in the face of an enormous precipice, and could just see, far below, scattered along the beach—the long outline of which was marked in the dim twilight by a broad belt of foam—some small huts and cottages, with here and there a boat drawn up upon the shingle; but this was not their destination. Turning round a point of the rock, they came in sight of a kind of fortified house, with a lofty flag-staff, one or two towers, and windows that looked like loopholes—altogether, in fact, a place of gloomy and unpromising appearance. Upon a small esplanade in front, a sentinel paced to and fro. The light on that elevated spot was still sufficient to enable all these things to be distinguished. The party was challenged as it approached. A man advanced and gave the password; a drawbridge was let down; a moat was crossed; and soon the footsteps of the party echoed beneath a vaulted passage, lighted by a lamp swinging from the centre. Walter felt very much as if he was entering a prison; and, indeed, from the surly manner of his companions, was inclined to think for a moment that he had fallen into the hands of some lawless chieftain. His geographical recollections were not at that time very clear, and there was something so mysterious in the appearance and disappearance of the person by whom he had been saved, that he felt rather disposed to entertain the thought that he was some poetical pirate—an Italian Conrad, who had not yet been celebrated in rhyme. These ideas, however, were soon put to flight, for he was now introduced into a handsome apartment, elegantly furnished, where a tall, dry, military-looking man, addressed by one of the soldiers as the commandant, rose to receive him. 'Sir,' said he, 'I am glad that my people have been the means of saving you from a very perilous position, and regret that the state of my health prevented my being at least a witness to your escape.'

Walter was too feeble to understand that this was a mere Italian subterfuge—an excuse for idleness and indifference—and endeavoured to murmur thanks as he sank into a chair. Then the thought uppermost in his mind found vent.

'But who was that noble person,' said he.

The commandant affected not to notice this question, but very properly suggested that now was the time for taking some refreshment. His manner, though hard, was courteous; and Walter gladly accepted the invitation. Indeed, the sight of a roast fowl, and two or three ragouts, with a large jug of Falernian, effectually waned him for a time from all sentimental ideas of gratitude. He felt that he owed a duty to his corporeal nature, and set to work with surprising energy and good-will. The commandant lolled in his easy-chair, making cigarettes, and looking at him half benevolently, and half in mere astonishment. He had never seen a man eat at that rate before. At length he took out his watch, and looking at it, said with a certain poetic affectation of humour: 'My dear young friend, you have been eating without intermission for half an hour, and I have a book on these shelves'—pointing to some two dozen volumes that formed his library—'which states that fearful dangers are run by indulgence in appetite under such circumstances.'

Walter thought this advice came rather late; but was not sorry. He had eaten his fill, and felt no terrible symptoms. On the contrary, he found his vigour and presence of mind rapidly returning, and for the first time properly understood into what society he had fallen. It was evident that his host was commander of the garrison of that little island, which formed part of the dominions of the kingdom of the two Sicilies; and it was also evident, that the stranger by whose means he had been delivered, held no situation of authority there. He had been completely put aside—was apparently forgotten; and Walter felt that it would require some diplomacy to obtain an account of him.

After a little while, the commandant, seeing that his guest appeared to have quite recovered his strength, asked him the details of his shipwreck, and shewed a curiosity to know who he was. Walter told his story as briefly as possible, and concluded by asking under whose hospitable roof he happened to be. The commandant was evidently delighted to have to talk of himself, and said that his name was Girolamo di Georgio; that he had been for many years chief in authority on that little island; that he reigned over a population of about one hundred souls; that he had no amusements, save shooting amidst the rocks, or boating when he chose to risk going through the surf; that when very idle, he sometimes read; and, in fact, talked away for about an hour of these small matters, as only men secluded from the world and shut up in the notion of their own importance can talk. Walter nodded several times, but was kept awake by the hope that an opportunity would occur of obtaining some information about the stranger. The commandant, however, spoke of everything else, but seemed carefully to avoid that subject, so that our Englishman was compelled at length abruptly to put the question which had so long hung upon his lips.

There was a man in the room who seemed to notice too attentively what was going on, and paused in his service to listen. The commandant's face became grave. 'That person,' said he after a pause, 'has no name. We call him the Prisoner.'

'Then this is a prison as well as a fortress?'

The commandant looked uneasy under this questioning; but perhaps in order to avoid giving the explanation required, talked generally of the Neapolitan

state-prisons on the islands of the *Ægean*. He was surprised that Walter did not know all about them. Their reputation, he said, was European. On the morrow he would have the pleasure of pointing out to his guest, on the lofty summit of Favignana, a tower where dwelt many who would willingly change places with his charge. This was a slip of the tongue, for it brought round the conversation to the point he was endeavouring to avoid. The man, however, had by this time left the room, driven away by a frown and a sign; and the commandant, giving way to his natural garrulity, said: 'Sir Englishman, although I am what the disaffected call a jailer, I am not a very hard one, as you will have guessed from the fact that the Prisoner was at large to save you. But as I cannot have the pleasure—here he bowed—of keeping you here all your life, and shall have the honour, weather permitting, of sending you away to-morrow, I must make an appeal to your discretion. Do not mention in any place in Sicily that you have seen the Prisoner at large. Endeavour to forget his existence; a careless word may beget disagreeable consequences.'

Walter began to compliment his host on the kindness which was evinced by what he supposed to be an infraction of superior orders.

'Do not imagine,' said the commandant rather haughtily, 'that I have run the risk of dismissal by granting to the prisoner any privileges not strictly consonant with orders from head-quarters. My request to you has another motive. If he were known to be at large—as he has a good many friends, young, rash, and lawless—some of them might attempt a rescue, which would of course fail, but might lead to loss of life. Even soldiers object to shooting people, except when absolutely necessary. My men, however, have positive orders to fire into any strange boat that may approach these shores; so that it is in the interest of humanity that I shall have to ask, if not exact, a promise from you that you will not mention publicly what you have seen.'

Walter recognised in the voice of the commandant that mildly despotic tone which is characteristic of foreign military men when placed in positions of authority; and felt that it would be both necessary and kind, for the Prisoner's sake, to give the promise required. When he had done so, the commandant took occasion to compliment the English on their well-known adherence to truth; and, perhaps encouraging himself in a natural loquacity by this belief, began to talk of the Prisoner, at the imminent risk of letting out far more than he intended.

'He comes of a good Sicilian family,' said he. 'I suppose you had no leisure to do more than shake yourself like a dog when you got out of the water—excuse the joke—we hermits are privileged; and a laugh is always allowable. You did not notice, of course, how squalid and serious he looks—quite like a Franciscan friar without the tonsure. Well, now, two or three years ago, he was quite a dandy; a gay, merry fellow, that walked on the Marina when you know the Marina is the sea-parade. He strutted it like any peacock, cane in hand, with white gloves, among the ladies who were taking their evening walk—whispering to some, smiling at others—as if he thought that life was nothing but an open-scene. *Competto!* I remember him very well, with his chin close shaven, and his moustache turned up to his eyes, and his hair curled and perfumed; a well-grown Cupid, upon my honour! We have worked a great change in him. 'Tis wonderful how a single year's seclusion tames down the wildest spirits. We made quite a child of the patriot Busconi in that time. He became pious, and died in the most edifying manner. This young man is more serious and sedate now than ever was his father.'

'Then he is an orphan?' exclaimed Walter unguardedly.

A dark expression passed over the commandant's face. It might have been that he was irritated with his own imprudence in thus partially revealing the secrets of the prison-house; but Walter, perhaps because his mind was in a peculiar state of excitement, thought that some deeper feeling was at work beneath that cold, hard countenance, that mask of official caution and polite egotism. He had sufficiently studied life to know that some men pass through tragedies, and even act in crime, without receiving any imprint therefrom in their manners and demeanour: the storms of conscience throw a gloom over the countenance. There are those who contrive to bury the past in forgetfulness, whenever external circumstances do not recall it. Walter watched with curiosity what seemed to him the symptoms of an internal struggle—the repression of a painful, perhaps a self-accusing thought. But the frown and the nervous twitching of the lips soon passed away; and the commandant resumed the appearance of a mere indifferent gossip. It was probable, however, that his mind had travelled to a great distance, for he seemed to forget the question that had disturbed him.

'I am omitting the duties of hospitality,' said he, 'and am talking nonsense here, whilst you must be dying of sleep.'

Walter, who felt wonderfully invigorated by his supper, and hoped to hear more of the person whose story so much interested him, assured the worthy commandant that he could listen to such instructive conversation all night. Your solitary official is marvelously open to flattery. Signor Girolamo di Georgio sank back into his easy-chair, rolled up a fresh cigarette, and went on talking; but to Walter's great chagrin, seemed to change the subject altogether.

'This is a quiet life I lead here,' said he; 'but it was not always so. Fifteen years ago, I had the honour of being *aid-de-camp* to the governor of Messina. Heigho! that was a pleasant time. Better than being emperor of a dismal rock.'

'And why did you choose so dull a situation in exchange for one so gay?' inquired Walter, who now really began to feel sleepy, but who thought it necessary to shew a little curiosity about the story of his host.

'I don't tell this to everybody,' said the commandant, beginning with the same phrase and the same tone he had adopted ever since his exile to that place, in speaking to any chance visitor who showed the least inclination to listen; 'but as the incident is quite romantic, it may interest you. I am sorry to admit—and you are at liberty to repeat this everywhere—and the worthy man was indeed very anxious that his condition should be known and appreciated in the proper quarter—I admit that I am here as a kind of punishment for a fault I once committed. It was about sixteen years ago, during the occupation of the island of Sicily by your countrymen, that Il Marchese Belmonte, the governor of Messina, lost his wife, whom everybody imagined he loved dearly, and who left him one child, a daughter, named Angela, then about three years old. He mourned awhile; until, indeed, he beheld a lady of somewhat inferior rank, but brilliant in beauty and accomplishments. She fascinated him. It was said his affection was returned; but a good deal of mystery enveloped this transaction. The lady had many other admirers—one, a friend of mine, an old boon-companion, who loved her ardently, hopelessly, whose life would have been changed into paradise by her smiles—he had access to her, and once thought his passion was returned. He might have thought so; for the Lady Speranza loved to coquette, to raise hopes around her, and gather admirers at her feet. That is an accursed game of women; but she was of them, and adored, nevertheless. My friend was deceived, we may suppose, and confided to me his hopes and projects. We agreed together what was to be done.

The world knew nothing of all this. Every one talked of the widower who had forgotten so soon; of the lady who was to make him happy. It was carnival-time. The city was full of masks and music. One evening a strange rumour circulated. A pirate—a corsair—a smuggler—some said one, some said another—had committed an outrage on the Villa Salmone, where the Lady Speranza lived. The whole population crowded down to the port, where an English man-of-war schooner was preparing to go in pursuit. It soon got out of harbour, and went full sail down the coast, disappearing in the direction of Catania. Night came on; and next morning the schooner was again lying quietly at its moorings. All sorts of contradictory stories went about; but I knew the truth to my cost. I was on board that supposed pirate vessel—being deceived—for I think it was true that the lady loved the governor. We were closely chased, and in endeavouring to escape, ran on the rocks near Syracuse, just as you did this morning, only it was fine weather. I escaped to be taken prisoner; but my friend and the lady perished, as did several of the men who could not swim.

'And it was on this account,' inquired Walter, smiling in spite of himself at the bluntness of all this self-accusation, which could not be without an object, 'that you were promoted to be the commandant of Marettimo?'

Signor Gisolamo did not quite comprehend the irony; and went on to say that the governor, who was not an unjust man, on receiving his apologies and explanations, punished him only by exile to his present post. He swore, however, never to forget the base ingratitude of the man who had carried off and caused the death of Speranza; and that since he could have no further revenge upon him, would pursue him in his posterity; for he was a widower, and had left a son.

At this point of his narrative, the commandant paused. The idea in his mind, which he endeavoured carefully to conceal, was, that if he could persuade Walter to sound his praises in Sicily, for the hospitable reception he had afforded to him, 'an illustrious Englishman,' he might be admitted to some indulgence. Men of his stamp, who remain courtiers even in disgrace, are always ready to build their hopes on such foundations. In his eagerness to interest Walter, he said more than he usually thought expedient to Italian visitors.

'My friend,' said he, 'whom I have not named, was the father of the Prisoner now under my charge.'

'And is the son punished for the father's crime?' exclaimed Walter indignantly.

'O no,' was the hasty reply; 'for we, too, have laws, Signor Inglese.'

The commandant seemed vexed to observe that his own complaints excited only civil interest, whilst everything that had reference to the Prisoner was eagerly received. It was on this account, perhaps, that he now intimated, partly by polite suggestions of the necessity of rest to the shipwrecked man, partly by one or two unequivocal yawns, that early hours were the rule on the island of Marettimo.

Walter was shewn to a room prepared for him by a man, the same before mentioned, who had acted as servant; and who seemed half a jailer, half a soldier. Indeed, it was rather a cell than a room; and on his observing so jocularly, he was told that there being no extra bed in the commandant's peculiar apartments, they were obliged to put him into a chamber adapted to the residence of 'one of the king's enemies.'

'We consult the comfort, however, even of the wicked,' said the man with a sleek hypocritical look, as he moved the candle rather unnecessarily round the room, which was of extremely small dimensions, and allowed Walter to see that it was at any rate clean and neat. A bedstead, with a picture of the Virgin and a crucifix at the head, a single chair, and a kind of table,

that might have been called a stool, formed the entire furniture.

'I hope all your prisoners are as well off,' observed Walter, still with an affectation of carelessness and jocularly.

'We have but one besides yourself,' replied the man, attempting to speak in the same spirit, and allowing a pale smile to flit across his features.

'And where does my fellow-sufferer lodge?' inquired the Englishman, preparing to address.

The question, being too direct, obtained no answer save a grunt. The man put down the light on a table, wished Walter good-night, and went away, stealthily locking the door behind him. It was quite evident that every precaution was taken that seemed necessary to prevent the new-comer from holding any communication with the Prisoner.

The window of Walter's room looked out over the moat upon the esplanade, where by the light of the moon, which occasionally threw its rays down between the clouds that were still hurrying across the sky, the solitary sentinel could be seen pacing to and fro. Far below, the sea, covered with what seemed to be snowy flakes—the crests of breaking waves—stretched away toward distant Favignana, on whose white rocky peaks the white light occasionally fell, making them look like a spectral fortress poised far up in the air. A hoarse roaring came from the beach below, where the waters were dashing; the wind howled in fitful gusts round the towers of the prison, which it seemed at times to struggle with and attempt to carry away. There were no other sights or sounds; and Walter, feeling fatigue come over him, soon turned to his couch, and scarcely touched the pillow ere he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was again at sea, with wild waves tossing around, the tackle clattering, the ship creaking, and the captain's voice shouting louder than the tempest.

When the man who had conducted Walter to his chamber had carefully locked him in, he went along a passage that led further into the interior of the prison-fortress, performing his nightly duty of trying all the doors, examining the windows, and seeing, in fact, that everything was well secured. Had any one been there to observe him, it would have been evident that he performed all these actions mechanically, and that his mind was occupied with unusual activity upon some subject deeply interesting to himself. He came to a well-fastened door, close by which was a stone seat. Here he sat down, and remained for a long time buried in thought. For more than twenty years had Carlo Mosca been employed in that place; and during the whole of that period he had never been suffered to leave the island. To all intents and purposes he was a prisoner, whose only consolation was that he could exercise petty tyranny over other prisoners. Many a time had his fidelity been tried. Magnificent promises had been made him by poor wretches shut up within these walls. But perhaps he had always doubted their ability of performance. At any rate, Mosca had steadily refused to connive at any attempts at escape, though he listened to all offers, weighed well their terms, and sometimes unnecessarily excited hope. Yet he never resigned himself to the idea of remaining through long life in that dismal place. He had, as we all have, a certain dream of felicity in his mind—a sort of earthly paradise, to which he aspired more eagerly every year, in proportion as time hardened him and lessened his powers of enjoyment. At first, he would have been content with a little cottage, situated in some snug fold of the Apennines, within sight of Sienna, the place of his birth, from which he had been compelled to escape, when yet a lad, for some Italian crime—probably an unlucky blow with a knife. Here, with a pleasant wife, and an uninterrupted succession of children, he would mentally spend his time when released by night from

his jailer's duties; but even in this unreal state of existence, the innate desire of man to add little to little, to round off his possessions, to rise in the world, to aim at the infinite, manifested itself; and when Walter visited so unwillingly the island of Marcitino, Mosca had arrived at a state of mind in which he would have sold his services and betrayed his trust only to some imprisoned prince, who could promise wealth and honours as the price of liberty.

Still Mosca was disposed, as of yore, without relaxing an iota of his vigilance, to examine every offer; and he had often sat with the Prisoner, at whose door he had now paused, and listened to the promises which hope or imagination suggested, if he would only manage to convey a single letter to the mainland, as they called Sicily in that little island. He had even once accepted a sealed missive, and had kept it in his possession for months; but he had at last destroyed it, saying 'he dared not.' The fact was, he could see no prospect of reward, save some paltry sum of money, not the worth of the place he might sacrifice; and how, then, should he have an opportunity of selling himself to good advantage at a future period?

To look at him, with his chin in his hand, and his elbows on his raised knees, one would scarcely have believed in the extravagance of his desires. He was a pale, sickly, almost decrepit being, with a white night-cap on his head—very like a convalescent walking the garden of an hospital, and raising perfect unbelief in every spectator that he can ever return to real active life again. Mosca knew all about his personal appearance; but he imagined—and men like him in all walks of life always imagine—that once the bright gold for which he yearned in his possession, he could start again up into health and strength, perhaps back into youth—who knows? Those twenty years might prove but a long halt, not to be counted in the journey of life.

Mosca was thinking, calculating and comparing probabilities. He had not studied prisoners for nothing. He felt convinced that his charge—though influenced at first by disinterested humanity—had looked with hope on the young stranger whose life he had saved. He had not been present; and had learned of the incident only what he had gathered from the random observations of the soldiers. But he was quite sure that the Prisoner was awake, as he was—his mind occupied with similar thoughts. No idea of pity, however, came to him. He merely said to himself: 'This stranger is an Englishman. All Englishmen are rich. He feels an interest in his preserver. He may be generous. Is it worth while?'

After long agitating these questions in his mind, Carlo Mosca grew cold upon the matter. It seemed absurd to suppose that the Englishman—who might have lost all his fortune in the wreck—would be able to satisfy his ambitious desires. However, it would be as well to feel the ground a little, no matter what false hopes he excited. So he at length rose, cautiously opened the door of what was called the cell, but which was in reality a comfortable apartment; and was not surprised to see the Prisoner sitting at a table, with writing materials before him untouched, buried in profound thought.

His first words were: 'Have you carefully closed the window?' From which it might have been inferred that Mosca allowed the Prisoner to use a light only in secret. This, however, was not the case; for it was the policy of the commandant, and indeed is that of most Italian prisons, to allow those in immediate attendance on the inmates to seem to grant them some indulgence, in order to gain their confidence, and arrive at their secrets. Mosca, in this way, learned much of the private thoughts of those who came in succession under his care; but he never revealed anything. For from the first hour of his presence in that prison, he

had contemplated only one way of leaving it—namely, flight with some person sufficiently powerful and wealthy to reward him by a life of comfort.

The Prisoner, who was even paler than usual, fixed his large eyes on Mosca's countenance, endeavouring to discover the reason of his presence at that hour. Many a time, in the early period of his confinement, had he confided his hopes and projects to this man, and endeavoured, as we have said, to tempt him. Not perfectly understanding his character, he had mistaken the willingness he shewed to converse, and even to discuss the details of his escape, for good-natured sympathy. If he had ceased to discourse on such projects, it was because he believed that Mosca had the will but not the power to assist him; and now seeing the man come stealthily in, he could not help feeling hope begin to bubble up in his mind, like a desert spring that has long been choked by the sands.

'Do you bring me news of the stranger?' he said at length, having vainly waited for the other to speak.

Mosca sat down on a bench, and began to talk vaguely, to all appearance; but the Prisoner contrived to gather what he wanted to know—that the person he had preserved was an Englishman; that he was probably wealthy, and of distinguished rank; that he had been hospitably received by the commandant; and that he was now sleeping within the walls of the fortress.

'My friend,' said the Prisoner, rising and taking Mosca's cold hand, 'this is the hour for which we have long waited. That Englishman has become my friend. Our souls have communed without words. I must see him, and speak with him, however; and he will assist me to reward you.'

Even the sordid-minded jailer could not help feeling momentary respect for the strength of conviction which this speech shewed in human goodness and gratitude; but second thoughts suggested to him, that those who are in much want of kindness, and have no other dependence, believe in its existence from very despair. He smiled satirically and said: 'The Englishman is ready to thank you, but he is sleeping soundly, I am sure, and calculating how much economy will repair the breach which this wreck has made in his fortunes.'

The Prisoner was accustomed to hear Mosca express these cynical views of human nature, and was in no wise affected. He renewed his entreaties to be allowed speech with Walter. He knew, he said, that after dark no one visited the part of the castle placed under Mosca's surveillance. No danger of discovery could exist. He had no idea of escape, which would, indeed, be ridiculous. All he wanted was an hour's conversation, and 'good, kind Mosca would not refuse him that.'

Misfortune teaches man dissimulation. The quality was needed in this case, because now, for the first time, the Prisoner understood that Mosca was not his friend; that he might be a spy, or, at any rate, that he could be stimulated only by hope of a reward. He spoke a good deal, watching eagerly for a sign of emotion; but the jailer's mind was away in the country of his hopes, still calculating how much probable happiness would counterbalance the risk he should have to run. At length Mosca determined to grant the interview, but not with any serious belief that his ambition could by that means be satisfied.

Thus it was it happened that, after having slept only a few hours, Walter was awakened by a bright light being brought near his eyelids. He struggled with himself for some time ere he could recover complete consciousness, so heavy was the fatigue that weighed him down; but at length he succeeded in opening his eyes. The man with the sorrowful countenance, whom he had so longed to see again, even at a distance, was, sitting by his bedside watching him. Two hands were outstretched simultaneously, and the

electric current of sympathy ran to and fro for some time without one word being uttered. Though their acquaintance had been so brief, they were already attached together by powerful bonds—by gratitude and compassion on one side, and on the other by hope, and that almost parental feeling which takes us towards those whose lives we have been the means of saving.

'We shall be allowed only a short time,' said the Prisoner, beginning the conversation; 'so that I shall at once explain my object in disturbing the rest of which you stand so much in need.'—

'You are unfortunate,' interrupted Walter; 'and I may be of assistance to you. So far we understand each other. Let me hear your story; but be assured beforehand, that whatever I can do for you is already done in intention.'

The Prisoner, who understood the necessity of wasting no time in verbal professions, thanked him with a grateful smile, and began his narrative. It was his intention at first merely to state the heads, reserving detail for a better opportunity; but who can blame him, after a long period of confinement, during which all his dearest thoughts had been suppressed, if, now that he found a willing ear and a sympathising heart, he expatiated much on his past fortunes, and laid bare his wounds, that they might be healed by the tender touch of friendship? Walter listened with deep interest; for the incidents related, though common enough in substance all the world over, and quite characteristic of Italy, were sufficiently surprising to captivate his attention, even if they had been told under far less romantic circumstances.

OUR SIDE AND THE RUSSIAN SIDE.

WE could, if we liked, write a long chapter about the means by which the government of Russia seeks to acquaint itself with what is doing in this country. We could give the name of that bearded-looking old man in black, who from time to time makes his appearance at meetings of our learned societies, always asking questions, and making notes in the most innocent way in the world, as though every one did not know him to be a spy, gathering information for his imperial master. We have seen young Muscovites sent over here to be apprenticed to some of our makers of machinery, not stout and robust as befits the wielders of sledge-hammers, but thin soft-handed youths, who had a habit of bribing the foreman to let them carry away working-drawings to study at their lodgings. We could tell of a Russian consul who used to attend Chartist meetings, dressed as a working-man in jacket and trousers of fustian, and who sent such intelligence to St Petersburg as alarmed the Grand Duke Michael, and made him defer his visit to London. We could do all this, and shew what curious under-currents there are in diplomacy, were it not that for the present a few remarks on trade must serve our purpose.

Some people have felt very uneasy because of the commercial losses in which, as they think, the present war is to involve us. A glance at both sides of the question, however, may assure them of tranquillity in this particular. We can easily select a few items for examination, from an account brought before the Statistical Society by Mr J. T. Danson, at one of their late meetings, and thus perhaps gratify a little natural curiosity.

We are apt to judge of a man in proportion to the number of acres he owns, or the amount of his balance at his bankers. What, then, shall we think of the czar, whose European dominions comprise 2,050,000 square miles? A large territory this; but that of the United States and our own British North America is larger, each being about 2,500,000 square miles; so,

if mere extent of surface be a source of power, it is not all in the hands of the most unscrupulous. As regards population, the advantage is the other way. England—by which we mean the United Kingdom—and France put together, muster 65,000,000 of inhabitants; Russia has 67,000,000, including Poland and all the heterogeneous races over whom she exercises authority in Europe. This vast population is accessible at three points only—the Black, the White, and the Baltic Seas; the bulk live in the remote interior, beyond the reach of shot and shell, but not out of reach of the ukase which calls the peasantry into the army. These are mostly serfs, belonging to the emperor and the great landed proprietors; and reckoning their value at only half that of a Carolina 'nigger'—from 500 to 600 dollars—the drafting away of forty or fifty at a time must be no very agreeable event for their noble owners, who have to endure the loss as best they may. It is round Moscow—in that which was Russia 200 years ago—the population is most dense, being there from 56 to 21 to the square mile. Westmoreland, the least populous county in England, has 74 to the square mile; Lancashire, 944; and Middlesex, 5590.

Let us look now at the items of trade. We, here, with our population of 29,000,000, exported in 1853 more than L.98,000,000 worth of goods—about 70s. per head; France, with her 36,000,000 of inhabitants, sends away goods to the value of L.60,000,000 annually—about 33s. per head; while the exports of Russia amount to L.14,000,000 only—a poor 4s. 2d. per head! This sum, it must be remembered, represents raw produce almost exclusively, but what England and France send away is chiefly manufactures. The exports of the United States, with 23,000,000 inhabitants, amount to more than double those of Russia.

In 1847, Russia sent us L.7,363,681 worth of her produce; and what we sent her in return came to about half that amount, of which sum a little over a million would represent the value of the goods manufactured. According to the returns for 1853, it is L.1,228,404. Salt figures largely in our exports to Russia: in 1851, she took from us more than 2,000,000 bushels; and there is little doubt that it was British made salt with which so many of the prizes captured in the Baltic were laden. Salt is a precious commodity in the wide dreary regions of the czar; and its value is largely increased before it reaches the hut of the peasant. Coffee, too, sugar, spices, and our colonial produce, are needed for the populations of the towns and the tables of the nobles. Of sugar alone, we sent to Russia in 1847 more than L.1,300,000 worth. The distribution of the imports is not the same as in England and some other countries, where the poorest shares according to his means; for it is said that in Russia the nobles consume what is imported, while the peasants produce what is exported.

The tonnage of vessels trading in the imperial ports in 1848, was more than 8 British to 1 Russian, while of Russian ships entering British ports, the proportion is about 1 in 50; and where all the rest of the world buys to the value of L.100 from us, Russia takes 46s. worth.

As regards our dependence on Russia, from 1840 to 1853 we got 19 per cent. of all our imported grain from that country, of which 8 per cent. was from ports on the Black Sea. From 1840 to 1847, 72 per cent. of our whole supply of hemp came from Russia; but since then only 62 per cent., while our gross import of the article has nearly doubled, thus shewing that other sources have opened. Of flax and tallow, also, we now get more from other countries than from Russia; but we must still depend on her to a great extent for our brooms and brushes, seeing that she sends us nearly 2,500,000 pounds of bristles in a year, and the supply from other quarters is not yet adequate to the demand. Every year, however, multiplies the

number of pigs in Ohio and other American states, and soon there will be no lack of bristles. In fifty-three years, we have paid to Russia for flax and hemp alone more than £116,000,000 sterling: thus she will lose more by the quarrel than we, and pay pretty dear for imperial ambition. Looking at the war from whatever point of view, we may say with the humorist, 'We shall survive it.'

It will be curious and interesting to watch the changes that grow out of a state of hostilities. The trade resources of other countries will doubtless expand to meet the new demand on them, and on the restoration of peace, Russia may find herself shut out of the market. In the meantime, we see a great overland trade from St Petersburg, and other places, to Memel and the other Prussian ports on the Baltic. Great caravans of loaded wagons are continually passing and repassing along the roads; and so well is the system organised, that for this year at least the Russian merchants will get rid of their goods. But this cannot go on very long. Prussia will not be permitted to fatten on the European war; and after the reduction of the Crimea, active military operations will be changed into a blockade. The condition of affairs is certainly a new one to the present generation: War and Peace are both at work. Ports are being knocked down, and prisoners taken, and at the same time the busy trader still keeps up his gainful relations; and the post-office, without a single interruption, still carries our letters to St Petersburg. There are some two or three thousand English in that city, living in perfect composure so long as Cronstadt intimidates the fleets. What they will do afterwards, remains to be seen; at all events, they are not unwilling to enjoy themselves at present, if we may judge from a large case of novels and other light literature we saw shipped a few days ago for St Petersburg.

HINT TO INTERGLAIS.

A few nights ago, as one of our most distinguished authors, M. de Balzac, was lying awake in bed, he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing-desk. The rogue was a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep. 'Why do you laugh, sir?' asked the thief. 'I am laughing, my good fellow,' said M. de Balzac, 'to think what pains you are taking, and what a risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day.'—*Paris paper.*

CLAUQUEURS OF PARIS.

The chief of the *claqueurs* is often allowed a voice in the preparation of a piece. He suggests the suppression of a long speech, or points out a position which he considers dangerous. One day it appeared to the chief of the *claqueurs* of the Opera, that *Dérivis* sang a certain song too slowly, and he intimated this opinion to the singer. 'Go to the devil!' *Dérivis* replied; 'do you think I don't know more about it than you?' 'Well, well,' said the chief presently to his hand, 'not a hand to-night for Monsieur *Dérivis*.' *Frédéric*, who has had his laugh at everybody, laughed at his own expense at the last performance of *Robert Macaire*. At the moment when the curtain was falling, he advanced to the footlights, and addressing the gallery, said: 'I beg your pardon, gentlemen, haven't you seen Monsieur *Auguste*?' Astonishment silenced the house. 'Let me tell you why I inquire for Monsieur *Auguste*,' continued *Frédéric*; 'I paid him a hundred francs this morning for a first-class recall to-night. If he be not here now, he has robbed me. Therefore, friends, help me out of my difficulty.' Instantly, amid shouts of laughter, the *claqueurs* called out, '*Frédéric! Frédéric!*' The curtain, which had fallen after *Frédéric's* speech, was drawn up again. The actor advanced seriously to make his acknowledgments, and retired amidst the applause of the entire audience.—*Paris in Little.*

EUDOXIA.

O sweetest my sister, my sister that sits in the sun,
Her lap full of jewels, and roses in showers on her hair;
Soft smiling, and counting her riches up, slow, one by one,
Cool-browed, shaking dew from her garlands, those
garlands so fair
Many gasp, climb, snatch, struggle, and die for—her
everyday wear!
O beautiful my sister, turn downwards those mild eyes of
thine
They stab with their smiling, they blister and scorch
where they shine.
Young sister, who never yet sat for an hour in the cold,
Whose cool cheek scarce feels half the roses that throng
to caress,
Whose loose hands hold lightly these jewels and silver and
gold,
Think—think thou of those who for ever—*for ever*—on
press
In perils and watchings, and hunger and nakedness,
While thou sit'st serene in God's sunlight which He made to
shine;
Take heed. These have lifted their burden—now take
thou up thine.

Live meek, as he seems one whose cup to the brim is love-
crowned,
While others drop empty in dry dust—What, what
canst thou know
Of the wild human tide that rolls seething eternally round
The *Me* where thou sit'st fair and calm like a statue of
snow,
Anear which the beautiful angels continually go.—
Keep pitiful! Whose eyes once turned from the angels to
shine
Upon publicans, sinners? O sister, 'twill not poison thine!

When, even-eyed, looks on His children, the black and the
fair,
The loved and the unloved, the tempted, the untempted?—
marks all,
And notes—not as man notes. If thou with weak tender
hand dare
To take up His balance and say where His justice should
fall—
Far better be Magdalen dead at the door of thy hall,
Dead, sinning, and loving, and contrite, and pardoned, to
shine
Midst God's saints in His heaven, than thou, angel-sister of
mine.

Nay, whitest thorn-blossom—white lily, more pure than the
snows—
White dove, flying skyward with not an earth-stain on
her wing,
I know thou wilt sit in Love's palace for ever, with brows
Bright-crowned, as one who sits calm by the throne of a
king,
All-worshipped, scarce envied, so meekly the purple
robes cling;
Oh, when in the King of kings palace we two meet, this
sign
Will witness—Thou, God, lovest equal!—Farewell, sister
mine.

'THREE ERAS OF OCEAN STEAM-NAVIGATION.'

In this article, in No. 37, the *Golden Age* is stated to have sailed direct for Chagres. It is hardly necessary to say that this name should be 'Panama,' the mails being forwarded across the Isthmus to Chagres. An anonymous correspondent asserts that there are no French vessels plying between Havre and America, the *Humboldt* and the *Franklin*—which have been recently wrecked—having sailed under the American flag.

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AN ILLUSTRIOUS LONDON ROOM.

WERE a provincial friend or foreigner to visit us, and ask to be shewn, amongst other London sights, the Museum of Metropolitan Antiquities, we should prepare a surprise for him, as great as anything in the antiquities themselves. Preserving silence on this point, and proceeding City-ward, we should reach, a little way beyond the fine old church of St Helen's, in Bishopsgate Street, a narrower street winding out of sight. At the further end of this, and looking pleasantly on the trees of the only garden now left in the City, we should arrive at an unpretending residence, give in our cards, or letter of introduction, enter, ascend a staircase, and be ushered into one of a small suite of rooms at the rear of the house. Here, in glass-cases, on tables, shelves, in nests of drawers, and on the floor, we should see no inconsiderable portion of such Roman and Middle Age antiquities as have been dug up in various parts of London during the past few years. There are collections elsewhere—as in the British Museum, the museums of the Society of Antiquaries, the Guild Hall Library, the East India House, and Goldsmiths' Hall; and there are also a few private cabinets, as the excellent one of Joseph Gwilt, Esq., F.S.A., in Union Street Borough; but this—a private collection also—stands, it may be said, unrivalled, from the great value and rarity of many of the objects, and the indefatigable labour, scholarship, and amount of pecuniary sacrifice involved in its aggregation. It is the property of C. Roach Smith, the eminent archaeologist, who, vigilantly following on the track of the excavators of the main City sewers, and those whose duty it was to deepen the bed of the Thames when New London Bridge was built, rescued what is best in this collection from destruction or dispersion. His lately published catalogue, beautifully illustrated, has led us to make this attempt towards a popular sketch of what is contained in this small but illustrious Room. Our friend, a foreigner, is undoubtedly surprised; but the truth is, nevertheless, before him; it is not in any national collection he could see what he has asked us to shew, and what he sees here.

Four small statuettes in bronze, all of them taken from the bed of the Thames, are amongst the choicest treasures of a large glass-case to the left as we enter, and whose divisions are proportionately devoted to Roman and Middle Age antiquities. Each statuette is more or less mutilated, as it is supposed, by the early Christians; and had probably been taken, therefore, from temples and houses where they crowned the respective altars. One, a figure of Apollo, dredged up near London Bridge, is so fine in anatomical proportion, and has so much

general beauty of form and countenance, as to place it amongst the master-pieces of ancient art. A statuette of Mercury, equally fine, was dredged up from the same spot; and the fragment of a figure—supposed of Jupiter—was found in the same locality, while the bed of the river was being deepened for steam-vessels. The right leg of the latter was picked up afterwards, on the banks of the Thames, at Barnes, in Surrey, the gravel excavated having been taken thither to mend the towing-path. Such are some of the chances of antiquarian vigilance! Larger bronzes in this collection, as in most others, are but few; the value of the metal, as an object for plunder, having made their preservation, even fractional, comparatively rare. The chief are a colossal head, the hand of a colossal statue finely modelled, and some vessels resembling basins. But minor articles in bronze are numberless. There are diminutive objects, supposed to be toys; small figures of a dog, a goat—the latter plated with silver—a peacock, and an eagle's head terminating the handle of a knife. One object, of much beauty, is the head of a wolf or dog, found in a mass of conglomerate in the bed of the Thames near London Bridge: it was a steel-yard weight, and when found, the chain by which it was suspended to the beam still remained in the loop between the ears; but it was broken off, and lost, before the head came into Mr Roach Smith's possession. An article so beautified, and yet for a purpose so common as this, proves only what an essentially true thing was art amongst the Roman people; their polytheism favoured it in principle; and this alliance of expression and taste with utility, is evidence of its popular diffusion. Another object, of a still higher class of art, and likewise from the Thames, is the small but very elegant handle of a vase; the upper extremities which embraced the rim, represent the heads of birds, the eyes being of silver.

It has been held by many able men, and not without strong evidence in favour of the opinion, that the Romans had a bridge across the Thames somewhere near the site of what was afterwards Old London Bridge; and the discovery of so many valuable relics on this precise spot exceedingly favours the supposition. Such things from public and domestic altars, in the elegant retirement of Roman villas, or houses protected by the walls of a garrison, were far less likely to be cast from ferry-boats or anchored galleys, than dropped or thrown in by passengers across a bridge—in some cases accidentally; in others, during the flush of barbarian conquest. The erection of a bridge even across so difficult a tidal stream as the Thames—at that time wider and more nearly resembling an arm of the sea, where London now stands, than at present—could

offer only surmountable obstacles to skilled and practised architects like the legionaries, who, under Trajan, built a bridge across the mightier Danube, and whose conquest of this country was followed by so many works of immense public utility; none of which were greater, than their embankment of this very river on either side—on the south side, from Lambeth downwards; and on the north, from Wapping to miles away along the Essex marshes, where remnants of it may still be seen preserving thousands of acres of fen-land from the inundation of the sea. Equally valuable was this earthwork along the shore of what was afterwards Lambeth, Southwark, and Bermondsey. Though vastly injured by the Danes and Saxons during their incursions upon London, still portions were carefully preserved throughout the Middle Ages; the lordly abbots of Bermondsey Abbey, the bishops of Winchester, the monks of St Mary's Overies, paying toll towards its reparation. Thus the modern proposition to embank the Thames and drain its marshes, will, if carried into effect, accomplish no more than the Romans did some seventeen hundred years ago; and whose works, were they in existence, would at this moment preserve Bermondsey and the low-lying portions of Southwark and Lambeth from the cholera, which is hourly sweeping off its fated victims. Another circumstance contributed, amongst many others, to make the bed of the Thames a depository of these evidences of Roman art and culture. This was the debouchment of so many little streams on its northern bank; the Fleet river and the Wallbrook being the nearest to Roman London, and the most important. The latter washed, or rather formed, the fosse of the western walls of the garrison; and the former, then a little river of extraordinary sylvan beauty, wound its way amidst Roman villas and houses, that occupied sites near St Pancras, and more particularly Clerkenwell, and which were still more thickly scattered in the valley that received the little bourn or rill destined to give its name to Holborn. From its swift current, the Fleet must have carried many such remains into the Thames, whilst it retained more in the deposits of its own bed, where, from time to time, stoneware, household utensils, pottery, and coins have been found of great value.

Earrings, rings, amulets, bracelets, hair-pins, fibulae, and buckles, vary the contents of the rich compartments before us; and many have an added interest from their extraordinary state of preservation. Some of the hair-pins, particularly those of bronze, have ornamented heads—as of birds and medallioned faces; others have, in addition, an eye towards the lower extremity, probably for the insertion of a ribbon or fillet, to aid in securing the hair—the Roman ladies wearing it gathered behind into one or more massive braids, through which these ornamented pins were thrust. The ordinary pins for fastening the dress seem to have been of bone, though there are some of bronze. We have also before us several specimens of Roman spades, in bone and wood. None are perfect; but one, in boxwood, has still many of the teeth entire; and another of bone, toothed on both sides, might still serve its original purpose.

But the two most interesting departments of the collection, apart from the pottery, are the utensils and sandals. The latter are not only very rare, but in an extraordinary state of preservation, owing to their skillful treatment when first dredged from a depth of several feet in the bed of the Thames, and the boggy ground at Lothbury and its neighbourhood, or, more strictly speaking, the ancient bed of the Wallbrook. Previously such articles in leather, when dug from the earth, where moisture and exclusion from the air had combined to preserve them, had been left to dry unregarded,

till they collapsed, shrivelled up, became brittle, and perished: from this reason, articles in leather, whether Roman or mediæval, are extremely rare. But Mr Roach Smith, bringing great general knowledge to bear upon the questions of antiquarian research and preservation, had the leather saturated with oil as soon as it was dug up, and it thus retains not only its elasticity, but much of its original polish. Those whose privilege it may be to be admitted into an inner sanctum, may see masses of mediæval leather undergoing this interesting process. These Roman sandals have been chiefly those of women and children; and all appear to have been worn. Several of the specimens are elaborately worked, and seem in every instance to have increased the foot very much in the fashion of a modern shoe—an adaptation probably made to meet the moist and more rigorous climate of Britain, as the sandals figured on the ancient statues and pottery are little more than mere soles fastened on with leather fillets. From the specimens before us, we gain a clear idea as to how these Roman shoes were made. There was no sewing in them, except at the toe and heel; for the sole, which consisted of four layers of leather, was fastened together by nails clenched in the inside, whilst the top was formed by one of these layers made larger than the rest, and which being bent over, was cut into various elegant patterns.

Amongst the domestic utensils and implements, are portions of hand-mills or querns; stone mortars: the iron handle of a pail or bucket; an epistomium, or cask for water, of most tasteful design; bells; locks and keys; handles, in bronze, of small boxes or coffers; whetstones; scissors; forceps; knives; tweezers; a butcher's steel; spatulae, for spreading ointments or plasters; modelling tools; spoons; stili; fish-hooks; needles; a pair of scales; weights; and other things of equal interest and utility. The bells are all small, but elegant in design. One is still sonorous, and rings in our ear just as it probably did from the toilet of some Roman lady to summon her slaves; it is made of bronze, of a round figure, and was found in the ruins of a Roman house in London. Other of these *tintinnabula*, or little bells, are four-sided instead of circular. The locks and keys are in great variety, and mostly made of bronze. They are much in shape like the Chubb and Bramah locks of the present day; and display ingenuity and mechanical skill in their construction so great, as to lead the late Mr Morden to remark, when he paid a visit to this illustrious little Room, that the principle of his patent keys had been evidently well understood by the Romans. He had, in fact, simply recovered what had long ago been known and forgotten. The scissors, forceps, and tweezers, are much like those in modern use. A pair of tweezers in one of the compartments before us are so much so, that but for the little tarnish of antiquity cast over them, they might have been bought in Cheapside a month ago. Amongst the knives are several great curiosities. Some have bone-handles, with a loop at the extremity, probably for suspension to the girdle. Two bear the stamp of the maker's name, and one of these is so well preserved as to be still sharp. The blade of a knife found in the Thames, is like the table-knives in use at the present day. The scissors—usually of bronze—are varied in shape; the stems of a pair are ornamented, and others are studded with silver. The steel for sharpening knives is exactly such as are used by our own butchers, and the ring yet remains by which it hung from the girdle. Nor is a specimen of what is supposed to be a Roman fork absent from this collection. Specimens have been found on other sites than those of London; the one before us is of bronze, small and two-pronged.

The Romans used fictile vessels in an immense number of instances where ours are of wood and iron. Their wine was stored in amphoræ, or large jars; and they seem to have used earthen-pots for stewing

or boiling purposes. A large-sized amphora, twenty-eight inches in height and twenty-one inches in diameter, is one of the adornments of Mr Roach Smith's collection. It was dug up near Lothbury in its present perfect state, and is an excellent example of the globular amphora. There is another specimen, but it is imperfect. Of mortaria, or shallow-pans, used, as it would seem, in pounding vegetables or other soft substances, or for boiling or stewing purposes, the excavations in and about London have afforded an immense number of examples. Of these, the present collection has a great variety, some still bearing traces of the fire over which they had been placed. They are usually round, shallow, and have a kind of lip, from which to pour liquids. These, as well as the amphora, were manufactured in the extensive potteries established by the Romans in Kent and Northamptonshire. The pitchers and urn-shaped vessels are equally numerous. A large number of these, of most exquisite shape, were discovered during the excavation of a sewer in Moor-gate Street. They were found at the bottom of an old pit or well, in which was also the iron handle of a bucket; an iron hook, like a boat-hook; and a brass coin of Allectus.

The ancient cemeteries, like the wells and rubbish pits of Roman London, have been equally prolific in fine specimens of pottery. These cemeteries were numerous, and without the walls; no traces of them have been discovered near Smithfield, on Holborn Hill, in Goodman's Fields, and other places, particularly Southwark. But the most extensive, and, probably from its contiguity to the Roman garrison, the most important, was one which occupied more than the entire site of modern Spitalfields. Here, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when buildings began to extend beyond the City walls in spite of proclamations and acts of parliament, which forbade the increase of houses, cinerary urns of extraordinary beauty, coins, *patenas*, or dishes with handles, lamps, and glass vessels still preserving oils and nungents, were found in large numbers whilst digging the ground for clay to make bricks. As some of these specimens have reached modern times, it is probable that they were ultimately lost or destroyed—a fate, till of very recent years, so invariably attendant on all discoveries connected with Roman or mediæval London, as to be a source of endless regret to Englishmen. Every book, local, topographical, or antiquarian, has instances of this vandalism to relate; and even in manuscripts, and in classes of literature where one would think to find nothing of the kind, observations are casually made that only shew too well how hopeless and irremediable is the destruction which ignorance, apathy, or bigoted prejudice has effected.

We must now take a look at the *terra-cotta* lamps, the red-glazed or Samian ware, and the specimens of glass. Amongst the first, are portions of lamps dredged from the Thames; and one entire, with a burner at either end, found in digging the foundations for the new Royal Exchange, a site which has been immensely prolific in all the rarer objects of Roman taste. The adjacent ridge of Cornhill has been equally favourable. It is, therefore, probable, that in this district stood some of the more magnificent of the Roman villas, as the boundaries of Roman Londinium were nearer the river; the boundaries east and west of this London proper being at least for a considerable period, the *castrum*, or camp, afterwards known as the Tower; and the Wallbrook, across which was a bridge, while further on, opposite some part of the present Cannon Street, stood the great western gate, called at a later date by the Saxons, Dowgate. In fact, Cornhill long retained a country aspect; and portions of Cheap-side, to the north, remained unbuilt upon till after the Conquest; for the Knight Templars had pasture in this direction.

Though other London collections are rich in what is generally known as Samian ware—as, for instance, the collection in the Library at Guildhall—our illustrious little Room has some extraordinary specimens. Some few are perfect, others only fragmentary, but they include vessels of every conceivable shape and degree of artistic excellence. They have been found in various places—in Cheapside, St Paul's Churchyard, Bermondsey, Southwark, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate Street, Ludgate, Dowgate, London Wall, and Lombard Street. Indeed, so extensive were the masses of pottery found in excavating for the foundations of the church at the corner of the last-mentioned street, that many have presumed it to be the site of a Roman pottery: if so, it was situated on the borders of the little fen which then covered our modern Fenchurch Street. It is probable, from its extensive use and the varying quality of both material and workmanship, that the higher kinds of this red-glazed ware were imported from Gaul and Germany; whilst other descriptions of pottery, it has been ascertained, were the product of the kilns of Kent and Northamptonshire. We, who have had occasion to pay considerable attention to the general question of textile art, have a great notion that even some of the higher specimens were produced in Britain. The line of sands which stretch from Margate to the Goodwin Sands, and which are no other than the debris of an island once existing on that coast, is, as it would appear, an exhaustless bed of this class of ware, even of a high degree of artistic excellence. It thus may be, that the potters of Gaul and Germany came hither to work, and that the beautiful fragments now before us in flat glass-cases beneath the windows, and which, as the owner of this illustrious little Room tells us, 'are worth their weight in gold,' were manipulated on our own shores. There are figures in high relief on some of these fragments of vases, that are like exquisite cameos cut out of coral. There is one of the figure and face of a man, leaning as though at a window, that is absolutely sentient; and others of an imperial personage, clad in an embroidered tunic, and a winged genius or Cupid, which incontrovertibly prove the vast skill of these ancient potters. Of this 'Samian' ware—a name which seems to be misapplied, as it was not imported from Samos—there was as much variation in quality as in the delf and china of our own day. In many instances, there is coarse material, or rude workmanship; in others, the raised ornaments have a half-obliterated look, as though finished in worn-out moulds. It is only in the rarer varieties, where the ornaments have been well embossed or separately moulded, and then applied, that we see those exquisite cameo-like effects already spoken of. The small cup-shaped vessels and *patenas* are mostly plain; on the other hand, the bowls are richly ornamented. Both usually bear the potters' names. One vase, found in Cornhill, but unfortunately not perfect, has a little romance attached to it, somewhat similar to that of the Apollo. Its fragments were scattered, but brought together by different persons, and at considerable intervals of time. It is about eleven inches in height, and is exquisitely shaped and ornamented with draped and nude figures; and encircling bands filled with representations of vine-foliage, rabbits, and birds. The ornaments on this class of bowls are usually mythological.

The researches on the level of Roman London have led to much curious and valuable knowledge connected with ancient glass. The windows of the Roman houses were undoubtedly glazed; for in London, as elsewhere, abundance of thin window-glass is found amongst foundations and under walls. The specimens before us are principally fragments of bowls and vases, of a high degree of rarity. One is the portion of a wide-mouthed vase, in pale-green glass, ornamented with representations of chariot-races. Another fragment, of

the same colour, and which formed part of a bowl, is decorated on the exterior with a raised rib pattern, termed pillar-moulding, and is a rare curiosity, as shewing that one of the greatest improvements in modern glass-making was both known and practised by the Romans. Other fragments, all evidently portions of bowls or vases, are of varied colours, either single or mixed. Blue, red, brown, black, yellow, and pink, are amongst these; and in one or two instances, patterns in flowers and stars are represented. The narrow-necked vessels in glass appear usually to have been ornamented with heads at the extremity of the handles. For a long time, such were mistaken for fibulae, or some other ornamental portion of dress.

Thus it seems that, contrary to the opinion of Gibbon, who states in his great history that the Romans were ignorant of glass and its use, they were most skilful fabricators. Probable traces of extensive glassworks have been found off the coast of Brighton; from whence, it is supposed, lumps of pure and coloured glass were carried elsewhere for further fusion and manipulation. Evidence of similar glassworks exists on the eastern shores of England.

Specimens of coins, tiles, pavements, and wall-painting, form the remaining portion of the Roman antiquities of the *Illustrious Room*. The coins include some of great rarity. The tiles shew how much of what is called invention in our day, is a mere resuscitation of forgotten things. The drainage-pipes fit each other exactly like those in use; and the adaptability of those connected with warming and ventilation, might, if studied, give a lesson to more than one modern blunderer. The specimens of wall-painting and tessellated pavements are of great beauty.

Over the mediæval antiquities we may not linger. They include weapons, personal ornaments, pottery, chiefly found in wells—leather and iron work. The pottery of the middle ages, as collectors know, is of a very debased kind; there being a sort of interregnum between the sixth and fifteenth centuries, when both skill and taste were lost. One rarity of the Anglo-Saxon period, we must not pass by unnoticed. It is an enamelled oval, or brooch, found, at the depth of about nine feet, opposite Dowgate Hill, in Thames Street. An outer border of rich gold filigree-work, set with four magnificent pearls, encloses an enamelled full-faced head and bust, draped and crowned; both tunic and crown being ingeniously furnished with threads of gold. Its date is supposed to be about the ninth century. Amongst the Norman relics, are two engraved copper bowls, found together in Lothbury, in digging the foundations of the London and Westminster Bank.

Being privileged guests, we are now admitted into some interior rooms, where we behold masses of Roman bricks, cases full of pottery, and piles of leather undergoing the oiling process already referred to. On a working-bench and tables are collected other curiosities: here a group of short two-pronged forks; near it, assortments of quaint knives; and, quainter still, a batch of mediæval pewter-spoons, with short handles and very round bowls—all of them being dug up from the foundations of mediæval London. Then there are tweezers, and scissors, and thimbles—the last such odd-shaped things! As we stand looking at them, we wish each one could tell its history—in such case, what vivid pictures we should have of ancient homes and ancient manners!

We now take our leave of this *Illustrious London Room*. We have seen in it what could not be seen elsewhere; for it holds what is best of the little that ages of ignorance and vandalism have spared of Roman London—that Roman London, if not so great as *Verulamium* (St Albans) or *Camulodunum* (Colchester), was in that day a place of great interest, and picturesque sylvan beauty. Whenever the history of London is worthily written—for, with the exception

of Mr Cunningham's admirable *Hand-book*, we have none deserving the name—the Roman city must form the splendid foreground; and here—or let us hope in that day gathered into some homogeneous national collection—will be found much to shew how beautiful were the arts, and how advanced the civilisation that enriched the place.

CURIOSITIES OF COOKERY.*

AMONG the numerous plans that have been promulgated for the removal of the causes of Irish destitution, that of the eminently practical M. Soyer is not the least entitled to consideration. It was confided by him in 1847 to the then Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Bessborough; but sudden illness, he tells us—without specifying whether it was the illness of his excellency or of himself—prevented his ideas from being carried out. These ideas were to have public lecturers sent forth throughout the length and breadth of the land to teach the destitute—to cook. Yes, to cook; and an excellent plan it was too, since the Irish peasantry throw tons of fish upon the ground as manure, instead of converting them into wholesome and luxurious food.

But the lower classes of the English are very nearly ignorant of cookery; a fact which in the course of the volume before us is illustrated in many ways, but in none more amusingly than by an anecdote of a certain ox-cheek, which, instead of the dry, tough, tasteless dish it had been accustomed to make, was converted into a capital dinner of meat and soup, with the aid of nothing more than four quarts of cold water, four teaspoonfuls of salt, some leaves of celery, some crusts of bread, and three hours' boiling. But M. Soyer does not merely teach us to cook: he points out the value, as absolute luxuries, of what the poorest among us turn away from with disgust. Perhaps our fair London readers may observe sometimes, as a particular carriage drives up to the house, the excitement the arrival causes in Fuss, and the hospitable energy with which, as soon as the arena-gate is opened, she bounds into the street to rub her sides against the visitor's legs. This carriage is a wheel-barrow; the visitor is the Cat's-meat Man; and the interest he possesses for Fuss is derived from a bunch of something for which she has a particular relish, and which is presented to her with a wooden pin stuck through it. The feline luxury is not inviting in point of colour, and it does not look as if it was invested with the odours of Araby the Blest; but, nevertheless, it is chiefly composed—for there are two or three things pinned together—of a part of the ox which is as dear in France as any other part, which is selected by the skilled cooks of that country to flavour the broth, and which is eaten by the natives fried or stewed. It is ox-liver.—Now the English ox is remarkably like a French ox; and since, as M. Soyer justly remarks, 'what is good for the goose is good for the gander,' can there be any good reason why it should not be turned to the same account with us? 'It is our duty in this work, to bring every wholesome kind of cheap food to the notice of the poor, so that, with a little exertion, they may live, and live well, with the few pence they earn, instead of living badly at times, and most extravagantly at others, and not to allow nourishing food to be wasted, as it is at present.

* *A Shilling Cookery for the People: embracing an entirely New System of Plain Cookery and Domestic Economy.* By Alexis Soyer. London: Routledge. 1854.

In many parts, and even in Ireland during the year of the famine, those who were starving would not partake of ox-liver. These are bought up in that country, put into tanks with salt, sent over to a seaport in England; they are then subjected to a cold pressure, by which the liquid is extracted, which is used for adulterating an article in universal use; the remains are then dried in ovens, pounded, and sent back to Ireland to be made into snuff.

To be made into snuff—surely that must be Irish Black-guard! Try whether it would not be better disposed of as follows:—‘Taken about two pounds of ox-liver; remove the sinew and veins, cut it into long slices, half an inch thick, put in two ounces of dripping in pan; when hot, put in three pieces at a time of liver until set; cut a quarter of a pound of bacon in small dice, fry in fat, cut up the liver in small dice, add it to the bacon, then add a table-spoonful of chopped onions, the same of parsley, the same of flour, a tea-spoonful of salt and half of pepper, stir round, and then add half a pint of water, or a little more if the flour is strong, till it forms a nice thickish sauce; put all into a dish, cover over with bread-crumbs, put a little fat over, and place in the oven or before the fire for twenty minutes; brown it over with a hot shovel, and serve. A few poached eggs put on the top, will give it a nice appearance, and render it more nourishing. Curry may be used.’

We now come to a great medical as well as culinary invention—a mode of administering cod-liver oil in the form of savoury food. This is now, perhaps, the most popular of all medicines; but, even when well refined, it is to most people exceedingly disagreeable, and many stomachs, even when it has taken possession, rebel against it, and get up a revolution. What was the remedy for this? Why, the remedy for Irish destitution—cookery. It was in this wise the problem was solved. Our cook took a pound of fresh cod-liver; ‘I then peeled and steamed two pounds of nice floury potatoes, then cut the liver in four pieces, placed it over the potatoes, and then steamed them, letting the oil from the liver fall on the potatoes. I then made some incisions in the liver with a knife, to extract the remaining oil, afterwards dishing up the liver, which was eaten with a little melted butter and anchovy sauce. The potatoes were served up with a little salt and pepper. Both dishes were found extremely good.’ To be sure they were extremely good, and more strengthening and fattening than oil administered as a medicine. Directions are likewise given for dressing the liver with rice, tapioca, and sago, and for making a savoury dish of cod-roe and cod-liver conjointly.

This valuable book pays as much attention to the vegetable as the animal kingdom. Among other plants it treats of, is one called the ‘Thousand Heads,’ used by the Yorkshire farmers as spring feeding for sheep during the lambing-season. ‘I cooked them like greens, and an exceedingly nice vegetable they are. They are also good stewed, and cooked with a piece of bacon. As they grow at a time of the year when other green vegetables are scarce, I consider them a valuable article of food. They are sown about April, the small plant put out about October, and planted about three feet apart, and by March or April the whole field will be one luxuriant crop of greens. Farmers in the vicinity of large towns would do well to undertake their cultivation, as they would find a ready sale in all such places. At that time of year they are in full bloom, and are called by the above singular name, in consequence of the thousands of heads continually sprouting from their root. The plant covers nearly one yard in circumference, and bears no resemblance to any other green I recollect seeing, not even to Brussels sprouts.’

Nettles are, likewise, an excellent vegetable. ‘This extraordinary spring production, of which few know the value, is at once pleasing to the sight, easy of digestion, and at a time of the year when greens are

not to be obtained, invaluable as a purifier of the blood; the only fault is, they are to be had for nothing; it is a pity that children are not employed to pick them, and sell them in market-towns.’ The way to cook nettles is thus given:—‘Wash them well, drain, put them into plenty of boiling water with a little salt, boil for twenty minutes or a little longer, drain them, put them on a board and chop them up; and either serve plain, or put them in the pan with a little salt, pepper, and a bit of butter, or a little fat and gravy from a roast; or add to a pound two tea-spoonfuls of flour, a gill of skim milk, a tea-spoonful of sugar, and serve with or without poached eggs.’ This dish may be had during five months in the year, for even when the plant grows rank the tops are tender. Nettles may also be used for making a kind of tea, which, we are informed, is very refreshing and wholesome.

Mangel-wurzel is another neglected vegetable: its young leaves, dressed like nettles, are extremely good. The common weed, too, called the sweet-dock, makes a capital dish, when it is boiled with one-third of nettles, and a little carbonate of soda. ‘When done, strain them, and to about one pint basin full, add one onion sliced and fried, a sprig of parsley, a little butter, pepper, and salt; put into a stew-pan on the fire, stir, and gradually add a handful of oatmeal: when you think the meal has been sufficiently boiled, dish up and serve as a vegetable.’ M. Soyer might have been still fuller in his catalogue of vegetable food. No people make so little use of the natural treasures as the English. The French find a meal in every hedge; the hardy Burmese soldier is never at a loss, since he can always gather leaves enough from the trees to boil into soup.

You may be sure our intelligent cook does not neglect the mushroom; on the contrary, he makes public the discovery of a mode of cooking this ‘pearl of the fields,’ as he calls it, for which he should have taken out a patent. At first sight, the reader may think it concerns only the Devonshire cottager; but he will find a substitute mentioned for the clotted cream.

‘I first cut two good slices of bread, half an inch thick, large enough to cover the bottom of a plate, toasted them, and spread some Devonshire cream over the toast. I removed all the earthy part from the mushroom, and laid them gently on the toast, head downwards, slightly sprinkled them with salt and pepper, and placed in each a little of the clotted cream; I then put a tumbler over each, and placed them on a stand before the fire, and kept turning them so as to prevent the glass breaking, and in ten to fifteen minutes the glass was filled with vapour, which is the essence of the mushroom: when it is taken up, do not remove the glass for a few minutes, by which time the vapour will have become condensed and gone into the bread, but when it is, the aroma is so powerful as to pervade the whole apartment. The sight, when the glass is removed, is most inviting, its whiteness rivals the everlasting snows of Mont Blanc, and the taste is worthy of Lucullus. . . . Therefore, modern gourmets, never fancy that you have tasted mushrooms until you have tried this simple and new discovery. Remember the month—the end of September or the beginning of October. As Devonshire cream is not to be obtained everywhere, use butter, or boil some milk till reduced to cream, with a little salt, pepper, and one clove; when warm, put in an ounce of butter, mixed with a little flour, stir round, put the mushroom on the toast with this sauce, cover with a basin, and place in the oven for half an hour. In this way all kinds of mushrooms will be excellent. They may be put into baking-pans: cover with a tumbler as above, and bake in oven.’

Why does not M. Soyer turn his attention to the funguses in general? He would do good service—and to him it would be a labour of love—by giving us a

complete directory to Dr Badham's extempore beef-steaks—puff-balls that taste like sweetbread—vegetable oysters, lamb kidneys, and grilled crawfish. All these, and a dozen other dainties, grow spontaneously in our fields, and flourish as excrescences on our trees; but what we want to know is, how to distinguish them from each other, and from fungi that may chance to be poisonous. Do think of this, M. Soyer! and begin by reading, as a preparation for studying the subject, an article in No. 22 of this Journal, entitled *NEGLECTED TREASURES*.

M A R E T I M O.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STORY OF THE PRISONER.

ALTHOUGH the narrative related to Walter Masterton by the Prisoner was much completer than necessary, yet several touches were left out, and a good many of the facts were told in a broken and incoherent manner. We shall not, therefore, repeat his words; but endeavour in our own to put the reader in perfect possession of his unfortunate history. Paolo di Falco, as we already know from the admissions of Signor Girolamo, the commandant of Maretime, was the son of a person who had been in the confidence and friendship of the governor of Messina during the English occupation of the island; and who had accidentally perished in an attempt to carry off by force a beautiful lady, the object of the governor's passion. Many political changes had taken place by the time that Paolo grew to be a man. The Marchese Belmonte, removed during the administration of Lord William Bentinck, had been restored to favour, and enjoyed much greater power than before. It was even said that the post of viceroy had been offered to him; but he had declined, owing, some people thought, to the influence of romantic association connected with the city of Messina. It may be imagined, then—if it was true that he had vowed an undying hatred against the posterity of his former friend—that he could easily find or make an opportunity of gratifying it. Yet, to all appearance, he had forgotten his vengeful purposes; and Paolo lived undisturbed in the Palazzo di Falco, well aware of the existence of the feud, but unconscious that it could ever bring unpleasant consequences to himself.

Paolo was a fop in his early years—a true Italian fop—learned in the art of dress, and a proficient in the use of cosmetics; well educated 'to the nice conduct of a clouded cane;' vain, capricious, subject to fits of enthusiasm; admiring Dante, despising Metastasio; having a settled opinion on the relative merits of German and Italian music; not unacquainted with the existence of a new literature; patriotic, with the intense but narrow patriotism of a Sicilian; and crowning all his qualities by a settled, theoretical contempt of the fair sex. Not that he shunned their company like an anchorite; he was always foremost at a ball or a picnic—graceful and careless—full of sharp sayings and saucy gallantry; ready with bows and smiles; but professing at the same time perfect insensibility. It was the cant saying among men of his stamp, that there could be no true liberty for him who was 'bound in the fetters of Cupid;' for they still talk of Cupid in those parts. We are speaking of Italian women; and so may venture to say that this 'beautiful disdain,' as it was called, formed the very

reason why so many dark eyes glanced at him as he entered a room, or strolled along the Marina, carrying his hat under his arm, and shaking back a cloud of ringlets which the breeze from the neighbourhood of Scylla and Charybdis blew in his face. The world said that the Dowager-duchess of Sanseverino was ready, if he would deign to look upon her, to lay her heart and her fortune at his feet. But this cannot be true; for ladies are bound to wait till they are asked, and keep their affections in abeyance. We only know that when Paolo became the hero of a love-adventure, the duchess, who happened to be at the theatre when she heard of it, asked for her fan to hide her face, and fainted away before it could be handed to her by Julio her maid.

It was indeed love, after all, that brought all his misfortunes upon Paolo. Sooner or later these would-be Stoics must pay the penalty of our nature. We are so formed, every one of us, that in good or ill time we are under the sad necessity of loving—of coming out from the comfortable isolation of philosophy, and of giving opportunities to fate. There is always some defect in the triple cuirass of egotism, which Cupid, to adopt that antiquated phraseology, at length discovers. It is true, that if we double our sorrows, we double our joys; and, indeed, if we do not choose to undergo the anguish one soul feels in yearning for communion with another soul, it does not seem clear what right we have to exist at all. Let us withhold our sympathies, therefore, from Paolo during his blustering selfish youth. He stood in no need of them.

One day the young man, with moustache trimmed, and waxed, and twisted in the most approved style, with curls falling in studied confusion from beneath a sort of civilised brigand's hat, and in a light summer-dress of irreproachable elegance, was strolling down the Strada Reale, looking lazily to the right and to the left, with eyes that winked somewhat in the brightness of the sun. He was probably watching for approving glances; for he had a coat of a new form on his back, and wanted to set the fashion. Like the birds of the south, he seemed created only to shew off his brilliant plumage; and, to confess the truth, as much of his brain as was active at that moment could have found place in the beak of a cockatoo. Sauntering on, he came to where a number of idle exquisites, like himself, were crowded under the awning in front of the Café del Teatro. They hailed him, and he joined them, to eat ices, and talk of the news of the day: of the impending war between Russia and Turkey, the late eruption of Mount Etna, and the arrival of the *prima donna* Honoria. Presently a party of ladies—that seemed in the sunny distance all scarf and parasol—came fluttering towards them, laughing and chatting with many complaints of the heat; for although the siesta hour had passed, there was not much more than a foot of shade on the western side of the street. They had no business to be out at that time.

The party of dandies waited till this pretty group was nearly abreast; and then one of them advanced with his hat off, through the burning sun—only Italian beaux can do such desperate things; and having saluted several of them by name, begged they would come under the awning, and taste the ices, the like of which, he said, had never been prepared by any confectioner in Messina. After a little whispering and sham resistance, the ladies—all of high rank and

distinguished position—accepted the offer. The young men rushed into the café, and came out with twice as many chairs as were necessary. Fresh ices were brought; and for several minutes there was nothing but prattling, and bowing, and smiling—nothing besides but the sight of rows of ivory teeth biting the purple or violet creams, or carmine lips blessing the rims of glasses where the snows of Etna were changed into charming sorbetti, which even angels might have longed to taste in the pleasant languor of Paradise. The awning was of crimson, and threw down its glowing tints on this gaily-dressed group, which in our northern clime would not have ventured beyond the carpeted precincts of a boudoir.

Among the ladies present on that merry occasion was Angela Belmonte, daughter of the governor of Messina, under the guardianship of the very respectable Contessa di Castro. Few of the young men present knew her by sight, except her cousin, Ascanio Belmonte, the young man who had waylaid the party. She had only recently arrived from Naples, where her education had been conducted under the care of her aunt, the Princess Corsini. The governor had felt his life too lonely—over in presence of his reminiscences—and his heart, which had for a long time grown cold towards the daughter of his first wife, felt at last the lack of domestic endearments. Angela had come to light up his house with her presence. She was a beautiful pensive-looking girl, who could not fail to attract the chief notice of these impulsive Sicilians. They all shewed more eagerness than was quite polite towards the elder ladies, to have an ice accepted by her hands from theirs. Paolo, by no means timid at first, was the favoured one. It was mere chance; but he felt as if he had gained a victory; and not even then having the slightest suspicion who this young lady was, or that a great passion was about to take possession of him—attracted by a kind of instinct—he stood before her, ready to receive the glass from her hands, and talking impertinent nonsense about the resemblance of the crumbs of ice that melted on her red lip to the spring dew which a warm rose-bud drinks in. He would have gone on; but he felt something strange stirring within him—a swelling as it were of the heart—a sort of choking in the throat—a tingling in the eyes—a thrill through his frame—mere physical signs, it is true, which he might have misunderstood, but which produced so complete a change in the expression of his countenance, that others noticed and interpreted it.

There was among the young men a wiry black little fellow, called Luigi Spada, who aspired to the reputation of a wit, and sometimes in his recklessness succeeded in saying an amusing thing. Observing the unequivocal expression of silent admiration which had succeeded to Paolo's loquacity, he exclaimed, without giving a second thought to the matter: 'Bravo! the reconciliation of the Belmontes and the Di Falcos is well begun.'

Several fierce glances checked the speaker's impertinence. He felt that he had advanced on dangerous ground, and moved towards the outer edge of the group, not waiting to observe more narrowly the effect of his words. Angela, who had heard some vague rumours of the feud, shrank a little nearer to the side of the contessa, and yet could not refrain from raising her large innocent eyes to Paolo's countenance. It might have been fancy, but there was a sort of 'farewell' in her glance. If so, that short interview had not left her scathless. So thought, at least, Ascanio, her cousin, to whom the Marchese Belmonte had said something of his wish that she should be his wife, and who had taken it as a matter of course that she must be so. He did not know till that moment how near she was

to his heart. The form of Paolo interposing, seemed to snuff some fibres. He altered his position a little to see his rival's face, and no longer doubted. Paolo had turned deadly pale on hearing the careless observation, which had at once revealed the nature of the new feeling that possessed him, and told him what sorrows it might bring. His presence of mind utterly departed. Instead of warding off the attack by a light answer, he seemed to admit its truth by silence; and remained for a moment returning the mild glance of Angela with a passionate yet despairing gaze. This is a southern tale. Love in Italy knows nothing of the prudent dissimulation of our latitudes. The party broke up in confusion, concealing its thoughts under an affectation of gaiety; but several compassionate ladies went away with loud exclamations of *povero* and *poverella*. By general consent, this was taken to be the first scene of a love tragedy. Angela nestled very close to the contessa's side, trying to look desperately indifferent; Ascanio followed a little behind, twisting his moustache in a ferocious manner; there was a general dispersion in the direction of the Marina, the bazaar, the milliners' shops, the trattoria; so that Paolo was soon left with one companion, his old friend Luigi Spada, who had so unluckily interfered with his happy moment of illusion.

Luigi, who, as we have said, had gone a little aside, now sidled up, and, affecting unconsciousness, proposed a visit to the theatre, where an opera was rehearsing—a vast, bewildering festival of music; a paradise of harmony. Perhaps not much to his surprise, Paolo started towards him. He expected to be knocked down, and felt that he deserved something of the kind. The young man, however, merely took him by the hand, wrung it, said that he forgave him—it seemed tacitly agreed that a deep injury had been committed—and then hastened away with irregular strides, to shut himself up in his apartment, where he remained almost without food for many days. We are speaking of one of a strange race, not very regular, and perhaps not particularly estimable in its ways of action. This sudden acquiescence in a position of sickly despair, by no means entitles Paolo to be set up as a model. Men who have felt strong passions, strong affections, always interest us, but do not always win our respect, and are perhaps as little liked as respected. They are necessarily egotistical. If they rouse all our sympathies when we read of them, it is because we put ourselves in their place, and love what they have loved.

The change which after this took place in the character, or rather in the manner of Paolo, was marked by all, and assigned at first to its true cause; though people soon forgot both his former peculiarities and the period of their cessation. He withdrew from his ordinary boon-companions; no longer spent his time in cafés, or on the Marina; and never went to theatre or concert, except when he knew that the governor's family was to be present. The possibility that the passion which had taken possession of his whole being could ever be rewarded, did not at first present itself to his mind. He suffered under it as under an incurable disease. He knew the barrier which circumstances had raised round the object of his love—that she stood within a charmed circle, approach to which might be death to him. Not that he feared death, if met in this pursuit. Those warm southern natures—not always ready to sacrifice themselves at the call of patriotism—are reckless of dangers which lie in the path of their passions. Sicily counts more martyrs to love than to liberty; and Paolo, though like all the enthusiastic young noblemen of that time, a fierce talking patriot, had never realised until then the possibility of putting life in one scale, and the satisfaction of an idea in the other. It suddenly occurred to him that death was inevitable; and that he must earn it by some action which should unanswerably prove his love.

Up to this time he had been content to admire the lady of his thoughts from a distance; to watch her as she leaned afar off from the marble balconies of the palace, seeking amidst the gay crowd that thronged the sunny parade, perhaps for she knew not what—perhaps for that solitary form standing a little apart, and not daring to gaze too intensely in her direction: or to note her graceful movements as she glided to mass in company with the inevitable contessa, not without glancing smilingly on either hand as she went: or, concealed in some dark corner at the theatre, to study the play of her features as the artificial emotions of the stage called forth natural reflections of them in her. He dared not seek to meet her glance. It might be cold and indifferent, and this would be more than he could bear.

But at length growing weary of loving in secret—perhaps something impatient to know whether the object of his passion was not to him at least a statue, capable of being admired, yet without a single pulse of sympathy—Paolo determined, in the first place, to court Angela's gaze, and then to obtain an interview at any risk. He had endeavoured in vain to put in motion the ordinary machinery of courtship. The families which visited the governor's palace were entirely estranged from all his acquaintance. He belonged to what was called the Society of Patriots—consisting of the old Sicilian gentry—in a state of perpetual conspiracy against the Neapolitan government. It was true there were certain points at which, under ordinary circumstances, the native aristocracy came into contact, not often cordially, with the foreign nobility and such of the Sicilians who were somewhat contemptuously described as 'those who had rallied.' But since his meeting with Angela, an unseen influence had been at work; and when he endeavoured to return into society, and renew acquaintance with some families, through whose means he might chance to meet Angela, he found almost every door closed against him. Ascanio, with the full concurrence of the Marchese Belmonte, had laboured silently, and with fruit. To keep these two young people apart was the result of years of conciliatory policy was thrown away. The young Sicilian nobility conspired more audaciously than ever; and the police were constantly hearing vague rumours of lodges of carbonari being formed in all classes.

Paolo, moreover, by his reserve suddenly assumed, and his abrupt manners, had contrived to distance, if not to disgust, most of his young friends. The only one who would never be offended was Luigi Spada, who used to follow him about at a distance, and take all sorts of opportunities of wishing him a good-day. He liked Paolo, and imagined himself to be the sole cause of his unhappiness; although, in reality, if he had held his tongue, matters would have gone on in almost precisely the same way. To tell him this, would have pained him. Like many other men, Luigi took a sort of melancholy pride in having done an evil action: he did not wish to be deprived of the luxury of repentance. Great was his delight, therefore, when one day Paolo, whose heart had at last grown too full for further silence, turned abruptly to him, took him by the arm, and led him outside the city, towards the grove of tall cypresses, under which the inhabitants of the hamlet of San Vito are wont at harvest or vintage time to dance when the sun has gone down.

They sat for hours; and during the whole time Luigi Spada never attempted to make a single witty observation. The passion of Paolo di Falco completely overpowered him. He did not quite understand all he heard; but he understood enough to render him of good counsel to one in his friend's mood—determined to take no advice but what exactly jumped with his own views. Paolo, who was not particularly fertile in stratagems, wanted only to be instructed in the means of obtaining an interview with Angela—a single opportunity of

pouring forth the expressions of his love, even if the consequence to him were to be death. He did not at that time think of the consequences to her. There is a good deal of selfishness at the bottom of the finest passions.

Luigi was a man of resources, and not very scrupulous. After brief consideration, he hit upon a plan worthy the *libretto* of an opera. It is the custom at Messina on New-year's Day for all the boatmen of the port, decked in gay habiliments, with ribbons in their caps and at their knees gay banderoles flying, to present themselves in a procession before the governor, wishing him all health and prosperity, to the full value, indeed, of the presents they expect in return. Not one of these mariners, probably, but hates the Neapolitan in his heart. Surliness, however, is an uncommon thing in the south. It is the custom to be jovial on that day; and it is the custom also to be feasted and gratified with a few *baiocchi*. Discontent and conspiracy are adjourned to another season.

Now when Paolo explained to Luigi that he wished at any rate to approach for once near enough to Angela, to be able to contemplate her charms leisurely, if not to speak to her, the plan suggested for the purpose by the one, and agreed to by the other, was this: The lover was to disguise himself as a boatman—as Francesco, the son of an old fellow whom Luigi knew, and who had a daughter engaged in some menial occupation about the palace. This said Francesco was at that time at Naples, where he had been many years, and it was easy to persuade him with the consent of the father. The details of this notable scheme were not very well discussed. It seemed to Paolo, who did not know the extent or nature of his friend's influence with the mariners of Messina, quite worthy of being placed among the stratagems of Polybius. He was ready to embrace Spada; and readily agreed to meet him at his house on the morning of New-year's Day, and clothe himself in the garb that was to be prepared for him. From a due sense of female garrulity, it was determined that Bettina, the girl at the palace, should not be let into the secret.

For two or three days Paolo was in the seventh heaven. It was no business of his to reflect on the absurdity or impropriety of what he was about to undertake: that was Luigi Spada's department. The only idea that occupied his mind was, that within a given number of hours, he should for the first time in his life cross the threshold of the palace in which Angela lived, tread the pavement she trod, breathe the air she breathed, see her face, hear her voice. All these delights were so exquisite in the anticipation, that we may easily understand how the infatuated young man remained rapt as it were in a vision, and never reflected that he was about to bring himself within the operation of that vulgar thing called 'the Law.' It is a common thing for people who are found strolling along corridors, or hiding in cellars, to plead love as their excuse, to which magistrates generally turn a deaf ear.

The great day came at length. The shipping in the harbour was decked out with flags; music perambulated the streets; the boatmen assembled at the *Leo d'Oro*, and emptied a cask of Sicilian wine. Paolo, duly dressed out by Luigi Spada, joined in the crowd, which was sufficiently numerous for him to pass unnoticed. The father of Bettina, who was in the secret, gave him a sly wink, and felt proud to be the accomplice of a nobleman's love-adventure. The procession was formed, and marched somewhat irregularly, but with great enthusiasm, towards the palace of the governor.

A powdered major-domo, fat and important, Bartolo by name, made his appearance on the threshold, and scolded them a little for their noisy behaviour—but quite in a paternal way—which, he supposed, was the wish of the government. Then he led them with

great gravity up the marble staircase—so shining and polished, that they feared to tread upon it too roughly—until they came to a magnificent hall. The boatmen were hushed into respect at once, though, probably, many of them were uncompromising carbonari. The governor, dressed in his court-robcs, turned upon them a face beaming with smiles. It was the policy of the day to conciliate the humble classes. The Lady Angela was at his right hand. She had been told to look gracious, and tried to do so, although there were traces of anxiety in her features. These are the arts of power. The leader of the boatmen—an aged man, minus several teeth—made a little speech; faltered a good deal; said what he did not mean; got confused; and at length breaking off, substituted the eloquence of voice for the eloquence of expression, and shouted '*Viva il Marchese Belmonte!*' A tremendous *viva* followed from the whole band, which almost stunned the sparrows that were fluttering in through the open windows. The governor laughed, and tried to appease the clamour, but was evidently well pleased. With all his experience, he did not know the true value of that temporary enthusiasm.

No one noticed that one of the boatmen, instead of tearing his throat to pieces by shouting, was staring most impudently at the lovely Lady Angela. Perhaps she would have done so; but after contributing her quota of smiles and bows, she kept her eyes modestly fixed on the ground. Paolo, for the first time since he had first seen her, admired her at leisure, standing within a few paces. So wonderfully forgetful was he of the obligations of this real world, indeed, that he once felt an almost irresistible impulse to throw himself at her feet. He was drunk with ill-regulated passion, and seemed purposely to disregard his assumed character. Bartolo noted him as a dangerous person, wanting in devotion to the government, and resolved to have a little communication with the police on the subject.

At length the murmur subsided, because it was evident, by the gracious looks and gestures of the governor, that he wanted to say something agreeable. Silence being obtained—every boatman nudging his neighbour as an ill-behaved fellow—it was announced that below, in the offices and the inner courtyard, 'a slight collation was prepared, of which'—this was the annual form of speech—'the brave mariners of Messina would no doubt willingly partake ere the commencement of their usual games.' The simple crew uttered another very short cheer, and then hastened to range themselves, with a semblance of order, behind Signor Bartolo, who gave the word 'March;' and stepping out as rapidly as his corpulence would allow, soon relieved the governor and his daughter from their rough visitors.

There is a 'thin partition,' we are told, between sanity and madness; but it is also true that mad people, like drunken people, do successfully things which, attempted according to any settled plan, would be sure to fail. Paolo had now accomplished as much as he could reasonably expect, but there was no reason in anything he did that day. Having perused the beauties of Angela, his imagination became more and more exalted; and he resolved to endeavour to speak to her. Remembering the name of Bettina—the sister of the boatman he was personating—he actually resolved to wander through the palace, to use her name as his shield if he was encountered, and to take the chance of what might happen.

Leaving the crowd as it rolled in a gay stream of red and blue caps, fluttering ribbons, many-colored jackets, broad smiles, and white teeth, down the marble staircase, he entered a narrow but light passage, which led to a flight of steps abutting upon the private garden. He was soon under rows of orange and pomegranate trees; and advancing a few steps, saw a female form pass slowly beyond some shrubs at no great

distance. His first impression was that fortune was hastening to bring about a bewildering interview; but he soon saw a smart lively-looking wench, unmistakably a *soubrette*, coming on without noticing him. The idea struck him that this must be his supposed sister; so, without further reflection, he began calling out: 'Bettina! Bettina!' The girl raised her eyes, and seeing a tall handsome boatman—handsomer and more elegant than real boatmen frequently are—running towards her, she forgot to ask what he wanted there, and began to look bashful.

'I think you are Bettina,' said Paolo, coming close up, quite out of breath.

'No, I am not,' replied she.

'A thousand pardons, signorina; I am her brother. I have just returned from Naples, and preferred leaving my good friends to have a little chat with my sister.'

'But how is it you take me for her?'

Paolo said that he had been many years away, and judged, that his sister must have grown up into a beautiful damsel, such as he saw before him. The girl tacitly admitted that she was beautiful; but observed, that Bettina was not quite so tall as she was, and had something the matter with one of her eyes—poor thing! Paolo forgot to express a proper degree of brotherly grief; Bettina's eyes did not interest him in the slightest degree.

'Well,' he said, 'if you are not Bettina, pray who are you?'

The girl was marvellously shrewd. During this conversation, she had lost not a moment, and had examined Paolo from top to toe; marked his countenance, which had evidently been a good deal in the shade; his hands, which were small and delicate; his linen, which he had forgotten to choose of sufficient coarseness; and suddenly assuming an attitude of pretty defiance, she said, looking all the while very hard at Messer Paolo: 'If you had called me by my name, Lisa, I should have thought you were some impudent spark, who wanted to talk nonsense with me; but now I am quite sure that you are an mad gallant, seeking to have speech of the Lady Angela. It is well you met with no greater savage. There is yet time for you to slip away unseen.'

Paolo grew livid when he found how easily his intentions were divined; and for the first time understood that he had wantonly exposed the name of her he loved to become the theme of scandalous talk. The easy way, too, in which Lisa spoke of the matter, disgusted him. He felt in that high moment like a guilty angel, endeavouring to obtain surreptitious entrance into paradise; and here was a pert-looking *donzella*, who saw through him at once, treated him as a vulgar foolish fellow, and offered compassionately to let him go in peace! With deep humiliation expressed in his countenance, he wished to depart.

'No, no, signor,' suddenly exclaimed Lisa, 'do not fear. I am the lady's own maid, and shall not betray you; although it would have been better had she confided in me instead of in Bettina. But she is so kind to us all, that I will shew that I, too, can be trusted.'

Paolo hastened to assure the girl that her mistress had not the slightest knowledge of his intention, and was probably ignorant of his existence. Lisa looked amazed. She had taken it as a matter of course that the Lady Angela was encouraging the addresses of this handsome fellow. His confession entirely changed the face of things; and with some coldness and anger, she insisted that he should go away. But now was his time to be bold. He had been so successful up to that point from sheer recklessness, that he began to think so good an opportunity should not be thrown away. He became eloquent, and begged and prayed Lisa to take his part. Perhaps because he forgot the usual pecuniary argument, and let fall tears instead of

scudi, the girl's heart soon melted. People of that class think they are performing a sacred duty in bringing young lovers together—just in the very cases when circumstances combine to keep them asunder. At length she said, with a little hesitation: 'And if I speak to her, in whose name must it be?'

'In the name of Paolo di Falco.'

'*Maledetto!*' (Accursed one!) exclaimed the girl, starting back. 'Our deadly enemy! No, no!' and without waiting to hear a single other word, she ran away in the direction of the palace, down the alley by which Paolo had come.

The young man did not doubt that the house would at once be alarmed, and felt that in that case his position would be most critical. By this time his brain had cooled. It seemed more possible to him, even from this abortive attempt, that he might succeed in the object of his wishes; whilst the absurdity of risking a scandalous conflict became evident. He hastened, therefore, to return towards the door by which he had entered the garden; but, to his mortification, found it fastened on the inside. Perhaps the girl had shut it, to prevent his escape. Believing that in this case he should soon be attacked, he went along the wall of the house, seeking for another means of passing into the street.

After proceeding a little way, he came to a spacious door-window, that stood open, and stepping hastily in, found himself face to face with the governor—the Marchese Belmonte! The start which Paolo gave must have been imperceptible, for the nobleman—whose mind was probably occupied with some political combination—looked for granted that one of the boatmen had inadvertently gone astray in the building, and kindly said: 'My good man, if you go through that door, you will find your way to the kitchen. Follow the passage, and take the first staircase to your right.' With these words he passed on to the garden, leaving Paolo breathless with surprise.

He did not hesitate, however, to take the direction indicated; but on coming to the staircase, he ascended instead of descending, and suddenly found himself at the half-open door of an apartment. Voices came from within. He checked himself, and listened. It was Lisa relating to her mistress the audacious conduct of Paolo. The young man forgot his position at once. He leaned forward, and beheld Angela sitting upright in a great arm-chair, looking with pallid eagerness at her maid, who stood before her, and had just got to the point at which she had begun to soften towards the young man. An almost imperceptible smile played round the lips of Angela, whose previous expression had been one of intense anxiety. At length Lisa said: 'When he told me his name, the *maledetto!*'—

'You begged him to retire from the place of danger, did you not?'

'No; I ran away without saying another word; and, I think, I slammed the door behind me.'

'Santa Virgine!' exclaimed Angela clasping her hands; 'then he is still in the garden, where my father has gone to walk!'

Paolo could restrain himself no longer—and, disdaining now to sneak away by the kitchen, stepped nobly forward, and advanced into the centre of the room with a deprecating gesture.

The girl screamed as if a wasp had stung her; but did not run away this time. Angela flushed red, partly with indignation—for women often resent the boldness which wins them—and partly from fear. The latter sentiment dictated her first words: 'Fly, sir,' she said; 'this is a dangerous place for you!' 'Fly!' she added, slightly checking herself; 'for it is not proper for you to come.'

Had these sentences been pronounced in a different order, Paolo might have complied without a word; as it was, he remained, and only professed his willingness

to obey her slightest commands, even if they sent him to death.

'They may kill you,' murmured Angela. 'I hear them coming.' And sure enough there were steps in the passage below. Paolo felt his head swim. The fear of death could not drive him from that sweet society; and he forgot even the care of her fame. He sat down upon a stool at her feet, and fixed upon her an intense look, which she could not choose but meet with one furtive glance. These foolish young people were forgetting that they had a long life before them, full of promises of happiness, which might be blighted by their strange carelessness. There was a step on the staircase. They bent slightly towards one another. Lisa uttered an exclamation of anger, and went and shut the door just in time, for Ascanio was coming up to look for his cousin.

'With whom closeted?' he cried jovially. 'The boatmen are dancing in the piazza like bears.' It is rare fun. Come and see them.'

Angela, recovering her presence of mind, and committing herself without recall, answered, in a voice which she knew how to render cheerful, that she had seen enough of bears, and wanted to be quiet. Her cousin turned on his heel—no doubt saying to himself, that the time would come when he should curb this wilful temper—and went to laugh inanely at the now extravagant jollity of the boatmen. Little did he think that, while she with one hand was trying to still the heaving of her bosom, at that very moment Paolo held the other, and was beginning to speak, not as he had ever spoken before, and as only those can speak whose hearts are full of the purest passion, and who rise for a moment under its influence above the ordinary level of humanity. Great orations have been made to applauding senates, but no assembly of men has ever thrilled beneath eloquence so piercing, so subtle, so persuasive, so clothed in all fine qualities—every word glittering, the transparent sheath of a divine thought; no fierce democracy, no wise council, has listened to appeals approaching in fervour and power to those which are poured into the soul of the coy solitary maiden, who has met her lover under the shade of the linden-tree at evening-time, and asks for an assurance of everlasting attachment. What wonder, then, that Paolo spoke words to which Angela listened with delight! He did not talk of their felicity as something that would be soon possible. They were both young, and they could wait. He would admire her from afar off, as he admired the stars of heaven, if he but knew that her heart throbbed only for him, and the time would come when constancy would be rewarded.

Angela listened and listened, and soon felt, as it were, her heart drawn from within her. She was no longer mistress of its beatings. She looked wildly round, knowing not what to answer; and seeing Lisa, who had been with her since her childhood, and whom she had consulted about the choice of all her toys, she cried in a voice of childish simplicity: 'Lisa, Lisa! what shall I say to this man?'

'Say the truth—that you love him, the *maledetto!*'

This time the word was pronounced as one of endearment; and although Angela did not exactly utter the confession her maid had recommended, she did what was as good—she placed both her hands in those of Paolo, and smiled over him as he covered them with kisses. There was for a long time silence in the room. Life became to these two young people as beautiful as a land built up of rosy rays amidst the clouds; their souls were hushed into perfect happiness; and still with joined hands, they seemed content thus to float down the stream of time, even if it should drift them out into a shoreless sea. Lisa's voice sounded harsh when she reminded them that it was time to separate. They aroused themselves, and could

not help laughing at her conceited confidential air. Their conversation then proceeded for awhile, in spite of the maid's impatience, in a gay spirit; but when they separated, a tint of melancholy came over both. They felt that life could scarcely contain a happier hour than that. When they looked towards the future, they saw threatening clouds gather on the horizon.

TADMOR IN THE DESERT.

It is a long and tedious journey over the great Syrian Desert from Bagdad to Damascus. One by one our dromedaries had dropped down and died on the way, and those that remained alive, travelled slowly along under the weight of their double loads. Our supply of water was failing, and we were mournfully devising schemes for eking out the last mouldy biscuit apiece, which was all that remained of our provisions, when the foremost of our party shouted out that the mountains of Syria were visible on the distant horizon. It was long ere we could convince ourselves that it was indeed so, and that the hills we had looked for so long and earnestly were really before us; but gradually the mists dispersed, and before night we could clearly distinguish the two peaks, between which ran our road to Damascus; and we knew that at the foot of the pass lay Tadmor, our first place of refuge on this side of the Desert. Very early next morning, we were in the saddle, and our dromedaries pressed forward, as though they knew that their resting-place was near; but hour after hour passed away, as we toiled on, and seemed to bring us no nearer the white castle of Sitta bel Kies, which we could descry on the height overhanging Palmyra. As it got dark, we made a slight detour to reach a fordable part of the great salt lake, which extends for some miles to the east of the ruins. The ground was thickly incrustated with the saline deposit, but as we proceeded, it became moister and more slippery, and our camels slid about most uncomfortably. Their large spongy feet, adapted so perfectly for the loose sand and shingle of the Desert, are unable to take firm hold on wet ground; and before long, the greater part of our caravan had most unwillingly taken an unpleasantly muddy salt-water bath. My Maltese dragoon was particularly loath in his lamentations; and such was his dread of catching cold, that he persisted in walking all the rest of the way to Palmyra, although he had left both shoes in the mud.

In this valley of salt, which now chiefly supplies Damascus and the surrounding country, David is supposed to have smitten the Syrians and the Edomites.

It was past midnight when, threading our way through a chaos of ruins and broken columns, we halted before the portal of the Great Temple of the Sun, whose massive walls now enclose the Arab village, and protect it from the attacks of the Bedouins. Our demand for admittance at so unseasonable an hour seemed to alarm the population within; for it was not until a number of men, armed with long guns and lances, had assembled and reconnoitred our appearance through the loopholes on either side of the door, that the gate was opened to us. We proceeded at once to the house of the sheik, and entered a long vaulted hall, in which, through the smoke, we could distinguish the forms of half-naked Arabs, stretched along the floor in every variety of posture. At the upper end of the building, a group was gathered round the fire; and towards this we made our way. But no one rose to offer the accustomed salutation: a corner was sullenly pointed out to us, where we might spread our carpets. Throughout the Desert, the Arabs of Tadmor have become a by-word for their churlishness; and on this occasion they in no way belied their reputation. But petty inconveniences of this kind, greatly as they must

astonish travellers coming, as we did, fresh from the unbought hospitality of the far East, were as nothing to us; for had we not reached Palmyra?—the object of our long Desert journey—the goal of many a yearning wish; and to speak more prosaically, and with equal sincerity, was not this the oasis where our shrunken provision-bags were to recover their ancient goodly proportions? And this last item, O sentimental, stay-at-home reader! forms a far greater one in the calculations of a wayworn traveller, even in the poetical land of sunrise, than thou canst conceive, sitting comfortably ensconced by an English fireside.

But how shall the view be described which burst upon us the next morning from the summit of the temple?—the first view of Palmyra! In the darkness of the preceding night, we had noticed only the fallen columns and broken slabs immediately around us; and Palmyra had seemed, after all, a thing more belonging to the imagination than to reality—hallowed, perhaps, by history and romance, but unable to bear the matter-of-fact light of day. Now, how different was the scene! Looking westward, the whole plain, from the village to the foot of the mountains, was covered with long lines of arches and colonnades—the walls they once enclosed had, for the most part, perished, but there stood the rows of columns to all appearance as perfect as on the day when they were erected. On the hills above, frowned two ruined and picturesque Moslem castles; while the valleys were studded with the massive tombs which have survived the dwellings of their occupants. Eastward by the great salt lake, and beyond, stretching far away to the Euphrates and the frontiers of Persia, lay the undulating sand-hills of the Desert; and all this seen in the light of an Eastern sun, bright and glowing, yet softened by the haze of heat, which yet does not detract from the clearness of the atmosphere, made the desolate ruins of Tadmor appear as lovely as the bright gardens of the Alhambra, or the cypress-clad ruins of Hono.

I will not add to the number of those who have already described these ruins. Other travellers have counted the columns in the colonnade, although no two have agreed as to the number; other travellers have written upon the tombs; others have bathed in the hot sulphureous waters, which form a natural bath as they issue from the rock; and some have even talked of swimming up the crevice from which the spring issues. Many, perhaps, have been chased back to the village by wandering parties of the Anesi, or have suffered from the pilfering propensities of the sheik and his followers; but few are likely to have seen Palmyra as we saw it, when we halted our dromedaries to take a last view of the City of the Desert. The setting sun was gleaming redly on the ruins, which stretched beneath us in an almost unbroken line, from the pediment of the magnificent Temple of Diocletian to the triumphal arch which marked the entrance to the sacred precincts of the Temple of the Sun, where were the few remaining date-trees which gave the city its name—'The Place of Palms;' and though few and stunted are the trees which now compose yon scanty copse, Tadmor still bears the name it bore before the days of Solomon, and of which the Roman Palmyra was but a translation, now no longer familiar to the inhabitants. Column and battlement stood clear and defined in the evening glow; while behind, over the still black surface of the Desert lake, a yet blacker cloud swept onwards. A moment more, and it would reach the city, marling the beauty of the scene; but I would not have the picture in my memory obscured, and hastily turning my camel's head down the hillside, I left Palmyra behind me for ever.

Full of the romantic story of Zenobia, the Boadicea of the East, as every traveller must be who visits the Arab queen's city, it is a disappointment that few of the ruins can really be traced beyond the conquest of

Aurelian, and that Palmyra must owe its antiquarian interest to the Romans rather than to its native inhabitants. The architecture, too, is of a low order; but the general effect of these mighty columns, standing alone in the midst of the Desert, is unequalled.

The storm burst upon us, as, after a sharp trot, I rejoined our party; but our tents were soon pitched, and, in spite of the remonstrances and warnings of our Arab guides, fires were lighted, which happily failed to attract the attention of any of the wandering Bedouins. We afterwards learned that their forces were at that moment concentrated in an attack upon the great caravan which crosses the Desert annually from Bagdad to Damascus.

The sky was again clear in the morning, and we proceeded on our journey. Towards mid-day we came upon a number of heaps of salt, left unguarded in the open country. It appeared that the inhabitants of some of the Syrian villages had made a descent by night upon Palmyra, and carried off a quantity which the sheik was collecting for the Damascus market. He had pursued and overtaken the robbers, who had abandoned their booty at this place, while the rightful owner had returned to Tadmor for camels to carry it on to the town. Our Arabs scrupled not to help themselves to the precious commodity, which is scarce and dear in Turkey; but whilst they were engaged in filling their saddle-bags and the folds of their zuboons, the alarm was raised that the Bedouins were upon us. Guns and pistols were put into immediate requisition, and scouts despatched to ascertain the force of the enemy; while the less warlike part of our caravan, including Hadji Mohammed, my cook, whose boasting when we were not attacked had been exceedingly loud—on the strength of a scimitar sanctified and sharpened by a visit to the tomb of the Prophet—huddled round the baggage, and with pale cheeks and clattering teeth awaited the assault. But no assault came; and after various marchings and countermarchings, and reconnoissances, and warlike demonstrations on our part, the foe were discovered at the distance of some miles, making off as fast as their horses could carry them. It afterwards appeared that the robbers had returned to secure the salt, and mistaking our party for that of the aggrieved sheik, had straightway taken to flight, whilst we, in equal alarm, had prepared for an attack from the Anesi marauders.

From hence, our way was smooth: we soon reached green pastures, and even running-streams, and in a few days Damascus, 'the City of Waters,' afforded rest and refreshment after our long Desert journey.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A suggestive contribution has just been made to astronomical science by Professor W. Thomson, who, as most readers know, has occupied himself of late with the dynamical theory of heat, and other questions bearing on the relative functions of the sun and planets. In a paper published by the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the 'Mechanical Energies of the Solar System,' he takes up certain views which have already been put forward, and, arguing them out, finds reason to believe the source of solar heat to be 'undoubtedly material.' This material consists in the countless meteors wheeling round continually in space—a tornado of shooting-stars, stragglers from which occasionally appear in our own atmosphere, but of which we see the main body in the zodiacal light. These, says the learned professor, are gradually caught by the sun's attraction: 'each meteor thus goes on moving faster and faster, and getting nearer and nearer the centre, until at some time, very

suddenly, it gets so much entangled in the solar atmosphere as to begin to lose velocity. In a few seconds more, it is at rest on the sun's surface, and the energy given up is vibrated in a minute or two across the district where it was gathered during so many ages, ultimately to penetrate as light the remotest regions of space.' The objection, that we should see an augmentation in the bulk of the sun, is answered by the fact, that although the sun might grow a mile in diameter in eighty-eight years, yet 40,000 years would elapse before the apparent diameter to us would be increased by one second: and with what instruments shall we measure such a rate of progress? The sun may have gone on increasing in dimensions ever since the creation of man, quite undetected by us. For it to grow in reality as much as it appears to grow from winter to summer, would take 2,000,000 years. Another paper by the same professor, it 'On the Possible Density of the Luminiferous Medium, and on the Mechanical Value of a Cubic Mile of Sunlight,' in which he brings forward important calculations and deductions as to the energy and effects of light. We notice these publications, notwithstanding their refined and abstruse nature, as they embody points in physical science which have for years engaged the attention of scientific men; and because, that while the progress of the inquiry ought to be recorded, all that tends towards its solution is fraught with beneficial consequences.

As an instance of the benefit which practical men may derive from scientific research, we may mention a fact interesting to gardeners and seed-merchants, in connection with coloured light. Recent discovery has shown that remarkable effects could be produced on plants by interposing coloured glass between them and the sun. Blue glass accelerates growth; and Messrs Lawson of Edinburgh have built a stove-house glazed with blue glass, in which they test the value of seeds for sale or export. The practice is to sow a hundred seeds, and to judge of the quality by the number that germinate; the more, of course, the better. Formerly, ten days or a fortnight elapsed while waiting for the germination of the seeds; but in the blue stove-house, two or three days suffice—a saving of time worth, so say the firm, £500 a year.

In accordance with the programme, the British Association have held their twenty-fourth meeting in Liverpool, and a capital meeting it was—the best for some years. It is, doubtless, the same with science as with other affairs—its law of progress is wavelike, now up, now down; and we must look upon the heavy or unfortunate meetings not as failures, but as a deeper sinking of the wave in readiness for a higher swell. The result shows that science is advancing in the great as well as in the small. The oceanic survey is a fact, and so is improved ship-building. The more power you put into one of the old, short, duck-breasted steamers, the more it piled up the water at its bows, and was resisted; but now, with a thin concave bow and a long ship, you may insure a speed of sixteen miles an hour; and this even is to be exceeded by the iron steamer, 600 feet long, which Mr Scott Russell is now building; she is to sail twenty-four miles an hour. The Kew Committee appointed by the association have done good service, for they have at last made a thermometer which is a standard and not a toy, and which can be sold for 4s. 6d. The usefulness of their labours may be judged of from the fact, that they have 1500 thermometers, and more than 100 barometers, at the observatory at Kew, to verify for the Admiralty and the United States navy. At the suggestion of Sir John Herschel, photographic pictures of the sun's disc are to be taken every day for some months, by which to obtain a record of all the changes of spots, and other phenomena, observable on the surface of the great luminary. The Earl of Harrowby, the new president, touched on the whole range of subjects in

his address, from astronomy to meteorology, geography, ethnology, finishing off with political economy and other social topics; recommending, by the way, the introduction of such a system of agricultural statistics as will keep us informed of the quantity of grain and roots we have on hand, and advocating improvements in education and the encouragement of science.

Seeing that the 'American Electric Telegraph Company' and the 'British' have come to what is called a 'fusion,' the question of a wire across the Atlantic may perhaps be once more revived. The astronomer-royal has publicly acknowledged, in handsome terms, the important service he has derived from the use of the telegraph. It has enabled him at length to accomplish that grand desideratum—the determination of the difference of longitude between the observatories of Greenwich and Paris; and to discover that the former determination was wrong by a second—a large amount in longitude. If there be any error now, it is so small—not the hundredth part of a second—as to be inappreciable. In Paris, the Bourse and the flûte de Ville are now furnished with electric-clocks, communicating with the observatory, and measures are being taken to flash the time to all the great cities of France: meteorological observations to be flashed back to the observatory in return.

The Society of German Naturalists have held their thirty-first meeting at Göttingen; but their proceedings, though important in a scientific point of view, scarcely admit of a popular summary. We may, however, notice one subject, as it bears on a question much discussed at the present time throughout Europe: it is the paper on the causes of vegetable disease, by Dr Gumpel, of Landau. He says: 'The pollen is the great cause of the disease or death of plants; for the sound or unsound condition of the pollen influences the whole growth of the plant.' Perhaps the doctor will do next year what he has omitted to do this; namely, tell us how the pollen becomes diseased.

Accounts from Heidelberg shew that Paris is not the only place where experimentalists are at work to coax aluminum out of clay; for Bunsen, the well-known German chemist, gets aluminum by subjecting the prepared clay to the electro-galvanic pile. Besides this, he gets magnesium, sodium, calcium, &c., in the same way; and so successfully, that large lumps of sodium have been formed before the eyes of spectators. It would seem that we are on the eve of some most extraordinary discoveries in chemistry.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin have held a meeting to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the election of Humboldt into their body. The veteran well deserves the honour. The Académie at Paris offer a prize of 2000 francs, to be awarded in 1856, for a paper on 'The Origin of the Phœnician Alphabet.' The researches necessary to elucidate this question, ought to throw light on the ancient history of the peoples bordering the Mediterranean. In our Asiatic Society, a paper read by Mr Bosanquet fixes the date of the invasion of Judea by Sennacherib, and shews that an eclipse of the sun, which then took place, explains the going back of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz. The Palestine Archaeological Association leave it to be understood, from the address read at their annual meeting, that they contemplate a system of vigorous researches in the Holy Land, with a view to the discovery of materials that may serve to clear up some of the obscurities of Jewish history.² They believe that some of the stones set up for memorials, as recorded in Scripture, are still standing, and they propose to search for them: among these may be mentioned, Joshua's monolith at Shechem, and the twelve stones he set up at Gilgal. The ancient tombs, also, are to be sought for and explored: there is the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were buried; and as the latter 'was embalmed in

Egypt, and the body was placed in a coffin, or sarcophagus, after the custom of the Egyptians, there is every reason to conclude,' so runs the report, 'that it still lies undisturbed.' There is, moreover, the tomb of Joseph, who, as viceroy of Egypt, must have been buried with all the precautions due to high rank; and the tombs of the kings, besides sepulchres of remarkable individuals, in which, as is known, 'scrolls of the law' were sometimes deposited. This is but a part of what the association propose to accomplish—their scheme embraces further examination of what is known, as well as discovery of the unknown; and if they can only carry it out, their expectation of finding something to illustrate ancient Jewish history has a reasonable chance of being gratified.

The Decimal Association, formed last June, have just published the first part of the 'Proceedings,' with an able introduction by Professor de Morgan, who discusses the question in all its bearings. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, he tells us, 'appreciates the value of a decimal system, but considers the government would scarcely be justified in bringing it forward until the people are instructed in its advantages.' As one means of imparting the instruction required, the association is prepared to distribute its 'Proceedings' gratis to Mechanics' Institutes and schools; but, as the professor argues, 'we can never succeed in impressing the importance of the subject upon the people by the mere force of reasoning; we want the material and tangible use of the decimal coins themselves to teach them.' It is recommended that petitions in favour of a decimal coinage should be signed in all parts of the country for presentation to the House of Commons, immediately on the opening of the next session of parliament. Sir Charles Pasley has spoken out on the same subject, and in favour of decimalising weights and measures, as well as coin, in an elaborate argument, which may be read in the Journal of the Society of Arts.

The more the question about scarcity of paper is discussed, the more plain it appears that we shall get all the fibrous substances wanted for paper, as well as flax, from India. Dr Boyle enumerates a dozen plants convertible into paper; among which he specifies the plantain, *Musa paradisiaca*, as most suitable and most abundant. 'Each root stock,' he says, 'throws up from six to eight or ten stems, each of which must be cut down every year, and will yield from three to four pounds of the fibre fit for textile fabrics, for rope-making, or for the manufacture of paper. As the fruit already pays the expenses of the culture, this fibre could be afforded at a cheap rate, as from the nature of the plant, consisting almost only of water and fibre, the latter might be easily separated. One planter calculates that it could be afforded for £2, 13s. 4d. per ton.' As this estimate is but a trifle over a penny a pound, there would be nothing in the cost, even after including that of the freight, to prevent our manufacturers from giving the plantain a fair trial; but nothing is known as yet of the expense of preparing the raw material for being manufactured into paper, and this, as regards all such fibrous substances, is an important element in the question. Messrs Tyler of Warwick Lane have introduced what has long been thought impracticable—a method of casting a cylinder in relief. Hitherto, the contrivances for effecting the object have been neither cheap nor easy. The new process is as ingenious as it is successful. To give an idea of it: the mould is fitted up on a series of rings, and this having been warmed, the metal is poured in, and by a sudden movement of the rings, and a change of position, the molten matter is impelled into every cavity and chink of the mould, and with such sharpness, as to leave but little work for the finisher. We hear that as much work can be done in one hour, as this new process, as in twelve hours by the old.

In noticing Becquerel's experiments for the radia-

of metals, we omitted to mention that Mr Parkes has patented a method for separating silver from lead in one operation. To each ton of argentiferous lead in the melting-pot, he adds a few pounds of zinc; and the result is, that the silver combines with the zinc, rises to the surface, and is skimmed off, leaving behind the pure lead, which requires no further treatment. While on the subject of metal, we must say a word about the iron ore discovered in the Cleveland Hills, in Yorkshire, a few years ago. The deposit is so abundant, that in the comparatively short time since the commencement of the workings, eighty-five furnaces have been built, which are now in full blast, and others are being erected. They will turn out about 500,000 tons of iron a year. The town first built not affording sufficient accommodation, a second is growing up near Stockton, which is to be called North Ormsby. Then, as it appears, we are to have any quantity of copper from Namaqualand, on the skirts of Cape Colony, where the ore is worth £13 a ton on the spot, and contains forty-five per cent of copper. Hondekliap Bay, on the coast, the nearest port, is not more than forty miles distant—not too far for well-directed enterprise to lay down a tram-way. The agricultural capabilities of the region are said to be more promising than was believed, as water is to be obtained by digging a few feet down into the sand.

By other interesting accounts from Africa, we learn that the possibility of a water-communication all across that great continent from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, is now thought to be no longer doubtful. From the east coast, rivers may be ascended to Lake Ngami, from whence a portage of some forty miles conducts to the great stream that skirts the Ovampo Land, explored by Mr Galton, and finds its outlet in the neighbourhood of Walvisch Bay. Here, then, are available channels for exploration. Moreover, the rumour of Mr Livingston's successful journey is confirmed. This enterprising gentleman left the Cape in May 1852, and travelled northwards, passing Lake Ngami for eight months, till he came to the Zambezi, where he stayed another eight months, getting and giving knowledge, protected and favoured by the chief, Sekeletu. From thence he directed his course to the west in November 1853, ascending a branch of the Zambezi, through the Balonda country, and in time reached the Portuguese settlements. When last heard of, he was at St. Paul de Loulo on the coast. His arrival in England may, therefore, be looked for with interesting particulars of his adventurous journey.

From Australia, too, we hear of habitable regions in the interior, a hilly district visible from Lake Torrens. The settlers on the lake were surprised one day by the appearance of six natives, who had crossed the water at a shallow part, and who were more comely and better formed than any of their countrymen yet met with. They had never seen Europeans, which made intercourse difficult. 'They contrived, however,' says the report, 'to make themselves so far understood, as that among the hills they had left, were plenty of kangaroo, white cockatoos, grass, water, and gum-trees.' This information is partially confirmed by the fact, that white cockatoos not unfrequently come across the lake from the region in question. We shall, perhaps, hear before long that it has been visited by exploring parties.

A few particulars from the Report of the Emigration Commissioners for 1853, may fittingly close these remarks on foreign countries. In that year, 329,937 individuals left the United Kingdom, being nearly 39,000 fewer than in 1852. The falling off is attributable to the decreased excitement about the 'Diggings,' and to fewer departures from Ireland. The Irish, however, sent home more money to their relatives in 1853 than in any previous year: the amount was £1,439,000 thus most astonishing fact! Of the gross number given nearest 230,885 went to the United States, and 61,000

to Australia, the remainder to other places. The number of emigrants in the first three months of the present year was 49,796; in the same period of last year it was 60,867.

THE CAREER OF A LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.

THE career of a line-of-battle ship, from the cradle to the grave, is in itself an epic. The lifetime of a poet of the highest order might be not unworthily spent upon the theme. One modern poet—the author of *The Mariners of England*—has told us in prose what he thought and felt when he witnessed the launch of a ship-of-the-line. Shall we repeat his words, by way of setting our liner fairly afloat? 'When the vast bulwark,' says Campbell, 'sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.' We are confident that it was our liner Campbell saw launched. He does not tell us the year, but it was about half a century ago; and he omits to mention the name tremulously uttered by the fair young lady of high degree, when, shivering a crystal bottle of wine against the stern, she christened the—TREMENDOUS! Ours be the task to trace the subsequent career of that noble vessel: Campbell's words will serve for an admirable text.

Not an hour was lost in expediting the fitting out of our liner, for war was raging, and every wooden wall Old England could build and man was needed to defend her against a world in arms. So the *Tremendous* was immediately towed alongside a sheer-hulk, to receive her masts; and for many weeks subsequently, swarms of dockyard riggers and seamen, calkers, shipwrights, joiners, painters, and other artisans, were working double tides, getting the ship ready for sea. Meanwhile, she had been commissioned—Captain Thomas Broadside, a veteran of the sturdy old Benbow school, being honoured with her first command. Captain Broadside was a stern utilitarian, and never did ship leave port more thoroughly equipped on this principle. Nothing was neglected so far as the sailing and fighting qualities of the ship were concerned; but the internal arrangements, as regarded the accommodation of the captain and officers, seemed much on a par with those of a Newcastle collier. Broadside even compelled his midshipmen to swing their hammocks on the cable tier, while a couple of miserable little ship-boys were all he allowed to act as servants to the midshipmen generally; and the junior young gentlemen themselves were, consequently, compelled by the officers to perform numerous menial duties, the very mention of which would have terribly shocked their sensitive lady mammias.* The crew of the *Tremendous* being completed by drafts from vessels on the home station, aided by a vigorous impressment, she was ready for sea in time to make one of the fleet which sailed under the command of Sir Hyde Parker and Lord Nelson, and in the attack on Copenhagen, which quickly followed, she bore a distinguished part, Captain Broadside managing to push her into the very thickest of the fire; and his satisfaction is understood to have been considerable when he learned, after the action, that his ship was more cut up, and had lost more officers and men, than any other two put together.

* No exaggeration; but the service improved rapidly in this respect subsequent to the battle of Trafalgar.

He had no idea of what he called dandy doings; and the maxim he invariably preached and practised, was to scorn all long bowls, and come to close quarters—if muzzle to muzzle, all the better.

After refitting, the *Tremendous* was stationed as a blockader on the French coast; and to the intense disgust of her belligerent captain, she remained on this unpleasant service until the Peace of Amiens, when she returned to Portsmouth, and her crew was reduced to the peace establishment. A breathing pause of a few months, and war was again proclaimed, to the unbounded delight of Captain Broadside, who had spent so many years in active war-service, that he was a most unhappy man in the piping times of peace. The first duty on which he was ordered, was, however, one that he detested almost as much as blockading. He was ordered to hoist a commodore's pennant in the *Tremendous*, and sail, with a couple of frigates, as convoy to a fleet of West Indiamen lying in the Downs—a harassing and thankless duty, full of heavy responsibility, and usually barren of anything in the shape of glory or of prize-money. As fully did he grumble, but, of course, it was necessary to obey. It was whispered at the time that he owed his selection for this service to the circumstance, that, a few months previously, he had received as a midshipman a young nobleman, who, not unnaturally, was so disgusted with the rude style of living in the midshipmen's mess, and by being repeatedly must-headed, and coarsely reprimanded by both the captain and first-lieutenant, that he bitterly complained to his uncle, a Lord of the Admiralty, who removed him to another ship, and avenged the insult to his kinsman by getting the *Tremendous* packed off on a service her captain was known to abhor. 'Never mind,' growled the surly old sea-king, who, by the way, had risen by dint of sheer merit, as was not very unusual in those stirring times, from the position of a poor friendless ship-boy to the rank of post-captain; 'I didn't creep in at the cabin-winders with kid gloves on; I came in at the hawse-holes, and worked my way aft, I did; and when there's a man's work to be done, they'll then remember old Tom Broadside of Camperdown, the Nile, and Copenhagen!' Thus did the 'rum old commodore' express himself openly on his own quarterdeck, and as he had managed to officer his ship with men much of his own stamp, he met with the sort of rough sympathy dear to his brave honest heart. 'Fighting Old Tom,' as he was familiarly called, was well known in the navy; and perhaps it would not be much to the detriment of the service if a few of the Benbow school were yet afloat, for, in spite of their coarseness and sturdy prejudices, they possessed many admirable qualities.

On the passage out, Commodore Broadside, in his capacity of chief shepherd to a flock of sheep, certainly did his best to protect them from ravening wolves, in the shape of French privateers; but ere they reached the tropics, about half-a-dozen slow sailers had been snapped up during dark nights and squally weather. The old commodore was not to blame; but these disasters made him indeed a man of wrath; and these disasters made him indeed a man of wrath. In vain did he cause his frigates to act the part of shepherd-dogs, by keeping the unruly flock together—the sheep would straggle, in spite of orders and signals; so the old commodore, when becalmed one day, ordered by signal all the masters of the merchantmen aboard the *Tremendous*, and after soundly rating them, *en masse*, for their stupidity and disobedience, solemnly assured them, that the very first that hereafter might neglect his signals or stray away, he should board, and cause her master to be handsomely keel-hauled. He was known to be a shepherd who did not bear the crook in vain, and the menace was efficacious. Having seen his convoy to its destination, he left the frigates on the West India station, and sailed safely back to the Downs, whence he was immediately

despatched to join Nelson's fleet in the blockade of Toulon. The French fleet, however, escaped out of that port, and Nelson vainly pursued it to the West Indies.

But the time approached for the *Tremendous* to be employed in a way more congenial to her captain. She was sent to join the Cadiz fleet, of which Nelson speedily assumed the command; and on the 21st October 1805, not a man in the fleet hailed the signal—*England expects every man to do his duty!* with more unbounded gratification than Fighting Old Tom, who forthwith nailed his colours to the mast. His ship was one of Collingwood's column, and received several passing broadsides from divers of the enemy's vessels ere the old captain would permit a gun to be fired in return; for he was stubbornly bent on getting his ship into what he, with grim facetiousness, termed a 'comfortable berth' before opening fire. He considered this desirable object properly attained only when a huge Spanish three-decker was within pistol-shot on the starboard, and a French seventy-four about the same distance on the larboard quarter; and then Fighting Old Tom was in his glory. In a few minutes, the fore and mainmast topmasts of the *Tremendous* were shot away; but Broadside roared to his crew to aim low, and hull the foes. He himself was soon 'hulled' by a musket-ball; but he threatened to knock an officer down for presuming to suggest to him the propriety of going below to have the wound examined. A few minutes more, and her rudder being disabled, the *Tremendous* drifted muzzle to muzzle alongside the Spaniard, and poor Broadside's left leg was shot clean off below the knee by a cannon-ball. He fell, exclaiming that he would fight it out on his stumps, like sturdy old Benbow; but became insensible through loss of blood, and was carried to the cockpit. The *Tremendous* would soon have been a floating shambles, had not an English ship come up to relieve her of her chief antagonist; but as it was, she was subsequently navigated back to England a shattered hulk, like her gallant old commander. Both, however, survived the terrible day; and when Broadside was rigged with a wooden leg, he declared himself fit for service again. For some reason, the Admiralty thought otherwise; and as he pressed his claims to be employed somewhat too roughly, he received an official rebuff, which so enraged him, that he vowed never to seek nor accept a commission again—and he kept his word, for he never more went to sea.

After being temporarily patched up, the *Tremendous* was unrigged, and moored in inglorious idleness. She had been so terribly shattered, that it was seriously doubted whether she could ever be sent on active service again, and it was proposed to convert her into a prison-ship, or at best into a guard; but, after repeated surveys, she was finally docked, and thoroughly repaired at immense cost. Still she remained quietly at home until 1812, when she was despatched to the Mediterranean, and there remained six years. She returned in fine condition, commanded by a lord, who, singularly enough, was the identical individual who, some eighteen years before, had quitted her in disgust at his treatment as a midshipman. Old Broadside, yet alive and hearty, although seventy-five years of age, heard of this, and before the ship was paid off, actually travelled a hundred miles to visit her, from curiosity to see what condition she was in. His former confusion of received him very cordially, invited him to dinner, and personally shewed him over his old ship. By and by the commodore came on board prepared to pleasant women, fault; but as regarded the general appony in Genoa, ship and crew, he growlingly admitted, though less tolerable, but of course not equal to many perplexing in his time. When, however, he started with arduous grand cabin, and thence to the ward-room of black and shewn the officers' private cabins, he ended in frozen amazement and disgust in emphatic terms.

broad work and frippery's bad enough," said he; "but cushioned chairs, and sofas, and looking-glasses, and pictures, and wine-coolers, and bookcases, and a forty-planner! The service is going to the —!"

His lordship good-humouredly laughed, and proposed to send a mate with him, to shew him the midshipmen's mess-room. He assented, determined to know the worst and latest of the detested innovations; but when he learned that the youngsters dined at five o'clock in harbour, and had each a marine as a private valet, and three or four stout boys for stewards to the mess, and with his own astounded eyes beheld their table set out with silver forks, and napkins, and crystal decanters of sherry—a glass of which was pertly offered him by a young hero of twelve or thirteen summers—his indignation almost choked him. Poor old commodore!

Paid off and dismantled, the *Tremendous* again had a couple of years' quiet repose, and then was recommissioned, and kept on the home-station. We believe she was one of the noble liners alluded to in the celebrated speech delivered by George Canning at Plymouth in 1823; the following splendid passage from which one must not omit in this place:—"Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness; how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion; how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage; how quickly would it put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such is one of those magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself; while apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion."

Four years later, and the *Tremendous* fought her last battle at Navarino; but her captain on that occasion was not a fire-eater like Broadside, and therefore the veteran liner got no more than her fair share of hard blows, though quite as many as she could bear in her old age. Once more had she to be docked, to repair damages caused by action; and next, after a brief cruise on the North American station, and subsequently passing a few months off the Tagus, was sent on her last foreign service to the East Indies, where for eight years she remained, bearing the flag successively of three distinguished admirals, and experienced many and varied dangers. Finally, she returned to England, was paid off, surveyed, and decisively pronounced so weak and worn out, that even after being repaired she could never be properly sea-worthy again. And so she was fitted up and stationed as a guard at Sheerness; and after performing this service for years her officers and crew complained so bitterly of her crazy condition, that the poor, old worn-out warrior was towed up the river to Woolwich, and dismantled alike of rigging, masts, and armament. Forty odd years before, she had first floated on that very spot, amid the huzzas of thousands of admiring spectators—now she was jered at, poor

A few bold lions by rude and ignorant bargemen, as Commissioners lumbered past her warped and battered hulls, on for which scores of grapeshot were still individuals left, to say nothing of 24-pound balls 39,000 fewer than of her upper ribs. Almost every vicissitude to the decrepitude, every service that a ship can and to fewer depths undergone; and yet "to this favour ever, sent home at last!" But the long roll of her service, in any previous yet closed; for she was calked and thus most astonished up to receive a couple of hundred nears: 230,885 their guard! Surely this was a degrading

service, that might have been spared the glorious old fighting ship; but, alas! to what base uses both gallant ships and gallant men are destined when their latter days overtake them!

A few miserable years, during which her poor old bones creaked and groaned as though in conscious tribulation and despair, and then "that rotten hulk, the *Tremendous*," as she was contemptuously designated, was finally released from her dishonoured life-in-death. The convicts, one and all, declared that they could no longer put up with a hulk through the gaping seams of which the winter's wind whistled shrilly, and which employed half of them to keep her afloat by pumping day and night; and the very rats deserted her at ebb of tide one moonlight evening in a compact phalanx, headed by a venerable white-headed aristocratic rat, that had squeaked behind the ceiling of the captain's cabin when five thousand cannon were roaring together at the battle of Trafalgar. The edict for her doom then went forth. On a windy March day in 1853, she was towed to Deptford Creek, where the tide left her high and almost dry, and the two hundred who lately tenanted her, sorely against their will, in one busy week ruthlessly tore her to pieces, at the risk of being half-suffocated by the clouds of dust that spurted from her dry-rotted beams and upper-works. Nothing now remains to tell that the *Tremendous* ever existed, except the imperishable record of her services written in the history of her country, and her keel and a few of her lower futtocks yet imbedded in the mud of Deptford Creek, where, at neap-tides, they mournfully hold up their blackened stumps, as though mutely bearing testimony to the saddening truth, that everything in this world changeth and passeth away!

LEBEW OHL.

Out into the wilderness
We apart are going;
Loosed the joined hands' caress,
Quenched the fond eyes' glowing;
Gone our happy dream of life,
Like a dried-up river;
I no husband, thou no wife,
Thus we part—for ever!

But the desert quickly ends,
Whether journeyed over
Sad and slow, as parted friends,
Or as maid and lover.
Thou whom God made spouse and wife
Let no man dare sever!
In the eternal land of life
Thou art mine—for ever!

ANTIQUITY OF THE OLIVES OF GETHESEMANE.

In Turkey, every olive-tree which was found standing by the Moslems when they conquered Asia pays a tax of one medina to the treasury, while each of those planted since the conquest pays half its produce: now, the eight olive-trees of Gethsemane pay only eight medina. Dr Wild describes the largest as at twenty-four feet in girth above the root, though its topmost branch is not above thirty feet from the ground. M. Bove, who travelled as a naturalist, asserts that the largest are at least six yards in circumference, and nine or ten yards high—so large, indeed, that he calculates their age at 2000 years.—*Ancient Jerusalem.*

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GENOA UNDER TWO ASPECTS.

TOWARDS the latter part of July, in this present year, circumstances obliged me to repair to Genoa. I had never before visited this part of Italy, and although the cause of my journey—an inquiry into some disputed property left by a relative lately deceased—seemed likely to involve much legal delay and vexation, I was not disposed to complain of what tended to gratify my ardent wish to behold the shores of the Mediterranean. After following the beaten route of Paris, Lyon, and the Mont Cenis, I joyfully found myself, dusty and travel-worn, at Turin, from whence a few hours would bring me to the place of my destination. Recruited by a warm bath and a good night's rest, I set out in the morning, with renovated energies, by the newly opened railway, and soon found ample occupation in gazing at the rich pasture-land through which the train first passed; and then, as the country became more mountainous, in admiring the talent and perseverance displayed in the construction of this line, which had only been completed a few months before. At enormous cost, amid difficulties well-nigh insuperable, through chains of towering mountains, piercing the living rock, has this great undertaking been accomplished; a triumph in engineering art, an era in the annals of the country, the connecting-link which unites Piedmont to the fairest portion of her dominions. About three in the afternoon, as the train emerged from a long tunnel through the Apennines, an exclamation of surprise burst from my lips at the magnificent panorama which stretched itself before me.

The stately Genoa—the queen-like, the superb—rich in palaces and domes, extends in the form of a crescent along the coast, ascending gradually from the bosom of the Mediterranean to the hills in the rear, where noble villas, hanging gardens, terraces, and vineyards are scattered in lavish profusion. Frowningly in the background, bristling with fortifications, and following the curve of the bay, rise her mountain-warders like a girdle of strength, contrasting in their rugged grandeur, their severe outline and barren soil, with the luxurious city at their base, whose tributary waters bear fleets of merchant vessels, laden with the wealth and produce of every clime, to her crowded port. Unclouded, and ineffably bright, the heaven spreads forth in all the boasted beauty of Italian skies, reflecting deep azure tints upon the radiant sea, which quivers and exults beneath its smile.

* Onward as we speed, each instant brings us nearer to the evidences of architectural grandeur, for which the environs of Genoa are renowned; so that for miles before entering the city, we seem to traverse a vast

suburb of palaces, encircled by gardens and groves, filled with statues and fountains, orange-trees and myrtles.

On, on we go—the eye dazzled with light and novelty—no abatement in the gorgeous features of the scene, till the movement of the train slackens, the engine's shrill whistle sounds its last discordant note, there is a jerk, a pause, and then the carriage-doors are thrown open, and we are arrived!

Selecting a *commissionnaire* from a host of applicants, and having seen my portmanteau placed on the omnibus bearing the name of the hotel to which I had been recommended, while I declined being summarily deposited within the same respectable conveyance, I set forth on foot attended by my veteran cicerone, who, like all his fraternity, was the reverse of agreeable, and labouring under the fixed persuasion that no English traveller could possibly speak Italian, turned a deaf ear to whatever I proffered in that language, and perversely addressed me in execrable French. Immediately facing the station is the famous Palazzo del Principe, admirably designated as 'an epitome of Genoa,' with fairy-like colonnades and terraces overhanging the sea, where Andrea Doria walked and unseated, and to embellish whose interior the graceful pencil of Pierino del Vaga, fresh from the inspirations of his great master, was untiringly exerted. From this, to a piazza commanding the glorious sea, more sparkling, more beautiful, I fancied, in that glowing sunshine than ever sea had looked before; and then down streets where marble palaces seemed so common, that humbler edifices found a place, alternating with gorgeous churches, through whose open portals the smell of incense came forth, faintly mingling with the sultry air, their lofty aisles and gilded domes dimly revealed by the glow of tapers on the altar.

I often lingered behind, till my conductor dived into a lane so narrow, that the tall houses on either side appeared nodding towards each other, and from thence into a labyrinth of streets almost equally confined, impassable to carriages, and yet the most frequented thoroughfares of the town. I was compelled now to follow him with attention, as he rapidly threaded his way through a maze of stalls piled with a profusion of fruit, flower-stands, jewellers' shops, confectioners, with every variety of bouillons, and a motley and never-ceasing stream of priests, soldiers, peasant-women, ladies in the graceful white veil, seen only in Genoa, and long strings of mules—another national, though less pleasing peculiarity—whence, after many perplexing windings, I found myself in a large court with arched windows, and was marshalled up a broad staircase of black and white marble to an immense hall, painted in

where a waiter was in attendance to conduct me to my room.

Having old acquaintances of my family residing in the town, I was spared the miserable sensation of loneliness in a strange land; on the contrary, all smiled upon me, and before many hours were passed, I was forming one of the circle which every evening assembled at the house of one of the leading foreign residents, and treated with the cordiality of a friend of long standing. There was a richness in the decorations, a grace in the furniture of these apartments, which harmonised with the impression the first sight of Genoa seldom fails to produce. Gilded walls, frescoed ceilings, massive mirrors, elaborate mouldings, fresh as when they were first executed three centuries ago; their magnificence set off and relieved, as it were, by the exquisite taste of the charming mistress of the house, who knew how to blend books and flowers, and all the refinements of modern art, with these costly remains of a by-gone era. With that absence of all constraint which springs from habitual refinement, the guests were at liberty to come and go, to converse or to keep silent, as it best suited their taste or the passing mood of the hour. You might either join in the conversation which, in the gay spirit peculiar to foreigners, was touching on all the light topics of the day; or with some graver personage—a retired diplomatist, for instance—a little apart from the rest, engage in a deep political discussion; or else, buried in a luxurious easy-chair, turn over the last Parisian review, or look at the pictures in the *Illustrated London News*. Besides all which, to those who were of a contemplative turn, there was the resource of the open balconies looking down upon gardens and fountains, the plashing of whose waters mingled with strains of music and the hum of voices—that busy murmur of an Italian summer night when numbers of the population are abroad.

It was like a dream of fairyland; nor was my enthusiasm on the next day diminished. The town, so stately and yet so animated; so full of tokens of the grandeur of the past, and as unmistakable in its evidences of the prosperity of the present. No crumbling edifices, no beautiful structures falling to decay, but the magnificent pile to which Genoa owes her name of the City of Palaces, preserved from the inroads of time, still occupied by the wealthy and the great: the streets they embellish thronged by a population which, for all outward indication of well-doing, has perhaps no equal in Europe. The expenditure of the ladies of Genoa in dress has become proverbial, and judging from all I saw, as I sauntered about, enjoying the *dolce far niente*, the taste for display pervades all ranks, down to the sunburnt countrywomen, who, enveloped in mufflers of chintz, never failed to leave it sufficiently open to disclose the numerous windings of gold chain about their necks, and enormous earrings of the same metal, which it is the ambition of every peasant to possess. The Genoese women do not present the strict Italian type—they have not the chiseled features of Tuscany, nor the full rounded forms and flashing eyes of Rome; but, nevertheless, they possess a very attractive character of their own—pale, graceful, with a stately walk, to which their ample flowing dresses and the long transparent *pezzotto* are peculiarly adapted. The military and naval uniforms, too, seen at every turning, added animation to the scene, which, as the afternoon advanced, became diversified with carriages and horsemen repairing to the Acquasola—the promenade of Genoa—whither crowds of gaily dressed people proceeded on foot, and there enjoying the performance of a military band, lounging on chairs, which for a few centimes were procurable, and eating ices at a café in the open air close at hand, I passed the time with some officers, acquaintances I had made the previous evening, till the throng began to disperse to seek the different theatres and places of amusement.

We went to the Opera for one act of Verdi's *Trionatore*, and then I left them to wander about by myself on the now deserted Acquasola, and revel in the beauty of the moonlight, in which the clear sharp outlines of the amphitheatre of mountains which rise around the town was inexpressibly grand. Returning then into the streets, I looked for a few minutes into the illuminated garden of the Concordia—a café where the most fashionable ladies resort after the Opera—and there I saw gay groups seated under the trees, talking and laughing, listening to brilliant strains of music, and enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening; and then taking the longest way to my hotel, I thought I had not before done sufficient justice to the architectural beauties which surrounded me, so impressive were they now in the reverential stillness of that moonlit hour. When I reached my room, and, too excited to think of sleep, leaning from the window, gazed on the harbour with its forest of shipping lying motionless on the silvery waters, that appeared reposing after their radiant gladness of the day; when from the terrace of an adjoining house, I inhaled the perfume of the orange-trees, with their snowy blossoms and golden fruit, and saw the fireflies gleaming amid their foliage; when I saw, and felt, and tasted all this, what wonder is it that my brain felt giddy from the sense of overpowering beauty and fascination, as I murmured: 'This, indeed, is Italy! This is the poetry of life!'

Such were my impressions of Genoa for eight-and-forty short-lived hours! On the morning of the 22d July, a whisper ran through the town, murmured from blanched lips and listened to with awe-stricken faces: 'The cholera—the cholera! It is come—it is come!' Some suspicious cases of this dreaded epidemic had occurred in the arsenal among the galley-slaves at the beginning of the week, but had been sedulously hushed up, in the hope the malady would spread no further; now, however, it had burst forth with sudden virulence, and attacked the military who were stationed there. The panic was extraordinary. Before noon the evil intelligence had spread from palace to hotel, from prince to beggar; and in the streets that evening, instead of the customary gay sauntering promenaders, I saw nothing but anxious-looking groups, discussing the all-engrossing tidings, the word cholera! cholera! audible above the rest.

The next morning rose brilliant, glowing with the magic colouring of sea and sky I had so admired, and found the worst fears of the previous day confirmed. In several parts of the town the malady had simultaneously declared itself. Its existence was now a recognised fact, and the municipality were hastily taking those sanitary measures which an injudicious fear of prematurely exciting the public alarm had hitherto caused them to delay. Temporary hospitals were prepared; commissions of medical men organised; dispensaries, where the most necessitous might be supplied with medicines and ices gratis, appointed in every quarter of the town; and orders given, too late, alas! to be effectual, for the removal of an accumulation of stagnant water—a vast deposit of filth and impurities—in the vicinity of the arsenal.

On the morrow, a great increase in the number of cases was known to have taken place, while the popular exaggeration, cowardice, and ignorance, trebled the existing evils. From an early hour, a remarkable movement in the direction of the railway station was to be witnessed, augmenting as the day wore on to a dense mass of cittadini, omnibuses, private carriages, and trucks and carts, laden with baggage. The flight, of which most of the leading Genoese nobility were first to give the example, had commenced and continued unabated for the next three days. It was a regular *saute qui peut*; merchants left their business, lawyers their clients, teachers their pupils. Out of a population of 120,000, at least 40,000

hastened away, many almost frantic with terror, scarcely knowing whither they were bound, only eager to be gone, rushing as if from inevitable destruction. The quantity of plate and gold ornaments, besides household linen and wearing-apparel, pledged during this period at the *Monte di Pietà*, is said to have been extraordinary—the nature of the property thus placed in pawn under the government security, shewing how great was the eagerness to obtain the means for immediate departure. I saw many poor creatures setting forth on foot, children clinging to their mothers' skirts, the youngest crying in her arms, the father carrying a few bundles—melancholy groups enough, not destined even to escape the death they fled from at such sacrifice, for all the surrounding villages and mountain hamlets where this class of fugitives took refuge, were speedily visited by the pestilence with even greater intensity than the town.

Generally considered, however, this exodus was composed of the more affluent classes, whose absence had the immediate effect of reducing thousands of artisans, porters, workwomen, and others similarly dependent upon daily employment for their maintenance, to the verge of destitution. All commerce seemed at an end. The theatres abruptly ceased their representations; the university and schools were closed; even the numerous buildings in process of construction were suspended, and a large number of masons, stonemasons, and disheartened, thrown out of work.

The people watched each departing carriage with folded arms and a look of sullen dogged defiance; the few ladies who remained, whenever they ventured abroad, were gazed on with wonder, and followed by remarks of: 'So you are not gone yet! Are you not afraid to remain here with only the poor?'

The town, lately so joyous, seemed under the evil influence of a spell. By far the greater part of the shops were shut; gaunt, famine-stricken figures replaced the graceful forms which so lately swept along in all the pride of wealth and consciousness of beauty; and the groans and execrations of the discontented rabble were alone heard, where, a few nights before, the stirring music of the band filled the air. The only sights which varied the monotony of the deserted streets by day, were litters and sedan-chairs conveying the sick to the hospitals, or priests bearing the host beneath a silken canopy to some death-bed, but without the bell or torches customary at other seasons, these being wisely ordered to be laid aside for the moment, not to increase the universal feeling of depression. By night none will readily forget how the silence was broken by the rumbling of the horrible death-cart, which began its loathsome rounds long ere midnight, stopping successively before the narrow alleys to receive its fearful burden, which the *becchini*, charged with this duty, had brought thither to await its coming. Those hideous *becchini*, their very name causes one to shudder! Sometimes, half stupified with wine, they would forget which were the houses whither they had been summoned to repair, and knocked at every successive door in the neighbourhood, with cries of 'Bring out your dead, if you have any; bring out your dead!' And then the livid remains of one, who perhaps had felt no symptom of disease six or seven hours before, were consigned to their rude hands; and borne to the appointed spot, flung carelessly on the pavement, while they departed in search of other corpses, to be as irreverently dealt with in their turn; after which, heaping one dead body upon the other, sitting upon them even, awaiting the approach of the cart, they smoked and yelled forth their drunken songs, or proffered their ribald jests. Men of strange, uncomely appearance, half-naked, with matted hair and untrimmed beards, hidden away in foul haunts in ordinary times, never seen but in moments of popular commotion and evil, like birds of prey hastening to the field of blood, from the first

manifestation of the cholera, or rather of the panic by which it was immediately succeeded, they had appeared upon the scene, insolent in their demands, and unscrupulous in their menaces. The municipality, anxious to propitiate them, had retained their services at high rates of payment for these and similar duties—dire results of the prevailing epidemic; and thus having secured their co-operation, devoted themselves to the other exigencies of the moment—providing food for the most needy, and work for the unemployed. To give the civic authorities their due, whatever tardiness there might have been in taking preventive measures, nothing could now be more praiseworthy than their efforts to arouse the courage and alleviate the extraordinary misery of the population. Besides supplying the sick with medicines and ice, as already stated, the finest white bread was daily distributed, to the amount of 1600 francs, equal to £64. This expenditure upon one item per diem continued for upwards of forty days unchanged, and indeed but little diminished at the period at which I write, now the middle of September, may furnish some idea of the sums disbursed. Besides this, broth was provided for the convalescent, and furniture and linen lent to those whose household property, after the death of some member of the family, had been taken away by order of the authorities to undergo the process of fumigation; and in those districts where the pestilence was most deadly, where the squalid and crowded dwellings rival all we hear of the purlieus of St. James, the inhabitants were removed, much to their own dissatisfaction, to healthier quarters, in large convents temporarily ceded for that purpose—not always with the best grace, it must be owned, on the part of their reverend occupants. In one instance, a few old nuns, who were mouldering away in a convent large enough for a barrack, strongly resisted the invitation to transfer themselves, for the time being, to another sisterhood; at last threats of force became necessary to induce them to comply, when, escorted by gendarmes, they were conveyed in close carriages through the town to their new abode—martyrs to the utilitarian spirit of the day!

In measures of cleanliness, the municipality were also indefatigable. Every lane, and portico, and staircase, over which they held any jurisdiction, being forthwith diligently whitewashed; in addition to which, the walls in the principal thoroughfares were covered with manifestoes and addresses, recalling the absentees to a sense of their duties towards their suffering fellow-citizens, exhorting the feeble-hearted, promising to provide for all children rendered orphans by this visitation, and striving to combat the gross and fatal prejudices of the populace.

Those who have only seen the cholera as it is in England, can form no conception of the features it presented here, where, in addition to the infinite number of its victims, the fear which paralysed so vast a proportion of the community, and the besotted ignorance of the lower orders, added to the horrors of the period. It was, indeed, the pestilence that walketh in darkness—a moral darkness, more appalling than the deepest shades of night; the descriptions of the plagues of the middle ages, with their popular commotions and denunciations of poisoners and witchcraft, being renewed almost to the letter.

From its first appearance, the cry was raised by the disaffected to the Piedmontese sway, that the epidemic was the result of an organised plot, a deliberate course taken by the government to spread a poison among the people, which, by diminishing their numbers, would render them less formidable, less capable of revolt. The propagation of the miasma was said to be effected by poisoned rockets, charged with a mephitic preparation, which were let off from the mountain-forts at night, and dropped their fatal contents into the devoted city! I have been gravely assured of this as

a positive fact by natives, whose position as clerks and shopkeepers, implying a certain amount of education and responsibility, ought to have rendered them superior to such absurdities; but the blind hatred to Piedmont, which lurks at the heart of every thorough Genoese, made any attempt to reason with them hopeless. As their only extenuation, it must be stated that rockets were certainly seen at night, at intervals, during the first period of the cholera, sent up, it is supposed, by some of those individuals who love to fish in troubled waters, and calculated, by imposing on public credulity, to commence an insurrectionary or reactionary movement; for, strange to say, the two ultra factions of Kossi and Codini are equally suspected of originating this and similar delusions.

Another view of the question—to which, however, the retrograde party can lay undisputed claim—recognised the cholera as a manifest judgment of Heaven upon the liberal institutions, the freedom of the press, and religious toleration, established since the constitution of 1848; while, above all, the parochial clergy took advantage of the moment to ascribe the evils that had come upon Genoa to the spread of the Valdese heresy, converts to which—or, as it is equally termed, the Italian Reformed Church—within the last twelve months have become exceedingly numerous. For a few days, the clouds of persecution seemed gathering, and the Valdesi were under serious apprehensions for their safety, fearing an onslaught headed by the priests, their natural and implacable enemies. Compelled to claim the protection of the authorities in case of an attack, they received such frank assurances of support as reflected the highest credit upon those representatives of a government which contends with no ordinary difficulties in a spirit of dignified perseverance no less uncommon. After awhile, the threatened storm passed over, and the Valdesi commenced an undertaking of a most creditable nature, at a moment when they were almost destitute of funds, and all appeared dark around them. This was an hospital for the reception of Protestant cholera patients, of whatever nation, which has since prospered in a remarkable degree. The zeal and devotedness of the pastor, and his coadjutor, a Neapolitan refugee, have won applause from those even who were formerly most prejudiced against them; and the courage and unselfish feeling evinced by all those connected with the hospital—the toleration which has led them to draw no narrow distinctions, but to receive all who sought their aid, even to those who were taught to insult and despise them—has told greatly in their favour; so that the Valdesi may indeed be said to have overcome evil with good.

A third, and still more absurd hypothesis, sought to account for the presence of this terrible visitant by attributing it to the malevolence of the physicians, who, wishing to enrich themselves by creating a great number of patients, spread the infection in the town by sprinkling some deadly liquid, which they always carried in small phials, along the streets, whenever they thought themselves unobserved. At the commencement of the epidemic, a respectable man, feeling unwell when he was out, opened a bottle of camphorated spirits he had in his pocket, as a preventive remedy; unfortunately he was noticed, the cry raised of 'A poisoner, a poisoner!' and, set upon by the crowd, he would have been torn to pieces in their mad fury had he not opportunely found refuge in a neighbouring guard-house. In many instances, the doctors were forced to drink the potions they had ordered for the sick, to satisfy their relations that they contained no deleterious ingredients. The slightest demur awakened suspicions; and once or twice nearly proved fatal, as the ignorant wretches proceeded to actual violence, and cruelly beat the unfortunate physicians, who narrowly escaped out of their hands.

In all the surrounding villages where cholera raged

to a fearful extent, sweeping away whole families in the course of a few hours, the same misconceptions and prejudices were prevalent, if possible, to a greater degree. In one rural district, the mayor, or *syndic*, gravely promulgated the opinion, that the germ of the pestilence was a magical compound of *serpents and toads*, enormous quantities of which reptiles had been sent from Turin by the railway to Genoa, and were there prepared *secundum artem*, ready for transmission by rockets, or equally efficacious if thrown into wells or fountains! Very recently, at a village about five miles from town, some English travellers, who had gone thither to sketch, were surrounded by a crowd of peasants, who took umbrage at a small bottle of brandy the party had brought to temper the coldness of the water from the mountain-springs. Although they all tasted it, to allay their suspicions, nothing could remove the people's impression that these strangers were poisoners; and pressing on them with angry words and threats, some even pointing their guns with a menacing gesture—the throng increasing till eighty or ninety were assembled—the ladies were thankful to reach the shelter of a country-house, whose proprietor, seeing their distress, at some personal risk assisted them to enter. Then sending off for the police, he kept the doors closed until their arrival, dispersed the crowd and set the captives at liberty. O ignorance beyond all conception, most brutish and most degraded! Sad contrasts these to that bright transparent sky, whose influence it seems would be to soften and refine; or, rather, a crying shame to those who uphold the non-educational system for the lower orders, and do not blush to recognise its fruits.

Throughout the duration of the epidemic, the poor showed the greatest repugnance to being sent to the hospitals; the very poor especially preferred dying upon a heap of straw, in a cellar in an Augean condition, to going thither, and often never even sent for a medical man. When they did so, they rarely followed his directions, although, with a wise precaution for their own bodily health, the Genoese Esculapians limited their medicaments amongst that sort of patients to chamomile-tea, olive-oil, and syrup of roses. The remedies the people most affectioned were a famous vermifuge, a species of sea-weed; a decoction of ashes called *lessiva*, used for washing linen; or else soot, scraped from their kitchen-chimneys, and mixed with water.

The municipality made every effort to overcome this obstinate rejection of all salutary treatment. By way of an inducement to go to the hospitals, five francs and a new suit of clothes were promised to every patient on his being discharged; and still further to dispel this unhappy prejudice, the king, who came from Turin with his principal ministers, visited them all while the cholera was at its height, inspecting their arrangements, and walking through the sick-wards, addressed *parole di conforto*, as the newspapers expressed it, to some of the sufferers.

These establishments were indeed admirably managed. I went over one through the courtesy of a young Savoyard medical student, who had offered his services in the present emergency, and saw it was most commodious, and liberally conducted. Spacious well-ventilated wards, constant and careful attendance, ice, clean linen, everything the sick could require, furnished in the greatest profusion; above all, the Sisters of Charity, gliding about like ministering angels, superintending the nurses and *infermieri*, themselves giving the medicines, requiring the greatest exactitude, and seeing the physicians' directions minutely carried out. Shrinking from no sight or sound of suffering, familiarised with death in its most repulsive forms, yet never losing that exquisite softness and pitying glance, those gentle modulated tones, which seem their peculiar attribute. Upon the most rude,

the most sceptical, the most debased, these women appear to exercise a heavenly influence; their soft footfall comes soothingly to the sick man's pillow, the rustling of their serge robes is like the fanning of an angel's wing. The very students themselves—gay, reckless, with little care for God or man—are subdued in the presence of the Sisters, and talk of them with a deference in their manner, and indescribable veneration and respect, which speaks volumes in their praise. They pointed out one to me still young, not more than eight-and-twenty perhaps, and beautiful; with large dark gray eyes, that told of having watched and wept; a shade on her calm face, as of sorrows meekly borne, and hopes for ever laid at rest, but serene sympathising, self-devoted, awakening unusual interest in all who beheld her. I was told she was a Piedmontese lady of rank, who, from some ill-starred attachment, had given up the world, and entered the order. My informant knew nothing more; her family name, and every other circumstance connected with her past history, being confided only to the superior.

I was conducted through the wards, and admired the perfect order and cleanliness that prevailed. The coverings upon the beds were of unsullied whiteness, and a fresh palliass and mattress were supplied to every succeeding patient. Above each bed was a small picture of the Madonna, and the words *Olio Santo* written beside it. On inquiring what these referred to, I learned it was to certify that the patient had already received the last consolations of religion, including the olio santo, or extreme unction—these rites being hastily administered as soon as the sick were brought in, to avoid the risk of their dying unshriven and unabsolved. The physicians lamented this practice, as many were so affrighted at being treated as if in the last extremity—few Italians being ever able to contemplate the approach of death with any degree of fortitude—that they gave themselves up for lost, and died from the sheer effects of terror; but, at the same time, they bore ample testimony to the good sense and courage of the *Padri Crociferi*, priests of an order which has always shewn peculiar devotion to the sick, under whose spiritual administration the hospital was placed. They mitigated, as far as was in their power, the shock which their duty obliged them to convey; and might be seen leaning over the beds, exhorting their penitents to take heart, and not to give up all hope of recovery. In two other hospitals where the Capuchin friars gave their aid, equal zeal and fearlessness of exposure were to be witnessed; but in those where the parochial clergy officiated, I heard less consideration for the terrors of the sick—a far more matter-of-fact way of getting through their duties prevailed.

At the hospital which I am describing, four physicians, six Sisters of Charity, six *Padri Crociferi*, two apothecaries, twenty nurses for the female patients, besides a largo number of *infermieri* to attend upon the men, were constantly and arduously employed. The four doctors had their board and lodging found them, and ten francs a day, during the time their services were required. In the height of the disease, they never left the walls, even for a minute, night or day; so rapidly were the sick brought in, so unceasingly was their attendance required. They had not long finished dinner when my friend introduced me, and politely invited us to join them in the *Farmacia*, where they always repaired to take coffee, in company with the Sisters of Charity and the priests. We were, accordingly, accommodated with chairs in the dispensary, in the midst of a stifling atmosphere of ether, ammonia, peppermint, chamomile, and similar medicaments, chiefly used in the treatment of cholera; and presently from opposite doors four or five nuns, with their sweet worn faces, and three or four *crociferi*, with a large red cross upon their black robes, made their appearance. It was the general rendezvous and recreation of the

day. Italians must be Italians after all, whether priests or laymen, sinners or saints, and a little *conversazione* is indispensable. So they sipped their coffee, and talked over the passing events, their most interesting cases, and so forth; the Sisters not speaking much, but assenting in monosyllables, or putting in an occasional remark. As for me, I was taken great care of, and on the recommendation of the chief physician a syrup of rare anti-choleric virtues was prepared by one of the *infermieri*, who, with his sleeves turned up, had just come in from the sick-wards to take a little rest. As a stolen glance revealed to me the manipulation my destined beverage was undergoing, I uneasily recalled the scenes and duties from whence its compounder came; however, it was no time or place for being unnecessarily nice, and I knew my kind entertainers would have been hurt by any display of repugnance, so I drank the potion with a good grace, and departed with a pleasant recollection—if such a term can be applied to aught connected with the circumstances to which it owed its origin—of my visit to the hospital of La Neve. It was an incident in the monotony of those terrible forty days, when every thought or occupation seemed merged in the all-absorbing gloom cast by the presence of the cholera.

The family by whom I had been so cordially received, and whose beautiful place so struck me on my first arrival, had set an example of courage and constancy in remaining at their post which it would have been well if more had imitated. Beneath their roof of an evening, a little circle of intimates still continued to assemble, where kindness and hospitality, more precious than all the gilding and luxury around, shed their genial influence. It was a point of reunion to which everybody looked forward; an oasis in the desert of the dreary daily life, to anticipate spending the evening where such a kindly welcome, such unfeigned solicitude in your welfare, blended with so much refinement, was unvaryingly to be found. And there five or six foreigners and English used to meet, the only real topic of conversation—avoid it, or endeavour to diversify it as you would—being the progress of the cholera, of which every one had some new incident to recount, some fatal case that had come under his own observation to communicate. Even that circle was not spared: one or two of its familiar faces were destined to be seen no more, and the realising thus closely the destroying influence that prevailed, was more impressive than all the outward circumstances of horror that had preceded it. A feverish sort of anxiety always existed to see the daily bulletin, containing the official return of cases and deaths, from which a general calculation might be formed of the real state of things. I say *general* advisedly, because it was currently reported, and has since been confirmed on the authority of several physicians of repute, that from twenty to thirty deaths were daily subtracted from the bills of mortality—a weak expedient to mitigate public uneasiness, since the opposite result of a greatly exaggerated estimate never failed to ensue. Up till the 14th of September, when the cases had diminished to eight or ten a day, the bulletins give a total of 2600 deaths; but to this, competent authorities declare, 1000 more may be added. Taking it, however, a little below that number, and estimating the mortality at 3500, a similar proportion of deaths in London, during a corresponding period—calculating its population at 2,000,000, and that of Genoa, reduced by the flight of one-third of the inhabitants for the time being, at 80,000—would amount to somewhere about 87,000. As for the totality of cases, to the 5000 published, several thousand more may be safely added, it being understood amongst all the medical men, that they should only report those which held out little prospect of recovery. I know one physician who, out of nearly 300 cholera patients, reported only 40 where he foresaw a fatal termination.

Indeed, without much exaggeration, it may be said that every one was more or less ill—cramps, giddiness, extraordinary prostration of strength, and the other so-called premonitory symptoms, were so prevalent, that the only pleasantry these lugubrious times permitted were mutual railleries between friends upon the number of anti-cholera pills or preventive draughts they had respectively swallowed in the course of the day.

Towards the end of August, the state of things began to mend, and confidence seemed gradually returning; the streets became less desolate; the shops were again opened; some of the fugitives took courage to return. Still the general look of the people one sees abroad—their slouching gait, their worn yellow faces—indicate how much bodily or mental suffering they have undergone; and the spirit and joyousness of the scene have passed away—never to resume its former fascination for those who have been impressed by the dark side of the picture, at first sight so fair and so inviting. Well on the whole for them if they can lay the moral to their heart, and remember how soon, after revelling in the beauty, the sunshine, the poetry, succeeded a stern lesson on the realities of life.

HOW CLAY CAN BE TURNED INTO COIN.

We once (pleasant delusion!) thought ourselves pretty well up in the cunning ways of science, and fancied, in common with many others, that after the electric-telegraph, there was not much more to be invented or discovered. But we have been made aware of our mistake, and in a manner at once surprising and wonderful. Though we were not born to silver slippers, we might have walked about in a pair every year of our life, if we had but known as much as we know now. There the precious metal lay before our eyes, but we would not open them wide enough to see it.

What was there in clay that we did not know? The use which certain writers made of it in pointing their morals was not unfamiliar to us; and one among them had given us reason to believe, that even an imperial Caesar, when dead, might turn to clay; while others, of a jovial turn of mind, had made themselves merry on the subject of toppers moistening their clay. We were not ignorant, therefore, of the morality of clay. Then we knew that alum was got out of clay; that alumina, which is only another name for clay, was the most abundant of earthy bases, constituting no small mass in the structure of the globe;—moreover, that Sir Humphry Davy had knocked down the notion of alumina being an elementary substance, and had demonstrated it to be a metallic oxide. All this we knew; but we did not know that clay contained so large an amount of argentiferous metal, as to be one of the most valuable substances in nature, instead of one of the cheapest, and apparently the most worthless.

That it is so has been satisfactorily proved within the past few months by M. Deville, an ingenious Frenchman, who has carried his experiments into the metallic constitution of clay further than ever before. Wöhler, a well-known German chemist, had taken a step beyond Davy, and actually made a lump of clay give up its silver, or aluminium, as the metal was called; but it was only in tiny globules, somewhat resembling seed pearls in appearance. The result was in no way equal to the cost and labour of the experiment; still, a fact was demonstrated. M. Deville, however, produces the metal in such quantities, as to make even grave philosophers hold up their hands in amazement. At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, he laid before the learned assemblage long strips of sheet aluminium, ingots of the same metal, and medals of some inches diameter, which had been struck at the Imperial Mint—all of which had been got out of clay by his newly discovered process.

Such a result must be reckoned among the great facts

of science. Let us see how it is accomplished. In Wöhler's process, chloride of potassium was used. The process of M. Deville is similar, but involves the use of chloride of sodium. The substances having been heated in a porcelain crucible at a high temperature, the alumina is set free, and, to quote the operator's own words, 'there remains a saline mass, with an acid reaction, in the midst of which larger or smaller globules of aluminum are found perfectly pure.'

Proceeding in his description, which we permit ourselves to relieve of some of its technicalities, M. Deville says: 'This metal is as white as silver, and malleable and ductile to the highest degree. We find, however, on working it, that it offers a greater resistance, from which we may suppose its tenacity to approach that of iron. Cold hammering hardens it, but its former condition may be restored by remelting. Its melting point differs but slightly from that of silver; it conducts heat well; and may be exposed to the air without any sensible oxidation.'

We learn further, that aluminum is perfectly unalterable by dry or damp air; it may be handled and carried in the pocket without becoming tarnished, and it remains brilliant where fresh-cut tin or zinc loses its lustre. Neither cold nor boiling water impairs its brightness; even sulphuretted hydrogen, that terrible thickener of plate, finds it altogether insensible; nor does nitric acid, weak or concentrated, act upon it. The only solvent yet known for this apparently indestructible metal is chlorhydric acid, which, by disengaging hydrogen, forms a sesquichloride of aluminum.

Here we let M. Deville speak for himself. 'Any one,' he says, 'will comprehend how a metal white and unalterable as silver, which does not tarnish, which is fusible, malleable, ductile, and tenacious, and which has the singular property of being lighter than glass—how highly serviceable such a metal would become were it possible to obtain it easily. If we consider, moreover, that this metal exists naturally in considerable proportions, that its ore is clay, we can but wish for its being brought into use. I have reason to hope that this will be accomplished, for chloride of aluminum is decomposed with remarkable facility at an elevated temperature by common metals; and a reaction of this nature, which I am now trying to realise on a greater scale than a simple laboratory experiment, will resolve the question in a practical point of view.'

At M. Deville's last appearance before the Academy, in August, in addition to his specimens of aluminum, he shewed one of silicium, which in its texture and lustre had all the appearances of a metal. Here, then, we have another metal added to the list; and who shall now say where discovery will stop? The silicium, he it is understood, is extracted from the aluminium, and exists in it as carbon does in cast iron. It is supposed to be to ordinary silicium what graphite is to coal.

Now, what are we to think of all this? There being no reason to doubt the facts as we have related them, our first impression is, that we are about to witness a revolution which will affect our commerce, our industry, our science, and our domestic economy. It is already known that some clays contain twenty-five per cent. of aluminum. Who, then, shall set a limit to its production? What a change! The chemist will henceforth have a metal out of which to make his pans, crucibles, and capsules; all indestructible, and all cheap. The platinum pans used in certain manufactures cost £1,000 or more. Platinum is exceedingly heavy, aluminum exceedingly light. The latter is, therefore, eminently useful as weights for chemists, who for minute quantities require a weight which shall neither be too small nor liable to rust. How accurate analyses will be when made in unalterable vessels, and tests may be pushed to the very refinement of delicacy! Then in the art culinary. No more tin or copper sauce-pans; no more brass skillets: all our cooking-

utensils will be made of aluminum, from which will ensue a manifest improvement in public health, to say nothing of gratification to our palate. Decidedly, a new era seems to be opening for cooks and confectioners. And where will the 'silver-fork school' be, when the whole nation, from Cornwall to Caithness, is using silver forks? Will any one ever wish he had been born with silver slippers?

We might fill whole pages with notions as to the changes to be brought about in the industrial and decorative arts. In such a climate as ours, to have architectural ornaments, household articles, tools, and fifty other things, that 'won't rust,' will be an incalculable benefit; and who knows whether we may not see glittering roofs on our public buildings and temples without having to journey to the East? Then is silver to be superseded as a medium of exchange?—and shall we have a coinage of aluminum? The occupation of counterfeiters will be gone. Sir John Herschel, Master of the Mint, is already looking into the subject. Then, again, is there no danger of feverish excitement? Shall we not have a whole army of experimentalists setting to work on all sorts of earth? Will clay farms rise in the market? What are we to do for bricks? Will very fat church-yards fetch the highest prices?—and shall we come to bequeath the mortal part of us to our poor relations for the sake of the aluminum it may contain?

Seriously—we believe that most important results will follow M. Deville's discovery; perhaps far beyond what can be predicted at present. It was just as much a problem, perhaps more so, when many of us were boys, to extract soda from sea-water; and now it is produced in thousands of tons. So, who shall say what is impossible in turning clay into metal? We all know that silver 'was not anything accounted of in the days of Solomon;' and whether such an argentiferous abundance is again to be realised, remains to be seen.

SPECTACLES.

He who walks in London, pursuing his route through defiles of dingy bricks, has a fascinating study in the figures that pass him on his way. There is often a history in a face. One thing he will not fail to note—the strange coincidence which gives a character, independent of neighbourhood or weather, to each city ramble. There are days when every one he meets seems comely or interesting: patriarchal old men lead beautiful little girls; romantic foreigners, with their black hair artistically arranged, seem actually clean; nurse-maids, seized with sudden affection for their quiet little charges, kiss them with ardour; laughing children run after one another, shouting at the top of their voices. He sees young girls, all grace—some looking at him not without interest; some glancing their eyes downwards, conscious of interesting him—all pretty.

There are other days when every one he comes upon is hideous: unhealthy children, born of shocking courts and back slums; importunate beggars, hideous and impudent; miserable faces, suggestive of vice and starvation; features, full of ugliness and woe. Wherever he goes, these haunt him. Funerals, with a wretched show of penurious upholstery, beadledom, and badly paid, badly executed sorrow, cross his path. He lights upon accidents, and runs the risk of being entangled in a row, in which a besotted, red-nosed thing, rag-covered and dirt-hidden, plays a conspicuous part.

On some days there is an extraordinary demonstration in our favour. People make room as we pass; every one is strangely polite; we are evidently popular; strangers point the way, as if our inquiries were a personal compliment; and if our toes are trodden on, or we ourselves thrown on the toes of others, the

offending parties seem full of contrition, and respectfully beg our pardon. And there are other days when there seems a general conspiracy against us: we are insulted, snubbed, and snapped at; dogs run between our legs, or yelp as we go by; no one moves out of our way; people run against us, and they growl, or swear at us for being so hard. We are looked down upon contemptuously. Fat old women run bump upon us in the midst of crossings, at the moment when angry cabmen are shouting us out of the way. And all this, too, on sunny days and foggy days alike.

Now, I am much inclined to think, that in spite of the law of coincidences and the state of our digestion, much of this is due to our wearing spectacles. I refer to metaphysical spectacles, which magnify, diminish, colour, or decolorise the objects that float before the mind's eye. Incredible as it may seem, none of us are entirely guiltless of spectacles of one kind or other, for these psychological instruments fall into two classes—the permanent or constitutional, and the dependent or subjective varieties. The permanent are tinted with the shade of the character of the wearer, and are apt to magnify and discolour the acts of men of opposite dispositions, parties, or opinions. They invest things with attributes one-sided, strange, or false. The man of science, who views all things through the medium of his ology or ography; the man of art, by the light of his favourite authorities; the man of argumentative temperament, with the searching glance of his critic eye; the poet, with his dreamy, aerial gaze; the practical man, with his *cui bono*—all these have permanent glasses, more or less optically wrong, and yet all the subject of implicit, unhesitating faith.

The dependent vary with the state of mind of the owner: if he is happy, they make everything seem light and cheerful; if sad, they invest creation with a gray neutral tint; if exceedingly enraged, they seem, like Iceland spar, to have a double refraction, and to distort everything. And so arise misjudgments, false calculations, and inaccuracies of all kinds.

The permanent glass is notoriously common; indeed, it may be said to be universal. It tends to establish that exquisite diversity of character and opinion so conducive to our wellbeing. It becomes a bore, however, at times. Professor Dingo is apt to chip the stones of buildings with his geological hammer. Talk rapturously of the sea to a friend great in chemistry, and he gives a look worthy of Paddaleen, as he says: 'Chloride of sodium; chloride of magnesium; yes, sir, and chloride of ammonium: a vast repository of all the soluble matters of our globe. It is beautiful to think how the great ocean lixiviates our earth. I have myself detected recently sulphate of copper—blue vitriol, you know.' Here our friend raises his eyes with the look dogmatic.

There now comes up a mechanical genius, full of hydraulics, pneumatics, and dynamics. He is talking something about the specific gravity of the vessel yonder; but his conversation will certainly not rank among the imponderables.

The argumentative gentleman interposes: 'Blue, sir; it is not blue; do you call that blue?—it is green.—Rough, sir; excuse me, but it isn't—calm as a lake: what you took for breakers was very likely a flock of wild geese.—Ships, my good sir; surely you are joking: they are only fishing-boats and barges.'

And now the poet is appealed to. 'Sea, ah, beautiful thing!—

Oh, how sweet it is to wander
By the sea-shore, when the night
Has wooed the stars, those eyes of angels;
Gems unutterably bright,
Painting with their golden light
Another heaven on the waters;
Flashing on our startled sight
Eyes brighter than earth's fairest daughters.'

And now comes the practical man. 'Wonderfully cheap and convenient this carriage by water. All very well your poetry, but give me the useful. See how cheap salt is: we get it for a mere nothing out of the sea. Look at our fisheries—our potash and soda manufactories—our iodine. I like to see the sea turned to account. Poetry is all very well for weak minds and sentimental young ladies. I like the practical, the useful—that's all I care about.' The poet, it may be, ponders to himself on the line of demarcation between the useful and the useless. He also wonders whether that which elevates the soul and feelings of the people, is not as important as that which only raises their material condition. He is perplexed, for he, too, has his spectacles, and entertains an indefinite idea of sacrifice when he hears of the transmutation of nature's beautiful works into pounds, shillings, and pence. He views practical men as a set of hedge-clipping, valley-filling, mountain-levelling, forest-clearing, factory-mongers, and forgets that these art-Goths and nature-Vaudals fabricate his comfortable clothes, produce his pleasant dinners, and waft him at his command hundreds of leagues away to spots of loveliness and romance.

To turn from the shadow to the substance, from the symbol to the verity, the mention of the *spectacles* critical will at once bring before our mental vision the optical instrument itself, with a pair of cynical orbs peering behind it; eyes never intended, it would seem, for the purpose of seeing, but pre-eminently adapted for quizzing. Men have long known that a white cravat gives an aspect of benevolence, and, of course, a popular reception among masses, fanatical in their admiration of wealthy liberality—they have long been aware that the optic instrument, which gives its name to this paper, imparts an air of occasional dignity to him who wears it—encircles his brow with an intellectual halo. Their use is not confined to the reviewer, nor, indeed, to the satirist himself. Long ago, Diogenes, the first of cynics, walked this earth, with a lantern to guide him, in the search for an honest man. It was an endless task to such a soul, for his critical spectacles were so awfully powerful, that the world seemed like a demon-land, and its inhabitants monsters. It is not strange that he became in fact what he saw others in imagination; that while he quizzed mankind with spectacles critical, himself became the butt of eternal sarcasm, the classic specimen of the wildest extreme of folly.

There are spectacles of another kind common to every age of life. The babe that smiles in its dear mechanical way when it is pleased, has huge glasses before its pretty laughing blue eyes. It sees them not; we see them not; but could we paint the images that lie upon its budding mind, that float before its tiny imagination, they would be strange unrealities to us beings of stern, veritable life. The old forgotten times, that have a dreamy record in the musty chronicles of history, when giants warred with goblins, or piled mountains to the skies; when every marshy valley was the home of some human reptile or zoophytish monster—those old forgotten times are the pen-and-ink sketches of the world as painted in an infant's eye. Every green leaf is strange and wonderful; every sunny bank, a fairy's home. Undoubted Jacks kill real giants; historic Cinderellas sport slippers of genuine gold—not gilded, nor electro-plated, but massy, gleaming gold; stars are angels' eyes; the moon, a plaything, only far away.

Pupillage succeeds to infancy. The school-boy sports another kind of eye-glass. The world is a huge playground; study, a species of torture; happiness and half-holidays are synonyms. The great optical property of these spectacles is their near-sightedness. I believe a wearer was never known to look beyond the vacation. He is seldom able to see the consequences of neglecting a lesson. Should he be so acute, so far-sighted, as to

foresee punishment, he strives to exhibit counterfeited proficiency, or, it may be, endeavours to administer an excuse with sufficient adroitness. But as to anything beyond—ignorance and its inconveniences—he has not the slightest idea in the world.

A dandy at cricket; a proficient in marble-playing; a graduate in horse-management and dogdom—these are his heroes. He has thoughts of going to sea, and pines for the life of a Crusoe. He is rarely fond of books. His literary acquirements consist principally in the copying of holiday letters, and the perusal of story-books, reflections and moral passages carefully omitted. Above all, he has not the slightest sympathy with the optic incongruities of his next stage: I refer to the romantic era of human life. Now, the romantic spectacles are really, in some respects, very enviable. The bright tinting they cast over nature, unreal though it be, is full of poetry and beauty. I speak of the milder forms, for the imperfections of vision at such a time frequently amount to absolute blindness. The technical term for such cases is, being in love; and really the assumption of romantic spectacles often produces nothing more or less than acute monomania. The wearer is constantly haunted by some form which he denominates 'thee.' Poetry of the very acme of sentimentality is quoted, or often, it may be, misquoted spontaneously. If constant allusions to the moon, and fondness for moonlight under various circumstances, be criteria, these spectacles impart somewhat of lunacy. The figure I mentioned as haunting the wearer, often bears a strong but flattering likeness to some lady of his acquaintance, whose personal charms, however, are strangely distorted, if his descriptions are to be relied upon. Her teeth become pearls, and her eyes are gems; light hair is transmuted into gold; while red hair is said to be auburn. No wonder the poor youth becomes dejected: so strange a metamorphosis of a friend, and that friend a lady, must be very distressing. Fortunately, however, the glasses which cause the mischief are very fragile—the slightest shock will break them; and this is a merciful provision, for their long continuance is said to end in the breaking of a much more important organ—I refer to the heart, which is reported to have become fractured under such circumstances.

To these succeed, often more suddenly, the spectacles of prose-life. The world, which before was one chaos of alpine peaks and alpine chasms, now takes the form of a vast flat, bounded by bills—tailors' bills, butchers' bills, doctors' bills. This plain is haunted by two fierce hurpries—the name of one is Tax-gatherer, the name of the other, Voluntary-contribution Collector. The most singular effect of these prose-life spectacles, is their power of instantly squaring certain numbers: a family of four, for example, will seem to be one of sixteen; a delay of five minutes in the serving of dinner will appear at least five-and-twenty; while the extravagant accounts incurred at the milliner's and silversmith's by the lady we referred to—who, by the by, has now regained her wonted looks, and turned out an angel whatever—seem not only to square, but to cube spontaneously. He looks upon his romantic era as a very silly delusion, and seems heartily ashamed of it. He revels in his morning paper, and has been known to read through the supplementary advertisements with evident relish. He is in a sea of business: to his eyes, it seems hemming him in on all sides. *Respectability* is his motto, and that species of employment which the young call pleasure, his exceeding bane.

Last of all come senile spectacles—the spectacles of old men. As the romantic peer with telescopic gaze into the future, so the aged look back into the past; things were very different when they were young; the world has strangely altered—it is a great deal worse than it used to be; their school-boy lessons, their early labours, their rectitude of conduct, were

colossal. They live in a world of to-day, but it seems like a fresh picture in dissolving views, which morn and is marred by the world of yesterday.

M A R E T I M O.

CHAPTER IV.

EXPIATION OF LOVE.

When Paolo di Falco had related in detail, though with somewhat less of order than we have adopted, the origin of his passion for Angela Belmonte, and the imprudent step by which, chance favouring, he had been enabled to obtain an interview with her, and become convinced that she, too, loved him in secret, he proceeded more rapidly with an account of the incidents that had led him to the position in which Walter Masterton had found him. Lisa, the maid, not only contrived the first time to smuggle out the young lover without his being observed, but brought the two together often in the private garden. What was to come of all this neither she nor they for some time took care to reflect. Paolo and Angela were happy. They met after the warm hour of noon in summer, when others slept, when even the trees drooped their branches and the birds no longer rustled through the leaves, when the insects ceased their hum and the flowers bent towards the earth. Sitting side by side in the hushed arbour, whilst Lisa, instead of watching, dozed under the row of pomegranate trees, they forgot the rugged path of life that was before them, and allowed their feet to grow tender from much rest. The world swept onward in its march—the machinery of empires jangled with mighty clamour—there were shouts of joy, and cries of anguish, in city and in province; but all these sounds died away in imperceptible murmurs on the threshold of the lovers' paradise. They heard nought, save their own fragrant sighs, the low modulation of their own whispers; or if a warning voice, telling them of life's duties and trials, did sometimes speak to them, they complained foolishly of man's hard lot, and thought themselves the most miserable of beings—they whose hands were clasped together, and who could hear the beating of each other's hearts!

One morning, Paolo was wandering on the beach, thinking of one of those delicious meetings to come, when Luigi Spada accosted him, and after some pleasant accusation of neglect since New-year's Day, warned him that Ascanio, by some means or other, had obtained intelligence of their love, though he did not yet know of their interviews. He had been heard to threaten vengeance, and he was the man to keep his word. This intelligence at once assailed Paolo, and enlightened him as to his true position. He might at any time be deprived of the means of seeing Angela; and the jealous thought struck him, that if they were separated suddenly, one so young, so beloved by her father, and so loving, of all who appealed to her impulses, might easily be induced to forget her vows to him—a stranger, who had stolen into her life unawares. He resolved, therefore, that very day to throw himself at her feet, and beseech her to be united to him by a bond which nothing could break—nothing but death. This was the first time, strange to say, that such an idea had occurred to him. Until then, the innocent beauty and somewhat girlish manners of Angela—perhaps, also, a secret unwilling-

ness on her part, the presence of which he had felt, to commit so formal an act of disobedience—and the oppressive consciousness of the deadly feud between the two families—had contributed to lead his mind away from such thoughts. Now, however, he saw that for an honourable man there was no choice between a secret marriage or an entire abandonment of his claim to Angela's affection. That the Marchese Belmonte would relent was, he thought, hopeless; and he could expect nothing but ridicule and contempt if he took any steps to bring about a reconciliation.

Luigi Spada, as much, probably, from the love of mischief, and a desire to displease a great Neapolitan family, as from friendship to Paolo, entered warmly into the idea of a secret marriage; and said that the Padre Tommaso—a true Sicilian—could easily be induced to perform the ceremony, even at some personal risk to himself. The only difficulty was to obtain the consent of Angela. Her love was certain; but, as we have hinted, he had not studied to give it such a direction. He had acquired a mastery rather over her sentiments than her convictions; or, at anyrate, if he had in reality made her whole being vassal to his will, in the fulness of his contentment with the present hour, he had never endeavoured to ascertain the truth. When, therefore, he hastened to that day's rendezvous, it was with many misgivings. He feared that so delicate a child would not dare to face the consequences of her father's anger, the loss of her high position, the vicissitudes of a domestic feud, slight, and perhaps misery.

To his great surprise, when, with much hesitation, he had explained his wishes, and the necessity of what he proposed, Angela said: 'Paolo, I had thought of this before. It is not good for us to remain playing with our happiness like children. When I am yours, I shall be ready to face all misfortune. As it is, we may be torn asunder, and never meet more.'

Then she told of the increasing eagerness of Ascanio's suit, and how of late the young man had seemed to watch her; and how her father used at times to cast upon her a look of grave but vague reproach. What they suspected she knew not; but it seemed quite certain that they had obtained indirect intelligence that her affections had gone astray. Angela had never shewn so much character before.

'I am sensible,' she said, 'that in this matter I am acting against the ordinary rules of the world, which are good rules, but not in all cases. If I had a mother, I would throw myself in her arms, and confess all, and abide by her commands; but my father, though he loves me tenderly in his way, is a stern, harsh man, not much given to take into account the fancies and sentiments of women. He wishes me to marry my cousin Ascanio; and for that purpose will employ any means short of violence. As to you,' she added, smiling half playfully, half sorrowfully at Paolo, 'I know not what he would say to the idea of my marrying you, for it is impossible that the idea should ever enter his head.'

'In this manner it was,' said Paolo di Falco, continuing to relate his story to Walter Masterton, 'that I won the affections of Angela Belmonte, and became her husband; for our marriage took place in a little chapel opening on the private garden, in the broad daylight, not many days after her consent had been obtained. There were present Luigi Spada, Lisa, and Bettina, besides Padre Tommaso; so that there was no lack of witnesses, and it is impossible to deny that the marriage took place. If I had followed my own

impulse, I should immediately afterwards have carried off my bride, and retired to a foreign country; but my friends, who had urged me to the marriage, shrank from its consequences, and advised me to wait, and wait, and trust in fortune. Thus it happened, that one evening after dark, as I was stealing away from an interview with Angela, I found myself, under the garden-wall, face to face with Ascanio. I knew at once that his presence there was not accidental, and prepared to defend my life. I had no weapon, and could trust to nothing but my superior strength. The young man spoke not a word, but after a moment's hesitation, sprang at me. I saw the gleam of a poniard, and heard the sharp stamp which accompanied the thrust aimed at me. By a side-spring I avoided it. We closed—there was a struggle. The knife changed hands more than once; but at length I rose, and my foe remained motionless at my feet. I had some thought of assisting him; but a bright light appeared at the end of the avenue; there were the roll of wheels and the trampling of horses; the governor's carriage, surrounded by servants, was sweeping towards me; so I obeyed the instinct of self-preservation, and hurried away, leaving the body of Ascanio lying among the nettles under the garden-wall.

'The police of Sicily are usually not very active in tracing out the man who has given an unlucky blow; but my secret, as was to have been expected, had been ill kept by so many people. Indeed, as I ran towards my house, I met Luigi, who asked me if I had seen Ascanio. There was no concealment possible. Besides, my rival fortunately recovered from his wounds, and denounced me. Everybody believed I was an assassin, without giving any thought for me on that account. All things, they said, were fair in love; for the whole town, with many marvellous additions, at once got about. I remained in my house, expecting every moment to be arrested. Lisa brought me a message from Angela, exhorting me to fly—the first advice women give in moments of danger. I would not do so alone, feeling convinced if I did we should be parted for ever. The day passed by: the rumour in the town was great. Friends dropped in from all sides with officious warnings or encouragements, reflecting the changing colours of public opinion—some saying that I should be assassinated or condemned to death; others, that I should be recognised as the governor's son-in-law; others, I knew not what. I did not until then know the multitude of my friends. So great was the excitement, that it assumed at once almost the character of a revolt. The day, I am sure, will long be remembered in Messina. Some of the members of secret societies even thought the moment for an outbreak had arrived. Emissaries were sent off into the mountains. Conspirators came and installed themselves in my house without asking permission. There were crowds before the door, and groups all down the street. Some *sbirri* came in the afternoon to arrest me, but prudently surveyed the ground from a distance. We heard the drums beating to quarters. The garrison was got under arms. I might have escaped over and over again; but I felt my innocence, at least, of the crime imputed to me, and did not sufficiently reflect that the *Marchese Belmonte* would revenge both the old affront put upon him and the new, under pretence that I had attempted to murder his nephew, Ascanio. At night, the effervescence of the people calmed down, and a strong company of troops came and occupied the street. I suffered myself to be arrested without resistance, and was hurried to prison, expecting to be brought to trial; but the next evening I was put into a carriage, and carried secretly away, well guarded. They took me first to Palermo, then to Trapani, where I was put on board a boat. On the first day of the month of June last year, I was landed on this island; and from that time to the present have remained here without having

once had the opportunity to communicate with my friends, or to hear news of my wife. Once, indeed, the commandant did hint that efforts were being made to have our marriage declared null; but I firmly believe this could not be done without her consent, which she will never give.'

Paolo paused, drew a long breath, and seemed to occupy his mind in convincing himself that his confidence was well founded. He forgot for awhile his object in seeking that interview.

'My friend,' said Walter, interrupting his reverie, 'time is passing rapidly. Let us talk of something practical. Will Mosca join in any plan of escape?'

'Not without hope of an extravagant reward.'

'But does he not fear that we shall scheme something, being thus left together?'

'He believes it to be impossible to evade the watch set over me without his aid; and, perhaps, he is right.'

'We shall see; but as to a reward, I am rich, according to the idea of this country. You have saved my life: my fortune is at your disposal.'

'He is a strange creature,' said Paolo musing. 'I believe his mind has gone astray in its ambitious wanderings, and that he will die a jailer after meditating flight and treachery all his life.'

'But we may act without him.'

Paolo's look brightened.

'Listen,' said Walter. 'I shall leave this place to-morrow. The commandant will not know I have spoken with you. Appear to forget me. Let a month pass away. It is now the fifth of May. On the fifth of June I will, if the weather be favourable—on that success depends—I will be in a boat off the northern side of the island, at the very place where you rescued me. There must be means of descending from the rocks. Can you contrive to be there an hour or two after sunset?'

'I am well guarded,' replied Paolo, not daring to receive this proposal too joyously at first, but hope glinted in his eye.

'You can escape from your guards and hide.'

'It is possible.'

'Is it certain?'

'It shall be so!' exclaimed Paolo, rising with a determined look. 'On the fifth of June; two hours after sunset; at the end of the point south of where you were wrecked; a boat can run in there: I have seen it done. I may be prevented; but this is the only chance. If I fail—we shall meet in eternity.' He was thinking of Angela. Suddenly he added: 'But in the meantime, there are other things to be done. As soon as they hear of my escape—he spoke of it as already accomplished—they will closely imprison her, and of what use will liberty be then to me? My friend, you must not linger in this neighbourhood. You must go to Messina, and endeavour to obtain speech of her. Perhaps it will be possible to arrange so that we may meet in a foreign land. This is my time for apologies. I ask you to do this. You say you are under obligations to me. I take advantage of them.'

Paolo was much excited, and it was with difficulty that Walter calmed him sufficiently to make him talk reasonably and practically of what was to be done. At length, however, he subsided into almost childlike submission, and listened to the plans explained to him with deep attention. They discussed apparently every possible obstacle and detail; and ample time was afforded them. It was not until near dawn that Mosca came in. He had not intended to allow the interview to be thus prolonged, but had been overcome by sleep. When he told them this, Paolo raised his eyes towards heaven, thanking it for what he deemed a special providence in his favour. Even Walter, more disposed to rely on his own energies, regarded this circumstance as a good omen. Mosca seemed desirous to know what they had been talking about; but abstained from asking, because

he gave them credit for being as cunning as himself. In their place, he would certainly have told anything but the truth.

'Well, gentlemen,' said he, with a hypocritical glance from one to the other, 'the best friends must part, you know. What have you agreed to give me for my risk?'

They had not thought of that matter; but Walter promised that he would send him a handsome present. He smiled, laying little stress on promises; and was convinced that the two friends had contrived some scheme of escape. Their very cheerfulness, moreover, would have told him this. A strange being was that Mosca. He forthwith began to revolve in his mind how best he might thwart their plans. The instinct of the jailer revived within him. Here was promise of excitement—a game of cunning, in which the better man must have the day. Of course, he thought there was no chance of his losing—his, Mosca, who had accustomed himself to the idea that he was the little divinity of that island; that he, miserable wretch that he was, with his white night-cap and perpetual cough, could bind and unbind materially, as he bound and unbound in imagination. A plot in which he was not engaged seemed at once an absurdity and an impertinence.

Walter pressed the hand of Paolo, and felt that it was feverish with excitement. They spoke no more, but exchanged a long farewell glance. The Prisoner walked slowly to the door, turned a moment, looked back—his countenance pallid with emotion, his whole soul beaming through his eyes. Walter answered with a firm encouraging smile; Mosca seemed impatient; and presently the footstep of Paolo di Falco could be heard by the awakened senses of his friend slowly retreating along the corridor. Soon afterwards, a distant door closed, making a strange sound at that silent hour, in spite of precaution; and some drowsy sentinel challenged; but there was no answer.

'Now,' said Walter to himself, 'here is an object for my unoccupied life. That life, which I was idling away, was in jeopardy. This unhappy man, who might have been supposed to be dead to all sympathy, beheld my peril, and saved me, from the generous emotion of his own heart, without prospect of advantage. But it appears that I can at once pay back this immense debt. He is as one dead here; I can restore him to life, and to liberty, and to happiness, if I devote myself to the work. Is there any doubt that I must fulfil all I have promised, and more?'

With the consciousness that he had resolved on what was right, Walter now yielded willingly to the prodigious fatigue which he felt, and which few men besides could have supported with so little outward sign. He fell asleep, and the day was far advanced before he could be roused. First Mosca, and then the commandant himself, came into the room; but it was impossible to awaken him. The Prisoner, before being led out to his usual morning walk, was allowed, as a special favour, to have a look at his sleeping friend.

'He won't report that,' said Signor Girolamo di Georgio, looking infinitely diplomatic.

Mosca shrugged his shoulders imperceptibly, to express contempt. He had little respect for his superior's talents; and wondered to himself how prisoners could be kept at all if it were not for him.

When Walter at last condescended to awake, it was about noon. He dressed, and finding all the doors open, went down to the commandant's room. The dinner was already on the table; and Signor Girolamo was engaged in discussing with himself whether it would be polite to begin. As he had taken his place, and had tucked a napkin under his chin, it is probable that he had decided in the affirmative. He greeted his guest with much cordiality, and was evidently gratified at having a companion. They dined pleasantly together, talking of many matters; and the commandant endeavoured to persuade Walter to remain a day

or two, to enjoy the sport that was to be had in the island.

'I am extremely sensible of your goodness,' said Walter; 'but my affairs will not allow me. I happened to have a little money in my pocket when I was thrown overboard from the poor *Marc Antoine*; but all my letters of credit are lost. I must hasten to Palermo, and put myself in communication with England. Even an Englishman cannot travel without means.'

The commandant then said, appearing, it is true, rather relieved, that he had almost hoped his guest had been completely penniless. It would have afforded him so much pleasure to place his purse at his disposal. They exchanged formal bows; whilst Mosca, who attended at table, was calculating how much of the money which the Englishman had saved belonged by right to him.

After dinner, a rough-looking sailor came up from the hamlet of San Simone, and reported that there was now a fair wind, and that if they started at once, they might reach Trapani by nightfall. This was welcome news; and Walter having no luggage to torment him—a pleasure which almost compensated for the loss—declared that he was quite ready. Some compliments were exchanged. Mosca contrived to obtain a minute's interview to claim a couple of sovereigns, which he received with a contemptuous air. Walter affected to be disappointed that he could not say adieu to the Prisoner. The commandant was really sorry to lose his company. The little garrison turned out on the esplanade, perhaps in order to shew its strength. These were the incidents of Walter's departure. He was soon descending the steep slope towards the hamlet, wondering to behold the sea, which the day before had raged so furiously, now spreading out like a lake, just ruffled by a southern breeze. All was bright and cheerful. The mountainous island of Favignana, on the other side of the strait, rose glittering in the sun; the far-off shores of Sicily showed a sharp outline against the blue sky; and the rugged rocks around, with sprinkles of vegetation here and there, seemed clothed in inexplicable beauty. The people of San Simone, which is but a wretched hamlet, came out to see the stranger, but were not allowed to approach near enough to beg or speak; and presently, assisted by two powerful men, Walter got safely, though well wetted, into a kind of yawl, which they had launched when he was seen coming down the hill.

At this moment he happened to cast his eyes towards a point of rock high up to the right, and there beheld the form of a man standing motionless, and looking in his direction. It was the Prisoner, who had lingered there by permission of his guard. They exchanged no signs; such were not needed; but their hearts communed together. Both were thinking of the fifth day of the month to come; both tried to deceive themselves into believing that they had made due allowance for chance; but both in reality firmly believed that what their wills had resolved must be accomplished. Walter, to whom the action was confided, who had to move, and plan, and undergo fatigue, and whose personal interests were, after all, not engaged, felt perhaps more excitement than his friend; but thirty days seemed nothing to him. Paolo, on the contrary, was calmly anxious; but the appointed hour took up its position in the far distance. It became, as it were, the goal of his life; and he prepared himself patiently for a prodigious interval of suspense. Thus the two men separated rapidly—for a favourable breeze soon wafted the boat away from the shore—perfectly confident of meeting again; but the Englishman, who had so much to do, glanced firmly along what appeared to him a short though rugged path, whilst the other gazed out as over an interminable plain. An inactive past seems nothing; an inactive future seems boundless.

Paolo sat on the point of rock until his strained eyes could no longer discern the boat, as it glided over the glittering waters. Then he turned away pale and downcast; and willingly abridging the hours of liberty accorded him, requested to be led back to his prison. He met the commandant on the esplanade. They exchanged grave bows; but Paolo, according to custom, was about to pass on, when Signor Girolamo stepped up, and speaking very civilly, said that he wished to have a few words in private with him.

They went into the commandant's apartment, and both being seated, and the doors being carefully closed, the following conversation took place:

'Signor di Fazio,' quoth the commandant, 'although it is against the regulations of the prison that I should afford you the pleasures of society, I hope that in all other respects you have nothing to complain of.'

'Since I have been confined here against all law and justice,' replied Paolo firmly, 'I have been treated as well, I suppose, as prisoners usually are.'

'Better,' quoth the other, with rather a piqued air; 'better, because I never forget that you are the son of a person with whom I once had some friendship.'

Paolo bowed coldly, because he felt sure that no indulgence had been conceded to him but what was authorised by the orders originally given. Neither he nor the commandant knew, though the latter probably suspected, that there was a secret agent in the island, — among the soldiers, indeed — who reported to headquarters everything that passed, even the most minute event, in writing.

'However,' proceeded the commandant, 'this is not exactly what I would say to you, although, in the event of your obtaining your liberty, it would of course be satisfactory that we should part friends.'

As this was the first allusion of the kind that had been made to Paolo since he landed on the island, he believed it possible that his liberation had been discussed, and even ordered. An immense gush of joy filled his heart, and he almost fainted.

'It is now more than a year that you have been with us,' said the commandant, after having in vain waited for an exclamation; 'and I have received a communication which it now becomes my duty to read to you.'

'From whom?' cried Paolo; 'from the Marchese Belmonte? Has he repented?'

'The marchese has thought to do in this matter — directly, at least. Your offence was against the laws; and if you were not brought to trial as usual, reasons of state stood in the way. The communication I have in this desk is from no one in particular. It is addressed to you through me, and I have to request your calm attention.'

The commandant then took out a memoir of considerable extent, and read it; but it was so tedious, and the style was, perhaps intentionally, made so confused and vague, that Paolo remained perfectly bewildered. He sat for some time after the conclusion with his face buried in his hands, and then looking up, beheld Signor Girolamo watching him intently.

'Signor,' he exclaimed, feeling suddenly enlightened, 'I think I know what that means, but am not sure. Will you answer me a question? If I sign a paper denying that I was ever married to Angela Belmonte, accusing all who say the contrary of perjury and calumny, and promising to quit the kingdom of the Two Sicilies for ever, will my fortune and my liberty be restored to me?'

'Well,' said the commandant, trying to look humorous, and laying the point of his forefinger upon the memoir, 'if you have understood that from this, it is a great deal more than I have done.'

'But would these conditions be accepted?' persisted Paolo.

'I believe I may say they would.'

'Then,' cried the young man, starting to his feet, 'tell those by whom you are commissioned to make this infamous offer, that sooner than put my hand to such a paper, I would submit to have it hacked from my body; and that, from this time forward, they may know, that not only do I refuse their conditions, but that I will accept my liberty only as a right which every innocent man can claim.'

The unfortunate Prisoner believed so firmly in Walter's successful exertions, that he was resolved to enjoy the luxury of defiance. His presumption, however, was destined to be at once severely checked.

'As I have already observed,' said the commandant with icy coldness, 'I do not see the conditions you have mentioned expressed in this paper; but I have orders, if you prove refractory, to withdraw from you certain little privileges.'

He had no need to finish. Paolo at once understood the tremendous significance of these words. All his pride vanished; and it was in a humble, downcast tone that he interrogated the speaker, saying:

'They will not surely deprive me of the liberty of breathing the free air on this rock?'

'They will,' was the reply.

Paolo felt as if his heart were grasped by a hand of iron and crushed within him. He had no further power of speech, and remained sitting, looking hopelessly at the repelling face of the commandant. Further remonstrance, besides, he knew would be useless; whatever orders had been issued, would be obeyed.

Signor Girolamo tried to say a few words on indifferent subjects, to shew that the interview was at an end; and Paolo, taking the hint, retired. Mosca, who met him in the corridor outside, had a strange look in his face; but he said nothing whilst the two soldiers, who usually conducted the Prisoner to the door of his room, were with him.

They went along the passage some distance, and then instead of ascending, descended.

'This is not the way?' murmured Paolo, feeling a chill like that of death come over him.

No one answered. Mosca descended still, and Paolo, with the soldiers behind him, followed. He at first thought he was about to be cast into a dark dungeon, and felt a momentary relief when he was ushered into a small chamber, nearly bare it is true, but lighted by a barred window, that opened on the moat. The punishment of his obstinacy was deprivation of the glorious view which he could previously enjoy, even when confined to his prison. There was nothing for him now to see but a bit of sky above, a bare wall in front, and a succession of green pools below, where the frogs leaped, and the flies buzzed all day long.

The soldiers retired, and Mosca remained in the cell.

'Signor,' said he, with ill-concealed triumph in his tones, 'what an annoying thing it would be, if you had formed a plan of escape with that mad-brained Englishman, just as you were about to be caged up in this way!'

Paolo was too desperate to be diplomatic. He turned his back on the jailer, and was soon immersed in thought, which brought its share of consolation.

He was sure from this offer that Angela was standing out against the tyranny of her friends; and he was equally sure that his refusal had been taken as a matter of course, and that, whatever projects were entertained, there was no idea of fulfilling them until he had been tortured into submission. Although, therefore, it seemed hopeless to suppose that he could carry out the somewhat too simple plan of escape which he and Walter in their enthusiasm had agreed upon, yet this indirect intelligence from Angela — this assurance so unwillingly conveyed to him — that she was bravely fighting for his honour, and nobly cherishing his love, when it had fully come home to his heart, seemed to fill that narrow cell with perfume and light. A moment

of insatiable happiness was vengeful, and regardless of the presence of Mosca, who watched him intently, he buried his face in his hands, and wept—not tears of despair, as that sordid and narrow-minded spectator thought, but tears of joy and gratitude.

OUR FIRST VISIT TO THE CZAR.

THERE was bustle and excitement on both sides of the Thames on the 10th of May 1553, for on that day three ships, commanded by some whose names figure honourably on the roll of England's naval worthies, dropped down the river from Ratcliffe to Greenwich. Whither were they bound? It could be no ordinary departure that attracted so much attention, made the common people break out into cheers, and drew the court to the windows of the palace to watch the passing vessels. Nor was it. The day, indeed, was a memorable one to many on board. They had—as old Hakluyt tells us in his historical narratives, related with all the vigorous simplicity of the old story-tellers—they had 'saluted their acquaintance, one his wife, another his children, another his kinsfolk, and another his friends, dearer than his kinsfolk,' and now, 'being all apparelled in watchet, or sky-coloured cloth, they rowed amain, and made way with diligence. And being come near to Greenwich, where the court then lay, presently upon the news thereof, the courtiers came running out, and the common people flocked together, standing very thick upon the shore: the privy council, they looked out at the windows of the court, and the rest ran up to the tops of the towers. The ships hereupon discharged their ordnance, and shot off their pieces after the manner of war, and of the sea, insomuch that the tops of the hills sounded therewith, the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners, they shouted in such sort, that the sky rang again with the noise thereof. One stood on the poop of the ship, and by his gesture bade farewell to his friends in the best manner he could. Another walks upon the hatches, another climbs the shrouds, another stands upon the main-yard, and another in the top of the ship. To be short, it was a very triumph, after a sort, in all respects to the beholders.'

Such was a leave-taking in the days of Edward VI., when one-half of the globe was a perfect mystery and marvel to the other, and people were ready to believe in giants, in men with eyes in their breast, in snakes with two heads, Sindbad's roc, or any other monstrosity. They thought it worth while, too, to institute a search from time to time for *Lester John*. No wonder that crowds ran to behold with their own eyes the daring seamen who were going into unknown regions, perhaps to see sights that would fill them with terror or admiration.

The ships here mentioned—of which the largest was not more than 160 tons—comprised the expedition commanded by Sir Hugh Willoughby, whose terrible fate throws a melancholy interest over the early history of northern discovery. He and his crew were the first victims of the grim Frost King—stricken down, as though to warn future explorers from his icy dominions.

The vessels were fitted out by 'certain grave citizens of London,' who, fearing the decay of trade, resolved to attempt a passage to China—or Cathay, as it was then called—by the north-east; and so checkmate the Spaniards and Portuguese, who were at that time pushing their discoveries in the west. They consulted the famous navigator Sebastian Cabot, who drew up a set of advices and instructions, which are as remarkable for their large and liberal views as regards the general conduct of the enterprise, as for shrewd practical common sense in minor particulars. Under such auspices, the ships were 'prepared and furnished out, for the search and discoverie of the northerne

part of the world, to open a way and passage to our men for travails to newe and unknowne kingdomes.' The 'grave citizens' had vitality enough to perpetuate themselves, and still exist as the 'Muscovy Company.'

During the warm months that followed their departure, the adventurers made good progress. Sir Hugh Willoughby got so far to the north, that he struck the western coast of Nova Zembla, and sailed along it for some distance. To him, indeed, belongs the honour of the discovery of that 'desolate' land, for he was the first Englishman, if not the first of any civilised nation, to visit its shores. A gale, which broke out shortly afterwards, separated the ships; in September, Sir Hugh, with two out of the three, took refuge in the mouth of the Wersina, on the coast of Lapland, where he and his crews, seventy persons in all, perished from cold and hunger before the winter was over. Remembering the names of his vessels—*Dona Esperanza* and *Dona Confidentia*—there seems a cruel mockery in his fate. Shall we ever hear of a parallel catastrophe in the case of Sir John Franklin and his 150 unhappy companions?

The third ship, the *Edward Bonaventura*, commanded by Richard Chancellor, had better fortune. After the gale, he sailed to Wardhuus, in Norway—the appointed rendezvous—and waited seven days, when his consorts not arriving, he determined to prosecute the voyage alone. His project was, however, opposed by 'certaine Scottishmen' whom he fell in with, and who used every argument they could think of to dissuade him. Only think of Scotchmen being found in that remote place at such an early period! How did they get there? But Chancellor was not to be dissuaded: 'A man of valour,' he said, 'could not commit a more dishonourable part than for feare of Janes to avoide and shun great attempts. . . . remaining steadfast and immutable in his first resolution, determining either to bring that to pass which was intended, or to die the death.'

Chancellor's courage was shared by his crew: they willingly placed themselves under his guidance whithersoever he should lead, knowing 'his good-will and love towards them;' and so they put to sea. Now, says the old chronicler, they held on their 'course towards that unknown part of the world, and sailed so far, that they came at last to the place where they found no night at all, but a continual light and brightness of the sun shining clearly upon the huge and mightie sea. And, having the benefit of this perpetual light for certaine days, at the length it pleased God to bring them into a certaine great bay, which was of one hundred miles or thereabout over. Whereinto they entered, and somewhat far within cast anchor; and looking every way about them, it happened that they espied afar off a certaine fisher-bont, which Master Chancellor, accompanied with a few of his men, went towards to commune with the fishermen that were in it, and to know of them what country it was, and what people, and of what manner of living they were. But they being amazed with the strange greatness of his ship, began presently to avoide and to flee; but he still following, at last overtook them, and being come to them, they (being in great fear, as men half dead) prostrated themselves before him, offering to kiss his feet. But he, according to his great and singular courtesie, looked pleasantly upon them, comforting them by signs and gestures; refusing those duties and reverences of theirs, and taking them up in all loving sort from the ground. And it is strange to consider how much favour afterwards in that place this humanitie of his did purchase to himself. For they being dismissed, spread by and by a report abroad of the arrival of a strange nation, of a singular gentleness and courtesie; whereupon the common people came together, offering to these new-come guests victuals

freely, and not refusing to traffic with them, except they had been bound by a certain religious use and custom not to buy any foreign commodities, without the knowledge and consent of the king.'

The 'great bay' into which Chancellor sailed, is now known as the White Sea, though for some time after its discovery it was called the Bay of St Nicholas. Here our countrymen soon learned that they were in 'Russia, or Moscovie,' of which land Ivan Vasilwitsch was emperor, or, as we now say, czar. The ship was anchored in the western mouth of the Dwina, and the governor of the place sent plentiful supplies of provisions on board, and shewed much good-will to the strangers, but refused to trade with them until he knew the pleasure of his sovereign. The news of their arrival, we are told, was 'very welcome' to Ivan; 'inasmuch, that voluntarily he invited them to come to his court,' promising to defray the expenses of the journey, and gave full liberty to his subjects to trade with the foreigners. His messenger having by some mishap gone astray, Chancellor suspected the governor of making vain excuses for delay, and at last set off on the journey of 1500 miles to Moscow, to visit the monarch whether or no. He had travelled some distance when he met the royal messenger, who had lost his way, and Ivan's letters at once removed all difficulties. So eager were the Muscovites to obey their ruler's orders, that for all the rigour of the journey 'they began to quarrel, yea, and to fight also, in striving and contending which of them should put their post-horses to the sled.' In consequence of which, Chancellor and his companions arrived speedily and safely at Moscow.

A favourable reception awaited them; and after ten or twelve days spent in rest, and in viewing the city, they had audience of the Emperor. 'Being come into the chamber of presence,' says the narrator of the interview, 'our men began to wonder at the majesty of the emperor; his seat was aloft on a very royal throne, having on his head a diadem or crown of gold, appurvelled with a robe all of goldsmith's work, and in his hand he held a sceptre, garnished and beset with precious stones; and besides all other notes and appearances of honour there was a majesty in his countenance proportionable with the excellencie of his estate.' The great officers of state stood round about, they and the whole apartment glittering with gold and jewels; but Chancellor, 'being therewithall nothing dismayed, saluted' and presented the letters from King Edward. These were read; and then, after some brief conversation, the Englishmen were invited to dine with his majesty, which they did two hours later, in the 'golden court;' and saw such prodigious numbers of gold and silver goblets, casks, dishes, and other vessels, and such a multitude of attendants, as filled them with amazement, and, doubtless, made them well content at being the first to open a trade with so rich a country.

The result of the interview was, that Ivan sent his visitors away with a letter in reply to those which he had received, declaring he had in all amity ordered, that wherever Sir Hugh Willoughby and the missing crews might be found, every attention should be paid to them; that if an envoy were sent to treat on the matter, English ships and vessels should have free mart, with all free liberties through my whole dominions, with all kinds of wares, to come and go at their pleasure, without any let, damage, or impediment. With this missive, which bore the great seal, Chancellor returned to England, and thus commenced the British trade with Russia.

The 'grave citizens' were not slow to follow up their advantage; and while ships were sent out for the exchange of commodities, others were especially employed in farther discoveries in the same region, for, above all, they hoped to find the passage to China. Succeeding explorers traced the extent of the White

Sea; and sailing through the narrow strait which separates Waigatz Island from the main, discovered the Sea of Kara, and made persevering efforts to reach the mouth of the Ob. To the English and the Dutch, the Russians are more indebted for these early discoveries than to themselves. For a century or two the White Sea was the only way by which they could communicate with the rest of the world by water.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

THE dullest month of the whole season has just passed away. Always dreary and unsociable, the dead season in London has this year been more than ordinarily gloomy and depressing. The fine genial weather of itself allured from town almost everybody not absolutely compelled to stay: the fear of cholera drove away the remainder. Never, in modern days, was London so deserted. The traffic, even in the principal thoroughfares, underwent visible diminution. Even the omnibuses felt the influence of the general gloom, and went about empty and uncared for by everybody, except those cheerful-looking people who, with carpet-bag, portmanteau, and *Bradshaw* in hand, were intent upon reaching some railway station or steam-hoat wharf, and leaving far behind the huge slumbering and smoky city.

As to books—unless vilely printed on bad paper, bound in flimsy glaring colours, and sold for a shilling—they have found no readers lately; but when thus produced, have been extensively purchased and perused. The public taste just now for shilling-books is in some respects a strange one. That good books—books that have endured the test of criticism and of time—should be in high favour at such a low price, is natural enough. But to judge by the flimsy and worthless productions which are at present so eagerly purchased, it would seem as if the contents of a book were of no consideration, so that the price did not exceed the now popular amount of one shilling. All works seem alike to the publishers of these cheap editions. Old novels, that ought to have been allowed to remain quietly in the grave of forgetfulness, into which they had long fallen, are hurriedly disinterred, and arrayed in gaudy attractive covering, intended to give an appearance of vitality to the lifeless form it covers. Books, in fact, that were never considered worth reading before now, seem suddenly to have become possessed of wonderful merit, which had hitherto been hid. From time to time, an attempt is made to get up an excitement in favour of some new book, generally of American origin—*The Turncock*, *The Open Open Sea*, or some such title—which, we are assured by preliminary puffs, will create as great a sensation as the famous work of Mrs Stowe. Recently, a number of so-called comic books have made their appearance, and although containing much less matter than the ordinary reprints, are extensively purchased. The comicality of these books, however, like the attractions of a show at a fair, generally seem to be confined to the outside. The cover is the most humorous portion of them.

Much as the shilling-books are read, there is another form of literature which is read still more, and that is the literature of the newspaper press. The public mind is absorbed in the great question of the day. All other questions are comparatively disregarded. Even news of the latest date, and of the most interesting description, unless from the seat of war, finds few readers. Everybody is thinking about 'great victories in the Crimea,' and 'the fall of Sebastopol;' and while these topics continue to engross so much attention, and to form such inexhaustible themes for speculation and comment, there is little chance of less exciting subjects obtaining more than partial recognition.

The dead season of literature is, however, now fairly passed; and though, perhaps, the note of preparation is not quite so loud as on previous occasions, we have evidence that authors and publishers have not been altogether idle. Among new books published, or about to be published, may be mentioned a work, entitled *Thirty Years of Foreign Policy; or, a History of the Secretaryships of the Earl of Aberdeen and Viscount Palmerston*. By the author of the *Memoirs of Mr Disraeli*; which, if it be written in the trenchant style of the writer's previous work, will no doubt prove very interesting, if not instructive. Then we have in preparation a *Memoir of James Montgomery; The Literary Life and Correspondence of Lady Blessington*, which ought to be a readable book; and a *History of Turkey*, from the journals and correspondence of Sir James Porter, fifteen years ambassador at Constantinople, with a memoir by his grandson Sir George Larpent.

The works of Alexander Smith, whose *Life Drama* attracted so much attention a short time since, have found favour with the critics across the Channel. His name has recently been noticed at some length in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Extracts from his poems are given in French prose, but as the translator, who not appear to be very masterly, French reads it bears not have the best means of judging of the value of his merits. Alexander Smith is said to be at work upon a new poem, which is expected to appear in the course of a few months.

Another illustration of the worse than useless effect of a state censorship of literature has recently been exhibited at Florence, where a work upon the horrible and revolting subject of the Cenci family, having been prohibited by the authorities, has become so popular that it surreptitiously circulates everywhere. The work is by Gherazzi, the patriot protector and dictator of 1848, but now an exile. It is said to be another addition to that class of literature which is known as *l'écrit satanique*. So great has been the sensation it has created in Florence, that we are threatened with an English translation, now reported to be preparing in London. Such a work would be a suitable companion to some of the shilling reprints which are at present in such high favour.

While upon the subject of reprints, special and honourable mention ought to be made of Mr Hepworth Dixon's *Life of John Howard*, an edition of which has just been issued at a price that will place the work within the reach of the humblest. Mr Dixon's work not only shows great and laborious research, but a spirit in harmony with the subject is visible throughout. To this, the fourth edition, many additions have been made, and a new preface which it contains adds to the interest of the whole. In this preface Mr Dixon relates some of his early experiences in literature. After having written the *Life of John Howard*, he looked about for a publisher. But his name was unknown, and no publisher was willing to take the work. One said the subject was too old, another that it was too new; and so on, until, worn out and dispirited, he offered to give the book away. Fortunately, as it proved, this offer was declined; and shortly afterwards a publisher was found who was willing to take the book in hand. In a year afterwards, it had reached a third edition!

The *Life of Lord Metcalfe** is a work that forcibly claims attention. Charles Metcalfe was born at Calcutta in 1785. He received his education in England at Eton, and at a fitting age went out to India with a writership. In 1801, he obtained his first appointment, and thus may be said to have commenced a career which, although not very brilliant or exciting, led

him on, step by step, until he obtained a seat in the council, and a salary of £10,000 a year. During the interval between the resignation of Lord William Bentinck and the appointment of Lord Auckland as his successor to the governor-generalship of India, Mr Metcalfe filled provisionally the vacant post. Afterwards, having succeeded to a baronetcy by the death of his brother, he returned to England, expecting, no doubt, to spend the remainder of his days free from official cares; but in 1839 he was offered the governorship of Jamaica, and he accepted the appointment. The state of the island was far from satisfactory; but by the wisdom and moderation of his administration, he succeeded to a great extent in reconciling opposing factions, and in improving the condition of the territory he had been called upon to govern. Returning to England after two years' rule, he was again called into active employment, and in 1843 went to the East as plenipotentiary to grapple with the progress; himself cold, obstinate, distrustful, and without compassion, without elevation of soul, as manifested, the persons around him.

In the time of Alexander, during the war with France, when so many Germans and Frenchmen and his Russian service, from hatred of Napoleon's representation in Russia the lever for the peerage, and returned to England. He never, however, took his seat in the House of Lords. An illness, from which he had for some time suffered, increased with his increasing years, and in 1846 terminated his life. Mr Kaye's book, although occasionally heavy reading, is carefully written and industriously compiled. It is, on the whole, a good history of a man who owed his success not so much to striking ability or great genius, as to laborious industry and steadfast perseverance. As such, it will be a welcome addition to our biographical stores.

THE STUDIO.

The British Association, which this year held its pleasant annual gathering in Liverpool, has not been altogether devoted to learned lectures, agreeable excursions, or business meetings. Some of its members held a meeting of another kind, and with a different object. A monument to Sir Isaac Newton has long been determined on, and it seems that £1200 has been subscribed. The committee, in the expectation that additional sums would be received, delayed active operations, and waited for the increased amount that it was hoped would be obtained. It has now, however, been determined to commence the monument at once. A piece of ground at Grautham, where Newton was educated, and near to which he was born, has been offered by the town-council of the place, and the committee have resolved to accept the offer, and to erect the memorial upon that spot. The sum already subscribed is believed to be sufficient for the purpose; but as additional subscriptions are expected, it is supposed that a surplus will remain after all expenses are paid. This surplus the committee have resolved shall be appropriated to the promotion of scientific purposes. More success will attend the originators of this memorial than is usually the case, if they find themselves with a surplus in hand after all the accounts are closed.

There has been another meeting at Liverpool, and for a somewhat similar object. It has been felt that as St George's Hall, just inaugurated, is a building which the great seaport town may well be proud of, some testimonial to Mr Elmes the architect would be an appropriate recognition of his genius in designing such a noble edifice. A subscription has, accordingly, been commenced, the mayor heading it, and a considerable sum has been collected. Mr Elmes is dead, and is said to have left a widow and family by no means

* The Life and Correspondence of Charles Lord Metcalfe. From Unpublished Letters and Journals preserved by Himself, his Family, and his Friends. By J. W. Kaye. 2 vols. Bentley.

well provided for. If such be the fact, the testimonial certainly should not be represented by marble or bronze. Surely here is a case where the best way to honour the dead would be to succour the living. When that is done, it will be time, perhaps, to think of another kind of monument. At present there appears to be only one course open to the committee, and that, doubtless, they will not fail to take.

It seems that the demand for pseudo Raphaels, Correggios, and Titians, manufactured in London garrets, and sold to unsuspecting purchasers as 'genuine originals,' has been for some time on the decrease. The branch of British industry which produces these pictures having evidently fallen into disrepute, the dealers in it have taken up another branch of the same business. Instead of the 'old masters' being their staple commodity, our own living artists are their principal stock-in-trade. Imitations of the modern school are very to his subjects to 'frags' and 'mury' defects. His messenger having by some means, Chantrey suspected the governor's sale of 'vain excuses for delay, and at last set off on recent journey of 1500 miles to Moscow, to visit the court, whether or no. He had travelled some distance when he met the royal messenger, who had left artist, and Ivan's letters at once removed all difficulties. The Muscovites to obey their orders, that for all the rage of the 'Royal Academy, only to find in each case that the picture had been already disposed of. Such has also been the case at all the other exhibitions. It is calculated that £150,000 has been paid for pictures exhibited during the last season. Purchasers would do well, therefore, to be on their guard when modern pictures are offered them at very low rates.

Scarcely a week passes that we do not receive some strange news of the doings of our American sisters. One time we hear of a lady-physician practising, and in high repute; another time, it is a Bloomer pedestrian engaging to walk a certain number of miles in a certain number of hours. The last intelligence of the kind that has reached us, has reference to a young American sculptress who is residing at Florence. This lady, who is only twenty-two years of age, has already distinguished herself by executing several admirable busts. She is now at work modelling an ideal statue, in which occupation she will be engaged during the greater part of the winter. She has taken a villa, and labours unceasingly, moulding in clay or drawing designs. Miss Hosmer—such is her name—seems to be entirely devoted to her art. She rises very early, bestows little attention upon her toilet, and after working until she is tired, goes out alone upon horseback. She performed the journey from Rome to Florence in this manner recently. She is said to give every promise of becoming famous as a sculptress.

A monument to Chantrey the sculptor has just been erected at his birthplace, Norton Green, near Sheffield. The monument consists of an obelisk of gray granite, twenty-two feet high, and is from the design of Mr Philip Hardwich, R.A. It bears the simple inscription: CHANTREY. Apart from his great and original merit as a sculptor, Chantrey well deserved such a testimonial as that which has just been erected to his memory. With no aid but his own genius, he succeeded in elevating himself from the position of a milk-boy to one of wealth and reputation. How he struggled to accomplish this is well known. Nothing but the most ardent love for his art could have sustained him against the difficulties he had so long to contend with. For eight years he laboured manfully, without making £5 by his labour. At last, however, a change came. He executed a plaster model of Horne Tooke; and commissions to the amount of £12,000 shortly afterwards were given to him. In very brief time, he was

compelled to raise his price for a bust from 80 guineas to 200! What a proof we have in these facts, that true genius, if it be only faithful to itself, will ultimately force its way, despite of every discouragement and obstacle! Chantrey doubly earned the honour which is now bestowed upon him.

Another monument, which has been for some time talked about, is, it is said, at length to be erected. The monument is to Dr Jenner, the originator of vaccination, and is to consist of a colossal bronze statue. The subscription-list numbers many contributors, foremost among whom is Prince Albert for £25. Mr W. C. Marshall, R.A., is to be the sculptor. In conclusion, I have only to add, that Sir Ed. in Landseer has been commissioned to paint a portrait of the Duke of Devonshire; and that the speech of Sir Archibald Alison, respecting Baron Marchetti, at the recent inauguration of the statue of the Queen at Glasgow, has not given much pleasure in artistic circles. Notwithstanding that the historian of Europe declares Marchetti to be 'one of a million,' several British deserters are believed, in many quarters, to be quite as good as him, if not superior.

THE POET'S GRAVE.
WRITTEN FOR A GALLIC AIR.

We fain would know the hallowed spot,
Where that true heart has found its rest;
We fain would know the varied lot
Which from that heart such utterance pressed.
Vain is the wish! Time's ruthless wave
Has worn away the Minstrel's grave.

His place on earth no man can tell;
His very name has passed away;
The land and race he loved so well
No tribute to his worth can pay—
Save that from kindred spirits wrung,
Which feel as he has felt and sung.

But though no outward trace remains
To mark his fate, his nobler part
Shall live in his immortal strains—
Those strains which each responsive heart
Will kindling seize, and glad prolong,
In his own dear-loved land of song.

Sweet be thy sleep! Where'er thy dust
Is laid, in earth, or ocean's cave
Thy soul is now in peace, we trust.
A nation's heart shall be thy guest,
Thy nameless spells o'er us cast,
Thy work remains, thy tolls past.

LONDON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

London was then only winter-quarters, and at the end of which we are speaking, when it went out of town, which it did in May, and returned in October—the fashionable world at first resorted to Islington, 'to drink waters,' to Hampstead or to Chelsea. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, repeatedly alludes to 'Addison's country-house at Chelsea,' and on taking lodgings there himself, talks of the beautiful scent of the new-made hay around, and says he gets quite sunburnt in his journeys to and fro; and whenever he stays late in London, he congratulates himself on having no money, so that he cannot be robbed on his way home. That this was no burlesque, the following confirmatory extracts will shew:—'Many persons arrived in town from their country-houses in Marybone.'—*Daily Journal*, Oct. 15, 1728. 'The Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole comes to town this day from Chelsea.'—*Ibid.*—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*.

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RUSSIA AND THE CZAR.*

RUSSIAN society—that is to say, aristocratic society—on the surface resembles the society of other European countries, but on the whole it differs from it. It has two centres—St Petersburg and Moscow. In St Petersburg it is the court, or rather Nicholas himself, who fashions society according to his desires. It bears entirely the official stamp; preponderance is given to the officers, and to the high officials of the state. Dance, feasts, music, and the ballet, occupy the attention; politics and science are excluded from fashionable life. Times have changed since the epoch of Catherine, who liked to be praised by Voltaire and the French Encyclopædists as a protectress of literature; they differ also from the epoch of Alexander, who delighted in the mystical dreams and sentimental philanthropy of Madame Krudener. Both sovereigns allowed to science some liberty; and Derzhavin the poet, and Karamzin the historian, could, with the full approbation of the court, publish such compositions as now might be visited by banishment to the Caucasus. It is true, towards the end of their reign, both Catherine and Alexander became more cautious, and drew the fetters of censorship tighter; yet their reign, as compared with that of Nicholas, was a reign of liberty. In the eyes of the present czar, science and literature are too dangerous tools for despotism—a two-edged sword, which he does not like to wield, though he often becomes furious that the attacks on Russia cannot be met by the official press; authors in a readable shape. Jealous of his power, he hates and fears any of his subjects whose name becomes known without the permission of his government. The fame of generals throws an additional splendour on the czar, who has selected them for the command of his armies. He can unmake them, by putting them into some obscure corner of his empire. But an author may become popular without the emperor's leave; and though he sends him to Siberia, as he did with Bestuzhev, or to the Caucasus, as happened to Lermontoff, their thoughts cannot be banished, their exile does but enhance the excitement of the public, and the desire to read their productions. The czar, with all his unlimited power, cannot create talents, nor can he destroy their results. Still, Nicholas attempts to put down the spirit of independent Russian authors, by withholding from literature the imperial approbation; it is not fashionable in St Petersburg to become an author.

* This article, which cannot fail to be read with much interest at the present moment, has been contributed by a foreigner of historic celebrity.—Ed.

Nicholas is surrounded by mediocrity; by generals whose greatest ambition is to be severe disciplinarians; by pliant German functionaries from the Baltic provinces; by servile conservative Russians, enemies of all progress; himself cold, obstinate, distrustful, without compassion, without elevation of soul, as mediocre as the persons around him.

In the time of Alexander, during the war with France, when so many Germans and French entered the Russian service, from hatred of Napoleon and in the hope of finding in Russia the lever for raising European liberty and independence from under the yoke of oppression, the army was surrounded by a halo of universal respect, as the refuge of European liberty. The officers were the soul of Russian aristocratic society; they represented not only the gallantry, but likewise all that was liberal in the empire. But from the time of the accession of Nicholas to the throne, and of the military conspiracy of 1826, the army has been purged of all the elements of independence. The czar gives a marked preference to the officers over the civilians; but he has introduced a coarse tone into the army—drilling seemed to be its only aim. Under Alexander, the troops were machines; but the officers felt themselves patriots, and were proud to be the most enlightened and progressive part of society. Now, they have become lifeless machines, servile ministers of the czar, without any sentiment of their own dignity. During a reign of twenty-seven years, the jealousy of Nicholas has, in St Petersburg, killed every feeling of independence: his government officials are his clerks, his officers of the army his drill-sergeants.

Moscow presents in every respect a different picture. Functionarism could not get ascendancy in the society of the old heart of the empire. The dress-coat prevails here over the regimentals; still the civilian government-officer is only exceptionally admitted to society. Moscow is the seat of the old aristocracy of the empire, and society here consists principally of independent rich landowners, who do not covet government offices, but occupy themselves with the administration of their estates, and with science and literature, without requiring anything from the czar, save to be left alone. It is entirely the reverse of the nobility of St Petersburg, which is attached to the court and to public service, devoured by servile ambition, expecting all from government only, and living upon it. Not to demand anything, to remain independent, and avoid public office, is in despotic countries a sign of opposition; and the czar is angry with those idlers who spend their winter in Moscow, and remain for the remainder of the year on their estates, reading all that is published in Western Europe. To possess a library,

belongs now to the necessities of the Russian country gentleman; and to have a secret cabinet filled with prohibited books, is the pitch of fashion.

Thus St Petersburg and Moscow are the two opposite poles of Russian society, representing the Court and the Opposition; yet in such a despotic country as Russia, the personal tastes and inclinations of the monarch have so great an influence, that even the life of Moscow is in a great degree controlled by his supreme will. The rich Moscovite prince may dare to despise government offices, after he has in his youth served for a few years in the army or in the bureau, one or other of which is necessary to maintain his nobility; he may live far from the court, retired upon his estates, enjoying in secret the forbidden books he gets by the smuggler; yet he cannot but be sometimes reminded, that he lives under the sway of the despotic czar, who does not forget those silent opponents of his authority. Not that he would banish them: such punishment is reserved for those who talk of politics, not for those who look apathetically on the doings of government; but he sends them word, that he expects them to do something for the progress of the country; to build a cotton-mill, and to employ their serfs in manufactories; or to raise wine on the hills of the Crimea, and on the banks of the Don; or to have mines in the Ural worked. The czar does not expect that they should make money by such speculations; on the contrary, he is well aware that the mill and the vineyard will remain heavy incumbrances on the income of the persons to whose patriotism he has appealed, and that the gold dug out in the Ural may perhaps cost twenty-five shillings the sovereign. But the glory of the country is to be raised in such ways; and the Manchester manufacturer, who finds one wing of the baronial castle turned into a workshop, is delighted to see the mighty aristocracy of Russia paying tribute to industry. And, in fact, it is a tribute which the aristocracy residing around Moscow willingly pays to the whim of the czar, in order to be allowed to remain undisturbed. However, the immense power of the czar, which changes the aspect of society in every new reign, has largely affected the mind of the Russian. Peter I. gave the first coat of varnish to the original barbarism of Russian aristocracy; he drilled them into soldiers, shipwrights, sailors, courtiers, and chamberlains. They had to accept German and French manners, but he did not educate them. Gluttony and luxury of every kind remained the inherent vices of the people. Under his successors—nearly all of them females, for most of the males soon died the natural death of czars—the scandalous conduct of the court demoralised society, though German and French forms were in turn adopted, and rigorously enforced. Russia was again, under Catherine II., ruled by an imperial mind; like Peter, she aimed continually at the aggrandisement of the empire. She was in correspondence with Voltaire, and protected science and literature; she gave the second and more brilliant varnish to Russian society, which, by her licentious example, was encouraged in debauchery. The madness of her son Paul, more fit for a drill-sergeant than for an emperor, again aroused the original rudeness of the Russians. But soon after his death, his successor, Alexander, did all he could to assimilate his aristocracy to the western civilised nations. In opposition to Napoleonic France, Russia became liberal; and the

French and German emigrants instructed the Russians in good-manners and the elegances of life. Still, all their efforts acted only upon the surface. Napoleon knew it, and remarked, therefore, justly: 'Gratiez le Russe, et vous verrez le Tartare.' Western civilisation is in Russia only the varnish of the original savage. Yet Alexander's mystical and half-liberal turn of mind had, in his long reign, a smoothing influence on the character of the Russian aristocracy, which, during the wars with Napoleon, had seen more of Europe in fifteen years than before in a century. Foreign literature proved to be fertilising; it roused the native energies, and a national literature began to develop itself. At this time Russians began to read Russian books, and no longer only French and German; they began to wean themselves from foreign influences; they dared to think for themselves; they grew warm in their sympathy for struggling Greece. A crisis was impending, when Alexander died. The spirit of the higher classes and of the army was in a state of fermentation; but the outbreak of December 26, 1825, which was to destroy the omnipotence of the czar, was quenched by the energy and personal courage of Czar Nicholas. The conspirators and rioters were shot down with grape, and the tottering imperial throne was founded more firmly in the midst of a pool of blood; the flower of Russian aristocracy, the most generous hearts in the army, were executed, or sent to the mines of Siberia. The aspect of society suddenly changed; the French doctrinaire liberalism, and the visionary German mysticism of the time of Alexander, had to disappear: Nicholas is a matter-of-fact man, and despises speculation. Generous aspirations became dangerous; materialism, pedantry, discipline, were the watchwords for the new reign. Czar Nicholas transforms the organisation of government into barracks and offices. He fears the influence of Western ideas, and throws difficulties into the easy intercommunication with foreign countries: to get a passport is now become a labour, whilst, formerly, travelling in Europe was encouraged; nor are foreigners any longer admitted into the empire, unless they are merchants, or above all suspicion. But, on the other side, he endeavours to arouse a national exclusive spirit, which may in future isolate Russia, and keep it back from the ways of Western Europe: the ladies at court must wear the Russian costume; moreover, the Russian language, which since Peter I. has been excluded from society, becomes again fashionable by command of the czar. Peter I. worked for years to make the Russians Europeans, and his successors followed his example for a whole century; Nicholas now works to separate them from the West, and once more to arouse their nationality. He has succeeded, perhaps, beyond his expectation: the original Russian nature has been roused; and the present crisis is but the necessary consequence of the revival of narrow-minded bigotry and savage combativeness. Russia is 'holy,' and Europe is wicked. A few epigrams of Lérmantoff describe this reaction and its consequences very strikingly:

No traitor to my native land,
Nor of my sires unworthy am I;
In that, unlike to you, to limp
On home-made crutches, likes me not.

For that I blush their deeds to see,
Nor music hear in clanking chains,
Nor glittering arms think beautiful;
No patriot am I, they say!

Since not of the ancient mould I am,
Since backward I decline to go,
I (in their view) ill understand
My country, and disparage it.

Haply they're right; the devil appreciates it;
For here, who go but backwards, most advance,
And earlier far they at the goal arrive
Than I, who onward ever took my way.
With eyes God blessed me, and with feet; but when
I, venturesome, commenced with feet to walk,
With eyes to see, the prison was my doom.
God gave to me a tongue; but I began
To speak, and had to rue. How strange a land!
The wise man, here, only to be a fool
Uses his mind, and wants his tongue for silence.

Lermontoff had sufficient reason for his epigrams. When the untimely death of the great poet Pushkin by the pistol of Dantès d'Hœckeren, suddenly aroused the poetical genius of the young man—who up to that time had lived a life of pleasure in St Petersburg, and his indignation dictated to him some beautiful stanzas addressed to the czar, claiming justice and revenge—he in three days had become a celebrated and reputed man. His stanzas were spread, in manuscript, all over the capital; they had, indeed, reached the czar; but in the same hour, the imperial order reached the young poet, which banished him to the Caucasus, on account of his boldness and sudden popularity. The czar does not allow any one to censure his conduct, even in the form of loyalty, or of hope for the future. His person is sacred; and, like the idols of old, not to be approached but behind a cloud of incense. Nicholas is, in this respect, just as exacting as his father was, who, when the French ambassador mentioned a Russian scholar, calling him eminent in science, Czar Paul seemed offended, and replied, that in Russia no man is eminent unless the emperor allows it.

The jealousy of Nicholas is not less striking; not even his favourites can dare to express the slightest doubt of his infallibility. Prince Woronzoff, whom the czar honoured with personal friendship, had to experience the disgrace of his master, in consequence of a curious incident at the camp at Woznosensk. An army of 60,000 men was assembled there, and the sham-fights had, indeed, the dimensions of actual war. The czar, who believes himself to be a first-rate strategist and a great general, made all the plans for the general action, which was to close the performances. He took the command of half the army, and gave the other half to Prince Woronzoff, so as to represent the enemy. The battle had begun in the morning; and after a series of most skilful manoeuvres, the czar was to out-general the enemy on all the points, and in the evening to capture Woznosensk, supposed to be the centre and stronghold of the enemy. All the exercises were executed in the most masterly way, according to the plan of the czar; but on the paper he had forgotten one brigade of the adverse army, which at the end of the action was neither defeated nor cut off; and Prince Woronzoff, therefore, as a good strategist, retired with it to Woznosensk, which, according to the czar's opinion, was not defended. When, therefore, in the evening, Nicholas, at the head of his staff, galloped triumphantly into the city, to receive the submission of the enemy, he saw himself suddenly surrounded by a force which he did not expect, and Prince Woronzoff approached him with the words: 'Your majesty is my prisoner.' Nicholas smiled, and handed his sword to the prince, who, not accepting it, delivered his own sword to his master. But instead of making a compliment to the prince for his clever generalship, the czar, on the same evening, sent orders to Prince Woronzoff to take care of his health, and to visit the spas of Germany. He was banished, in this form, for having been a better

general than his imperial master and friend, and for several years he remained in disgrace. It was only when Schamyl's mountaineers had repeatedly defeated the Russian army, that the czar remembered Woronzoff, and intrusted the civil and military command of Transcaucasia to the accomplished prince. I have this anecdote from one of the Austrian officers, who were present at the camp of Woznosensk; and I do not doubt its authenticity, as it is entirely in the character of the czar.

Two foreigners only, both of them having had the opportunity of seeing Nicholas at his court—Custine, the Frenchman, and Henningsen, the Englishman—give us a description of his character and of his measures.

Custine says: 'It is easy to see that the emperor cannot forget who he is, for the constant attention of which he is the object; *à propos incessamment* (he attitudinises unceasingly), from whence results that he is never natural, even when he is sincere. His features have three distinct expressions, not one of which is that of simple benevolence. The most habitual seems to me that of constant severity. Another expression, though more rare, better befits that fine countenance—it is that of solemnity. The third is politeness; and into this glide a few shades of graciousness, which temper the cold astonishment caused by the other two. But notwithstanding this graciousness, there is one thing that destroys the moral influence of the man; it is, that each of these physiognomies, which arbitrarily replace each other on his face, is taken up or cast aside completely, without leaving any trace of the preceding to modify the expression of the new. It is a change of scene with upraised curtain, which no transition prepares us for. It appears a mask taken off and put on at pleasure. Do not misunderstand the sense I here attach to the word mask; I use it according to its etymology. In Greek, hypocrite means actor—the hypocrite was the man who masked himself to perform a part. I mean, that the emperor is always mindful of his part, and plays it like a great actor.'

Henningsen says of his character: 'The Emperor Nicholas has not the brutal instincts of the Czar Peter I., any more than his talents; he has not the disordered passions of Catherine, his grandmother, any more than her brilliant intellect and her innate liberality; he has not the fearful ferocity of Paul, his murdered sire, any more than his enthusiastic generosity; neither has he the irresolute, impracticable nature of Alexander, his brother and predecessor, nor Alexander's benevolence of intention.

'The Emperor Nicholas, who nervously shudders at the physical danger in which he sees a private soldier placed, is probably not innately cruel; but absolute and irresponsible power, the self-deification to which his auto-veneration has led, acting on a limited intellect and selfish heart, have made him think himself the irate Jupiter Tonans, whose wrath should be as terrible as his interests and glory should be sacred from competition with those of humanity. When they are so, he passes over them ruthlessly and remorselessly, without even apparently the consciousness of evil-doing.

'The influence of wealth, of family, of customs, and of privileges affords no longer any shelter. Prudent as he is in disposition, being aware that he possesses a power unparalleled, he uses it in a manner unprecedented. Not only does he hourly trample on both his great vanquished enemies—the nobility of his empire and the Polish nation; not only has he uprooted whole races, and succeeded in extirpating the religious creed of millions; but he seems now bent both on destroying the nationality and religious faith of the whole of Poland, even, if required, by transplanting its population to Asia. Political violence and cruelties, the

mere extirpation of races or of creeds, would be nothing, however, to the condition to which his subjects are reduced—comparatively nothing—because races are doomed, according to the law of nature, to perish, and creeds flourish and wither, and being immaterial, spring again from their ashes. But the dull, monotonous, hopeless, all-pervading oppression to which his subjects are reduced, producing the same moral effect on the human mind as the slough of his northern bogs on the human frame sinking into it, blinding the eye, silencing the tongue, and paralysing the agglutinated limbs, is infinitely more terrible—doubly terrible—because it is a destiny the sufferers must not only endure, but propagate by foreign conquest, and by the natural reproduction and increase of population.

A DAY WITH THE BACHELORS.

It is a delightful morning, in the latter half of the August of this present year, and I, in school-boy phraseology, have got a holiday—one whole day's remission from the stifling atmosphere and busy turmoil of London. Windsor is my destination. The last time I stood on the lofty round tower of its noble castle, and gazed on the varied panorama, extending miles around on every side, I sadly regretted that its principal features were unknown to me even by name. To-day, all that shall be remedied, as I intend to carry a map of the surrounding country. Still, that will not occupy all the day; so from Windsor I may roam to the renowned beeches of Burgham, or seek the ivy-mantled tower of Stone Pegasus, the 'Country Churchyard' of Gray's deathless *Elegy*. But, as Burns says:

The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;

so it happened with my holiday plans. Instead of acquiring a knowledge of the localities around Windsor, the day was passed in witnessing some not altogether unremarkable proceedings which took place within that town.

Windsor is decidedly a borough of the old school. If it were not brushed up a little, by having its castle as a royal residence and a show-place, it would more nearly resemble a town of the period of Queen Anne than that of Victoria. Not that I should say as Swift did in the reign of Anne: 'Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel.' No; I merely mean, that long after habits and customs have become obsolete in other places, they find a last asylum in Windsor. There, I verily believe, the last flowing periwig was curled; I know it was the ultimate refuge of the pigtail. A few pairs of Hessian boots still linger in its streets; and a few blue coats, with high collars and brass buttons, accompanied by leather inexpressibles and top-boots, still smelter in the Long Walk. Those brave and venerable warriors, the 'Poor Knights,' generally indulge in little eccentricities of costume which aid the antiquated appearance of the streets; and the portly bendies, resplendent in gold lace and cocked-hats, fairly throw the stalwart forms of Her Majesty's footmen, though bedecked in their state-liveries, into the darkest shadow. But above all, Windsor is noted for its Bachelors, who, though undistinguishable by any particular eccentricity of dress, save and except the wearing of rosettes of blue ribbon in their button-holes on certain occasions, are, nevertheless,

more in the rear than in the vanguard of the age in which they exist—the often-quoted nineteenth century.

Let me, however, return to my holiday. After a smart walk over Hungerford Bridge, I arrive at the Waterloo Station, and am immediately ensconced in a railway carriage. The door is banged, the bell rings, the guard whistles, the engine snorts, and the train starts, carrying me, Asmodeus-like, over the house-tops, and among the fetid and reeking chimneys of those defiers of sanitary legislators—the bone-boilers of Lambeth. Onwards it rushes through the rich alluvial market-gardens of Surrey; then shooting over the Thames, at Richmond, I find myself among the fertile grain-fields of Middlesex, now ripe and ready for the sickle of the reaper. Still on, without stop or stay, and I pass by the marshy common of Staines. Anon, I am close to the 'whitsters' of Datchet Mead, the very place where fat Jack Falstaff was 'slighted into the river;' and where, as he tells us, he 'had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,' as it is to this day: a few seconds more, and I am in the station at Windsor.

On emerging from the carriage, I observe with surprise the extraordinary length of the train, a circumstance I have not previously perceived, and I also notice the great crowd of passengers, of a class decidedly more numerous than select. The boisterous mirth, and evidently expectant excitement of the crowd, as they roughly but good-humouredly elbow their way from the platform, stimulates my curiosity. So, addressing one of the railway porters in the vernacular idiom, I inquire if there be anything up to-day.

'Anything up to-day,' he replies, reiterating my words with an air of ungracious contempt at my ignorance; 'I should think there was. Why, this is the day of the revel.'

'The revel!' I mechanically uttered; 'what revel?'

'Why, the Bachelors' Revel. What else?'

'What Bachelors, pray?'

'Why, did you never hear on the Bachelors of Windsor, as has a revel once a year on their own ground, the Bachelors' Acre, all according to charter? If they didn't hold the revel, they would lose their charter, they would, as the Maids of Windsor did; they had an acre, they had—the Maids' Acre it was called—but lost it through 'em all gitting married in one year. Bless you, people come from all parts to see the Bachelors' Revel. You just go and see it, and you'll say you never saw such a sight in your life afore; and you can see it all free, gracious, for nothing.'

The cry of 'porter' calls my informant away just as he is condescending to become communicative; but he has said enough to excite my interest. A revel, a charter, bachelors, maids—all give me an eager wish to learn more of the matter. Besides, the word revel has something attractive in itself alone. I remember when at school, the dictionary taught me that a revel was a 'noisy feast;' but on the other hand, I have seen Madam Vestris play the character of Pandora, in a piece styled *Olympic Revels*, in which, with the exception that Esculapius recommended cold punch to Jupiter as a specific for the colic, there were no signs of feasting whatever. I have 'sat at good men's feasts' as well as the exiled duke in *As You Like It*; and, indeed, for that matter, I have sat at the feasts of those who were no better than they should have been.

I have sipped that curious and fiery mixture of melted butter, burnt whisky, and roasted caraway-seeds, termed *scaltheen*, at a wake in Ireland; and I have hot-a-nobbed *het pint* with the first-foot, on a New-year's morn, in Scotland. I have been at a South Carolina barbecue, a Massachusetts' crowder-party, an English bean-feast, and a Scottish way-goose; yet I never in all my life assisted, as our French allies would say, at a revel. Such being my cogitations, it may readily be supposed that my original intention is abandoned. The map which I have been studying in the carriage is speedily folded up, and ignominiously returned to the pocket from whence it came; and following the crowd, that, like a river, streams in one direction, I make the best of my way towards the revel.

About half-way up the High Street of Windsor, the stream of the crowd divides into two parts—one going straight onwards, the other turning down a side-street. With the latter division I also turn down the side-street, and speedily find myself in the narrowest passage I have ever threaded. Though there is barely room for one, I am constantly met by persons coming from a contrary direction, some of them carrying huge dishes of baked beef, greasy potatoes, and greasier puddings, hot from the baker's oven. The passage is not only narrow but long, with high walls on each side. The confined space, heat, and unsavoury exhalations, impart a sensation unlike anything I have ever previously experienced, save a dreadful fit of the nightmare I once had after reading Dary's graphic account of the great earthquake at Lisbon. At last, emerging from this narrowest of ways, I find myself in the Bachelors' Acre.

The 'Acre,' as it is curtly termed by the denizens of Windsor, is a level and somewhat pear-shaped plain, containing rather more than two of the measures of ground from which it takes its name, and situated in a hollow some twenty or thirty feet in depth. It is surrounded by high sloping banks, on the top of which are broad terrace-walks. Whether it be the natural form of the ground, or the hollow were excavated by the hand of man, is now unknown; but no place could be more favourable for a large number of persons witnessing whatever might take place in the level plain below. It may have been, as antiquaries say, a Roman amphitheatre, when the legions of that nation kept watch and ward on the strong eminence above. King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table—if there ever were such persons—may have held their jousts and tournaments on this very spot. At anyrate, it was the tilt-yard of the castle during the sway of the Plantagenets, Tudors, and the first two Stuarts. A Scottish gentleman I accidentally met with on the ground, informs me that it bears a very great resemblance to the ancient tilt-yard of Stirling Castle; while he outrages the feelings of a Cockney bystander by adding, that the view of the links of Forth from the northern stronghold far exceeds in beauty the windings of the Thames as seen from the tower of St George.

It appears that after the period of tilt and tournament had passed away, the townsmen of Windsor, for nearly a couple of centuries, used the Acre for their own less chivalrous, but fully as barbarous recreations. They thus acquired a prescriptive right to the ground; and about the commencement of the present century, when the Windsor Forest Enclosure Act was passed, the commissioners for carrying it into effect awarded the Acre to the use of the 'commonalty' of Windsor for their amusements, vesting the property of the soil in the corporation. The Bachelors are now the

representatives of the commonalty. It is to their disinterested exertions that, once a year, on the day of the revel, Windsor is inundated by a mob of idle visitors, and the inhabitants are treated to exceedingly unedifying spectacles. Disapprobation, emanating from a very high quarter, has been expressed at these proceedings; but the Bachelors still hold their revel, having adopted the following motto, which is boldly emblazoned on their many and gorgeous banners:—'The Bachelors of Windsor will revere their Queen, and preserve their Rights.' I may add, that the story about the Maids' Acre is merely a local myth.

Standing on the terraced-walk, I observe that the end of the Acre next to the narrow passage is occupied with booths, shows, stalls—in short, all the paraphernalia of an English pleasure fair. The other end, towards the castle, is left clear for the rural games patronised by the Bachelors. As the games at present going forward are merely some very diminutive chimney-sweepers attempting to climb three lofty and well-greased scufold poles, I plunge down the bank, and enter the fair. The shows are nearly all of a warlike cast. Turks and Russians alternating with Russians and Turks, with several 'Theatres of War,' constitute the majority. There are a few sea and land monsters, and no less than six hideous pictorial and histrionic exhibitions, founded on the most horrible series of murders that for many years has harrowed the feelings of all reflective persons. Yet these six shows, in spite of the terribly disgusting representations of the awful scene exhibited outside, are the most crowded and the most attractive in the fair. The subject, however, has a local interest. The wretched murderess had lived at Windsor, and held a station of trust in the castle; the crime was perpetrated only a few miles distant, in an adjoining county; consequently, the showmen, who well know how to cater for the uneducated curiosity of the people, are reaping a rich harvest by their speculation. Uneducated, did I say? Well, it may be so; but while ladies of rank and fashion attend murder-trials at the Old Bailey, and the most attractive part of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition is the Chamber of Horrors, 'the three R's—reading, riding, and rithmetic'—as Sir William Curtis used to say, are not the summit of education after all.

On the raised platform of another booth, struts a stout negro, stripped to the waist, his hands enveloped in boxing-gloves. A badly written and worse spelled placard above his head, announces him to be the 'unkonkerd Congo,' details his many battles, and eulogises his general proficiency in 'the noble art of self-defence.' Congo himself announces in a loud voice, that he is just going to set-to with Porky Clark inside, and requests the bystanders to 'be in time—gentlemen, be in time.' The 'gentlemen,' however, exhibit but little interest in the matter, till the negro jeers—chaffs, I believe, is the proper word—a smock-frocked, simple, and hemmed-in-beer-looking countryman in the crowd. The latter resents the 'imperence' of Congo; asserts, with a drunken hiccup, that he is as good a man as he is; and invites him down to a trial on the turf. Congo declines, but requests the 'yokel' to mount the platform, and be 'polished off,' so that his mother would not know him. The pot-vuliant yokel moves forward to the steps leading to the platform. Some humane individuals in the crowd endeavour to dissuade him from so rash a proceeding, while others urge him to 'go in and win.' He clumsily mounts the platform, puts on the gloves in a most awkward manner, and places himself in a most inartistic attitude, to the great amusement of the crowd, who, amidst uproarious laughter, confidently predict his fate in a curious chronological paradox—namely, that he will be smashed into the middle of next week in less than no time. To their surprise, however, the countryman succeeds in flooring Congo. The black jumps up in a towering

passion, declares he was never so served in his life before, acknowledges the yoke to be a 'rum customer,' but will fight him in the interior of the booth for one sovereign. After considerable fumbling in the recesses of his smock-frock, the grinning countryman produces a stocking; and after more fumbling, from the depths of the stocking he produces a sovereign, or at least something like one.* The money is deposited in the hands of a man with a broken nose and deeply scarred face, who announces himself to be the 'master of ceremonies,' and the combatants retire into the interior of the booth. The bait has taken. There is no necessity now for requesting 'gentlemen' to be in time. The interest of the crowd has been awakened, and they energetically rush to ~~pay~~ their pence to witness the result, little thinking that the pseudo-countryman is a confederate, and that the ~~same~~ shallow artifice will, with different disguises, be re-enacted a dozen times during the day.

Leaving the fair department of the revel,* I now proceed towards the 'rural games,' as they are styled in the printed programme of the sports, issued by the Bachelors. While seeking a 'coigne of vantage,' from whence I may see whatever is to be seen, I am informed that I can, for the sum of one shilling, be admitted into the Bachelors' private enclosure, where I can have a seat in front of their own tent, and surrounded by their rustling banners. I close with this offer; and in a few seconds am among the *élite* of the ribbon-bedecked Bachelors, and a large number of well-looking, well-dressed ladies. Glancing round me, I cannot help thinking that the Bachelors have displayed a more correct taste in the selection of ladies to be their guests, than in the selection of games for the amusement of the ladies.

Close to the enclosure, the most discordant music is discoursed by a brass band, on an orchestra, from the centre of which I perceive something rising like a stone pillar. I inquire of a Bachelor what it may be; I am politely informed that it is an obelisk, erected by the Bachelors to commemorate the Jubilee—the completion of the fiftieth year of the reign of George III. And that there is an inscription on it, recording the condescension of Queen Charlotte and the royal princesses, who on that occasion visited the Bachelors 'in this their Acre,' witnessed the old English games, and partook of the old English fare provided for the populace.

A stage, on which a man is busy strewing saw-dust, next awakens my curiosity, and I am informed it is for the 'backsword play,' and that the combatants will immediately commence to contend for prizes. 'Backsword!' I exclaim. 'Why that is what Pepys saw at the bear-garden, when "a shoemaker was so cut in both wrists that he could not fight any longer," are we still in the seventeenth century?' Our informant, however, knows nothing about Mr Pepys, and cares less about centuries. Some call it single-stick, he intimates, but the Bachelors always term it backsword, as I may see by the handbills; but there were the men mounting the stage, and no doubt there would be good sport. As he speaks, a Bachelor and 'a master of the ceremonies' ascend the stage, and are immediately followed by two combatants, divested of their coats and hats. The latter immediately proceed to select their weapons—long formidable cudgels, the handles guarded by basket-hilts of leather. Having chosen their weapons, a band of strong linen is applied to each, which they tie in a loop round their left thighs, so that when the upper part of the loop is held in the left hand, about breast high, the upper and lower part of the left arm with the elbow protects the left side of the head. The right side, face, and crown of the head, are protected by the stick when in the position of guard. He who first draws blood from any part of his antagonist's head or face—anywhere, in short, above the lower jaw—

gains the victory. The head being completely protected in the position of guard, the great aim of each player is to get his antagonist out of position, by striking at the side or arm, and then at the head; or, on the other hand, waiting till the adversary attacks, and then striking at his head before he can get back to guard. The two men on the stage appear to be very unequally matched. One is tall, stout, and apparently about forty years of age; the other is short, slight, but wiry, and I am told is upwards of seventy. Having shaken hands, they assume the most constrained and ungraceful attitudes, and the contest commences. Notwithstanding the constrained positions of the men, their tied-up left arms giving them the appearance of half-trussed fowls, the blows are dealt with astonishing force and quickness, and parried with equal dexterity. At the close of a sharp rally, the old man receives a spent blow on the mouth, and his antagonist cries 'Blood!' No blood, however, appearing on the tightly compressed lips, the master of the ceremonies takes a clean white handkerchief, which he first exhibits to the crowd, and then applies to the old man's mouth. The handkerchief is again shewn to the crowd, and no blood-stain appearing on it, the combat proceeds. A few more blows are struck and parried, and then the old man catches his antagonist on the temple, and blood follows the blow as quickly as if the stick had been a lancet. The crowd give vent to a yell of applause, and then the old man spits out a mouthful of blood, the effects of the blow he had previously received. As his adversary shewed blood first, the old man is the victor. When this last proof of his cunning and endurance is seen by the mob, he is rewarded by a hurricano of cheers; so, taking advantage of his popularity, he immediately commences to beg coppers from the bystanders. I have seen enough of backsword, for a time at least; I now turn my attention to the other rural games.

A ring is cleared among the crowd, and a number of men blindfolded, and armed with wagoners' whips, are led forward, and placed round a hole, in which a ball is deposited. Each man has to turn round three times, and then endeavour to whip the ball out of the hole. As may be supposed, the blindfolded men whip each other, to the great delight of the bystanders, who, however, when a random blow comes their way, do not seem so amused after all. The game continues till a chance blow, knocking the ball out of the hole, wins the prize for the lucky striker.

Then there are wrestling; blindfolded men running races with wheel-barrows; and other amusements of a similarly interesting nature; but the great attraction, again, is the backsword play. The conquerors in the first bouts have now to play off against each other. The old man's head is soon broken, and he comes bleeding and begging among the crowd, a hideous realisation of 'raw head and bloody bones.' Then a gipsy, and a person known as the Champion, take up the cudgels, and fiercely go to work. The Champion is about sixty years of age, and to my surprise decently attired—all the other backsword-men having a very tramp-like appearance, not one of them being so well dressed as an agricultural labourer when in Sunday clothes. The gipsy is a powerful man about thirty, the youngest of the players. In skill and quickness he is inferior to his opponent, but makes up for those qualities by his indomitable endurance. Unable to hit his adversary on the head, the Champion strikes him on the side and right arm. The blows, to use a hackneyed phrase, are terrific; the thud of them is heard above the gongs and drums of the fair. If a police constable were to see a drover strike a bullock with such force, he would immediately collar the culprit, and walk him off to the next station-house, there to await a hearing before the magistrate. The gipsy attempts to retort on the Champion's head, but the latter is too quick for him.

An hour passes without any decisive result. The right sleeve of the gipsy's shirt is cut into ribbons, and the arm exhibits a bleeding mass of wales and cuts.

Another hour passes, and still the heads of the gipsy and the Champion are intact. There is another bout to be played—such play!—for the grand prize; and as the day is closing, there will not be time for it, so the Bachelors interfere, and the matter is compromised. The prize is three pounds. The gipsy consents to waive further proceedings for twenty-five shillings, but is not to be considered vanquished. 'This is agreed to; such hard-earned money I never witnessed. The Champion, exhausted by his long contest with the gipsy, is soon beaten by his next opponent, and to my great gratification, the sword-play is concluded.

The revel is to terminate with fireworks. While waiting for the pyrotechnic display, I am accosted in a friendly manner by an old Bachelor, who asks me how I liked the rural games. We enter into conversation. He informs me that the revel is nothing to what used to take place on the Acre: in his young days there was sport—that there was. A bull-bait once a fortnight, and a prize-fight every week! The Windsor men were noted bruisers. Old Andrews, the sweep, beat the best man in the South Staffordshire militia; and Young Andrews, his son, beat the best man in the North Staffordshire militia, when those regiments were quartered in Windsor, in the old war-time, when George the Third was king. Then a match was made between Old Andrews and Young Andrews, and they 'fit' on the Acre, when Old Andrews was beaten. But he said, on leaving the ground, that no other man in Windsor but his son could beat him, 'Which was a great thing for the old man to say; was it not, sir?' I intimate that it was, and then am told that it was not a ball that was whipped by wagoners in the olden time, but a living cock, which, in my informant's opinion, was a much more interesting whipping-stock. This opinion, however, is flatly repudiated by some younger Bachelors, who are within earshot. They tell the old gentleman that whipping cocks, baiting-bulls, and prize-fighting are brutal, cruel, and illegal, and I am not sorry to hear them say so. I then make bold to inquire, how it was that I saw no young men playing at the backword; and the old Bachelor, with a sarcastic look at his juniors, replies that the young men have no pluck now-a-days. I remark, if the young men do not learn backword, the game will naturally soon become extinct, and I am told that it is dying out fast. I mentally conclude that the sooner it were dead and buried the better.

The fireworks are good. There is also an attempt made to get up a dance by torch-light on the Acre, but it fails through the brass band being out of all time and tune; and I hear it insinuated that their music sounds of the beer, beery. They manage, however, to play 'God Save the Queen,' and the vast crowd quietly disperses.

Without expressing any very decided opinion, whether the Bachelors might or might not have provided more intellectual amusements for the 'commonalty,' I feel bound to affirm that, during the whole day, I did not see one intoxicated person, nor the slightest approach to quarrelling among the numerous assemblage. A people so well conducted decidedly deserve, and consequently the majority of them at least could appreciate, a more rational and superior class of amusements. Might I hint to the Bachelors, that it is their duty to lead the popular taste upwards—not to follow it downwards; with an earnest hope that the revel of 1855 will exhibit a step in the upward direction. The reader may probably think that I might have better spent my seldom recurring holiday. Perhaps I might. But as the improvement of the people is the great social problem of the age, any information respecting their manners, customs, and habits—however rude, commonplace,

or homely they may be—must be of paramount importance to all well-wishers of mankind. In too many instances, the words of the old dramatist are too true:

'Tis ever; what 's within our ken,
Owl-like, we blink at, and direct our search
To furthest Inde, in quest of novelties;
Whilst here, at Home, upon our very thresholds,
Ten thousand objects hurtle into view,
Of interest wonderful.

THE PAPER DIFFICULTY.

Our readers can hardly be ignorant of the fact, that the materials for English paper are becoming somewhat scarce. Not many weeks ago, the proprietors of a leading London journal offered a prize or premium of £1,000, to any one who could discover a new material for paper. Certain conditions were attached, relating to the continuous and abundant supply of the material, the capability of converting it into fine pulp, the power of bleaching it, and the price at which it could be sold. We are not aware that, up to the present time, the premium has been claimed.

It is not to be wondered at that men should seek for new materials for paper. Rags are limited in quantity, and flax is expensive if grown professedly for paper-making purposes; and hence an inquiry would naturally arise, whether any cheap substitute could be found. We seem to be busy on this subject just now, but men were quite as busy in the last century. We have now before us a remarkable exemplar of this activity. It is in the form of a book, descriptive of the manufacture of paper from various vegetable substances; and the leaves of the book are made of the very paper so described. The author and maker of the book was Jacob Christian Schäffer, a pastor at Ratisbon. The book is a little volume of about sixty leaves, all formed of different substances: the bark of the willow, the beech, the aspen, the hawthorn, the linden, and the mulberry; the down of the catkins of the black poplar, the silky down of the asclepias, the tendrils of the vine, the stalks of nettle, mugwort, glysters-wood; leaves, bark, liber, stalks, reeds, straws, moss, lichens, wood-shavings, saw-dust, potatoes, fir-cones—nothing came untried to Schäffer; he made paper from all of them. He was almost paper mad; and people were wont to bring all kinds of odd substances to him, with a query as to whether he could convert them into paper. These specimens of paper, made about eighty years ago, are certainly the homeliest of the homely—queer in colour, and queer in texture. Soon afterwards, a French marquis, unknown to fame in other respects, printed a small volume of his own poems on paper derived from some of these unusual sources; but, so far as we can judge, the poems and the paper seem to be about equal in quality.

That fibrous vegetable substances can be beaten into a pulp, and then made into paper, has been abundantly proved. At this present time, there are various kinds of straw-paper manufactured; and not very long ago, a highly sanguine announcement was made of a new process for converting deal-shavings into paper. We may be allowed to say, that these attempts, up to the present time, have never exactly met the requirements of paper-consumers. Either the paper is too weak, or too brittle, or too spongy, or too rough, or too badly coloured, or too scanty in quantity, or too high in price; there is something wrong in each or all of them.

The rags employed in paper-making are mostly linen, prepared from flax; but cotton rags, from calico, also assist in making up the supply. Flax being the stronger fibre of the two, linen rags make stronger paper than cotton rags. The sweepings of cotton-mills also contribute towards the supply. As to the veritable linen rags themselves, we import some from

abroad,—our own shirt-wearers do not yield sufficient for the wants of our paper-makers. The rag-merchants buy from Germany, Hungary, Italy, Sicily, and other continental countries—from any and every where, indeed, where rag-export is permitted; for it is worthy of remark, as a proof of the importance attached to this subject, that many foreign governments prohibit the export of this material. Italy and Sicily are linen-wearing but not book-making countries; and this is to a great extent the case in Hungary and South Germany; hence those countries have rags to sell, and have no particular objection to sell them. There are some rags, however, obtained from more northern parts of Europe. Here the rag-dealers are furnished with a peculiar sort of exponent of social advancement: they always know English rags from foreign by being in a cleaner state; and German from Italian, by being cleaner. The English housewife will mend and mend her boy's pinafore, or her husband's shirt, as long as it will hold decently together; but whether sound or dilapidated, she washes it well and oft, and it reaches the rag-bag in a cleaner state than the cast-off garments of most other countries. Five or six thousand tons of foreign rags are imported yearly by or for our paper-makers, in addition to that which reaches the shops of the 'marine store' dealers in all our large towns. About twenty guineas a ton is a sort of average price given for foreign rags—a guinea or so per hundredweight. The rags come over in bags containing 400 or 500 pounds each. But there are two or three points of serious importance here. Foreign countries require so much more paper-making materials than formerly, and America puts forth such an insatiable demand, that the foreign rags at the disposal of England are actually less than they were in amount twenty years ago. And this, too, at a time when our paper-making is so largely increasing. From present indications, it appears probable that British paper-making in 1854 will not fall far short of 200,000,000 pounds.

It is obvious, at a glance, that the supply of rags must depend upon the quantity of worn-out garments. A garment, so long as it is worth anything in wear, must certainly be worth more than 2d. or 3d. per pound—its value when regarded as linen rag; its flaxen career as a shirt or a pinafore must have been finished ere its career as a rag begins. There is a curious metamorphosis observable in the history of these vegetable fibres. It has been remarked, as being within the bounds of possibility—almost of probability—that the papier-maché ornament of a man's room may once have been a book which he had read, and that this book may once have been a shirt which he had worn. However, passing over this fanciful hypothesis, we come to this practical question: 'If flax be plentiful, and worn-out linen garments be scarce, why not use flax itself as a material for paper?' Just because price affects it; a pound of dressed flax sells for very much more than a pound of linen rags; and a pound of clean cotton sells for much more than a pound of dirty fragmentary sweepings from a cotton mill; hence, although the flax and the good cotton are more abundant than the rags and the sweepings, their price is such as would revolutionise the paper trade if they were adopted. Unless this question of price be borne in mind, the real nature of the paper difficulty cannot be well understood.

A few weeks ago, a correspondent of the *Builder*, in allusion to the reward of £1,000 offered for the discovery of a new paper-making material, asked: 'Might I suggest that if a similar reward was offered to our chemists or manufacturers for a plan to reduce paper again to its primitive pulp, and then to discharge from it the printer's ink, the same end would be obtained? In the present day, there are tons of paper stained with projections of an ephemeral nature—returns to parliament,

to wit—which might do duty over and over again, with no loss to the public; on the contrary, there are a few persons, even with a moderate supply of printed material, who would not be happy to contribute to the paper-bleacher, saving both binding and shelf-room.' This communication brought up a correspondent to the *Athenæum* a week or two afterwards. He stated that, having had his attention brought to the subject, it had struck him that the removal of the ink from printed paper might be effected with ease by a very simple chemical process. He therefore put his theory to the test of experiment, and met with a satisfactory result. He enclosed to the editor a specimen of an octavo leaf, which had been printed on both sides; he had subjected it to a particular process, whereby it had been reduced to the state of a clean pulp; but not having at command any efficient apparatus for pressing and finishing, the newly-prepared leaf of paper presented a certain coarseness and roughness of appearance. The editor, confined himself simply to a statement of the fact, that the leaf of paper enclosed was certainly free from ink. This communication, in its turn, called forth another from a correspondent, who gave his name, and who had visions of patent-property in his mind. He stated that, ever since the announcement of the increasing scarcity of paper, he had directed his attention experimentally to the matter, and had succeeded in devising a beautiful, inexpensive, and effective method of utilising waste paper. Having brought his process to a satisfactory point, he lodged a specification, and applied for letters-patent in July last. In the verbose and formal language of the Patent-office, his invention is 'for a method of treating all kinds of papers whereon any printing, &c., has been printed or impressed, so that the same may be completely removed, discharged, or obliterated, from the paper; and so that it may be either re-used in sheets, or be reconverted and worked up again into its primitive pulp by the ordinary methods, and be again manufactured into and used as paper.'

Thus much, then, for the projects for re-employing old printed paper. They are, it will be perceived, in the same condition as many other projects—not yet openly described, but kept private until the inventors ascertain whether they can obtain any profitable results from them.*

While individual inventors have been thus engaged, the government has not been altogether idle in the matter. In the early part of the present year, the Treasury drew the attention of the Board of Trade to the scarcity of the materials for paper. It was urged that the supply of rags had lessened and the price increased, and that it was incumbent to inquire whether any other material could be substituted. To aid in this inquiry, it was suggested that the Foreign Office should transmit circulars to all British consuls abroad, requesting them to collect such information as might be within their reach, bearing on this point. The secretary to the Treasury said: 'In doing this, it would have to be borne in mind, that the great essential of such an article must be its cheapness, to cover the high freights now prevailing, and which, it may be anticipated, will prevail for some time. As regards the nature of the article, my lords are informed, that with the exception of jute, canvas, and gunney-bagging, every description of vegetable fibre is now capable of being bleached, and is available for fine paper. Reeds and ratties, the inner bark of many trees, and several kinds of vegetable fibre in warm or tropical climates, are substances likely to be of service, especially where

* Has it never occurred to any of the experimentalists, to try to ascertain the process by which the Russian police authorities clear foreign newspapers of their objectionable articles? A process employed in such a manner must needs be inexpensive, and might therefore be expected to prove available for the object in view.—Ed.

they could be imported as dunnage among the cargo, or in compressed bales; but quantity and steadiness of supply are essential. As regards price, my lords understand that if the article could be laid down so as to cost from 2d. to 2½d. per pound, without reckoning the cost of preparation, it would be sufficiently low to answer the purpose in view.

To this communication, a reply was sent some time afterwards by Dr Lynn Playfair, on the part of the Board of Trade. Dr Playfair mentioned many curious facts in connection with the scarcity of paper-making material. The strikes and lock-outs at Preston and elsewhere had been found to affect the supply, by lessening the quantity of cotton worked up at the mills, and consequently lessening the amount of waste resulting from the working. Another fact is, that the railway companies use now so much cotton-waste in oiling and wiping their machinery, that this again lessens the quantity available for the paper-maker. A third point is, that the Americans, having no paper-duty or stamp-duty to pay, can afford to give more for rags than our own paper-makers can; and they buy rags in London and Liverpool for the American market, thereby further lessening our store. Dr Playfair points out that the cause of failure in most other attempts to provide paper-making material, has usually been one of these three—that the expense of preparing the fibre is too great; that the loss of weight in preparing is too great; or that the material cannot be well bleached. He further states that, having consulted with the chief paper-manufacturers, he finds that any new fibrous material must, to be serviceable, be obtainable at a lower price than that named by the Treasury—not exceeding one penny or three-halfpence per pound.

It is not improbable that British consuls are at this time collecting information in foreign countries respecting fibrous materials available for paper, and that we shall learn more on the matter by and by.

About Easter last, Dr Forbes Royle read before the Society of Arts a valuable paper on the fibrous substances of India. He entered into a minute examination of the various plants of this kind: where they grow; to what extent they are abundant; from what port they might be shipped; at what price they could be obtained; to what purposes they are already applied; to what other purposes they might probably be applicable. From the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, it appears that naturalists have had their attention strongly directed to this subject for some time past. There has been even talk of a company for making paper from West India plants.

The inventors are looking out sharply for new processes, to be rendered available as soon as the botanists and naturalists have done their part of the work. We meet with sanguine descriptions on all sides of us. The *Long Island Vindicator* describes a recent invention for utilising a plant which grows abundantly in poor lands, and which can be brought into the state of pulp for one-sixth of a cent per pound; while another invention can make this pulp into paper at four cents per pound. Then there is the invention by M. Vivien, of Paris, whereby the leaves of ordinary trees are gathered, compressed into cakes, steeped in lime-water or alkaline solution, washed clean, ground to pulp, and made into paper. Then, again, there is MM. Hartmann and Schlesinger's wood-pulp process, which is, to say the least of it, curious and interesting. A tree is cut into blocks or logs; each block is pressed heavily against a grindstone; the grindstone is made to rotate two hundred times per minute; and the wood, wetted and ground at once, is rubbed off in the state of a very fine pulp. This wood-pulp, mixed with rag-pulp in ratios varying from 10 to 90 per cent., produces paper of various kinds. The goodness of the paper, and the price at which it can be sold, will of course

determine the fate of this as well as other new projects in paper-making.

The reader will now be in a position to know something concerning the nature and extent of the Paper Difficulty, and to welcome any improvements bearing on the subject.

M A R E T I M O.

CHAPTER V.

WALTER FINDS HIMSELF IN A LAND OF INTRIGUE.

ALTHOUGH the weather continued fine and the wind fair, night had long closed in when the bark in which Walter had sailed from the island of Maretimo, after passing between the narrow strait that divides Levanzo from Favignana, came in sight of the lights of Trapani, extending, as it were, in irregular festoons along the sea-beach. During the voyage, our Englishman had not attempted to have much conversation with the crew, except on indifferent subjects, for he was repressed by the fear of causing some change in Laolo's condition, if he allowed the great interest he felt in him to appear. The captain of the boat, however, acting as steersman, talked very freely of the whole affair. He seemed desirous of provoking Walter to express an opinion; affected to disregard the Neapolitan authorities; and contrived to leave the impression that he was a spy. The more confidential he became, the more reserved was Walter; so that at last he relapsed into sullen silence, in mortification at having been seen through or misunderstood.

Under other circumstances, his appearance would probably have inspired confidence. He was a burly good-humoured-looking fellow, with a red woollen cap stuck jauntily on one side of his head, a bright eye, and a cheerful voice. His men seemed at once to admire and respect him; for although they called him familiarly Giacomo, they obeyed his orders as implicitly as if he had been admiral of those seas. Walter was not very learned in the Sicilian jargon, but he thought they spoke a good deal of him in a half-compassionate, half-contemptuous tone.

Just before they ran under the shadow of the mole of Trapani, Giacomo, who had remained silent for an hour or so, made a last attempt to provoke Walter to some confidence. Leaning towards him, and looking only in his face by the light of the lamp which swung from the mast, and cast a bright semicircle on the fore-casted of the boat, he said in a very marked manner, 'I am a true Sicilian, and love true Sicilians. You, an English gentleman, feel sympathy with them, and plenty of eyes, with which

'Why do you ask?' inquired Walter. He looked too southern custom of replying to persons he called another.

'Because,' said Giacomo tartly, 'but with the best within earshot of the police. Besides, when, by the Prisoner on the island?'

'Yes.' 'What did he say?'

Walter could not make up his mind to their conversation, as reply, yet he was anxious to know their eyes in his persevering inquiry. He might have been going on with some understanding with Giacomo, but was offered at that point was taken out of their remainder of the journey. port, and a small boat ran and travelling much more men at once leaped on board that slow country, late in

experience to understand that they belonged to the port-police.

They went further in, now rowing, now using poles, now pushing against the broad sides of the fishing-smacks that encumbered the port. The town was already wrapped in silence. There was no sound to greet them, save the flashing of the waves among the pillars of the mole or jetty, the occasional barking of a dog on the beach, and the bustle on board some vessel getting ready to clear out. A bright moon shone through the forest of masts and cordage, and checkered the surface of the waters with streaks and spots of light. Above the black outline of the houses rose numerous steeples and church-towers. Such was the impression that remained on Walter's mind of his night-arrival at Trapani.

A brief business-like conversation took place between Giacomo and the police on the subject of this stranger—on whose face several times the glare of a lantern was cast. They did not like his appearance at all—although a passport, in the form of a letter from the commandant of Maretime, which they perused huddling their heads together, accurately stated his circumstances and nationality. 'Evidently,' thought Walter, 'there is no chance of deluding these fellows. We be to the fugitive who should hope to escape their vigilance! I am sure they are counting the very hairs on my head.'

Near the landing-place, at the base of the jetty, was a small square guard-house, into which Walter, surrounded by several men armed with swords and carbines—all endeavouring to look terrible and far-sighted enough to see through a stone-wall—was led into the presence of a thin, pale-faced, gentlemanly-looking person in plain clothes, evidently the superintendent of the night-police. He was at once interrogated with great courtesy, and requested to give an account of himself. As he did so, all his statements were compared with those on the paper, and, luckily, there seemed no discrepancy sufficient to authorise his detention. The superintendent congratulated him on his escape, said some civil things about the English—'a great nation, though heretical'—a remark that was changed into pleasantry by a smile, and the offer of a pinch of snuff; and concluded by inquiring, in his may capacity this time, 'at what hotel his excellency that thodge?' The guards upon this began to recom-mend warmly strongly the Gran' Bretagna; but Walter, short by saying, that as he had very little plentiful, wished to start at once for Palermo. 'In-not use flattery? There were no mules to be got at for very much n'ight—especially, no doubt, by a man a pound of clearing little or no money.

A pound of dirty fr., had his mind full of one idea. On mill; hence, altho' from that, he had an appointment more abundant than at the extreme north-western point price is such as we if they were adopted time; and if he had been compelled borne in mind, the could have spent the hours pacing cannot be well underlain in a cage. An older and less

A few weeks ago, old have reflected, that as he could allusion to the sewer with in motion without closing his of a new paper-mill, as well yield to circumstances, and geat that if a simk impulse had been too recently mists or manufactures, have considered it high treason to its primitive pulp, have considered it high treason printer's ink, the same offer any difficulties to arrest present day, there are for his expedition; and accord-visions of an ephemeral anxiety to be gone, that the

superintendent's suspicions were aroused, and he was again subjected to a searching cross-examination.

Presently a patrol came in, and having announced that all was quiet in the port and the streets adjoining—only one sailor having stabbed his messmate—there not being the slightest trace of a political conspiracy—the chief hearing what was going on, said that he could no doubt put the English gentleman in the way of starting for Palermo at once. Walter felt an emotion of gratitude towards the speaker, which he had scarcely prudence enough to suppress. What did he recom-mend? Why, Monsignore the Abbate Frascatori was going to depart in an hour from the palace of the bishop, and if politely asked, would, no doubt, order one of his servants to dismount, and 'ride and tie' with another. 'It will not be much cheaper—rather otherwise,' said Walter's informant; 'for you will have to make presents to all the servants; but as you are in a hurry'—
'I will give whatever I am asked,' exclaimed Walter in a princely tone; the consequence of which was, that as soon as the guards were out of sight of the superin-tendent, they surrounded him, and begged in so bland a manner, that they left him with but a single piece of gold to pursue his journey. He knew, however, that he should get what he wanted at Palermo, and hastened to follow the soldier who was detached as a guide.

In crossing the Marina, they met a man, whom Walter, by the moonlight, recognised to be Giacomo, the skipper of the bark in which he had come from Maretime.

'Good-night, Signor Inglese,' said he in a taunting tone; 'good-night. Go and prosper. He will always do so who receives benefits, and returns not even a kind wish.'

Walter turned rapidly towards him, to ask what he meant; but Giacomo glided down a flight of steps leading to the water, and was soon seen pulling away in a little skiff near the port. His words suggested the idea that he was probably interested in Paolo's fate. They sounded, at anyrate, like a reproach. Walter regretted that he had not been more communicative; and determined, if occasion offered, not to consider himself bound by his promise to the commandant.

'Sir,' cried his guide, who had gone some way ahead, 'if you dally looking at the waters, the abbate will be off before we arrive.'

They entered a long street, with lamps swinging here and there; unnecessary at that hour, for the moon shone so brightly, that the façades of the houses on either side, with their lofty portals and long casements, could be distinctly seen. The town of Trapani is not extensive; but Walter's impatience made him imagine that this street was interminable. It led straight to a small square, on one side of which was the bishop's palace. The gateway was open, and brightly lighted; and there was a group of men and mules in front, evidently about to start on their journey.

The guide ran forward, and explained the whole business in a few words, before Walter could come up. He therefore heard only the answer to his application. It was given in a peevish tone of voice:

'When people travel in Sicily, they usually make their preparations beforehand. I don't keep mules for hire.'

'Reverend sir,' began Walter, thinking it necessary to be very polite.

The abbate interrupted him almost with an oath. 'I don't refuse,' said he; 'but I like to know whom I travel with. These are not the times in which one can pick up the first wanderer who pretends to have a claim. There are brigands abroad.'

Several domestics, who were hanging about the gate-way, uttered a deprecatory invocation to the Virgin Mary.

'You know best the state of your own country,' answered Walter, beginning to get angry, and to shew it, as he thought that his request would be refused; 'I have had only an hour's experience of it, for I have just arrived from Maretimo.'

'*Cospetto!*' exclaimed the abbate, to the amazement of the devout servants of the bishop, 'why did you not say that before? I think I heard you were shipwrecked. Be assured of my sympathy. Antonio, you lazy villain, get down at once, and offer this gentleman your mule; I thought you would do so without my bidding you. Here, good fellow [addressing the guide], is a white piece; I thank you for the companion you have brought me. *Corpo di Bacco!* I mean that Heaven rewards those who receive the shipwrecked stranger. You are in the saddle?—Good. Any baggage?—No? Good. Come, children, let us be moving. My best wishes to the most holy father bishop. May he sleep on both his ears!'

Speaking in this vivacious way, the worthy abbate, exerting himself as if he were commanding a squadron of horse, soon got his little troop in order, and started off across the square, in the direction of the land gate of the city—the dismounted Antonio and half-a-dozen drivers bringing up the rear.

Before they were well out of sight, whilst the demure servants of the bishop were wondering at the vivacity of the man they had supposed to be hard and bigoted, a pale face advanced in the moonlight from one of the windows on the first floor.

The bishop himself, supposed to have retired to rest after a formal leave-taking, had been anxiously watching the departure of his guest, the abbate, and seemed wonderfully relieved when the cavalcade, if we may use that word, was fairly out of sight.

'Ah! Luigi, Luigi!' murmured he; 'it is true that thou art my sister's son, and I wish thee well. But put my gray hairs in the same cap with thy mad head! Ah! Luigi, Luigi! little dost thou know of the sweets of preferment.'

The worthy bishop wrangled himself closely in his gown of thin flannel, and retired to his bed, to dream the dreams of the just.

From all this it is evident, that whilst the wily police of Trapani were looking for dangers to the Neapolitan government up blind-alleys and under dead-walls, there was something going on which the superintendent—understanding the principle of a sprat to catch a whale—would have given his little-finger to know all about. As for Walter, he had not observed all we have related; but as he ambled along close behind the abbate, he could not help thinking of the magical effect which had been produced by the name of Maretimo. All the events of that night, indeed, stimulated his curiosity, and contributed to impress him with the idea, that he had got into a land of adventure and intrigue. The peculiar manner of Giacomo, and the singularity of his words, recurred forcibly to him. At first, he thought that all these people were engaged in the same undertaking with himself; but he had heard so much of Italian cunning, that he felt it to be quite possible that both the skipper and the abbate were members of the higher order of police, perpetually busy in sounding everybody's opinions, and ready to enter into communication with all strangers, in the hope of discovering secrets important to the state. Then, again, it struck him, that by mere accident he had been brought in contact with people engaged in some dangerous conspiracy.

He was presently confirmed in this last-mentioned suspicion; for as soon as they had given the password, clattered through the gate of the town, and were out upon the road, the abbate, dropping back so as to be alongside with Walter, looked anxiously in his face, waited a moment, and then said, with an expression of some surprise: 'Well, then?'

'Your servant,' replied Walter, for lack of something better to say.

'I mean, what news?'

'I have not seen the papers for a fortnight.'

The abbate's mule suffered for this. He got a tremendous kick from his rider, who was soon several paces ahead.

'The man is either a fool, a spy, or knows nothing,' thought the churchman.

'He is evidently a conspirator—perhaps a brigand,' said Walter to himself. 'He may rob or murder me, but he shall neither make me an accomplice nor extort from me my secret. Would I had had confidence in Giacomo!'

They began to ascend the declivities behind Trapani, and soon entered the wildest part of the Val di Mazzara. Bare and rugged hills rose on all sides, dimly seen by the light of the moon. At times they descended into gloomy defiles, where they could scarcely distinguish the path along which the mules trod rapidly and firmly. The abbate checked his mule again in one of the most dismal passes, and waited until Walter was near him.

'Did you not say,' he asked, speaking in a very measured voice, 'that you were from Maretimo? These are words that should not be lightly spoken.'

'They are the exact truth,' replied Walter, more and more uneasy about the character of his companions, but thinking it best to be frank to a certain point; and thereupon he related his shipwreck, escape, and residence in the island, without in any way alluding to the Prisoner. The abbate listened with attention, but was so completely deceived by the abundance of details in which the narrator indulged, that he thought he was put in possession of the whole truth. His inquisitive manner now disappeared, and with it the interest he had appeared to feel in Walter. He said some words of sympathy, just sufficient to express his indifference, and then rode ahead, and never spoke again during the remainder of the night.

When daylight came, they were descending a steep mountainous road, towards the Bay of Castellamare, which spread placid and blue between two promontories clothed in forests. They were riding amidst vast vineyards, covered with bright young leaves. Tall reeds, like hop-poles, supported the terminable lines of festoons. The air was full of the songs of birds. The peasants were already out before the doors of the cottages in the few hamlets they passed. At another time, Walter would have occupied himself in noticing the picturesque features of the scene; he was now only anxious to observe the appearance of the companion whose mode of talking had so puzzled and interested him.

He was a little man, quite young, dressed in the usual uniform of Italian abbés—black coat, purple stockings, and square-toed shoes. He had plenty of raven curly hair, and very keen dark eyes, with which he rather disconcerted Walter when he looked too eagerly on him. The two or three persons he called his servants, might have been so, for an Italian abbé is often a man of considerable wealth; but with the exception of Antonio, they all seemed far too respectable to occupy a menial position. Besides, when, by the varying pace of the mules, they sometimes came alongside their supposed master, they talked to him with evident familiarity, and not unfrequently made the Englishman the subject of their conversation, as could be divined by the glances of their eyes in his direction.

That there was something mysterious going on was evident; but as no explanation was offered at that time, we shall hasten over the remainder of the journey. They passed Alcamo early, and travelling much more rapidly than is usual in that slow country, late in

the afternoon arrived in the good city of Palermo. Walter, after having made a very polite speech to the abbat, who listened with impatient indifference, asked for a guide to the Hotel of Santa Rosalia. Half-a-dozen men presented themselves at once, and almost hustled him along the streets, exchanging kicks and puches one with the other, as cicrones out of employ will do when a chance passenger falls into their clutches. Our phlegmatic Englishman paid no attention to them; but on arriving at the hotel, pulled out his remaining piece of gold, which the servants of the abbat with suspicious carelessness had not claimed, and bade them divide it amongst them—an operation that was not performed without the flashing of several knives in the bright Sicilian sun. A waiter seeing this act of munificence, understood that the travel-stained individual before him was a mad Englishman, who chose to go about without luggage, and accordingly rushed into the hotel, waving his napkin with a perfect yell of triumph. In a few moments, Walter was installed in a magnificent apartment, without a penny in his pocket, but with unlimited credit. He might have borrowed fifty pounds of the landlord at once.

As he had taken nothing since leaving the boat, except some bread and cheese and wine given him by Antonio that morning, Walter now condescended to order a copious dinner, and even refrained from visiting his banker until he had disposed of it. Leaving him thus unromantically engaged, we shall accompany the person described as Monsignore Frascatori, the dark little abbat, after he separated from Walter within the gate of the city.

He dismissed most of the mule-drivers with a precept, and assuming a very demure appearance, rode, followed by his companions at a respectful distance, towards a comparatively unfrequented quarter, where the streets are broad, with only half-a-dozen palaces and their gardens in each. Here such of the old Sicilian nobility as have not retired to the country, or become courtiers of the Neapolitan viceroy, lead a quiet life, devoting themselves with wonderful energy to religion, music, and card-playing, and taking as much pains as possible to make the government forget their very existence. Now and then the younger members of these families are led by their hot blood to engage in conspiracies; and one or two of them are from time to time sent to expiate their enthusiasm in the prisons of Favignana.

Towards one of the largest and most retired of the palaces of this quarter, the abbat and his followers rode. They were admitted into the court by an aged serving-man of decent aspect, who saluted them gravely, and called a valet to assist Antonio in landing the saddle-bags, and dismissing the muleteers. It was evident that the party now considered themselves at home, for they proceeded into the ante-chamber, and up a broad staircase, talking with so much familiarity, that any spectator would have at once divined that they had hitherto been playing a part, and felt relieved at being able to lay aside their borrowed character.

The dark little man, whom we have hitherto mentioned as the abbat, was no other than a personage who has already been introduced in the narrative of Paolo di Falco's adventures—namely, Luigi Spada; and the young men who accompanied him, and pretended to be his servants, were the sons of the Marquis of Castelnuove, a wealthy and noble Sicilian. It is scarcely necessary, after the hints we have already dropped, to explain what they had been about. They had long laboured to find out the place of Paolo's imprisonment; and having at length succeeded, had gone disguised to Trapani, hoping to seduce the bishop of that place, who was Spada's uncle, to join with them in a plot to effect the deliverance of the young man. So respectable an accomplice, they imagined, would

have rendered the matter easy. They could have matured their plans in the secure recesses of his palace, and set at defiance all the spies of Sicily. But the worthy prelate, recently appointed to that excellent benefice, was too cautious for them. He deplored the misfortunes of Luigi's friend, but he deplored also his misdeeds. He affected to believe him guilty of assassination. Why should he peril his comfort to set a murderer loose again upon the world? In vain did Luigi appeal to his Sicilian blood. That had long subsided into a tranquil flow. The expedition, therefore, had produced no result; although, had Walter been a little less cautious, and Luigi a little more discerning, the two plotters might have understood one another, and many of the chances of failure been set aside. How often in this life do men who have a great object in view, and who are yearning for companions in enterprise, pass each other by with the mask of caution on their faces, unrecognising and unrecognised!

The Marquis of Castelnuove, an excellent but timid gentleman, had seen his children depart on this undertaking with feelings of uneasiness and dismay. He had not, however, opposed them, because they only acted on principles which he had himself instilled into their minds; but it may easily be imagined that he had spent the few days during which they were absent in extreme anxiety. On hearing of their arrival, he hastened from his library, and came running to meet them in slippers and morning-gown, embracing them with a foolish fondness, that made Luigi for a moment feel quite ashamed of having led them to peril themselves to no purpose.

'Well, sons,' said the old gentleman, after having peered inquiringly into their faces, 'what success? You do not tell me what success.'

They briefly related their doings. He became pensive—sitting in his arm-chair as they stood around him; for he felt that they had come home to him because they had met with insurmountable difficulties, and would be tranquil only until some new hope lured them forth again. However, there they were in safety, and were to be made much of for awhile. Orders were sent to the kitchen that a regular banquet should be prepared; and the marquis, meantime—curiously distracted by his notions of honour, and an exclusive desire for the safety of his family—began very gently to try the effect of amiable corruption on the mind of Spada, the real soul of the little conspiracy. He knew that the young man had some pretensions to the hand of his daughter, Antonia; and though he had never encouraged them at all before, began now jocularly to allude to the subject, whilst the other young men sat in a sort of sulkily disappointed way, talking low in another corner of the room.

Luigi was delighted and surprised, and did for a moment quite forget his imprisoned friend, or rather if he thought of him whilst the marquis slyly endeavoured to excite his ambition, it was to admit to himself that any attempt to effect his release would not only probably fail, but would introduce disaster and misfortune into other families. He could, at any rate, flatter himself that he had done his duty; and Antonia would respect him for this. Such is the way in which men contrive to palliate the bitterness of defeat; but if any one had been aware of these thoughts, he might have formed a very discouraging estimate of human nature.

Suddenly a servant came in, and said that a man on horseback, who seemed to have ridden hard, was inquiring for Spada. The marquis turned very pale, for he suspected danger in any unusual occurrence of this kind. All guessed at once that this was another incident of their plot; and the young men, who had no doubt been influenced a good deal by a craving for excitement, which was denied them in the ordinary course of their existence, and who had felt dispirited

because their occupation was gone, and they might have to fall back on the dismal routine of everyday life, brightened up all at once, much to their good father's dismay. They collected round Spada in an animated group, and eagerly waited the appearance of the new-comer, who was no other than Giacomo, hot and dusty with fast riding.

'Gentlemen,' said he, when the servant had retired, doffing his cap to the marquis, but speaking to the others with respectful familiarity, 'I did not know of your departure until this morning; I had something to tell that may be important; and though the water is my element, have ridden a horse nearly to death to be with you in time. Where is the Englishman?'

'We got rid of him as soon as we could,' said Spada, with a shrug of contempt.

'But is he not in the secret? No! How is it, then, that you accepted his companionship?'

'He told us he came from Marettimo, and wanted to get on to Palermo at once. There were curious ears about, so I could ask for no explanation then; but when I sounded him, he only looked foolish, as his countrymen generally do, and professed to know nothing. Is it this that has brought you post-haste from Trapani?'

'Signor Spada,' exclaimed Giacomo somewhat piqued, 'that man is a dangerous enemy or a cunning friend. Did he tell you that he had had speech of the Prisoner?'

'He pretended to know nothing about him.'

'Perhaps he was wise not to unburden himself lightly. From me, however, he could not conceal that fact. It was Paolo di Faleo who saved his life. I inferred, of course, that our friend would find or make an opportunity of speaking to him, and sending a message ashore; and endeavoured to worm something out of him. But with the phlegm of his nation, he repelled my advances. I was disgusted; but afraid to be too communicative, and left him in the hands of the police. I met him afterwards going into the town, and promised myself that I would provoke him to an explanation in the morning. But I learned that he had gone straight to meet you, and had at once been received as a fellow-traveller. There seemed some mystery in this; and as you have hitherto honoured me with your confidence, I thought I ought to know all about it.'

'Then you bring no news?' edged in the marquis, who drew a long breath at this explanation. 'You were only jealous that something was going on of which you knew not the secret? Fie, fie!—for a conspirator, that savours too much of womanly curiosity.'

Giacomo looked rather crest-fallen, and tried to add as an excuse, that the *Filippa*, his own vessel, was in the port of Palermo; but Luigi Spada, after reflecting awhile, raised his head with a bright look, and said: 'My friends, believe me to be blind and stupid, if what I now say is not true. We have all mistaken the character of that Englishman. Gratitude, rising to the height of chivalrous sentiment, is the characteristic of his countrymen. If Paolo di Faleo saved his life, depend on it he will never forget the obligation. Besides, his extreme caution, by which he has deceived both Giacomo and ourselves, is proof that he is plotting something. An ordinary tourist who had met with so remarkable an adventure, would have made the whole country ring with it. This cold-looking young man has avoided all display, and is evidently hastening on with some steady object in view. Who knows but that he may be commissioned to communicate with us? He said something of going to Messina. Paolo imagines us to be there. I see it all. The very fact of his denying to me that he knew of the existence of the Prisoner, and ascribing his preservation to the garrison, whilst to Giacomo he confessed the truth, is more than sufficient to prove these surmises. Gentlemen, we all came back here like whipped

children. I see in your eyes that you are ready to go forth again. Let us, however, be cautious. The first step is to find where our mysterious friend is lodged. That will be easy. I undertake the task. This is all we wanted.

The Marquis of Castelnovo, who had imagined his children to be effectually rebutted by their disappointment, did not attempt to repress the enthusiasm which the speech of Luigi Spada had created; and sank back into his chair, secretly promising himself, in case any disaster happened, to retract all he had said about Antonia. The youths, fine handsome fellows, though with features somewhat fatigued by ennui, by which Sicilian gentlemen are nearly all devoured, seemed quite transformed by the fresh prospect held out to them; and paced up and down the room, talking and laughing with Giacomo, as if he had come to invite them to a party of pleasure. They did not know Paolo, except from having taken an ice with him occasionally in the Caffè del Teatro when they were on a visit to Messina; but they felt a general sympathy with all who were persecuted by the Neapolitan government, and persuaded themselves that they were doing service to their country by assisting them. To a certain extent they were right; for by these private conspiracies, so common in Sicily, this opposition carried on in detail, the members of the party to which they belonged contrived to maintain a certain amount of organisation, and be prepared for greater efforts.

Before issuing forth into the streets, Luigi Spada got rid of his clerical dress, which he had adopted only to be able to visit his uncle the bishop, without attracting the attention of the police. He was known not only to be Paolo's intimate friend, but to have busied himself in inquiries as to his fate; so that his presence in Trapani, if observed, might have been a signal for watchfulness. We shall see besides, that, like many of his countrymen, he had dramatic notions as to how a conspirator ought to behave; and was unnecessarily partial to the slouched hat and the ample cloak. When dressed in plain gentleman's clothes, after an hour's toilet, despite a certain wildness and oddity of look, Luigi seemed quite an attractive personage, not only to others but to himself. He admired his appearance in a full-length mirror, and no doubt wished that Antonia was there to be dazzled. There is a great deal of simplicity in the vanity of these southern natures: they care little to conceal—with the far-sighted cunning of more civilised races—that they are not blind to their own good qualities.

'Very good—excellent!' said Luigi, turning from his rapid inspection with a smile of satisfied pride.

Giacomo, who had evidently a particular admiration for him, echoed his exclamation.

'Per Bacco!' cried he. 'It does my heart good to see you out of that black dress, under which a brave bosom must ever feel confined. You are almost as handsome now as when'—

Luigi checked some imprudent expression by a glance; and the Marquis of Castelnovo, who watched everything that passed with keen anxiety, understood that there was a mystery within a mystery in all this, like a succession of Chinese ivory balls cut one inside the other.

'I must be trusted before I trust you with Antonia,' thought he.

The young men noticed nothing, and urged Luigi to hasten his interview with the Englishman. He went forth, accordingly, alone, walking slowly—vain fellow that he was!—to give everybody, especially the ladies, who were taking their twilight drive along the Strada di Toledo, an opportunity of admiring his dapper little figure.

When he arrived at the Hotel of Santa Rosalia, and asked if an English traveller had arrived there that day to lodge, they told him that such had indeed been

the case; but that, after having eaten like a savage wolf, the stranger had gone forth, remained absent an hour, returned, paid his bill, and announced his immediate departure from Palermo. By what road and by what conveyance the indefatigable Walter had pursued his journey, Luigi could not learn.

VESTED INTERESTS.

EVERYBODY knows by reputation, if he does not know him personally, the Parisian chiffonnier. Covered with rags, a basket full of filth on his shoulder, a lantern by his side, he walks in the early night through the streets, striking the hook of the peculiar stick he carries into every morsel of dirty paper lying on the heaps of mud, and depositing it in his basket as if it were a treasure. That he should carefully turn over the heaps of mud and refuse in search of spoil is intelligible, but the dirty piece of paper—what can it be worth, even to a chiffonnier?

But what everybody does not know is—the chiffonnier has a vested interest in these same heaps of mud, of which the police, powerful as it is at Paris, dares not deprive him. The attempt was once made, and its remembrance dwells yet in the mind of this civil nomade. He will talk to you as long as you like of the civil war which he once waged successfully over his heaps of cabbages. Those who have known Paris under the old régime, may yet remember the huge dung-carts which, at four o'clock in the morning, were wont to rumble over the hollow streets of the capital—stopping up the narrow ways sometimes for hours together—emitting the most fearful stenches—and always overfull, strewing the way with the abundant droppings of their horrid contents.

The approach of the cholera in 1832 frightened all the world. The most palpable evil, and that most easily removed, were these dung-carts, and the mud-heaps which, formed every evening, were allowed to spread pestilence during the night. The municipality, therefore, resolved to substitute small and light dung-carts for the afore-said heavy machines, and to make an evening round, carrying off the accumulations of the day.

But the municipality reckoned without its chiffonnier. To remove the mud-heaps was to deprive the chiffonnier of his existence. There were, even then, 1800 of these people in Paris, almost all with families. The whole property recovered, by means of the chiffonniers, and applied to their own uses, exceeded 1,000,000 francs. This property the municipality, in real fact, proposed to confiscate; for it formed a most serious consideration in the contract of the parties to whom the cleansing of the city was to be confided on the new plan. The contractor could not hope to emulate the industry of the chiffonnier, but he reckoned upon a good 20,000 francs per annum from this source of profit.

The cleansing of the city on the old and imperfect plan had cost about 1,600,000 yearly. The new contractors engaged to do the business effectually for about one-half. Thus there was a saving to the public purse: health for the inhabitants; comfort for the visitor; a bad reputation removed from the city: society was the gainer on all sides, and the chiffonnier alone the loser. The chiffonnier was forced either to fight society, to work honestly, or to perish. Of these three alternatives, he chose the first.

On the 31st of March, the new dung-carts were set in motion. All the chiffonniers of Paris were ready to receive them. They followed the vehicles, shouting, singing, dancing—their wild rags fluttering in the breeze of a spring evening, and their bodies contorted with the gesticulations only possible to a Frenchman. They were principally congregated at the corners of the great streets, where the refuse of the large restaurants was swept up every evening. Here, of course, they

were in the way of swelling their numbers by all the vagabonds of the metropolis. The women joined them in crowds. The motley assemblage—hooting at a dung-cart—formed a scene at least original. As usual, from hootings they proceeded to action. All the carts circulating along the line of the quays were jostled into the river; in other places, they were broken, and the conductors seriously injured.

The authorities, for a night or two, treated the matter as a joke. At last it became serious. The malcontent chiffonniers were joined by a new set of interested parties. These were the proprietors of the large dung-carts now discarded; they had been in the habit of letting them out at so much per journey, generally fifteen francs, and the value of the manure. If the chiffonniers had a vested interest in the mud-heaps, the cart-proprietors had a vested interest in crowding and infesting the streets with their mud-carts. The new allies brought, of course, their quota of friends and adherents; the tumult became serious; the dirt was nightly scattered about the streets; the cholera was at hand; and the police prepared for a final demonstration.

But the chiffonniers had other resources beyond that of brute force. They spread the report that the police and their friends had imported the cholera by poisoning the city. The world actually believed them in the year of grace 1832. Although the cholera had been slowly and steadily advancing; had been on the move for three years; had reached Russia, Germany, and, finally, England; its approach to France was not to be reconciled with natural causes. Without doubt, Paris was poisoned by the enemies of the people and of the chiffonniers. These last were not content with mere reports: men were seen about the city furtively pouring something from a phial into the fountain, yet taking care that they should be observed. One of these phials was seized—it contained liquorice-water. Others beckoned children down the by-streets, and gave them sweetmeats: others threw dust into the pits, and then made off mysteriously. People declared that they had seen two sergens de ville in the act of poisoning a little girl. Pellets of bread and little white balls were scattered about the streets—the last were of earthenware. Little morsels of meat were thrown under the gates of the hotels: coloured sugar-plums were scattered about; men dashed wildly in different directions, pouring wine or vinegar on the road; red powder, found afterwards to be shaving-powder, was put upon wine-bottles—and the bottles of course discovered; small parcels of tobacco, mixed with a black powder, were thrown here and there. One or two persons, bolder than the rest, threw themselves into horrible convulsions, as if suffering under the worst effects of poison.

Meanwhile some of the newspapers took up the matter: it was an opportunity too good to be lost. A man had been seen to enter a wine-shop. He sent the master to the cellar on some excuse, and then poured powder into the wine. The people saw him, and fell upon him. The police instantly interfered, and carried him off with the utmost care and respect. These, and a hundred other such stories, were famous reading for a Parisian mob. Those only who have seen the readers to these strange assemblies, can form an idea of the ecstatic interest with which they would thunder forth the contents of the paper.

All this came to the assistance of the bands following, as usual, the obnoxious mud-carts. The general cry of poisoning was raised on all sides. Men with naked arms, women with their hair about their ears, aided the chiffonniers in vociferations against a murderous police. If these ever had possessed any definite aim, the consequences would have been truly serious. They could break up the mud-carts, small vehicles of little value, and which were sure to be replaced on the morrow. This done, they had no definite point

towards which to carry their indignation. Hence, beyond a few isolated instances of pillage, the disturbances did little real damage.

Meantime the newspapers—even those above forging wild stories of poisoned wine—took up the quarrel upon popular grounds. What was to be done with the chiffonniers, if they were deprived of their daily bread? It was a ministerial job, perpetrated at the expense of a laborious and unhappy class. Did the ministry think that they could with impunity rob the people of their livelihood? Where was the compensation to the chiffonnier for the loss of what he had been taught to look upon as his property?

The people, it was added, had their right in the produce of the earth, and so to those who deprived them of it! Cabbage-leaves, without question, were part of the produce of the earth. To all this were added popular proclamations, in the usual style, posted about the walls.

A revolt at St Pelagie, excited by the confusion, came in time to assist the tumult. The prisoners—many of them political—were on the point of obtaining their freedom. Meanwhile the report of poisoning, raised for a momentary purpose, reached a terrible climax. The populace thought proper to suspect certain individuals; no one could tell why. At Vaugirard, two men were pursued and killed in the very office of the commissary of police. A notary's clerk was killed in the Rue St Denis. The quays, the halles, the populous streets of the Rue St Martin and the Faubourg St Antoine, were filled with an infuriated mob. The terrors of the scene were, as usual in Paris, mixed with the ludicrous. Two men were pursued in the Faubourg St Antoine for giving a poisoned slice of bread and butter to a child; the men were caught, surrounded by the mob, who flourished over them with fury the terrible slice. As they were on the point of proceeding to extreme measures, one of the commissaires de police, who happened fortunately to be in the way, offered to eat the bread and butter with his own official mouth. This he did amid the laughter of the mob, who enjoyed the joke, but did not abate a jot of their suspicions.

Those were not the days for police triumphs. The government, and the municipality could act against individuals with sufficient vigour, but they could not manage a mob. It was evident that the popular cry could not be put down without loss of life, and the consequences might be too serious to risk for a mere matter of health and decency. The contest ended by the proprietors of the new dung-carts promising to give up the evening round—for which they had no compensation—getting as much for the sixty mud-carts destroyed in the affray. Thus the matter has rested ever since. The chiffonniers yet remain, to perpetuate a wild tribe in the midst of civilisation, and a picturesque existence when all else that is picturesque is lost amid elegance and comfort. For whatever reason, the population of Paris, of whatever class, has a liking for the chiffonniers, made up of pity, habit, and the general interest it feels on the sight of these strange figures in the great patchwork of society. It is to this odd kind of sympathy that the chiffonnier—as he owed to it his victory in the serious struggle for existence which he once maintained against society—will probably owe the continuance of his class for many years to come.

It should not be omitted that the highest official authorities solemnly declared, that the intention of a large body of the disaffected part of the populace was to begin poisoning in earnest, when they found that their shams failed to create a disturbance sufficient to shake the government. The plot was regularly formed. These men bound themselves to scatter poison in the shops of the bakers and confectioners, if they were not detected. The discovery of positive cases of poison

could not fail, they imagined, to affect the public mind, in its excited state, until it was worked up to the commission of any enormity. If the offender were discovered, it was arranged that he should be set upon by members of their own party, who should raise the cry that he was a police agent, letting him escape in the disturbance, and fixing at the same time the intended stigma on the police. This plot required too much finesse and contrivance to be carried out by so large a body of men as were necessary to its accomplishment; but that it existed, the most decided testimony is at this moment in existence.

MUSIC IN METAL.

No one who lives within hearing of Bow-bells, or of any other such tintinnabulary distributors of sound, but knows that metal is sonorous. Some people like the sound of bells; some the clang of cymbals; some the clink of a smith's hammer on the anvil; while others find no metallic music so pleasing as the ring of gold and silver coins on the counter. Every silver-smith knows that a piece of bent sheet-silver heated, will hum and sing when placed on a block of cold iron, which is a different sort of music to that produced by percussion, and thus it might appear that the subject of music in metal is speedily exhausted. But in this last-mentioned fact a property is involved—a very remarkable nature, namely, that metals, under certain circumstances, produce their own music, and sing in such a style as to surprise the listener.

The thing was discovered in a curious way in a stirring year—that which saw the battle of Trafalgar—by Mr Schwartz, an inspector of smelting-works, in Saxony. He had melted some silver in a ladle, and being impatient for it to cool, turned out the hemispherical mass as soon as it solidified, on a cold iron anvil, when, to his astonishment, musical tones came from it similar, as he described, to those of an organ. The strange occurrence got talked about, and a learned German professor having heard of it, visited the smelting-works, and had the experiment repeated in his presence. He, too, heard the sounds, but he did not think them equal to those of an organ, and noticed that they were accompanied by vibrations in the lump of silver, and that when these ceased, the sounds ceased also. It was a curious fact, and there the matter rested.

Twenty-five years later, the same phenomenon was discovered, but in a different way, near the foot of the Cheviots, by Mr Arthur Trevelyan, who, to quote an account of the incident, 'was engaged in spreading pitch with a hot plastering-iron, and observing in one instance that the iron was too hot, he laid it slantingly against a block of lead which happened to be at hand. Shortly afterwards he heard a shrill note, resembling that produced on the chanter of the smaller Northumberland pipes—an instrument played by his father's gamekeeper. Not knowing the cause of the sound, he thought that this person might be practising out-of-doors; but on going out, the sound ceased to be heard, while on his return he heard it as shrill as before. His attention was at length attracted to the hot iron, which he found to be in a state of vibration, and thus discovered the origin of his strange music.'

Here was something to set an ingenious mind at work; and as nothing happens without a cause, except the breaking of domestic crockery, Mr Trevelyan, having asked the advice of Dr Reid of Edinburgh, set himself to discover the cause of the music. He made a number of careful experiments, during which he ascertained that a 'rocker,' as he called it, brought out the loudest and clearest notes, and he described his proceedings so well, that they were published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*. The

rocker here mentioned is an instrument bearing some resemblance to the bevelled soldering-iron used by tinnermen. Imagine a piece of brass, four inches long, somewhat similar in shape to the outer half of a broad, old-fashioned sash-bar, with a thin groove passing from end to end of its narrowest edge, and with a slim, straight handle of the same metal, terminating in a knob, and you have the rocker. The mode of using it will be presently explained.

Professor Faraday next took up the subject, and made it the theme of a lecture which he delivered at the Royal Institution, embodying an explanation of the phenomenon—lucid and apprehensible, as his explanations always are. He confirmed Mr Trevelyan's view as to the tones being due to an alternate expansion and contraction caused by the heat. This it is that sets the rocker vibrating; and according to the rapidity or slowness of the vibrations, such is the pitch of the tone. The particular way in which the expansion takes place is, that the groove in the edge of the rocker makes it a double edge, and whenever the heated rocker is placed resting on a mass of lead, a couple of little prominences or hills rise up, immediately under the points of contact, being the natural effect of expansion caused by heat. At the same moment the rocker begins to vibrate, and no sooner is one side raised than the hill on that side suddenly sinks, owing to the rapid absorption of its heat by the surrounding mass of lead. The consequence is, that the rocker descends through a greater distance than it rose, whereby the other edge being raised, the same effect is produced on the opposite side; and thus the vibrations continue as long as there is a sufficient difference of temperature between the two metals. The movement as here described, affords an instance of a curious maintaining power; for the force which really lifts the rocker is on one side of the centre of gravity, while the rising side of the rocker itself is on the other; and the point 'under process of heating is always moving towards the other, which is under process of cooling.'

Although, as yet, there does not appear to be any way of turning these experiments to a practical use, they are of much importance in a scientific point of view, as shewn by the researches of Dr Tyndall, professor of natural philosophy at the Royal Institution. He has repeated the experiments, and extended them to other substances besides metals, finding in all of them a confirmation of Mr Faraday's views, and proving, what had been denied—that a tone can be produced by two metals of the same kind in contact; for instance, silver on silver, or copper on copper. In this case, however, the silver or copper rocker is made to rest on a very thin slip of the same metal held in a vice. Agates, and some other gems, rock-crystal, fluor-spar, fossil-wood, glass and earthenware, will also give out tones to a heated rocker—the only condition of success appearing to be a clean and even edge in the substance under experiment. Among this class of substances, rock-salt exhibits extraordinary effects. Desirous of trying this mineral, Dr Tyndall, whose remarks we have quoted above, placed a partially cooled rocker on a mass of it, when, as he writes, 'to my astonishment a deep musical sound commenced immediately: the temperature of the rocker being at the time far below that of boiling water, and when the singing ended, was scarcely above blood-heat.' In this case, the want of an edge appears to be of no importance, for when the heated rocker was laid on a large boulder-shaped mass of the salt, it commenced to sing immediately. I scarcely know a substance,' adds Dr Tyndall, 'metallic or non-metallic, with which vibrations can be obtained with greater ease and certainty than with this mineral.'

Now, here is something to furnish occupation for evening-hours during the coming winter, the

experiments being such as may be tried by the fireside, and even in the drawing-room. A commencement may be made in a rough way by heating a poker, and placing it with the knob resting on a table, and the heated end on a block of cold lead. The singing will at once be heard. Rockers of various kinds may next be introduced, made as above described, and placed so as to rest horizontally during the experiment. With a hand-vice, such as will fasten to the edge of a table, after the manner of a lady's pin cushion, the thinnest slips of metal may be securely held while testing their quality. The effect, too, may be tried of pressing slightly with a knitting-needle on the back of the rocker immediately above the groove: it will be found that a whole octave of tones may be produced by varying the pressure; the lowest with least pressure, and shrillest with the highest.

Perhaps, after all, there may be more in the music of the spheres than a dream of poets or philosophers. We have all heard how that the statue of Meunon used to sing in the morning sunbeams, and who shall say that out of the experiments we have suggested, may not come a musical instrument on which heat shall be the only performer! Wind will then have a rival.

PARABLES.

'Hold every mortal joy
With a loose hand!'

'We clutch our joys as children clutch their flowers;
We know them sweet, yet scarce believe them ours
Till our hot palms have snatched their colours rare,
And pressed their dewy blood out, unaware.

But the wise Gardener, whose they were, comes by,
And, while we are not looking, with mild eye,
Mournful, yet sweet, and pitiful, though stern,
Takes them.

Then in a moment we discern
By loss, what was possession, and half wild,
Lift up rash empty hands like wronged child,
Crying: 'Why didst thou snatch my portion?'
But he says tenderly: 'Not thine, but mine;
And points to those stained fingers which have torn
Our fatal cherishing, our cruel love:
At which we, children, a pale silence keep,
Yet evermore must weep, and weep, and weep.

So on through devious ways and thorny brakes,
Quiet and slow, our shrinking feet he takes,
Led by the purpled hand, which, laved with tears,
More and more clean beneath his sight appears.
At length the heavy eyelids trembling shine
'I am content. Thou look'st but what was thine.'

And then he us his beauteous garden shews,
Where, bountiful, the Rose of Sharon grows,
Where in the breezes opening spice-buds swell,
And the pomegranates yield a pleasant smell;
While to and fro peace-sandalled angels move
In the calm air that they—not we—call Love;
An air so fine and rare, our grosser breath
Cannot inhale till purified by death.
And thus, we, struck with longing, evermore
Do sit and wait outside the Eden-door,
Until the gracious Gardener maketh sign—
'Enter in peace. All this is mine—and thine.'

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THE LONG VACATION-PARTY.

THE blithest summer that blithe youth can spend, is that he enjoys with a reading-party chosen with discretion, and a 'coach,'* selected for other reasons as well as his couching, in Wales, or Scotland, or the English lakes. If he be poor, he has at least no immediate cares; his fellows have tasted far too little of the poison-cup of society to think less of him on that account; and if he be delicate and ailing, be sure no nurse in Christendom, sister, or wife, or mother, is tenderer and more unselfish than a college friend. But with health and strength, and money and high spirits, such as most of us at Alma Mater are endowed with; with the sense of absolute freedom; with an affectionate intimacy amongst us all, born of the common aim of our pursuits, and chilled by none of the external circumstances that harass all the friendships of the world; with just so much of study as makes amusement pleasanter, and just so much anxiety as makes carelessness delightful, I do not know any circumstances for which I would exchange this happy state.

It was at the close of May 18— that I started from the grilling, dusty, Great Metropolis to join a reading-party in the Western Highlands of Scotland: how much the whistle of that express-engine that was to waft me far upon my way to the land of moor and torrent, from the insolence of the West End, the insouciance of the Clubbists, the dignity of the King, and the not less heartless mechanism of the money-spinning city! As the roar and smoke of the Great Babylon grew dimmer and fainter, as strips of green fields and detached houses became frequent on either side of the rail, the dull and weary feeling of a misspent London life gave place to buoyancy and freshness; a new and higher existence seemed opening before me, and I gazed upon the cover of *Black's Guide to Scotland* as upon the key of some wondrous and yet untrodden paradise.

'The Key to the Locks,' as my friend Stewart denominated it—he who was then travelling with me upon the same errand, and who never lost an opportunity, in season or out of season, of bestowing upon his neighbours some elaborate satire or unpardonable pun. 'O et Præsidium et dulce decus meum,' was his endearing expression to the guard at Birmingham, that permitted him to smoke unmolested, while with the blind closely drawn over the next compartment, and

his well-executed imitation of a baby's cries, he effectually kept the carriage to ourselves.

Glasgow was attained that night. A couple of hours' steaming down the Clyde, and a very short railway journey, brought us to Loch Lomond. It was, indeed, a scene of enchanting beauty; any one of its hundred islands might have been Calypso's own. Romance and legend had a natural home in every wavy cove: and crested moss-grown crag, while at the head of that magnificent reach of water, with the summer clouds clothing its ample shoulders, but letting its brows be seen, stood up, surveying all, the huge Ben Lomond! What would one not have given for silence in such a scene! What punishment would not have been excusable in the case of that confounded pipe, with his country-dances, who would skip on in spite of Stewart's assurance that the reel never suits with the ideal; in spite of pints of whisky given to incapacitate the performer; in spite even of a glass or two secretly administered to the instrument itself!

Disembarking at Tarbet, and taking coach round the head of Loch Long, and through the green valley of Glencroe, we passed by the famous 'Rest-and-be-thankful' Stone, and thence by a steep and long descent we arrived on the shores of Loch Fyne—the most beautiful sea-loch in the world, as I am content evermore to believe it.

Rounding its eastern arm, and reaching the end of that promontory which lies between it and the western, the view is most magnificent: many miles of salt lake before us, winding and turning far out of sight indeed, but, as we knew by the pleasant breezes, with the open sea beyond. On the near shore, the white-walled town of Inverary, with the great castle of the Campbells, 'standing four-square to every wind that blows;' and as we gain the first of the high sharp-peaked bridges, the gorgeous Dhuloch, with its woods and mountain-gorges yet to be explored, on our right hand; then under the ancient watch-tower, whence the approach of nightly enemies was wont to be discerned, and blazoned by the beacon-fires to the friendly clans, and amid the scenes where Dugald Dalgetty and the Children of the Mist are such wondrous actors in the *Legend of Montrose*.

But what have romance and bloodshed to do with us, welcomed by a dozen voices—for we are a very large reading-party—and exchanging greetings and handshakings with three or four on either side? We had arrived the last; but very good rooms had been reserved for us, overlooking the little quay whereon Dugald saw the bodies hanging, and the bay where McCallum More was wont to muster the galleys for his raids.

Our landlord was a Campbell of course—seventieth cousin or so to the duke; a very good fellow, but not

* The long vacation of the English universities is often spent by groups of young men in Switzerland, the Highlands of Scotland, and similar retreats, under the care of a tutor (called a coach), by whom their studies are conducted.—Ed.

choice in the ornaments of our sitting-rooms. A preserved toad, and a bottle of other 'mixt pickles' of the most revolting kind, were amongst our chief rarities, that it would have greatly angered him to have objected to; the little maid had neither shoes nor stockings, nor feet that could afford to lose those concealments; the windows had no notion of stopping up of themselves, and guillotined one or two of us at different times, and seven or eight at once when we expected a great steamer at the pier, or other attraction; and to conclude, there was everywhere a great odour of Loch Fyne herrings. We were, with these exceptions, excellently lodged, and the dame assured us at once, that there were glasses and toddy-spoons in the house for twelve.

Charley Lester lodged in the same dwelling (whether Stewart or he was pet of the party is yet undecided). Apollo, Cupid, and Hyacinth, or, less classically, 'Beauty,' were his principal addresses, by reason of his grace and glory; but he was far from being pleased or even flattered by any of these cognomens. Within call—and well did the little fishing-town know that we were within call: at all hours of the day and night dwelt the painter of the company; not *par excellence*, nor without even two rivals, but the only one who made a kind of profession of it, and was always looking about for 'warm tints,' good foregrounds, and speculating about 'a clear day for the mountains.' Many a pretty sketch have I now got by me of Lewis Harcadale's, of gorgeous spots we shall neither see again, with brighter skies above them than have decked the summers since.

If there was ever a land-hearted fellow in this world, it was Jack. We never called him by any other name, and I shan't do it now. Jack, who lived thirty doors off at least, but always seemed to us like a concentrated brass-band in our own apartments; never was there such a cornet as his cornet, nor such lungs as his lungs; nor since the Arabian Nights, I should think, so wonderful a fisherman. On the average, his basket brought home five dozen per diem of salmon or trout: always up to his knees in loch or river, and never any the worse for it. I must confess, however, with this intolerable amount of moisture he mixed a good quantity of spirits—for his stomach's sake and medicinally, I do not doubt. He supplied breakfast and supper for us all.

Then of real musicians, we had at least a couple, regular pianists, quite accomplished professionals, and three glee-singers, wonderful to hear. Moonlight on Loch Fyne, with the cornet waking the echoes far away, and these five voices afterwards swelling and falling over the still scene, was sight and sound of the finest. Ned—whose other name, too, I care not to remember, for we never used it—was a good singer, though not quite equal to our charming prima donna, delicatest and most ladylike of men; but for 'slang,' good powerful Saxon, when insolence, cruelty, or wrong demanded it, commend me to Ned for ever: so gentle and kindly, too, withal. I wish I could call to mind once more but one of his best chosen epithets as applied to exacting innkeepers, rude officials, drunkards ill-boulder-shin, softer sex, and such like, and I'd print it at immediately.

As to innkeepers, as a general rule we can be of at them. Our dear long friend, that was than with this fund of jokes, but good-tempered as he was

Now, here y formidable fellow to strangers. He could for evening-honphal arches over everybody, and speak r that was away from him. No waiter ever

dared to look higher than his waistcoat-buttons, but imagined the rest of the elevation in terror. We travelled under his protection, as it were, for rivalry was out of the question.

We were a very united happy lot, and were presided over intellectually by a pair of capital coaches, that carried us all safely, as per contract, to the B. A. terminus, from whence we Cantabs start upon the railway of life for the longer journey. Great 'bricks'—with reverence be it spoken—were these two; but neither of them, whatever they may say to the contrary, ever had the slightest notion of fly-fishing. Such splendid rods, such roomy baskots, such enormous landing-nets did they procure, and, as I honestly believe, they never caught a fish between them. Day after day, as soon as four o'clock arrived—we dined at the hotel at two—did Messrs Watt and Dickson march down to the streams in full panoply, make a great bet about which should kill the most, and return at dewy eve with empty hands and drawn wagers. Dickson did hook one once. Stewart and I were, lying by the side of the Dhuloch capping verses, when we were suddenly alarmed by agonising shrieks from our beloved preceptor. He was in the midst of a very deep and rapid river, running then up to his neck, his rod bent double, and an enormous salmon trout dragging him down the current at a fearful rate. 'I've got him—I've got him!' was all the information he again and again vouchsafed us, and that was given with inconvenience, from the floods of water that invaded his mouth and even eyes. His landing-net had been carried down the stream—thrown, as I believe, at the fish in an agony of excitement—and we could be of no further service than that afforded by our casting ourselves upon the green-sward, and shrieking with inextinguishable laughter. Once we lost sight of him altogether, and thought of swimming to the rescue, but a half-strangled 'I've got him!' again reassured us. Nevertheless our dear coach never did get him, but lost his entire line and the top-joint of his fishing-rod.

Such an eight-onr as we had upon Loch Fyne was never seen in those parts, I guess, before or since, far less such a crew as manned it. Four of our men were 'in the University boat' at Cambridge, and all the rest 'good oars.' Many a race did we Southerners have with them of the Plaid—now for 'sputs' of 500 yards or so under the eastern shore, and now for a long grind over miles of tossing sea, altogether different from the calm waters of the Cam, but both with the same result to our victorious oars. Sometimes hidden with provender and liquid, was *The Pride of Inverary* forced up some unnavigated stream, spite of shoals, and rocks, and c-dies, and the sandy bar at its mouth, with the rowers up to their hips in water, propelling it by hand instead of 'scull;' which first impediments having been overcome, a mile of broad bright water between cliff and scar, and hanging woodland on either side, would overpay us for our pains; and when the foot of some cataract, too lofty even for *The Pride* herself to manage, was attained, the cloth was spread over the flat table rocks, and the feast began, 'for which neither appetite was wanting nor an equal share for each.' Then the most thoughtful basked in the sun, and the cleverest constructed wondrous-tinted flies for trout and salmon, the singers took to their singing, the player to his cornet, the artists to their painting, the tobacco-smoke gradually curled above our heads, the water-fall beneath us made melodious thunder, and down from the pool beyond it came the pleasant laughter and silver splash of the delighted bathers; just such a pool was that for Creswick to carry away with him, to gladden the hearts of toil-worn Londoners in picture-room and exhibition; just such a pool was that as Diana was surprised in, hiding with her maidens from

the 'mountide of July! But, alas! no such luck as Actæon's ever fell to me or any one of us. Mr Etty, indeed, seems the only modern the gods vouchsafe such sights to.

No more charming expedition for a summer evening is there than that of following a mountain-stream from mouth to source: broad shallow waters at the first, with great round silver basins filled with sky and cloud, and then high narrowing cliffs and wooded gorges, copper-coloured depths and tumbling falls; these last delayed us indeed greatly, for always there was 'such a good take off' from some great rock above the pool beneath, or the water was so 'precious warm,' or there was a 'nugget' glistening at the bottom not to escape the diver, and instantly half-a-dozen naked figures would be contending for the prize, setting their curls under the falling flood, and angering the silent genii of the place, that echoed back their shouts prolonged and sullenly.

We had a habit, caught from our Scotch neighbours perhaps, of making 'raids' or sallies from our headquarters from Saturday till Monday. The inn at Inver-snaid remembers yet our ravages: well, doth the Trosachs know our imitation of the Highland war-whoop—the refrain of 'Grigalach, Grigalach!' being given something after the manner of the London boys' 'Variety, Variety!' Even as far as Stirling and the Bridge of Allan did we penetrate: from which last place, during the celebration of the games we had to depart quite suddenly for our dear panster's sake; for Stewart, understanding from a large and exceedingly dirty person in a plaid beside him, who was not entered for the 'throwing the hammer,' then going on, that 'his fingers itched to be at it,' replied with an expressive gesture that 'they look as if they did,' whereupon was battle joined, and—the national cleanliness being called in question—a general tumult subsequently; so that we had to take coach, not altogether unscathed, back into our own fastnesses.

Did we not circumnavigate Loch Awe, exploring, like the 'sailing moon,' its every creek and cove, and wade to the ruins of Kilehrin Castle, and draw and paint them a long way after Turner? Did we not climb, in two divisions, the heights of Ben Cruachan, like the Remites and Rommites of old, each swearing to have been the favoured ones? I know in my heart our peak was the lower one, but wild horses should tear me limb from limb before I confess so much. Did we not even accomplish a trip to Oban, and worry a 'grinding' mathematical lot 'to the nth,' as I know they expressed it; and once were we pot six mortal hours at Loch-en-Tarbert playing whist in a wood for sheer want of a better thing to do? Our Inverary damsel painted the attractions of this hideous place; and, as Stewart observed, 'of course the Gael'—I do believe he meant girl as well—'deceived us Saxons.' Across the lower ferry of Loch Fyne, too—whose name is pronounced like whistling, and could not be spelt by Mr Layard himself—how often did we take that pretty roadway past the east shore of Loch Eck! How cleanly an inn—how charming a landlady in that pleasant spot! The one detraction to our party, and admirable for nothing save his beautiful curling hair, was Waggle's dog, Smut. He interrupted the sportsmen at the most critical times by plunging into the fish-pools; he disgusted the romancists, enjoying the placid moonlight, by the most fiendish howlings; he threw my respected 'coach' from off his mountain-mule, by affixing himself glutinously to the tail of that quadruped; he snapped at our damsel's naked feet, enough, one would have hoped, to make her take to some more decent covering; and, to crown all, he reduced our toddy equipage 'for twelve,' wherof we had been so boastful, down to the spoons and a wine-glass. That we lay in wait for his life assiduously after that event, I need not say; but he never left the heels of Waggle's day nor night. At

length Nemesis overtook him. Eight-and-forty hours' incessant deluge had swollen the little Airag into the most rapid river I ever beheld. Its turbid, maddened current was rising every minute almost visibly; the wooden bridge was swept from end to end, and shook and shuddered in the roar of waters; the two great salmon-leaps, artificially constructed of a considerable height, were undistinguishable from the rest of the stream—became each but a long slanting roll of yellow foam; the meadows on both sides were overflowed by acres; and where the angry torrent poured itself into Loch Fyne, it made a dusky line, distinct as far as eye could reach.

What 'thunder-music' by the second fall, where he stood in wonder at the spectacle, for all the raging tempest! Smut, on the fishing-platform, which abuts the stream, was lifting up his feeble voice in vain, baying at Hyacinth, who strove to catch a glimpse of his fine figure in the roaring depths, when suddenly that engaging animal was precipitated downwards, whether by foot of foe or irresistible inward impulse was never known; and one little shriek, one spot of black amidst the cataract, was the last sound and sight vouchsafed to us of Waggle's pet pup. He had others, indeed; but none so dear to himself, so costly to other people. Then, indeed, when we felt how hopeless was his fate, did we begin to know how much we had loved him; we had each to recollect some service rendered to us of the dog departed—an obnoxious mouse destroyed, a stick recovered from the lake, an obtrusive beggar bitten, came to reproach us when it was too late. 'Ah!' sighed Waggle, as we turned out of the park into the hotel, 'we shall never see a dog like Smut again!' 'Smut, sir,' said the waiter—'Smut just come in, sir, dripping wet, and stole a fowl!' So he had: this Snarley-yow of dogs, this immortal—how we all continued to hate him!—had, somehow or other, got safe down the rapid, and over the bridge, and into the loch, where he soon regained the bank, took breath, and made a depredation. Dear Smut, I owe thee no ill-will; I have met many sad dogs, far inferior to thee in this world since those days at Inverary. I would not wear gloves made out of your skin, and sold to me for kid, if I knew it, for worlds. I trust your tail wags on as merrily as ever.

Our nights upon Loch Fyne come over my memory now like glimpses of another being—like the elfin reminiscences of some unlucky fly made a changeling in his childhood, and doomed to work and plod in the dull world with pinioned wings and weighted feet. Let it be July, and eight in the evening: the moon is thwarted by a host of clouds, the rare stars shine but feebly; the dark steep of Dunagoch, the black full-foliated trees, are spreading solemn shades about them on the earth, and far into the gloomy loch beyond; the wave from either side falls dully on the ear, and the owls hoot mournfully; the little quay is left deserted of its tiny fleet; the last herring-boat has rounded the western point, lowered its dusky sail, and cast anchor in the midst of its encircling nets. It is time for us to man *The Pride* and join them.

We are well equipped for our nocturnal vigil. Every one has an extra greatcoat, a second case of cigars, a larger bottle of the *craythur* than ordinary. Three niles of roughish water have to be pulled through before we reach the nearest smack, and a delay by all means must be made at Echo Crag, where a note from the corner is returned with interest indeed, and seems amidst hill, valley, and wood to westward to enjoy an almost endless circulation. This place is much addicted to repeating the nicknames of our party in the most insulting tones. The first verse of a love ditty given in the most romantic vein, is liable to be interrupted by words of quite another character; and an imitation of dear Ned's explosive language—we used to call it his 'remonstrances'—is often most happily executed. A

peal of laughter from the wood-demons concludes these performances, and rings after us far to seawards.

As we round the Head, the black hull of the good ship *Annie* looms through the twilight, and five discernible, and four of us now onward to the next vessel, for room is scarce in the Inverary clippers. This ship will do, in whose nets we have already got entangled, and from which these awful sounds are emanating. A great hairy face, with Glengarry cap upon it, addresses us in Gaelic—it may be eulogy, but the sound is of the harshest—and we ask permission to stop on board that night and see the herrings caught. Although the cabin is not four feet square, therein are lairs where three human beings sleep, above the other round the little stove; and when the chimney-top was reversed and the hatchway closed, as could be done and was done by the prima donna, while we were withinside, to try how it felt for a minute, it was worse than anything Dr Reid ever contrived by a good deal.

We give the kind savages cigars, but incautiously offering out our own for them to obtain a light from, they placed these latter in their mouths, accomplish their object in that novel way, and then return them to us second-hand. There will be nothing to see at present, they say, so we lay us down to sleep upon the open deck. We are awakened by a noise like thunder, solemn, monotonous, and close at hand. This is the herring 'at play'; thousands and thousands are up the loch from seaward, beating their tails against its surface, though not to be seen indeed, for the bay is all too brilliant for them to be distinguishable. A silver light bestrewn the waters round for miles; diamonds and pearls are glistening, as it seems, about the side of the little tossing boat attached to the smack, and by the flapping keel, and on the sweep that lies out idly, lifted by the waves. The tiny breakers shed a silver shower; whatever touches them draws therefrom a glory, and itself is glorified. Then as we drag the nets into the hold, these lovely lights come with them, flickering like glowworms in the dripping meshes; and every sombre hull is overspread with gossamer veils, 'lifting her shining sides' that erst were hid in blackness; so white, so silvery, are the herrings themselves, that hardly can we see them amidst the splendour. But the well-skilled fishermen disentangle them at once from their glowing nets, and never stay the haul a moment, save for some haddock, dory, or strange monster that sticks in contrariwise, and puzzles them occasionally. So yard after yard the enormous haul is at last dragged in; the scintillations die away like sparks in ashes; and the gorgeous fairylike woof becomes again an ugly mass of damp, coarse net-work. Then is the sail hoisted, and the anchor weighed, and we stand out again for other prey, no longer inclined for sleep, but gazing rapturously upon the beautiful spectacle beneath us; while Ned and the prima donna sing their softest airs, and the fishermen add no unmusical deep-chested burden of their own.

After one or two more casts day dawns, and we steer towards the quay. Our 'net' is perhaps 800 fine large herrings, besides a few rare strangers. The whole cargo is disposed of at the wholesale and proverbial price of 'a herring and a half for three-halfpence.'

In my lonely room up the two-pair back in Norfolk Street, that 'burnin' of the waters' upon fair Loch Fyne revisits me not seldom. The faces of my Inverary friends, as young and smiling as of yore, beam brightly on me yet; I see the shadows of the mountains and the pines within the moonlit wave; I know that 'measured pulse of racing oars' right well—it is *The Pride*; I hear again the cadence of those pleasant voices; I feel again the pressure of those friendly hands—but only, alas! in dreams.

I know not where ye are, dear friends, nor how. The world is a cruel chancellor, and drives him from us oftentimes that would stick 'closer than a brother.'

Our punster, Stewart, alone has visited my dreary lodging; he supposes the pillars of the great house close by have not been 'fluted,' lest the people opposite should be inconvenienced by the noise.

RUSSIA AND THE CZAR.

SECOND ARTICLE.

As to the personal appearance of the czar, we exhibit the portrait furnished by Henningsen: 'He is of commanding stature, and presents not only the most imposing aspect of any living sovereign, but as perfect as he is colossal in the proportions of his form, he may really be ranked among the handsomest men in Europe. When the whole of his Guard, consisting of 60,000 of the picked men of his empire, is reviewed by him in the Champ de Mars, the eye of the spectator may vainly wander over its ranks to find any one worthy of comparison with him for figure, for manly beauty, or for majesty of mien. When he gives the word of command, the deep and sonorous tones of his voice thrill, distinctly audible over the vast plain where an army is manœuvring or a crowd looking on, as different from the voices of his numerous commanders as the notes of an organ from the treble of a child. He is seen, however, to more advantage off foot than on horseback; because being a stiff and a very timid rider, the chargers he rides in public have always been managed into the rocking-horse canter of the pitiable beasts which figure in the theatrical circus; so that, in the eyes of an Englishman, this circumstance qualifies very materially the admiration his splendid equestrian figure would otherwise excite.

Nicholas has also of late years adopted the habit of staring around him with an air of severity, apparently imagining that his sternness of aspect imposes; whereas, like everything assumed, it has a contrary effect, and rather takes away from the awe which his majestic figure and features cannot fail to excite.

The Emperor Nicholas is, besides, too much of the actor; and it is notwithstanding this mannerism, not because of it, that the reality of his power imposes on his subjects; to the stranger, who is indifferent to his favour or displeasure, it is speedily obvious.

Of the extent of his general knowledge and acquirements, few have the privilege of judging; but, like most princes of the present day, and like all Russians of high rank, he speaks fluently, and without accent, several languages. French and German are familiar to him as his mother-tongue; the English he has learned, like all the other members of the imperial family in the past and present generation, from very illiterate Scotch nurses and attendants, whose homely fidelity has always been appreciated in their nursery, and with whom Nicholas and his empress not unfrequently condescend to drink tea. From these people the imperial family seem to derive many of their ideas of the English, and, including the emperor, are evidently grossly ignorant of the condition and the usages of British society. Thus the Grand-Duke Michael, the emperor's brother, meets the clergyman of the British factory of St Petersburg in the streets, and addresses him in English with "G—d—your eyes! how are you?" This is from no intention to insult, but only from his ignorance, not only of the true bearing of the words he is using, but of the distinctions of society; which prevents his seeing the impropriety of thus expressing even the exuberance of his good-humour towards a personage to whom his character as a clergyman renders such expressions indecent from any man on earth.

Domestic and moderate in his habits, few princes have borne a more unblemished private character than the present emperor long has done. A strict lover of justice, when not interfering with his own pretensions or interests, he has, for the first time since the reign

of Peter I., endeavoured to enforce its rigid administration according to law, with how little success will be shewn hereafter. Naturally desirous, whenever the weightier personal interests of his family would allow, of improving the material condition of his people and empire, whose wellbeing, since they belong to him, must be as identified with his own as that of the proprietor with his estate and cattle; and not contented with the barren good-wishes of an inactive philanthropy—like his brother Alexander, whose indulgence rendered the reign of a benevolently intentioned man sometimes as oppressive as that of his father, Paul—Nicholas I. not only reigns, but, undismayed by the laborious duties such an undertaking entails upon him, actually governs in person. On the other hand, he seems to entertain the most exalted ideas of the sacredness of his high prerogative and divine right; and the first consideration that actuates him seems to be the maintenance of its integrity. Severe and vindictive, clemency has never shewn itself amongst his virtues.

Not less striking is the portrait of the czar, drawn by Count Gurovski, who has been his chamberlain. He says: 'The Emperor Nicholas, born July 6, 1796, is now fifty-seven years of age. Tall in stature, imposing in mien, and endowed with uncommon beauty of face, he has what is called *le physique de son rôle*—the figure for his part. He is truly the monarch in his appearance. His gait, which is heavy and rather stiff, certainly is wanting in grace, but denotes strength and power. His smile is winning, his voice sonorous and pleasant. His features are regular, and combine to form a face a model of beauty of the German type. His eyes alone, which are large and prominent, have something sinister in their expression; and when one looks full and steadily into them, all the charm of his beauty disappears. Sober in his tastes, moderate in his passions, and desirous of enforcing military discipline by the power of his own example, he sleeps upon a camp-bed; eats moderately, with no regard to choice of food; drinks but little wine, and that mixed with water; rises early, and labours hard, though unfortunately with little discernment. The minute details of military costume, parades, and reviews, absorb much more of his time than the weighty affairs and material necessities of the empire. Upon the former he bestows hours; moments only he devotes to the calls of real duty, and to topics which might bring him real glory. The longer one dwells upon his character, the more evident is it how strangely a mistaken course can mislead the finest qualities. His private life is as full of contradictions as his public—the natural consequence of an utter want of any solid basis founded upon sound moral principle. He is an affectionate father, yet tyrannises over his children, who fear and shun him; he is an attentive husband, yet keeps mistresses, and exhibits them to his court, as if defying any one to attempt to oppose his fancies. At one time, he is kind and humane; at another, harsh, cruel, and inflexible, as the fit takes him. He never excuses the slightest difference of opinion; yet is full of forbearance for those guilty of vice and crime, and for every kind of corrupt baseness. He will forgive the highest degree of moral turpitude in his favourites, yet punish the smallest contradiction of his preconceived notions with implacable severity. Domestic affection, friendship, love of country, fidelity to religious or political principle, are all so many crimes in his eyes when at variance with his ideas, or when they become proofs of independence of character in those who cherish them. How is it possible to govern a community, whatever its nature, from which all seeds of vigour and greatness are crushed out, and the only means employed are such as tend to corrupt and destroy it? Yet this idea is the key to the system of Nicholas. This system will yet work out the punishment of his pride—a fact to be regretted, for this man had every advantage necessary

to have enabled him to pursue an opposite course. Fate placed him upon a height too lofty for him; the principle of despotic authority has had its day; he could only raise it again by evil means, and these in the end must work out his destruction.

Many occurrences in his private life arise in my memory, which illustrate the contradictions of which I have been speaking. Thus, I saw him refuse a slight commutation of the sentence of a political offender, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the empress, and the bitter tears of a distracted mother; and about the same time, I myself heard him utter, in behalf of a favourite, words too memorable not to be recorded here.

General Bibikoff, now minister of the interior, then governor-general of three provinces, had at the head of the Court of Chancery a man who notoriously plundered without mercy the inhabitants of these three provinces; but who paid for his privileged robbery in the charms of his wife, who became the general's avowed mistress, with the full consent of the complacent husband. When this shameful transaction reached the ears of the emperor, he expressed the deep interest he felt in the condition of more than 4,000,000 of his subjects in the remark, "Let him alone!" adding, in allusion to the intimacy between the general and the chancellor's wife: "We must overlook something for our friends!"

Thus, as may be imagined, corruption goes on apace, without let or hindrance. The following proof of this, I feel sure, will hardly be credited by my readers as having occurred in one of the so-called civilised courts of Europe. The empress, wishing to present some mark of esteem to the famous singer Rubini, procured a watch richly set with diamonds, which she exhibited at an evening-party at court to the general admiration of those present, among whom was the Prince of Prussia, her brother. After the splendid jewel had been duly examined and admired, it was handed to the marshal of the court to be presented to the singer. Two days after, the Prince of Prussia, meeting Rubini in the street, inquired of him how he was pleased with the gift of the empress. Upon Rubini's taking it out, the prince saw to his astonishment only a common gold watch, the enamelled one having apparently melted away in the hands of the courtiers.

Such examples illustrate forcibly my assertion, that uncontrolled power tends powerfully to evil. An energetic character and strong will may attempt to check the current, but in vain. But there can be no barrier set to the gradual development of corruption and iniquity, for these are necessarily the instruments of despotism.

The Emperor Nicholas is destined to become a lesson to the world, that the unity of all the material forces of a nation, the concentration of all political power in one hand, combined with the energy of will inherent in a character carved from the living rock, are not sufficient to preserve and save from destruction a principle subversive of liberty, morality, and the dignity of humanity; that a nation even, still in its infancy, must be ruled in accordance with the laws of gradual emancipation and development; that it is impossible to force a people into a retrograde course; and that no man can have power sufficient to stay the laws of Providence in their steady and infallible progress.

At the present moment, after a long reign of thirty years, we see the emperor of Russia forced to risk all his chances for the future upon a single card, with all the interests of morality, human progress, material improvement, and civilisation against him. Let him suffer one serious defeat, and he is lost! What has placed him in this position? Is it skill? Is it greatness?

There is something of the fatalistic improvidence of the Orientals in the character of the Russian: he enjoys the present without caring for the future; he spends his money without keeping account; if pressed,

he mortgages his serfs to the imperial treasury, which never refuses money upon such security; he does not trouble his mind with repaying the debt, or providing for the interest due and overdue, until he is dispossessed of his slaves, who are carried away into the imperial domain. Nowhere in the world do the fortunes of families change so often and rigidly as in Russia. Imperial favour builds them up; but the wealth acquired by the favourites is dissipated by their sons or grandsons, if the emperor has not previously transformed the estates to some other member of the family, or confiscated them altogether to the crown; until again an imperial smile restores them to some lucky descendant of the punished man. There is no security either for person or property. Hoarding does not avail here, as in the Mohammedan East; nor is it in the character of the Russian; spending, therefore, is the general policy. There is no such extravagant aristocracy in the world as the Russian; but this extravagance is by far more Oriental than Western. The Russian spends his money, not so much in the enjoyment of the beautiful, as of the rare and costly. He eats oysters in St Petersburg, because they are not to be found in the Baltic, and cost several shillings apiece; whilst in London he despises them. He buys anything you may shew as unique. When admiring in Italy or Paris a work of art, he does not care so much about the price, or the beauty and artistic value, as about the celebrity of the picture or statue. If it is not yet described and praised in the works of archaeology and art, he does not care for it. Gems of peculiar size or colour, Cashmere shawls and rich furs, are as highly valued in Russia as they formerly were at Constantinople and Ispahan. The luxury of St Petersburg, as well as of Moscow, is more barbaric than refined. The Opera and the Ballet, and the last fashionable work of Paris, are the staple of conversation; sentimental phrases, and courteous compliments, are addressed to the ladies; dancing and music and gossiping go on; young people affect to be tired of the world; old ones play at cards, and enjoy the pleasures of the table; but the attentive observer is soon struck by the utter shallowness of the society. It is still more slipshod, more hollow, more unprincipled, more reckless, than the aristocracy of Vienna. No serious thought is tolerated among well-bred men; and whoever has the misfortune to be a thinker, must conceal the fact by recklessness in his conduct.

The dissipation and prodigality of society have a most pernicious influence on the morals of the people. The pay of the officials is small, not commensurate to their wants: it is now as it was regulated by the Empress Catherine seventy-five years ago. But whilst the necessities of life have become more expensive, the value of the Russian currency has been deteriorated, and the officials are paid in paper, not in cash. It is utterly impossible for them to keep up appearances and to live respectably on their small pay; and they are, therefore, the most corrupt body in the world. Bribery has increased, until it is become one of the national institutions—the guarantee against imperial despotism.

Czar Alexander was well acquainted with the corruption of his officials, but he did not feel himself strong enough to repress an evil which had grown to such an extent; for could he even have removed all the officials suspected of being accessible to bribes, where could he have found guarantees for the honesty of the new that would have replaced them? A centralised government is always an expensive government: to remunerate fairly the legions of officials, would cause a constant deficit in the imperial budget; he, therefore, did not interfere with the extortions of office. But Nicholas has a temper different from that of Alexander; he sees in the corruptibility of his officials a powerful check upon his authority, since he is aware that even his ukases are set at nought for a

bribe by those who ought to execute them. The corruption of the officials is the only proof that even the power of the czar is not unlimited—he is unable to purify his administration. And this system of bribery does not stop with the lower rank of official hierarchy, nor is it uprooted by the severity of Nicholas, who generally shows no mercy when a gross case of corruption is brought under his notice. Even the chiefs of the departments, the senators, and the most renowned generals of the army, can be bought, and are often bought. Soon after the Hungarian campaign, three of the generals who had distinguished themselves—amongst them General Sass, the most intrepid soldier of the Russian Empire, whose personal bravery is beyond praise—were disgraced for pilfering, and for conniving at pilferings in the commissariat.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THERE was a time when a writer in the *Quarterly Review* asked with depreciatory contempt: 'Who reads an American book?' The intellectual growth of America was considered at that period singularly weak and vapid in imaginative literature, and transatlantic poetry was especially held at a discount. The aspect of affairs has somewhat changed since then. Several years back, indeed, referring to the dictum of the English reviewer, one of the leading journals in the United States contained the indignant assertion, that 'the tables were rapidly turning!' Without making so large a concession as to admit the entire truth of this magniloquent statement, we may very safely allow that many of the most popular books of the day are the production of American authors. Two years ago, our reading-public ran wild after *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and the title-page of the *Wide Wide World*, *Queechy*, and other tales of the same class, met the eye on every hand. Even in the article of poetry, wherein she was once considered so peculiarly deficient, America has of late given us good measure. Among her poets, we would instance that eccentric but most original genius, Edgar Allan Poe, whose minstrelsy strikes us as the wild unearthly echoes of some strange spiritual music; Bryant, also; and Dana, James Russel Lowell, J. G. Whittier, the earnest anti-slavery writer; and last, but not least, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, whose name is a 'household word' to us all, belonging, as it does, to an author as widely known, as justly appreciated, and as warmly loved in England as in his native country. Decidedly, the star of American literature is in the ascendant.

Mr Longfellow is not, to use his own beautiful language, one of those

—bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

He seldom stirs within us the fountains of deep thought, nor does he often arouse us to strange vague speculations upon the more solemn mysteries of our being and destiny. He rather resembles that poet

Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

A right healthy, cheerful philosophy pervades the whole of our author's writings, and contrasts strongly with the tendencies towards the regions of vague doubtful thought, so rife among many of the younger poets of our modern time. It is a great thing ever to preserve a sunny loving spirit in this sad earnest world of ours, and thus to be able to say, as Longfellow does

to all drooping downcast souls: 'Be of good cheer!' The 'intense' and gloomy school of writers has many adherents; and no wonder. It is no difficult affair to give utterance to dark doubtings and melancholy musings, to undefined passionate longings and wild dreams, to strange stern questionings of nature and of fate. Such expressions of thought and feeling find at times an echo in the heart of humanity at large. To rest here, however, as too many do, is perilous in the extreme. The speculative faculty enters extensively into the mental composition of man, and it must have food. But it was given him that he might attain to the sunshine of divine repose, to the peace and gladness of a firm belief; not that he should wander everlastingly in the dismal shadowy kingdom of doubting and despair. Nevertheless, experience teaches us, that it is by no means an easy matter to look upon the mysteries of existence and the universe with the calm bright eye of a childlike faith, and amid all discordant sights and sounds, clearly to discern

A good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success.

Longfellow does this. The disciplining of life has, doubtless, been stern and trying for him, as well as for thousands of others. Yet he bears up nobly, bravely, and even joyously, as all true soldiers in life's battle should. His cheerfulness is not the result of indifference to any form of human suffering. He has warm, strong sympathies with his brother man all the world over, and to each and every one he stretches forth the hand of a hearty fellowship. He feels deeply, and he thinks earnestly, but he does not in consequence thereof indulge in fruitless complaints and dissatisfied murmurs; for amid prosperity and adversity, through sunshine and through cloud, he recognises the truth—that 'a good God reigneth over all.' Sorrow comes to him, as come it will to all of us, but he meets it calmly, trustingly, with this firm conviction:

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud;
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

Longfellow's thought of the attitude we should assume in reference to life and its trials, is beautifully elucidated in a charming little poem, called

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And shinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of Love?
The star of Love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whoso'er thou art
That redest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know I belong—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

Even in the midst of dire distress and sorrow, the poet looks upward cheerily through the dark cloud towards the bright shining of the happy sunlight beyond. So he sings in his hymn, entitled *Resignation*:

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

It is through the medium of strains such as this, and as the *Footsteps of Angels*, the *Reaper and the Flowers*, &c., that the poetry of Longfellow has found so widespread a popularity in the heart of the people. Our author's forte lies in simple earnest themes. He is never more at home than when he depicts the *Village Blacksmith*, and learns from him the lesson, that

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Or when, again, he so sweetly apostrophises that fair 'maiden with the meek brown eyes':

Thou whose locks outshine the sun—
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Or when, in the pleasant summer-time, while the winds are 'soft and low,' he lies beneath a 'roof of leaves' in the shadowy greenwood, and feels

The dews of youth come back again;
Low whisperings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain
As once upon the flower.

It is the office of the poet to gladden and to elevate the heart of man; to whisper consolation to the sorrowing; to breathe words of hope and joy to the downcast and despairing; and to endeavour, as far as in him lies, to build up again the broken foundations of belief in the good, the beautiful, the perfect, and the true. Thus, as our author tells us:

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again.

In order to accomplish this great end, the poet must be true to himself. Receiving his gift from above reverently, with pure hands, and a slowly trustful spirit, he must 'look into his heart, and write.' When Longfellow does this, his minstrelsy rings most sweetly and clearly, and the greater part of his poetry is happily pervaded by a beautiful simplicity of thought and expression. It is otherwise, however, in his most ambitious production—the *Golden Legend*. Here the author enters boldly upon the regions of mysticism and—fails. The plan of this drama somewhat reminds the reader of that of *Faust* and *Festus*. The opening scene is wild and striking. It is the spire of Strasburg Cathedral, from which, amid the night and storm, Lucifer and the powers of the air are endeavouring to tear down the uplifted symbol of the Cross. Their efforts are in vain—

For around it
All the saints and guardian-angels
Throng in legions to protect it.

Elsie is a charming character—simple, graceful, and most womanly in her pure devotion. Although abounding in passages of exquisite poetry and flashes of real genius, the *Golden Legend* contains much of extravagance and we are afraid we must add, absurdity. It is not a true work of art, and it wants altogether force and purpose.

Evangeline is better sustained throughout, and appears to us a more perfect poem every way. It is a tale of 'love in Acadia,' of the 'affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient;' of the 'beauty and strength of woman's devotion.' The story is so well known, that any attempt at analysis would rightly be deemed impertinent. We cannot, however, deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the following portraiture of the heroine:—

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn
by the wayside—

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
shade of her tresses!

Sweet was her breath, as the breath of lilies that feed in the
meadows!

When in the harvest-beat she bore to the reapers at noon-
tide

Flagons of home-brewed ale. Ah! fair, in sooth, was the
maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday-morn, while the bell from
its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his
hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon
them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads
and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the
carrings

Brought in the olden time from France, and since as an
heirloom

Handed down from mother to child through long genera-
tions.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone in her face, and encircled her form when, after
confession,

Homeward serenely she walked, with God's benediction
upon her;

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite
magic.

How true and beautiful are the following words of
the Father Felician, *Evangeline's* 'friend and father-
confessor':—

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of
refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the
fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy work of
affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is
godlike.

We have no great love for the English hexameter.
It is unsuited to the genius of our language. We
should, therefore, have preferred the poem of *Evangeline*
had it been written in a different metre; for, as Pro-
fessor Longfellow observes in one of his 'prefaces,' the
'motions of the English muse (in the hexameter) are
not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music
of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr Johnson said of the
dancing-dog, "the wonder is not that she should do it
so well, but that she should do it at all."'

Like most Americans, Mr Longfellow is deeply im-
pressed by the relics of old days. He enters thoroughly
into the romance and poetry of the times of chivalry.
He visits Nuremberg, 'quaint old town of toil and
traffic;' and there his imagination is haunted by 'me-
mories of the middle ages,' whose wondrous treasures
of painting, sculpture, and architecture, even now recall
the time when 'art was still religion.' And amidst
the warm, bright light that rests so lovingly upon the
'pointed gables' of that 'great imperial city,' the poet
beholds in fancy the heroes of the ancient days—
'Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise; Albrecht
Dürer, the painter; Hans Sachs, the 'cobbler bard; the
'master-singers, chanting rude poetic strains'—before
his

—dreamy eyes

Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded
tapestry.

In another striking and suggestive little poem, our
author represents himself as standing in the 'market-
place of Bruges,' while the 'summer-morn was
breaking':

Then most musical and solemn, *bringing back the olden*
times,

With their strange unearthly changes, rang the melancholy
chimes.

Again, at the bidding of the poet, 'visions of the days
departed' spring into life and reality, like scenes of
beauty from the desert at the touch of the magician's
wand:

—shadowy phantoms filled my brain,

They who live in history only, seemed to walk the earth
again;

All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Baeq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of
old;

Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the
Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants, with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and
ease.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Julius
bold,

Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs
of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater; saw the White Hoods
moving west;

Saw great Artevelde, victorious, scale the Golden
Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror
smote;

And again the loud alarm sounded from the tocsin's
throat;

The bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike
of sand,
'I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the
land!'

Observe the wealth of poetic and historic associations
showered upon us by this simple catalogue of names.
But although looking back reverently towards the
mighty past, with its dreamy shadows and its strange
spiritual voices, like the remembrance of some solemn
music, Mr Longfellow never forgets the present, with
its stern duties and its earnest realities. So in his noble
Life-Psalms he bids us—

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Our author's translations deserve especial praise, for
the beauty and truthfulness with which the spirit of
the original is preserved. They consist of selections
from the poetry of many languages—Swedish, Danish,
Anglo-Saxon, German, French, Spanish, and Italian.
Professor Longfellow is evidently a man of extensive
reading and elegant scholarship. He has very cleverly
rendered Bishop Tegnér's poem on the 'Children of
the Lord's Supper,' in the hexameter measure of the
original. The ballads from the German are perhaps
among our author's most successful efforts. They are
transfusions of the poetic spirit of one language into
another rather than translations. We would instance
as particularly fine, the *Castle by the Sea*, the *Black
Knight*, and the *Lark of Edenhall*, all from Uhland; the
mournful, but most musical, *Song of the Silent Land*,
from the Swiss poet Salis; and the following verses
from I'fizer, called

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

A youth, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again, is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked;
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
To a grave, so cold and deep,
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropped the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see,
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

Longfellow has written two prose works—*Hyperion*
and *Kavanagh*. The former he calls 'a romance,' but it
possesses none of the elements of the ordinary novel.
As a story, it is incomplete, for it closes with tantalising
abruptness. The book is a charming one, if we regard
it as a kind of prose poem; or rather, as a series of
poetic pictures of thought and sentiment, a collection

of quaint, delicious fancies, of legends, and criticisms,
and beautiful memories; in short, as a reflex of the
many-coloured lights that flash across a poet's mind;
like the strange, rich, dreamy splendours that stream
through the painted windows of a church. In conclu-
sion, we wish right heartily for long life, and health,
and strength, and gladness, for the author of *Evangeline*,
and *Excelsior*, and the *Psalms of Life*. May he
give us yet many more volumes of spirit-cheering
song!

THE GREAT IRON STEAM-SHIP.

THE many thousands who pass daily up and down the
Thames, have had their curiosity excited for some
months past by the gigantic-looking structure of iron
which is gradually rising on its left bank, about four
miles below London Bridge. In the locality familiarly
known as the Isle of Dogs, where the river suddenly
takes a sweep round three-fourths of a circle, enclosing
a morass of more than a mile in length and half a mile
in breadth, the greater part of which is several feet
below highwater-mark, some of our most extensive
and eminent iron ship-builders have erected their fac-
tories. It is to one of these, at the southern extremity
of the peninsula, we wish to conduct our readers.
The works are of great extent, and cover a large area
of ground, which here, although so well suited to the
operations carried on, and so close to the metropolis, is
comparatively valueless for other purposes. In Messrs
Scott Russell & Co.'s factory, iron ships and steamers
of all sizes are being constantly constructed; and the
clank of thousands of hammers rivetting red-hot bolts,
and the heavy booming sound of sledge and steam
hammers, with the dense clouds of smoke and bursts
of flame which meet the visitor as he approaches the
works, must remind him, if he have any military expe-
riences, of a fiercely-contested battle-field, whilst it
indicates to all the extent and activity of the operations
carried on within. The whole expanse of the interior
of the factory is covered with sheets, and ribs, and
bars of iron; mops and pulleys, winches and shears,
railways to facilitate the conveyance of materials, and
portable furnaces for heating the iron bolts, are encoun-
tered at every turn; and iron vessels, in every stage of
progress—their sterns pointing towards the river—
occupy the numerous building-ships. But our business
is with none of these; and proceeding to an inner yard,
with a wide frontage towards the river, we come upon
the gigantic iron steam-ship which is now being built
for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company.

The present appearance of this leviathan, for as yet
she has received no name, is as unlike that of a ship as
can well be imagined. Four or five lofty walls of iron,
standing some sixty feet apart, and supported by other
transverse walls, would lead one to believe that here
is the shell or framework of some enormous iron
warehouses about to be shipped off to one of our
colonies; and it requires a considerable stretch of the
imagination to believe that these walls form portions
of the interior of the hull of a merchant-ship. At one
extremity of the yard stands a flag-staff, on which a
Union-jack is hoisted, which, we are told, will be her
stern; and at the other extremity another, to indicate
her bows; and between these two points is a space of
nearly 700 feet in length! The project of building
a ship of her extraordinary dimensions when first
made public, created a good deal of discussion, and we
may add, ridicule. It was urged, that it would be

impossible to construct a ship of 675 feet in length of sufficient strength, and that the first heavy sea she encountered would break her in two; that no port or harbour would have depth of water sufficient to float her; and that no amount of steam-power she could carry would propel her at an average speed. Nevertheless, the Eastern Steam Company put faith in the calculations of their Engineer, Mr Brunel; Mr Scott Russell undertook to build her; and she is now more than half completed.

The preparation of the ground on which the leviathan ship is being constructed, was in itself a work of considerable labour and cost. An embankment of about 1000 feet in length, and 500 feet wide, was formed along the river-side, by driving massive piles to a depth of 40 or 50 feet; and where the greatest weight is to be supported, along the line of the keel, the piles were driven in at intervals of 5 feet. The cargoes of two 600 ton ships loaded with earth were then emptied upon these piles, and rammed firmly down, so as to form a solid foundation. On this platform, which is a few feet above high-water-mark, solid blocks of timber were placed at short intervals; and on these blocks, which stand about 4 feet high, the keel was laid, and is now carried out its full length of nearly 700 feet. The position of the ship is about 40 yards from the water, and parallel to the line of the river, with her head down the stream, as it would be impossible to turn a vessel of her length without great difficulty, even on the broad bosom of the Thames. The whole of the hull, even to the upper deck, will be formed of iron-plates of considerable thickness; and from her keel, to about 8 feet above the water-line, she will be double, or two perfect hulls one within the other, with an interval between them of about 36 inches. She will have ten water-tight compartments, at intervals of 60 feet; and these will be crossed by two longitudinal walls of iron, running the entire length of the ship, and again subdividing these compartments. While adding very materially to the strength of the hull, these longitudinal divisions will effect the further object of completely isolating and separating the coal, which will be stowed in the sides, from the furnaces, boilers, and machinery, which will be placed in the centre. The hulls are kept in their relative position to each other by longitudinal iron stringers or keelsons, at intervals of 5 feet; and in the event of any accident occurring to the outer covering, the inner hull will be strong enough to insure the perfect safety of the ship. The bottom is flat for a distance of 12 or 15 feet either side of the keel, which, by the way, is on a line with the outer hull, and presents no obstruction to her lying perfectly flat, and without straining, on the floor of a dock or cradle when repairs are needed. The iron-plates of which her hull and compartments are formed are upwards of an inch in thickness, 10 feet long, and weigh about half a ton each. The lower part of the hold will contain the machinery, boilers, stores, coal, and merchandise; while the upper part will consist of three tiers of decks for the passengers, one above the other, and running the whole length of the vessel. The lowest of these tiers will be at least 6 or 8 feet above the water-line, and the decks will be 8 feet apart, affording ample space for light and ventilation—the latter being provided for by port-holes of large size, running at intervals along the sides, and which can be kept open in any weather. For greater security, there will be a strong iron deck interposed between the furnaces and machinery below and the passenger-department above, thus cutting off all communication. The sleeping-berths will be ranged round the sides, and there will be large saloons in the centre for each of the three decks, 60 feet in length, and of proportionate width. The upper-deck, which covers all, will be flush from stem to stern. This deck, which will add very materially to the strength of the hull, will be

double, and slightly arched. Its construction will be cellular, like that of the tubular bridge across the Menai Strait, and it will resist any amount of strain or concussion that can possibly be applied to it. The principle on which the ship is being constructed, is one which is now recognised among all practical and scientific men—namely, that the strength of iron depends upon the plates being placed at right angles to each other; and the whole framework of the hull has been arranged with a view to this object. Internally, it is a combination of iron walls—ten running transversely, two intersecting these longitudinally, and four crossing horizontally. All the walls are strengthened still farther at the junctions by solid angle-irons; and the whole of this cellular arrangement is enclosed in a double iron-casing or hull, which gives the enormous mass perfect rigidity, and a strength which, we are assured, equals what it would be if formed of solid iron. The plates, although numbered by thousands, are all cut out, in the first instance, by means of wooden models in the moulding-loft; each of them has its peculiar list or inclination and shape, with the number of holes to be punched; and each of them, as it leaves the rolling-mill, where it is gauged to the sixteenth-part of an inch, has a particular letter and number marked legibly upon it; and by means of this name, which the plate ever afterwards retains, the workmen, on its arrival, know at once its position in the vast pile, and it proceeds straight to its destination.

We now come to the machinery by which the vessel is to be propelled. She will be furnished both with paddle-wheels and a screw—the former, of a nominal power of 1000 horses; the latter, of 1600 horses: but, practically, the combined power may be estimated at 3000 horses. The paddle-wheel machinery is now being constructed in the same building-yard, in which a shed had to be built for the purpose of fitting and erecting the engines. The four cylinders in which the pistons are to work are the largest in the world, and the castings the largest that have ever been attempted in one piece. For each cylinder, about thirty-five tons of melted metal was required; and when the dressing and clearing of superfluous metal was accomplished they weighed twenty-eight tons each. Of these unwieldy masses of iron, three have been already successfully cast, and without a flaw. For the castings, an enormous iron cofferdam was constructed in the foundry to a depth of 25 feet; and after the mould had been properly prepared, into this the contents of several caldrons of molten metal were simultaneously poured, and the casting made. Some idea of their great size may be formed when we state, that lying on their sides on the ground, a man with his hat on may walk through without touching the upper side; and that a table and seats, calculated to accommodate eighteen persons, were laid in one of them. The engines, when erected and put together, will be upwards of 50 feet in height. The machinery for the screw-propeller is being made by Messrs Watts of the Soho Foundry, and will be of similar gigantic proportions. To set in motion this powerful machinery, there will be twenty vast furnaces and as many boilers, the smoke and waste steam of which will be carried off by five funnels. The boilers and furnaces will occupy five of the central sixty-foot compartments of which we have already spoken, and the engines will be placed in two others. The weight of the entire machinery will be about 3000 tons, and of the hull 10,000 tons—making 13,000 tons. She will carry, in addition, several thousand tons of coal and merchandise, 1000 first-class, and 600 second-class passengers, and her measurement capacity gives her something like 25,000 tons burden! Notwithstanding her enormous dimensions, her draught of water will be comparatively small—not exceeding 20 feet when light, and 30 feet when fully loaded. When afloat, she will present an appearance very different from that of any merchant-ship yet built.

She will carry five or six masts and five funnels, and will resemble a huge three-decker, like the *Duke of Wellington*, only that she will be nearly three times the *Duke's* length. The three decks appropriated to passengers will rise, tier above tier, to a height of 35 feet out of the water; and the rows of port-holes will, at a little distance, present the appearance of a formidable battery of heavy artillery. At present, about half of her hull has been completed: she will be ready for launching next year, and will be sent into the water, broadside in, upon two enormous ways. Her cost will be upwards of £400,000.

One of the great features in this gigantic undertaking is, that the vessel will carry coal for the whole voyage out and home; and the quantity required may be guessed at when we state that her voyage will be round the world. The great cost of coal has hitherto been the obstacle to the profitable employment of steam-ships on long sea-voyages. Coal will be put on board this leviathan at about 10s. per ton, while the cost of this necessary article at the Cape of Good Hope and Australia varies from £2, 10s. to £5 per ton, to say nothing of the impracticability at times of procuring a sufficient supply at any price, and the loss occasioned by the delay in coaling, and the risk to the vessel. It is this which has hitherto prevented the ordinary class of steam-ships from competing successfully with sailing-vessels in the Australian trade; and at the present moment there are only two steam-ships trading between England and Australia. Clipper-built ships can run the whole way from England to Port Phillip without stopping, unless short of water, or compelled to touch at some port from some other emergency. Another important object which the company expect to achieve by the construction of this large ship is, that they will obtain a speed far superior to that of any vessel now afloat. At the recent meeting of the British Association in Liverpool, Mr Scott Russell demonstrated that length was one of the essentials of speed; and he believes that it will be as easy to propel this vessel at eighteen or twenty miles an hour, as one of the ordinary size and dimensions at twelve miles an hour. Up to a recent period, our naval and mercantile ships were built with round bluff duck's-breast bows; and when any attempt was made to propel them at great speed, they heaped up a mound of water before them, which no power of sails or steam could drive the vessel through at a rapid rate; in fact, the greater the attempted speed, and the more powerful the machinery, the greater was the resistance. At length the idea suggested itself, of making the water-lines of the ship correspond with the waves of the sea, by means of which she should gently and gradually divide the particles; instead of convex, therefore, fine hollow lines were substituted; and the broadest part of the ship was gradually removed from near the bows to within a third of her length of the stern. This form, which completely reverses the old model, has within the last twenty years been universally recognised and adopted in Europe and America; but it is by no means new. The old London wherries were built on this principle; the Indian boats, which are the finest of their class in the world, and the Turkish caiques, were all constructed with fine lines; and Mr Scott Russell has reduced the form and speed to mathematical principles and calculation. Entering-lines, 24 feet long, will give a speed, under ordinary circumstances, of 8 miles an hour; to obtain 16 miles an hour, the entrance-lines must be 100 feet long; and to accomplish a speed of 24 miles an hour, the ship must be upwards of 400 feet in length. This is the secret of the speed of the *Himalaya* steam-ship; which has the greatest speed, with the smallest expenditure of steam-power, of any vessel of her class; and this will be the secret of the success of our leviathan steam-ship.

As she now lies on the river's bank, she is apparently

one of the most unwieldy-looking, misshapen masses to which the term 'ship' could be applied. On the water, she will present the appearance and form of the finest and fastest clipper, and will cut through the water with comparatively little resistance. If any of our readers will take the trouble to mark off upon a sheet of paper a length of seven inches and three-quarters, and at a distance of about three inches from one end intersect it by a line of nearly an inch in length, and then form a triangle from this intersecting line to the furthest end, they will have a very good idea of the length and fineness of the entering-lines of the leviathan. Her actual measurements are 675 feet long, 83 feet wide at her greatest breadth of beam, and 60 feet deep in the hold. She will touch at no port between this and Australia—is expected to make the voyage in thirty days—and return by Cape Horn in thirty days more; thus making the circuit of the globe in two months! Although she will carry masts and sails, it is not anticipated that the latter will be found of much service, as at her ordinary speed of eighteen or twenty miles an hour, she will be in the unpleasant predicament of always having the wind in her teeth. Another of her qualifications, which probably was not dreamed of at the time she was ordered to be constructed, is, that in consequence of her great speed, extreme sharpness, and the solid substantial manner in which she has been built, she will prove, without carrying an ounce of gunpowder, or a single warlike weapon on board, one of the most formidable engines of destruction ever devised. The most powerful three-decker that ever floated would be cut in two, and broken up like an egg-shell, if the leviathan, with her tremendous 'weight of metal,' of some twenty-five or thirty thousand tons, her sharp wedge-like bows, and a speed of twenty miles an hour, were to run full tilt at her while lying like a helpless log on the water; and so firmly will she be bound and knitted together, that there is every reason to believe she would herself escape uninjured. Without entering further upon these sanguinary speculations, we may hope that the year 1855 will witness the completion of one of the most magnificent specimens of naval architecture the world has ever yet beheld.

M A R E T I M O.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PALAZZO BELMONTE.

WHEN Walter Masterton had refreshed his inner man—an operation that he performed with right good will and due gravity—he went, in spite of his fatigue, to Mr Bell, the well-known English banker at Palermo, not without feeling some of that nervousness peculiar to people who have 'forgotten their purse,' or lost their letters of credit. To his surprise—for he had never had an opportunity of testing the remarkable facility with which his countrymen, who are able to give a tolerably good account of themselves, can obtain cash-supplies abroad—his bill was at once accepted for the amount he asked. Not only so; but the banker, hearing that he wished to start for Messina, informed him that the *Stromboli*, government cutter, was about to sail immediately, and was only waiting for some boxes of specie which he was going to put on board.

'If you desire it, Mr Masterton,' said he, 'I can procure a passage for you by writing a note to the captain. You seem, however, more fit for twenty-four hours of a good bed than for further travelling. Your eyes are hollow, and your look is wild.'

'I thank you, sir,' said Walter, whose head was getting a little excited by fatigue and oft-repeated calculation of chances—'I thank you, but I must go on

with the steadiness of fate. A man's life and happiness are in peril, and on me the responsibility will fall.

The banker bowed politely, for it mattered nothing to him whether his new client wore himself to death or not. His observation was merely intended to show, that besides being a money-dealer, he belonged to human nature. 'There would be plenty of opportunities for rest on board the vessel,' he said.

This is how it happened that Luigi Spada was disappointed when he arrived at the Hotel of Santa Rosalia, firmly persuaded, by a not unnatural process of reasoning, that Walter might have something to say to him from Paolo di Fulco.

The *Stromboli* had a fair wind; and those on deck enjoyed a fine view both of the Lipari Islands and the coast of Sicily. But Walter went down into the cabin at once, and although the voyage took twenty-four hours, he absolutely slept the whole time. Nature has a happy knack of making up its lost ground in this way. They called him up to see Scylla and Charybdis; but he insisted on a beef-steak. Of course such a thing was out of the question. There was cold fowl, with a dish of macaroni. 'Anything you please,' said the famished Walter, who missed the opportunity in this way of seeing the lovely scenery of the Straits as you enter them from the north. Another time would do as well. He might perish of inanition, if he stopped to indulge in any romantic enthusiasm. Besides, at that moment, he did not care a rush for all the fine landscapes in the world. His only thought, beyond the satisfaction of his wolfish appetite, was whether or not he should be able to learn anything concerning the fate of Angela, the wife of his friend.

It is not an easy matter to get ashore at Messina, if you come from any distant part of the world, or even from the opposite shore of Calabria; but a passenger on board a government vessel, with the recommendation of a wealthy banker of Palermo, is not subject to more than half an hour's interrogatory. In a wonderfully short space of time, therefore, considering the circumstances, Walter was let loose from the police-office upon the Marina, and at liberty to consider himself perfectly at home. It is true that a mild-looking personage did appear to follow him with an air of unconcern to the hotel; but he might have been going that way accidentally, and afterwards, you must take a Sicilian welcome for what it is worth. Walter determined to be cautious, to play the English traveller, and to convince everybody that he was only a harmless searcher after old stones, churches, picture-galleries, and all the catalogued sights of the place. The first thing he did on arriving at the Bella Venezia, was to inquire for a guide, and to talk with deep interest of the Fata Morgana. He was put in his right place at once. The police had nothing further to do with him. They left him to the tender mercies of the innkeeper.

The more effectually to carry out his purpose, Walter devoted the remainder of that day, even until twilight, to an assiduous survey of the city, and consented to admire the interior of half-a-dozen churches, the very names of which he forgot as soon as he left them. It was with some difficulty that he restricted himself from making inquiries concerning the governor and his family. Every hour spent in this inactive way seemed unprofitable; and if he had been compelled to retire to rest without having taken a step in advance, he would certainly have been overwhelmed by a feeling of self-contempt. Chance, however, favoured him.

'Your excellency,' said the cicerone, following him to the door of his room, 'has not made any plans for to-morrow.'

'I do not know what I shall do.'

'There is the Belmonte Gallery to see.'

Walter repressed an exclamation of pleasure, and entered his room, whilst the guide, cap in hand, leaned against the door-post with a self-satisfied air, that

expressed: 'This man belongs to me for a week to come.'

'But,' observed Walter affecting indifference, 'you have no paintings worth seeing here.'

'Pardon me,' quoth the guide advancing a step, with a look of respectful indignation. 'If our public collections are not famous, it is known that the Marchese Belmonte has the finest Perrugino in the world, and a *St John preaching in the Wilderness*, by Lavatori—that is'—To express perfection, the guide joined the points of the fingers of his left hand, and putting them to his mouth, drew them away again with a sound resembling a kiss. There is no more eloquent manner in the south of conveying the idea of excellence. Walter appreciated the whole force of the eulogium.

'If that is the case,' said he, 'I must see this gallery. But is it open to the public?'

'Not to the public, but to your excellency—what is not open?'

Human nature is so made, that although Walter knew perfectly well that this was an allusion to the 'golden key,' yet he felt flattered. He would have explained the matter if called upon, by saying that his pleasure arose from the prospect of penetrating easily into the palace; but we are afraid that the first movement was really satisfied vanity. However, when he had dismissed the guide, and found himself alone, his thoughts did certainly busy themselves about the prospects of Paolo and Angela; and the delight with which he looked forward to bringing them together, joining their long-separated hands, and witnessing their ineffable joy, shewed him to be of an unselfish composition as one is likely to meet with in this world. After awhile, it is true, the comparison of this double happiness, of which he was to be the artificer, with his own loneliness in life, threw him into melancholy meditation. He began to think that his existence was without an object; that a man of his youth and fair worldly prospects was not made to be nothing more than the urn of departed hopes; that it was not well to allow year after year to pass away in receiving mere isolated impressions; that he wanted some star whereby to shape his course; that the power of affection he possessed should not thus be kept in abeyance; and by degrees he found himself envying even the position of Paolo. He at least had dared to build up a scheme of life, within which, if he found much misfortune, he could at least hope to find many consolations. He had linked his destiny with that of another; and however wide apart they might be forced apparently, yet the bond, though stretched, could never break; and he could be sure that every beating of his heart was echoed by that of another heart—every pang he felt was shared, as was every hope. It is not so very hard for two to bear the burden of this life; and misfortunes that are divided, sometimes leave pleasanter recollections than pleasures enjoyed alone.

Such were the thoughts which prepared Walter for an unquiet night's rest; and which swarmed back to his mind as soon as the first rays of the sun, breaking through the open window and the gauze-curtains of the bed, touched his eyelids, and compelled him to return to complete consciousness. He rose, and looked forth on the port crowded with vessels—the Marina, where two or three yawning sailors, and some women bearing baskets of vegetables, alone were stirring—on the tranquil expanse of sea beyond—and on the mist-clothed heights above Reggio. The sun, which seemed to rise fast and impatiently, soon dissipated all the cold tints of dawn, and melted the long streaks of white vapour, that hung here and there over this marine landscape, into blue air. Walter gazed instinctively at the changing aspects of the scene; but his mind was somewhat enervated by pleasant thoughts; and vague aspirations for his own happiness, to a certain extent, counterbalanced the generous enthusiasm of friendship.

When the guide, however, came to tell him that it was time to go to the Palazzo Belmonte, he remembered his engagements, and resolved, that for a month at least he would care only for the happiness of others. They went by the Corso towards the balconied-mansion of the governor. There was no star about it. A solitary sentinel paced slowly before the door. The windows were all open to receive the fresh morning air, but no one appeared at them. The trees of the garden drooped over the lofty stone-wall, brilliant with dew-drops. The guide had already been there, to strike a bargain with Bartolo the steward. Admission, therefore, was gained without difficulty; and Walter was soon ascending—his heart beating higher and higher—the very marble staircase that Paolo in his narrative, which until then had seemed to have something of the unreal character of a romance, had described. There, no doubt, was the corridor leading to the private garden; here was the great hall in which the governor had received the mariners; in that direction, probably, was the apartment to which accident had guided the young lover, to learn from the very lips of Angela herself that he was beloved. An atmosphere of poetry appeared to pervade the whole palace. Walter had never, he thought, seen so beautiful a place in his life.

The gallery at that time consisted of a large room on the first floor, with windows facing the north, and overlooking the garden. It was beautifully paved in Italian mosaic; and richly decorated. The paintings, ranged along an unbroken wall, were indeed very fine; and although Walter was thinking of other things, he could not help pausing to admire a lovely Virgin and Child, which Signor Bartolo, who had joined them in the gallery, declared was the master-piece of Guido.

'Every gallery has its master-piece,' said Walter smiling; but without making any comparisons, you may safely esteem that as a treasure.'

'It is so, indeed, Signor Inglese,' said a voice of singularly mild modulation.

Walter started, and was instantly, cap in hand, face to face with what, in a more superstitious age, he might have been justified in regarding as a celestial vision; for it had come almost to his side as noiselessly as a shadow along a wall. But a calmer inspection would have dispelled all supernatural, perhaps all romantic, ideas.

It was a young person dressed in a gown of common gray stuff, with her raven hair confined in a simple net, and altogether so unpretending in appearance, that had it not been for the singular loveliness and delicacy of her countenance, she would scarcely have attracted a second glance. It is usual to speak with contempt of costume. We should take instructions from ladies in this particular. They know the marvellous influence of a yard of ribbon, a piece of lace, a brilliant jewel, a well-chosen flower. Unadorned loveliness poets may be allowed to praise, if the loveliness be perfect; but there is an art by which even those whom nature seems most to have neglected can captivate and enthral the beholder. Perhaps the truth is, that dress, when well studied, brings out the share of beauty which is vouchsafed to all, and conceals only the defects. At any rate, there are few women who could venture, like the lady who had suddenly appeared to Walter, to disregard all ornament but simplicity. Perhaps she felt that any attempt to heighten her charms would obscure some of their exquisite gradations; perhaps she was not conscious of being charming at all, though this is a wild supposition.

We talk about the absence of adornment, the almost niggardly plainness of the lady's attire, because, contrasted with her noble countenance, it threw Walter into a state of great uncertainty and doubt. His mind struggled between conflicting impressions as he regarded her; and when he attempted to speak, he failed to adjust his words in any reasonable way. He began in

a half-patronising tone, and concluded in language that might have been addressed to a princess. What he said, it is unnecessary to repeat. He enlarged on the merits of the picture; and probably produced the impression that his admiration was rather instinctive than learned. The lady corrected him, and shewed where his observations did not apply. He bowed to her judgment, without taking the trouble to weigh it. Bewilderment was coming over him; and Paolo would scarcely have been satisfied had he known that Walter waited with the utmost anxiety to learn—he hoped certainly to do so—that the object of his visit to that palace was not yet fulfilled, that he was not in the presence of Angela.

Bartolo had gone away. The lady walked a little further down the gallery, as if to break off the dialogue, which she may have thought was becoming too animated.

'Who is that lady?' whispered Walter to the guide.

'I do not know. Some student, perhaps. She has, you see, a portfolio under her arm.'

The Englishman had not noticed that fact. It gave him an opportunity of renewing the conversation.

'You draw?' he inquired, following the lady and speaking with the freedom which lovers of the arts admire or affect.

'A little,' replied she indifferently, not offering to shew her sketches.'

The idea suggested itself to Walter, that she was prevented by his presence from producing her pencils, so he bowed, saying: 'I hope I do not interfere with your studies.'

The remark produced a smile of great sweetness, but mingled with an expression either satirical or wondering. In truth, she was an admirable creature to look at; with ivory forehead sharply defined by the black tresses which would have burned her shoulders in their massive folds, had they not been, as we have said, all gathered back in a single net; with large almond-shaped eyes, that generally rested on the floor, but were raised when she spoke, to attest her words by a candid look; with a nose that seemed to tell of Grecian descent; a mouth that smiled readily but faintly, relapsing, however, with pleasure into pensive repose; and a cheek somewhat paled by thought or anxiety. Her head was nobly set upon her neck; but though she walked like a queen, her stature was small, and seemed almost girlish at first glance.

Walter was afraid to repeat his implied offer to retire, for fear that it should be accepted. He went on talking of the gallery, of the palace, of the city, of the lovely scenery around; and at last, from mere lack of something more to say, began to make inquiries about the Belmonte family.

During the conversation, the lady, who did the honours of the house as if it had been her own, shewed Walter out into a terrace, from which a beautiful view of the Straits of Messina, bordered by swelling hills, dim with the excess of light now poured over them, could be obtained. White sails studded the waters, which were almost as transparent as the air that glowed above. To the left, beyond the city, rose wooded hills, with turreted villas here and there, and long avenues of chestnut-trees, and patches of green pasture. Walter leaned on the balustrade, gazing forth without attempting to consider all these things as parts of one great picture. All objects came to his eyes invested with strange circumstances of beauty. His whole frame seemed pervaded with light. The loveliness of the lady-student seemed to steal through him like a subtle element, and he once more forgot the object of his mission in the enjoyment of sensations which he did not endeavour to understand.

There had, however, been something peculiar in Walter's manner, when he inquired whether all the Belmonte family were still at Messina. The lady had

noticed it, and probably thought it was an awkward attempt to discover her own position. At first her answer had simply been 'No;' and she had passed on rapidly to other topics. Suddenly returning, however, to that ground, and dispensing as it were Walter's gaze of admiration by a look of perfect candour and simplicity, she said:

'You seem to have made good use of your time. Arrived only yesterday, you know the names of the great people here, and feel an interest about their families.'

This remark brought back Walter completely to the object of his visit. Remaining silent for a moment to recover his presence of mind, and gathering up his powers for what he felt would be a decisive effort, he said, with carefully assumed indifference:

'It would not be wonderful if I had heard the name of the governor of Messina the very first thing on my arrival; but the truth is, that at Palermo I was told a very strange story—namely, that the marchese's daughter had been carried away by the son of a hereditary enemy, and married against the will of the family; that there had been imprisonments, and intrigues, and so forth, just as in a romance.'

The lady scarcely changed her position, or altered the expression of her countenance; yet Walter felt that what he said cooled her towards him.

'And like a true Englishman,' she observed, after a pause, 'you allude to this calumny in the very place where it is most likely to give pain.'

'Then it is a calumny!' exclaimed Walter with extreme surprise.

'Stated in that way—although, like all calumnies, it is based on truth. But you cannot feel much interest about this matter?'

'I do—indeed I do,' cried the Englishman, thrown off his guard.

'You surprise me. What need is there to seek for real details, when you have quite sufficient for your purpose? Tell the story as you have heard it; 'twill read well; for of course you keep a journal, and intend to publish your travels. Spare names, however. If you do so, there will be little danger that your revelations give any annoyance here.'

The lady spoke with some heat; and Walter knew that she was angry with him, partly at introducing that subject of conversation, partly, perhaps, because she thought he was actuated by mere idle curiosity. At the risk of compromising his friend's cause in selfish eagerness to exculpate himself, he was about to declare that he had an especial motive for his inquiries, when he was interrupted by a rather ludicrous sight. Bartolo the steward appeared at the door leading to the terrace from the gallery, and without being seen by the lady, began raising his eyebrows, puckering up his lips, and waving his hands, to express something which Walter did not choose to understand. What he meant was, that it was time to make his bow and depart. The lady observed at length that there was something going on; and turning to Bartolo, said:

'Does any one want me?'

'Signora Bianca,' replied the old man rather testily, 'the marchese is coming to shew his pictures to some distinguished persons, and you know'—

'That on such occasions he does not like the presence of strangers,' said Bianca, who then added: 'Sir Englishman, our colloquy is rudely brought to a close. You owe some gratitude to Signor Bartolo for saving you from a long story I was about to tell'—

'Believe me,' interrupted Walter.

'Of course, you must say that you would have been most gratified. There would be no politeness left in the world if you did not.'

'Madam'—began Walter almost angrily.

Bianca raised her mild eyes, in which she attempted to introduce an expression of astonishment and rebuke;

but in truth, no woman ever remained unmoved in presence of the struggle of frankness with etiquette which was evidently going on in Walter's mind.

Bartolo had gone away to kick the guide, who had fallen asleep on the tessellated pavement.

'Madam,' said Walter, this time in a desponding tone, 'is it not a dreadful thing that this world is so framed, that after speaking with you a whole hour—as a friend—I may be destined never to see you more?'

'Laws,' replied Bianca, flushing slightly as she spoke, 'were made for those who have not the courage to break them.'

Having uttered this audacious sentiment, she glided down the steps leading to the garden; and when Walter turned away with a deep sigh, he beheld Signor Bartolo on one side, and the cicerone on the other—each holding out a hand with 'mute eloquence.' They had been quarrelling about their share of the plunder. Walter gave each a gold piece; and leaving them with wide open eyes to adjust their differences, walked away, and soon found himself in the square before the palace.

It happened that at that very moment Luigi Spada, on his way from Palermo, was riding across the square. Seeing the Englishman who had been his companion coming out alone from the residence of the Marchese Belmonte, as if quite at home there, it was perhaps not unnatural for him to suppose that he had been a dupe. Walter had expressly told him, that this was his first visit to Sicily, and that he knew nobody on the island. Here seemed to be proof positive that this was false. Evidently the Englishman, who pretended to be travelling without an object, was in communication with the Neapolitan government. There remained the fact of his shipwreck; but spies may be shipwrecked as well as other people. All the rest of his story was a mere romance. Giacomo was deceived; he also was deceived. Luigi congratulated himself on his prudence; and instead of advancing to meet Walter, as he would have done had he seen him in any other place, he determined to watch him, and ascertain, if possible, what was his intention in passing from Marseilles to Messina in so great a hurry, and with so great an appearance of mystery. Luigi knew that endeavours had been making to set aside the marriage of Paolo and Angela as illegal. Was this foreigner engaged in any way in that transaction? It was necessary to ascertain the truth. 'If he be manoeuvring against us,' thought Luigi, 'I know who will give a good account of him.'

Abandoning his horse to the care of Antonio, who had performed the journey on foot, Luigi followed Walter to the Bella Venezia, taking care, however, to avoid being seen. His precautions were, to a certain extent, superfluous. The Englishman was too deeply absorbed, partly in speculation as to who Bianca might be, partly in regrets that he had not devoted himself more entirely than he had done to the service of his friend Paolo. All he had learned was, that in the Belmonte palace—if that beautiful lady did indeed belong to it—it was thought offensive to allude to the subject of Angela's marriage, which he might easily have guessed before. It is true that there was a moment when something like a story was coming, but of this he had been defrauded, and there did not seem the slightest probability that he should be able to renew the interview. Altogether, the morning's work was unsatisfactory.

This was now the fifth day since his departure from Marseilles; and although, strictly speaking, there was ample time before him to effect all he purposed should chance in any way favour, yet he began to think it possible that he might obtain no tidings at all of Angela, and be compelled to attempt the rescue of Paolo, without being able to offer him anything but liberty. On reaching the hotel, he shut himself up

in his room, and surly turned away the guide, who came hastening after to provoke him to more exclamations.

'He declined to see the cloak of St. Peter, did he?' said, some hours later, a police-agent, who was hovering about the courtyard, and heard the complaints of the guide. 'This is a suspicious circumstance, and must be reported to the proper quarters.'

'Whilst the wise man was entering the fact in his tablets, there brushed past him, without attracting the slightest attention, an individual, whose appearance in that place, had he known of it, might have given him the clue to a good deal that was going on, and procured him a handsome 'gratification' from head-quarters. Spies and other people lose more by refining out of place than they are aware. There is but just time in this life to give a rough glance at everything. The panorama rolls by. If we stoop to count the petals of a flower, whole plains and valleys have gone out of sight for ever.

'I have not the pleasure,' said Walter hesitatingly, as a respectable-looking little old gentleman, with spectacles and gray hair, bobbed towards him, and 'made legs' in an exquisitely polite fashion.

'The pleasure is on my side, sir,' said the new-comer, smiling and drawing nearer, his eyes looking strangely brilliant through the great round glasses of his spectacles. 'I know you very well. Your name is Walter Masterton.'

'That is true.'

'You come from Palermo?'

'Exactly.'

'And you had previously been at Trapani?'

'I do not deny it.'

'Whence you arrived from Mactimo?'

'You know my movements as well as I do myself.'

'But pray, sir, may I ask what is the object of your journey?'

Many men would have admitted something or appeared confused. Walter only remained silent, and looked very hard at his int. locator. The idea at once struck him, that he had to do with some high functionary of the police, who had perhaps received intelligence of the object of his mission. He remembered that he had already twice been questioned with reference to what had taken place at Maretimo, though not before in so direct a manner. Could it be possible that his conversation with Paolo had been overheard? He had not had time to inquire into the motives that actuated Carlo Mosca. If that man had listened at the door, he was in possession of the whole plan, which would of course be necessarily frustrated. Giacomo might have been instructed to send on the intelligence in his company, and all his manœuvres would therefore be ludicrously unavailing. However, he thought it best, after a considerable pause, during which he tried to look stupid, to say—

'And pray, sir, what is your authority for putting such a question?'

'Which means,' observed the old gentleman, sitting down perfectly unmoved, 'that you have a secret object which you do not intend to declare.'

'This is very amusing!' exclaimed Walter. 'I do not know the customs of Sicily; but it seems to me—'

'No doubt it does.'

'Very extraordinary'—

'To be sure.'

'Not to say impertinent'—

'Let the word pass.'

'That a perfect stranger'—

'Hum!'

'Whom I have never seen before'—

'Hum—hum!'

'Will you tell me what is your object in coming

here?' exclaimed Walter, interrupting the comments he intended to make.

'There is not the least objection. Either you are a gentleman, or you are not.'

'I hope I am a gentleman.'

'If you are not, you will betray me; in which case I am prepared to resist.'

The stranger produced a pair of pistols; and Walter, instead of being at all alarmed, leaned back in his chair, feeling convinced that this was not the conduct of a policeman, and therefore perfectly at his ease.

'*Cosetta*!' exclaimed the old gentleman, who could not help admiring the calmness of this northern barbarian, 'I see we shall understand each other.'

This opinion might have proved perfectly correct, had there not been at that very moment an authoritative knocking at the door.

'Come in,' said Walter, although vexed at this interruption of a dialogue which was beginning to get interesting.

A young smooth-faced Neapolitan dragoon, trailing his great sword, entered. The old gentleman turned visibly pale, and took up a copy of the *Schrittische Journal* of Messina, that was lying on the table; but that he saw the shape of a single letter we will not venture to affirm.

It was at once evident, however, that the soldier came with no hostile purpose. His look was bland, and his motions were insinuating. If Mars had been the colonel of his regiment, he would assuredly have employed him on love-errands.

'The Marchese Belmonte,' said he, 'sends his excuses to the English gentleman for having disturbed him in his gallery this morning; and would be extremely happy if he would honour him by visiting his cabinet of drawings. He has himself just left for the country; but he has sent his carriage.' The dragoon made a speech a good deal longer than this; and contrived to give his opinion that the drawings were well worth seeing. All Italians affect a knowledge and admiration of the arts. Walter listened with approval. Politeness might have suggested that he should first terminate his interview with the spectacled stranger, especially as it promised to acquire a very interesting character; but he was invited to the palace, and at the palace was Bianca.

'He must apologise,' he said, looking towards his visitor. The soldier suggested that any friend of the Englishman would be welcome. The hint was not taken, and in another minute Walter, under the gaze of all the waiters of the hotel, of the abashed police-agent, and of a score or two of idlers, had got into the governor's carriage, drawn by two fine cream-coloured horses, and was dashing away towards the Corso. The stranger came down immediately afterwards, and slunk away unnoticed.

THE WORKERS OF PARIS.

MORE than once the French government, in its desire to know all about everything and everybody within the limits of the republic kingdom, or empire, as the case may have been, have sought to collect statistical information concerning the working and trading classes in France. They tried in 1791, and failed; Napoleon set his Minister of the Interior to the task in 1807, and with only partial success; Louis-Philippe attempted it in 1831, but with slight advantage only over his predecessors; the National Assembly sent out a decree on the subject in 1848, the result of which was to draw a few imperfect reports from different parts of the country, and none at all from that important district—the department of the Seine. It seemed that the thing could not be done, but the Chamber of Commerce of

Paris, judging it not to be an impossibility, took the matter in hand after the year last mentioned, and having spent three years in diligent inquiry, have published a quarto of nearly 1500 pages, in which they give full particulars respecting the working-population and trading-classes of the French metropolis. This volume having been brought before the British Association by the late Mr G. R. Porter, we select from it a few details of general interest.

The inquiry embraces Paris within the *barrière*, or the line within which the octroi or municipal tax is paid; the number of the population being at the time 1,053,262—not so many by 235 as in 1846. In this decrease of numbers, Paris presents a remarkable contrast to London. The city was subdivided into 326 districts, to facilitate operations, and we learn at the outset, that Paris, the most populous and most productive of all the great capitals on the continent, has 325 trades or employments essentially distinct. These are classified in thirteen groups; and so arranged, that any one *arrondissement* can be compared with another. More than 32,000 houses were visited during the inquiry, and as no names were to be revealed, it was believed that the answers were given in good faith. So minutely was the plan carried out, that, as we are told, 'the workman who, having capital sufficient to buy a few ounces of gilt-copper, converted the same into false jewellery of the humblest kind, was required to contribute his quota to the general sum of information.'

Casting our eyes over the tables, we find, that at the time of the inquiry there were in Paris 64,816 masters, who gave employment to 342,530 workmen, and the value of the manufactures produced by the joint action of these 407,346 industrials, was £58,545,134 sterling. This prodigious sum, however, includes all the cost of material, and is only produced when, to quote a political phrase, 'Order reigns in Paris;' for in a revolutionary year it is diminished by more than 50 per cent., and the total of workmen employed by nearly two-thirds. A fact worth remembering by disturbers of the public peace, and promoters of strikes.

We get an insight, too, into that much debated question of female employment: among the working-people, 112,891 are women, and 7851 girls, of whom many are under twelve years of age. Of boys and young men, the number is 16,863; many of these, also, are under twelve: and taking the two sexes, 19,078 were apprentices. The terms of apprenticeship were from two to six years; but it is remarkable to find, in more than 1400 cases, an arrangement for an indeterminate period. One might suspect these to be very destitute or ignorant persons, with no one to care for them. The rule appears to be to pay no apprentice-fee, though most of the apprentices get their board and lodging: the engagement, however, is by no means scrupulously kept by either party.

The rate of wages varies considerably: among the tailors, some earn eight francs a day, while others earn not more than seventy-five centimes—about 7½d.; butchers get from one franc to seven francs; jewelers, one franc to fifteen francs, and these last stand highest for earnings among all the trades of the capital. To facilitate comparison with trades in London, we set down here the average earnings of some of the working-people in Paris:—Tailors, 17s.; jewellers, £1. 7s. 3d.; bakers, 16s. 9d.; shoemakers, 14s. 2d.; carpenters and joiners, £1. 3s. 6d.; cabinetmakers, 17s.; masons, 16s. 1d.; coach-builders, 19s. 3d.; house-painters, 18s. 10d.; hat-makers, £1. 0s. 7d.; milliners, £1. 1s. 4d.; locksmiths, 18s. 4d.; milliners,

17s. 4d.; laundresses, 19s. 6d. This list, which comprises but a few from the whole number of trades, is interesting, as shewing wherein Paris differs in some respects so markedly from London. Some of the females are no better paid than that wretched class on our side the Channel which inspired Hood's *Song of the Shirt*: 950 poor Frenchwomen earn less than sixty centimes, or 5½d. a day. Going a little higher, however, we find 100,000 earning from one to three francs, and 626 who get from three to five francs—the latter sum equivalent to 4s. English.

Another table enables us to form some idea of the domestic circumstances of the industrious classes: 122,000 men and 68,000 women, live in apartments furnished by themselves; 4000 men, and 12,000 women, with their parents or relations; 6000 men, and 2000 women, with their employers; and 34,000 men, and 4000 women, in furnished lodgings. Of the men, 147,311 were found able to read and write; and of the women, 68,219.

These are but a few from among the whole mass of particulars; but they enable us to form an idea on some social points in which a manufacturing community is largely interested. As far as earnings are concerned, the advantage appears to be clearly on the side of the English workman.

We conclude with a passage from the Report, which unfortunately applies too well to other places besides the French metropolis. 'The voluntary holiday of Monday,' it says, 'has, among the greater part of the occupations in Paris, the saddest effect upon the morality of the work-people; and it is this which most generally deprives them of the means of making any saving. If Sunday is not observed by them as a day given to religion, it is at least regarded by the workman as a day to be spent with his family. He willingly gives up part of this day to industry, but in the evening he walks abroad with his wife and children. He considers, however, that he has a right to another day devoted to his personal gratification. Monday is the day to be spent with his comrades, and it is then that his expenditure is the most lavish. The Monday holiday is the object of the most lively desire, and to acquire the means for its indulgence is often the greatest stimulus to industry. In the course of the inquiries made by the committee, it often appeared that the men who received the largest wages are those whose savings are the smallest. Not only do they absent themselves from the workshop on Monday, but their absence is prolonged for two, three, or more days, until their resources for dissipation are exhausted.'

A NEW PROJECTILE.

The inventive faculty of the age promises to familiarise us with another projectile of terrific power, which will cast into the shade all the shells now in use. We hear that there is before the Ordnance Committee a shell charged with a liquid, which, after its release by the concussion of the ball, will instantaneously become a sheet of fire, burning to a cinder anything it may touch, and suffocating by its smoke any one brought within its radius. A column of infantry, a row of tents, a ship, storehouses, and barracks, a forest, anything which acknowledges the terrible influence of fire, could be consumed in a few minutes by the visitation of a shell charged with this noxious fluid. It will, we dare say, require very careful handling by the artillery, for it is of so subtle a nature, that the escape of any slight quantity would carry with it direful consequences. Like the *boulet asphyxia*, it is calculated to be formidable alike to friends and foes if it be not watched with vigilance.

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THE FENS OF ENGLAND.

IN looking at the map of England, it is impossible not to be struck with the curious expanse of hill-less country that appears on the eastern side of the island below Yorkshire. It is remarkable even on an ordinary hydrographical map; but on the broad-sheets of the Ordnance Survey, it is still more so. Nearly the whole of Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and much of Northampton and Norfolk, appears one vast flat, unbroken and undiversified by hill or valley. If it wants these, however, it has the next important element of the picturesque in abundance; for it is copiously watered. Half-a-dozen large-sized rivers wander through its level area, fed and connected one with another by countless drains and canals, of dimensions little less than their own. Immense tracts of land, intersected with the straight lines of countless ditches, stretch between the scattered homesteads and thinly sprinkled villages; some apparently desolate and waste—morass, or marsh, or moor; some apparently reclaimed, and forming pastures or arables—if we may coin a word—that would make a Scotch forty-acre piece look a mere cotter's allotment beside them. We are judging of all this at present by the map and the names; and what names they are! Here is the Hundred-foot Drain, and the Forty-foot Drain, and the Old Bedford River, and the New Bedford River, Ramsey Mere, Trundle Mere, Ugg Mere, Wildmore Fen, Gaythorne Fen, Dogdyke Fen, Millgay Fen, Foulmire Fen, Crane Fen, Frog Fen, Sedge Fen, Wet Fen, Deeping Fen, Ruffe Fen, Fish Fen, Knar Fen, Bardolph Fen, Bury Plashes, Wenny Severals, Grunty-fen Drain, Stray Pastures, Broadpool Drove, Whaplode Drove, High-fen Straight-drove, High-fen Crooked-drove, Pode Hole, Delph Bank, and a thousand others equally quaint. So much for the appearance of the Great Level of the Fens upon the chart—a district comprising no less than 500,000 acres; extending, on its eastern side, more than 68 miles in a straight line, and allowing for the curve of its Lincoln extremity, nearer 80 in total length; being in breadth frequently 30 miles, and oftener 20 than 10; formerly the most wretched and profitless land in England, now becoming year by year as valuable as the manner and progress of its change from its ancient condition to its present, from fenny waste to fertility and cultivation, has been curious and difficult. Before closing the map, however, it will be as well to note one or two points, which should be borne in mind when we come to examine its geological features and origin. The Level is bounded on its western or landward side, as far as Thorpe, by the range of chalk-hills which commences on the north coast of Lincolnshire, and runs

nearly north and south for some distance through the county, and then more irregularly straggles away south-westwards, round by Nottingham, Rutland, Northampton, and Bedford shires. From thence the boundary-line is less defined. Low ranges of clay, sand, and gravel, skirt the flats down to Cambridge, above which the Fen turns off, and stretches in a north-easterly direction, round by St Ives, Ely, Mildenhall, Brandon, and Downham, to the Norfolk-side of the Wash. Detached highlands and chains of hills of insignificant height appear here and there in the Fen, like islands in its blank expanse, and bearing in the Saxon termination of their names, *ey*, a proof of the applicability of the term in early times. By these, the limits of the actual Fen are often rendered indistinct, and still more so by its running up on either side of the great rivers, through the clefts or gorges in the hill-ranges, by which the latter debouch from inland upon the plain. This great tract of irregular outline is divided, like all Gaul under the Cæsars, into three parts—the North Level, the Middle Level, and the South Level: the first being that portion between the Welland and the Nene rivers; the second, that between the Nene and the Ouse; and the third, all below the Ouse. We should observe, however, that the fens of Lincolnshire are not included in this division; lying north of all three sections, and having almost a distinct history of their own. The district thus divided, comprises all the rest of the Fen, and was anciently denominated collectively the Bedford Level; which name it still retains.

Now let us shut the map, and taking a mental train on the Great Northern and Eastern Counties Railways, imagine ourselves in the heart of the Great Level of the Fens. The time is August or early September, when the corn is ripening; for, shorn of its cereal glory, the landscape loses its grandest and peculiar charm. Seen, however, at that season, the Fen Country presents an aspect at once strange and magnificent. Here, as far as the eye can see, on either side waves a sea of golden wheat, broken perhaps occasionally by a rectangular patch of beans or blue-green hemp. No hedges meet the view; but long waving lines of sedge mark the course of the drains and ditches, which, in their stead, parcel out the fields. Trees are scarce. A belt of dark-leaved ash and alders rises abruptly from the plain, and stretches a sombre line across the horizon. A few elms and pollard-willows stand about yonder isolated homestead, throwing its white walls and red-tiled roof into stronger relief against the bright blue sky. There a vast extent of pasture spreads away, on which a herd of horses and shaggy little fen-ponies are grazing and gamboling; and along one side of which run the steep bank of some mighty drain or river, with the

chimney of an engine-house rising high into the air from a clump of solemn aspens at the corner, where another 'beam' of scarce less magnitude flows in. Further on, the reclamation of some fen-land newly drained is going on. The rough, coarse, tinsbecky turf is being pared off, piled up in stacks, and burnt; and its sour pungent smoke invades eyes, nose, and mouth, penetrating to our very lungs. The soil beneath is as black and loose as soot, and the ploughing must be light indeed. Here a field is being worked up with chalk, brought by rail many a mile; and there, in another, are heaps of blue oozy-looking clay, dug from the bottom of some ditch where the layer of fen is thin. Now we have a view of the river—the lazy old Ouse perhaps. High green turf-banks, rising ten or twenty feet above the level of the Fen, enclose his slow clear waters along their entire course, and mark his devious wanderings over the plain by their curious outline. No trees overhang his depths. A few stunted willow-bushes break here and there the monotonous fringe of rustling waving sedges and flags that skirts the edge of the water. Sheep are grazing on the outer slope of the bank, and a flock of white geese are ascending the inner one after their bath, conversing very noisily. Now we come to one of those broad green leafy groves, that take the place of roads through the Fen, and run for miles as straight as an arrow. On either side it is flanked by a wide ditch, crossed by bridges here and there leading into fields. A herd of cattle is coming leisurely down it from pasture, attended by a thorough specimen of the fen humanity—a thin, dark-haired, swarthy fellow, half-gipsy in appearance. Now there pass before us the rushy stagnant plashees and swampy osier-beds of an unreclaimed piece; a genuine stretch of fen, black and desolate, its inhabitants frogs and moorhens, whose cries are the only sounds, save the rushing trains, that disturb its watery solitudes. Far, far across it, and distant many a mile, rise the solemn towers of Ely Cathedral, looming dimly through the smoke and haze of the Fen. Soon, again, there open before us the parallel ramparts of another drain, or artificial river, whose waters glitter under the blue sky like a narrowing ribbon of steel, as the straight converging lines vanish in the distance. Then more corn, more pastures, more burning peat-stacks, more willows, ditches, and drains, more engine-houses, windmill-pumps, and scattered cottages, and everywhere the same vast expanse of level landscape.

Such is the Fen Country under favourable circumstances; and little as it may be apparent from this faint sketch, there is a grandeur and a quaint magnificence about it that is very impressive. A peculiar sensation of freedom accompanies the wide range of the eye towards the far-off horizon, which I have never exactly experienced anywhere else; and on bright summer-days, the unbroken smile of the sunshine on shadowless square miles of yellow corn and deep green pasture has a splendour peculiarly its own. The rivers are a remarkable feature of the Fen Country. They are all alike. All are confined within the strong artificial ramparts described above, and differ only in width. The banks slope down to the water's margin, which is marked by a narrow strip of tall flags and reeds, that bow and whisper mournfully to the passing breeze. Along the top of the bank runs the towing-path; the ropes by which the horses draw the barges being fastened to the tops of their masts. On the outer side of the bank, and immediately under it, chosen not as the safest but the easiest place, runs usually the high road. It is by standing on the ridge of one of these embankments that the finest view of the country is obtained, while the spectator himself, for another mile or two away in the Fen—so dead is the level—is lifted high up against the sky, and appears as if standing on the horizon. The rivers themselves are not so sluggish as is generally supposed. Undoubtedly

they deserved the name when it was given them, but that was before the general drainage, and before the banks were built. Now they flow with a steady and moderately strong stream, though there being but few locks or sluices; the influence of the tides is felt for a considerable distance inland on most of them. The natural or normal height of the water within the banks is about level with the surface of the fen outside. But in winter, when the rivers are swollen with the upland froches and land-drainage, it rises frequently within a foot or two of the top, overriding by a dangerous height the whole surrounding country. Should a bank burst, the devastation is, of course, proportionately widespread and terrible. This occasionally happens, in spite of all the precaution and strength used in erecting the embankments, and thousands of acres are laid many feet deep under water in a few hours; the labour of the farmer lost, and his flocks and herds drowned. The aspect of the Fen Country then is ghastly enough. Everywhere a wide waste of sullen waters meets the view—the roof of a cottage, a patch of leafless trees, the black top and arms of a spectral windmill or two, alone rising from the dismal swamp. The physical effects on the land of a catastrophe like this are commonly not recovered for a year or eighteen months; and though the next crop is proportionately enriched by the flooding, it is at the expense of the two which should have preceded it.

The Fen Country has many peculiarities besides those of external aspect. Its Flora and Fauna contain several rare species; and more than one, it is said, unknown to the rest of England. Among these are some grasses and water-plants, and various insects. Some of the fen-beetles are remarkably handsome, and the aquatic species grow to a huge size. Rare and curious birds nested frequently to be shot on its solitary swamps, but since the days of reclamation they have grown scarcer. The edible frog, also, which is very seldom met with in England, was once common in Foulmire Fen Camps, and is still said to exist there. From their musical croak, these frogs were called by the natives 'Cambridgeshire nightingales' and 'Whaddon organs'—the latter, from the name of a spot where they peculiarly abounded. The rivers are full of all kinds of coarse fish: pike of prodigious size, noble perch, tons of bream and roach, and large chub, are to be found in all of them, and, in fact, in nearly all the drains as well.

The dwellers in the Fens are for the most part a black-haired, black-eyed, clear brown-skinned, acclimated race, attached to their country and its peculiarities. The red or sandy hair and freckled complexion appear to be most frequent, next to the dark. They have some oddities of costume. Steeple-crowned hats and buckles are commonly worn; and some of the old fellows on the barges are thorough Dutchmen in face, figure, and dress, and undoubtedly in size and weight. The Fens have no particular lore of their own, save a few lingering superstitions which they share with many other districts of England.

And now if the reader, interested thus far in these pictures of a wild and little-known district of his own country, cares to inquire into its origin and history, he must penetrate with us the twilight of those remote geological epochs in which intelligence has learned to read—though as yet with uncertainty and hesitation in the dim doubt-clouded atmosphere—the birth-and-cradle records of terrene order and form. Retiring, then, from present earthly scenes, like the enchanters of fable, by a descent through our stage, we will endeavour to pierce a little way below the surface of the country whose physical aspect we have been describing.

If borings were made at intervals over the whole of the Fens, there would be found, at varying depth, but spread with small intermission beneath the entire

district, a bed of muddy sand, tolerably firm, ribbed in some places with tide-marks, and abounding in marine remains, resting on the formation of a far earlier geological epoch. This we may call the foundation of the Fens. Sometimes it lies very deep below the surface; sometimes crops out above it in irregular ridges, like snow-drifts.

For the most part, this stratum is immediately covered with a layer of clay, generally of the kinds called 'gault' and 'till'—bluish and calcareous, solid, and of considerable thickness. This bed is evidently of fresh-water origin, being peopled with fluviatile shells and debris. In places, however, it is seamed and indented with narrowing tongues of sand and silt,* which are, by their contents, as evidently deposited by the sea. The position of this clay-stratum, as next above the sand, is not uniformly maintained. Sometimes a layer of peat is found to intervene, and sometimes a bed of loose gravel or drift.

Above the clay lies the bog-soil or peat, which covers four-fifths of the Fen surface, and forms its chief agricultural characteristic. It is a peculiar compound of decayed vegetable matter, earthy sediment, and silicate, and varies in colour from dark brown to downright black. In texture it is loose and crumbly, and has a rich earthy smell. The depth of this covering varies very much: in some places it is nine or ten feet deep, and in others thins off to three or four inches. Along the edge of the Fen it may be seen in the slopes of the ditches on the roadsides, shelving gradually upwards, till it is lost entirely. (These shallow sections often exhibit other strata also, particularly about the west side of the Ouse, in Cambridgeshire, where successive beds of peat, gravel, blue clay, and yellow clay, are not unfrequently visible in the depth of a few feet only.) Over the peat is spread here and there another layer of alluvial clay. On the side of the Fen next the sea, or the Marshland, as it is called, it invariably overlies the peat, and to some depth. It seems to be a sort of estuarial warp, being much mixed with silt.

Such is the soil of the Great Level of the Fens: the next question is—what was its origin? Leaving out of consideration any comparison of the many theories which have been offered, as an exercise for which, however interesting, we have not space, we will take that as our guide which has met with most general acceptance.

Now, from the formation and shape of the Fen district, one thing seems indisputable—namely, that it was at one time or other a great shallow bay of the sea, full of shoals and large sand-banks, bounded by the white cliffs of those hills whose position we noted above upon the map, and receiving through gorges in their range more than one large river. Supposing, then, the sandy bed of this bay to be bodily uplifted by that subterranean action, whether volcanic or not, which has operated so largely in producing the physical configuration of these islands, the result would be, that from the platform so raised, the sea would drain gradually off by creeks and gullies, while the rivers would debouch upon it as upon a great plain, over which their sediment and earth-charged waters would spread and stagnate, till they wore for themselves tortuous channels through the sand towards the far-distant sea. As the land rose higher, the waters, having deposited their sediment, would gutter off by degrees into these channels, leaving the whole plain coated with a rich thick layer of slimy mud. The flow-tides would still, during this process, penetrate up the creeks—which would thus become gradually silted up—while occasional convulsions might carry them almost up to their ancient height, and strew the surface of the plain as they ebbed away with shells, sea-weed,

and other items of jetsam and jetsam. Successive floods would, as these occasions grew less and less frequent, and at last ceased, deepen and solidify the stratum of soil, till it became capable of supporting the larger vegetable life, whose seeds the turbid waters would bring with them from the uplands whence they descended. The growth of thick underwood and dense forest, such as skirts the swampy borders of tropical rivers over nearly the whole country, would speedily follow.

Allow this a sufficient interval to reach maturity, and suppose the plain on which it has grown to sink down again as suddenly as it rose, with the relaxation of the transient throe that lifted and upheld it, yet so that the depression should be slightly greater inland than seaward, and the vexed land thus become, as it were, a shallow irregular basin, its rim being the coast-line. Drowned instantly by the overflow of the rivers, whose fall would be now completely taken away, the district becomes one immense marshy lake. Sapped at the roots, the forest-trees fall and rot in the brackish water, crumbling down into a black soft mud, with which mingle the earthy and mineral particles held in solution by the flood—here and there a water-logged trunk, sinking deeper than the rest, and being covered and embalmed, so to speak, by the decaying debris of lighter vegetation.

Suppose, after another interval, during which the country must have presented the aspect of a vast and hideous swamp, a third movement to take place, and the sunken plain to be once more raised by slower and more steadfast action to its former level. Once more the rivers fall within certain channels; the floods drain off, and filter through the spongy soil: and the land, black and ghastly, lies bare beneath the sky. Though steady, the upheaval has not been either uniform or regular. Isolated tracts, displaying earlier formations of clay and drift, are raised above the plain; and even a ridge of sand crops out here and there, that has shouldered off its superincumbent strata. Pools and lakes of vast width still occupy the hollows; and much of the country remains marshy and wet. Even that which is comparatively dry, is no better than an oozy, quaking bog, fit for nothing else but the growth of rank moss and rushes. Accordingly, it makes little progress to the beauty of fertility, while the elevated clay islands are quickly clothed with wood, and stand like green oases in the desolate fen: for *fin* it is now; and suppose such to remain the final phase of the country when man first appears upon it, and its theoretical history is complete. So many changes and interventions of the higher powers of nature may be thought gratuitous; but it is not possible to account for the order and disposition of the strata—being what they are—in any other manner. We do not say that the action of each period was universal over the district, for the contrary is indicated by occasional reversals of the order of the layers (as has been remarked above), and the interposition of additional ones, both peat and clay, in certain patches of the Fen; but that it was *general*, is as much beyond dispute as the existence of the several formations as we have described them. Here and there a square mile or two of clay may cover the black moor, the deposit of some landlocked flood, tadiously evaporated; but there is the firm sand at the bottom of all, the bed of the old bay, its shoals and drifts still prominent. There is the 'blue buttery clay' next above it, of fresh-water origin; tongues of sea-sand, the silted-up creeks, vandyking its borders. There are huge trunks of trees, oak, beech, alder, lying on its surface, imbedded in the antiseptic peat—their roots still firmly twisted in the soil on which ages ago they stood. There are the remains of the forest-animals, that once grazed beneath their shade, buried with them; bones and tusks of the wild-boar, horns of wild-cattle, red-deer and elk, and skeletons of the beavers that once

* Silt is that peculiar sediment which is deposited at the mouths of tidal rivers. It is apparently a very fine muddy sand.

colonised the rivers of the plain. There is that same peat and bog, like nothing else but itself—a soaky, black, treacherous, useless mass when wet; when dry, a soil fat, light, and fertile beyond compare. There stand the stony highlands of Ely, Thurney, March, &c., surrounded on all sides by fen that, a few centuries back, were veritable islands in an impassable morass. There, in short, is the Great Level of the Fens, revealing in its varied substance its embryo history, and retaining all its peculiar characteristics, save those of which the perseverance and skill of man have deprived it, to develop the better ones they hindered and concealed, and to render its desolate boggy wastes available for the abode and sustenance of the human race.

How this great work has accomplished, and in spite of what obstacles and difficulties, we shall endeavour at a future time to shew.

M A R E T I M O .

CHAPTER VII.

BIANCA.

Is Paolo di Falco, confined now day and night in his little dismal cell overlooking the moat of the castle of Maretimo, could have followed with his mind's-eye the steps of the man who was labouring for his deliverance, and seen the many opportunities of obtaining concert and advice which he threw away or missed, he would certainly have believed him to be the most stupid of negotiators. From the moment that he left the shores of the island, Walter had been, as the reader knows, in contact with friends of the Prisoner, who, with a sort of sympathetic sagacity, had half-divined his objects, and constantly approached him with parted lips to reveal their designs. Impressed, however, with one idea—that there was an active police, stimulated by the promises of permanent hatred, ever on the watch; and with rather an exaggerated confidence in his own ingenuity, our Englishman had always shrunk from all advances. His own scheme was simply to ascertain where Angela was, to communicate with her, to advise and assist her escape; to return to Trapani or Marsala, hire a vessel or a boat, bribe the captain and crew by the offer of a large sum of money, and appear off Maretimo at the appointed time. It required considerable faith both in himself and in good-luck generally, for Walter to believe that all these arrangements and schemes could be carried out as steadily as a railway journey, planned after an anxious study of *Bradshaw*. What would he have thought if any one had told him that his friend had been deprived of the little liberty he had previously enjoyed, and that it was absolutely impossible for him to go abroad—consequently to slip from his guards, and be at the place of rendezvous precisely at the time agreed on?

Walter apologised to his idea of duty—when he noticed the extreme pleasure he felt whilst rolling in the governor's carriage towards the Palazzo Belmonto—by attributing it to the hope of hearing something of Angela. To describe a man as picking his own pocket seems absurd; but such an act is scarcely so strange as this kind of self-deception. Our motives are within us, but we deliberately suppress and forget them; and until we have succeeded or fall into despair, we fancy we are acting from principle when we are acting from passion, from friendship when we are acting from love. How beautiful is this city of Messina, with its rows of verandahed houses, its coloured awnings, its sunburnt population, its quiet streets, stretching in bright lines

along the slopes of the hills, and disturbed only by the rumble of that single carriage! Walter blushed when he saw his own happy smile reflected in the face of the sentinel, who presented arms as he leaped to the ground. Nobody in that part of the world had ever seen so pleasant-looking an Englishman before.

Signor Bartolo stood with toes and heels joined, his hands hanging down by his sides, in a respectful attitude on the threshold; and Walter, when that foolish, boyish moment had passed, laughed with angry contempt to remember how he admired the genial aspect of the white-haired major-domo. They ushered him up stairs again to a little cabinet, where, sure enough, Bianca, in her common gray gown, was ready to do the honours. Who could she be? Bartolo this time treated her with marked familiarity, and requested, almost commanded her to open the portfolios. Walter looked upon him as a brute; but still, in the midst of the flutter of his emotions, rising up to check as it were their expansion, there came to him again some doubts of this lady's social position, which, it must be confessed, troubled, if they did not absolutely chill him. The world is so made that we cannot let our affections fly whither they will; and seldom, out of romances, does the son of an English baronet find his heart warm with passion towards a menial or a dependent.

One or the other Bianca must be. She was perfectly at home; but seemed not surprised to be treated by Bartolo on a footing of equality. Well, that was her business, thought Walter, bristling. She looked rather ironically at him as she undid the blue strings of the first portfolio, which contained three or four silver-point sketches by Raphael.

'I declare,' said she after a little while, Bartolo having left the room, 'that you are not attending to what I am shewing you at all.'

'The truth is,' replied Walter, 'that I am thinking of that story you promised to tell me; and I prefer—'

'Gossip to art.'

'No,' cried he: 'but anything that comes from your lips to all the pictures in the world.'

Positively if it had not been for the suspicions roused by Bartolo's manner, Walter would never have ventured on this point-blank compliment. Bianca made light of it, and carelessly observed: 'I perceive you have passed through Paris on your way here: the French are masters of the art of saying more than they mean.'

What annoyed Walter was, that he *had* said more than he meant. He had just discovered that Bianca's forehead was low, and that she had a slight stoop. If she had been a princess, he would have perceived that there was never a more intellectual countenance or a more majestic gait.

She told her story at first in an indifferent and somewhat slipshod manner, quite forgetting, however, that it was not true that she had ever promised to tell it at all. Her object, she said, was to explain that the Marchese Belmonte was not actuated by any paltry feeling against the Di Iulio family, but had good grounds for undying hatred. The father of Paolo, to whom she alluded in a tone of dislike, had received benefits from the marquis, such as no man of honour could forget. He had visited at the house of the Lady Speranza in his company, and had taken advantage of this circumstance to endeavour to win her favour. But she never liked him: her heart was entirely given to the marquis.

'I happened to be at the Villa Salomone,' she said, speaking more rapidly than before, 'on that fatal night. We were sitting, I—a mere child—and the Lady Speranza, in all the pride of beauty on a terrace, gazing at the crisp sea, that came close up to the rocky beach below. Suddenly, several men bearing lights rushed forward, dressed as sailors, and with them a person evidently of superior rank, his face concealed by a mask. What passed was the work of a moment. I shall never forget it. The gentleman at first spoke beseechingly to Speranza a word or two; she shrank from him; he then seized her in his arms to take her away by force; she struggled; I caught hold of her dress; he turned to push me away with a savage oath; his mask fell off; I saw the furious glare of his eyes, and exclaimed imprudently: "I shall never forget you!" I believe he would have struck me to the earth—perhaps killed me—but a man of great stature, dressed like a peasant, whom I had not before observed, pushed him back, muttered something in an angry manner, and with rough gentleness put me into the house. All the servants had escaped, and were alarming the country; but help did not come in time. The Lady Speranza was forced on board a vessel, and perished with the villain, who had endeavoured to make her his by violence.'

'No, sir!' exclaimed Bianca, rising and walking rapidly up and down the room, her Italian blood flushing her face, the fire of her southern temperament beaming from her eyes; 'it is impossible that the son of that wretch can be an honourable man; and you will do wrong if you tell this story to the discredit of Sicily.'

Walter felt that poor Paolo was condemned, not only by the vindictive marquis, but by the public opinion of the whole family; for he was now sure that Bianca in some distant way belonged to them. He attempted to shew that the son should not be made to suffer for the father. She admitted the truth generally, but in this case would not allow of any opposition. Yet sometimes Walter thought that she would have been less impracticable, had she been dealing with actions to come. In her mind, she was perhaps justifying what could not be revoked.

Suddenly she said: 'Signor, here is a strange reversal of position. The crafty Sicilian—for I was born in this island—speaks out frankly; the generous Englishman hears all, but confesses nothing. You come from Marettimo, and heard what you know of this story from the garrulous commandant?'

'I protest'—exclaimed Walter, quite taken off his guard.

'Oh!' she said contemptuously, 'do not fear you will injure him. The marchese is merely told in his dispatches that you were shipwrecked there, carefully prevented from seeing the prisoner after he saved you, and sent next day to Trapani. I have only learned by your own admission that you have picked up this story, and intend to make it a feature in your travels. You have now another scene to set down.'

Walter could not help laughing at the easy off-hand manner in which Bianca expressed that she thought him a tyro in diplomacy; and his merriment was without bitterness, for he felt that all the dangerous part of his secret was well preserved. His good-humour raised him in the opinion of Bianca.

'I am quite silenced,' he said, 'except that, as you will persist in supposing I mean to put this story in a book, I must ask for some more details. What has become of—the wife of Paolo?'

'It is true that she is his wife,' observed she with great gentleness of manner; 'and perhaps'—

She checked herself; but Walter knew that a

merciful sentiment had moved her. He waited to watch its influence.

'Is he very unhappy?' she inquired with a wistful glance at Walter's face, and sitting down as if fatigued.

He was almost on the point of admitting the fact of his interview, and of imploring this lady, who, he now felt convinced, occupied a far higher position than he had before deemed possible from her appearance, to interpose her benign influence to soothe this sad family feud. However, he judged that her tenderness was but passing; for when he had at length said that no prisoner could be happy, she told him that Angela had long been sent away from Messina to Naples, 'where she was being taught repentance for having loved rebelliously.' These words were spoken with so strange an intonation—so bitterly, so hostilely, it seemed—that Walter found no difficulty in checking his frankness. Yet he could not be sure that what Bianca said expressed her direct meaning. She was evidently agitated by emotions of sympathy as well as of hate. Her eyelashes, which rested longer than usual upon her cheek, were moistened by at least one tear; and as she sat with one hand placed firmly on the forgotten portfolio, the other hanging listlessly by her side, as if she was divided by conflicting emotion, her bosom heaving irregularly, her nether-lip quivering, Walter, who could not even guess at the thoughts that stirred her, yet seemed to know that they were rather good than evil, felt his heart yearning towards her irresistibly. After a little while, their eyes met. They looked very gently at each other, and their souls came nearer than they had ever done before.

At length, feeling that this interview could not last much longer, Bianca said to Walter: 'It would be absurd in me to suppose, that a man whose life has been saved by another does not feel kindly to all belonging to him. You have an object in asking so many close questions about Angela. Perhaps you wish to see her, and to say that her husband is in good health. I cannot blame you. Do not deny, or speak to me more on this subject; I may be doing what is wrong. But if you go to Naples, go further—to Annunziata. Ask for the Villa Corsini. Present yourself boldly, and give this piece of paper to the lady of the house.'

So saying, Bianca took a pen and wrote a short letter, which she closed and addressed 'To the Princess Corsini.' Then rising, with a wave of her hand, a bright smile, and a gentle 'Addio!' she glided through a doorway which had not been perceived by Walter, before he had time to recover from his surprise, or even answer her salute. He ran and seized the handle, not exactly knowing what he wished to add; but the door closed from the other side, and he thought he heard a low laugh as he shook it angrily.

'That is not the way out, signor,' quoth Bartolo, making his appearance.

Walter bit his lip, and then said abruptly: 'Who is that lady who was here?'

'The Lady Bianca.'

'I know her name; but what is she? Is she another daughter of the marquis?'

'Another daughter!'

The old man laughed in what Walter thought to be an ironical manner.

'Well, I suppose she has a family; that she has some connection with the owner of this palace.'

'Why, I do declare,' exclaimed Bartolo, treating this speech with the most supreme indifference, 'that you have only opened a single portfolio! Shall I shew you the remainder?'

'My good friend,' said Walter, putting three or four gold pieces into his hand, 'I don't care about drawings to-day. I want you to tell me who that lady is.'

Bartolo accepted the money, and scratched his head. 'It is a pity,' he answered at length, 'that you did

not think of asking that question of herself; for I do declare, except that she has free access to all the art-collection in this house, and is quite a favourite of his excellency the governor, that I know nothing about her.'

'A rather annoying idea was suggested by these words to Walter. He saw that at any rate it would be perfectly useless to question further; so carefully putting up the letter in his pocket-book, he went away, trying to dismiss from his mind everything but his obligations to the unhappy Prisoner of Marettimo.'

'You have a little exceeded your commission, Bartolo,' said the Lady Bianca, returning when the old man was left alone; 'I did not wish you to give so equivocal an account. It would have been better to decline answering; but I see you were obliged to say something.'

She noticed that Bartolo was slyly putting up the money he had received. The old man blushed very red, and replied:

'These Englishmen are all alike; they make us speak in spite of ourselves. But you see, signora, that I was right: he is no artist, for he has money; and, in my opinion, knows no more of painting than my shoe.'

Bianca had sat down pensive, manifesting but little interest in these critical observations. Bartolo left the room. She remained long motionless, and then murmured:

'O God, how that impious vow weighs upon my mind! Are these things binding, or does my conscience tell me true? Will the time never come when I shall dare to do more than repair with one hand the injury I have helped to do with the other? I have been bold once—there are those who think too bold—almost criminal. Is it not as well to worship God with the intelligence as with the senses?'

She rose and moved uneasily to and fro in the cabinet, and then returned into the next room, which was fitted up as an artist's studio. A large, half-finished painting of a Virgin and Child was upon an easel. She sat down before it, and tried to work, but could not; thoughts of many things, both long past and near at hand, troubled her.

'It is strange,' she said to herself, 'how differently these fair-haired barbarians act and speak from what we do! This Englishman spends his time in chivalrously carrying messages from a man who has saved his life, and seeks his gold to satisfy a childish curiosity about a person he has accidentally met. What eccentricity!'

We will not venture to say that these words accurately represented the thoughts which disturbed Bianca, whose peculiar mind and peculiar fortunes rendered her liable to retain impressions which would have left no trace upon others. It is necessary, however, now to leave her, that we may follow in our narrative the steps of the man whom she unconsciously followed in her mind.

Evening was coming on, and Walter determined to go down to the port, and ascertain whether any vessel was about to start for Naples. According to his calculation, if circumstances were tolerably favourable, he need not be absent from Sicily more than a week or ten days; and there would remain ample time to carry out his further projects, especially as prudence seemed to suggest the propriety of not returning too soon to the coast facing Marettimo.

Greatly to his annoyance, he was told that the only vessel in port loading for Naples was the *Ferdinando*, which could not depart for four or five days. A good many skippers and sailors crowded round him, to recommend the vessel; and its owner, who happened to come up, felt quite insulted because the Englishman refused to take a passage at once. He wanted to go to Naples—this was the first opportunity—to refuse it was mere malice. Walter went away, revolving in his mind the advisability of crossing to Reggio, and going

post through Calabria. At the hotel, they of course advised him to wait for the *Ferdinando*; but when he expressed a determination to be gone at once, they as strongly recommended the Reggio route, and gave him the card of an hotel on the other side of the water.

He was sitting, very pensive and discontented in his room, perfectly uncertain how to act, when the servant entered to say that a seafaring-man wished to speak to him. Accordingly, a rough-looking personage, in a red vest and loose dirty blue trousers, made his appearance, and began very volubly to state that he had heard the Englishman wished to go at once to Naples; that he was the mate of a schooner about to start at midnight for Civita Vecchia; and that for a reasonable price he would undertake to run into the bay in passing. This seemed so fair and above board, that Walter jumped at the offer; agreed to give ten pounds for his passage; and forthwith began to cram into a little valise bought at Palermo the few articles of clothing he had substituted for the splendid kit which had gone to the bottom in the *Marc Antonio*. There were certain police formalities to go through; but it was generally known that Walter was a wealthy Englishman, who had received courtesies from the Marchese Belmonte, so that he had no real difficulty in obtaining his permission to embark. They smiled at his eagerness, it is true, and labelled the little schooner, which, they said, was laden with hides; but when he persisted in going, every one thought it perfectly natural—for in those parts it is thought natural for any Englishman to play the fool.

It was a bright moonlight night. The city rising in terraces up the first slopes of a great range of hills, which hides Etna from view, looked white and ghost-like; the broad Marina was quite deserted before eleven, except by a few police-agents, who sauntered up and down, noticing any unusual stir aboard a vessel, and halting any small boat that moved, to know what it was about; the mole, with its light that paled in the moon's rays, ran out to the south, cut up, as it were, into innumerable fragments by perpendicular or slanting lines, the masts and cordage of a hundred vessels; white clouds or misty land lay on the other side of the placid strait; the sky above was pure, and luxuriant with stars; the moon at that time was poised just over Taormina.

'We shall have no wind,' said Walter to the mate, who had come to guide him on board the vessel which he had not yet seen.

'Never fear. As soon as we get beyond the mole, we shall feel the Faro, inhaling or exhaling its breath; and *Filippa*—that's the schooner—will surely find her way through somehow; if not to-night, to-morrow.'

This indifference about time did not half please Walter, who began to reflect whether, after all, the land route would not be the safer. Whilst he was deliberating, he found himself in a little skiff, and darting under the impulse of two pair of sculls along a broad bright streak of water, that led through a forest of vessels—lying there as still as if they never meant to move again—out into the open waters of the port. A boat, in which were two or three men wrapped dramatically in cloaks, shot across their path, and they were compelled both to answer questions and exhibit papers for the third or fourth time. Then they moved unmolested towards the little schooner, out in the centre of a sparkling expanse, in which its elegant form and the dim tracery of its rigging were brightly reflected. The creaking of a windlass, and the measured chant of several voices, announced that the crew were getting up the anchor.

'The *Filippa* is too handsome to carry hides,' said Walter, trying to ingratiate himself with his companion.

Speak to a lover of his mistress, to a jockey of his horse, to an author of his book, to a sailor of his vessel. Never be afraid of putting a word in the wrong place.

'*Sicuro*, she is handsome!' said the mate; 'and as to carrying hides, we take what cargo we can get. Have we not the honour of your excellency's presence?'

They soon shot round the stern of the vessel to the ladder, and Walter gladly scrambled on board, valise in hand. The mate wished him at once to examine his berth, saying it was the captain's own; but he preferred remaining on deck, and gazing on the beautiful scene around—the tranquil city meagerly lighted up, the motionless vessels, the bright sheet of water, the brighter sky. A slight air, which could scarcely be called a wind, stirred without creating a ripple in the port; but when the broad clean canvas was spread, though it flapped lazily at first, Walter soon saw that the confidence of the mate was justified. 'We shall move directly,' said he, looking at the great sail as it bosomed out. 'We are moving,' said a sailor; and, indeed, leaning over the bulwarks he could hear the rippling of the water round the sides of the vessel; and all objects on every hand began slowly to change their position, to steal backwards, as it were, and become more dim in the noon's brilliance. Presently they glided past the light, and were out in the strait, where the water was no longer smooth, but seemed to jump up in short, sharp waves—not boiling, but simmering. 'An effect produced by the meeting of many currents brushed by the breeze,' said a voice at Walter's elbow. He turned, and recognised the very old gentleman in spectacles, whose mysterious visit that morning had troubled him for a time and had then been forgotten.

A less acute person than Walter would have at once understood that he had fallen into a trap, even without hearing the pleasantly ironical chuckle which escaped from the old gentleman's throat, as he took off his spectacles, and wiped away the moisture that had been deposited on them by the balmy sea-breeze.

He looked around, and saw the dim shore gliding past on either hand. There was no possibility of escape.

It was best not to appear alarmed, or to understand that there was anything mysterious going on. Walter made some indifferent observation; and the stranger, who was quite certain that he had been recognised, admired his phlegm and presence of mind.

A cloud of white sails suddenly appeared moving, so as to intercept their passage. The government-cutter, on board of which Walter had come from Palermo, was out on a night-cruise, looking for smugglers or other more dangerous gentry. An interchange of hail took place; and our hero opened his mouth, to intimate his presence. Whether he would have been heard, is a question; but not to omit any necessary precaution, some one from behind threw a blanket over his head, and before he could resist, his arms were tightly pinioned.

Decidedly there was little chance that the *Filippa* would perform her contract, and land him safely at Naples. They led him down into the cabin, where, safely locked in, Walter had leisure to abuse himself for trusting once more to the sea. The superior advantages of the Reggio route now appeared to him incontestable. In every point of view, he was to blame for not perceiving them before. Yet, after all, could he have guessed that there was any person in Sicily, besides the representatives of the government, interested in crossing his desires? 'Possibly,' he thought, 'my schemes have been seen through; the Marchese Belmonte may not like to interfere publicly with the movements of an Englishman, and has taken this method to keep me out of the way. Yes, this must be the explanation of what has happened; and perhaps—the idea was hard to believe—the Lady Bianca, who so strangely divined my motives in part, and pretended sympathy, may be nothing but an angelic police-agent, who meditated betrayal from the beginning!'

When this suspicion crossed the mind of Walter, it

made him much more miserable than even the fear of not being able to relieve his friend Di Falco. He sat on his narrow bed, and buried his face in his hands; and if he had not been a very strong man, we should have said that his eyelids grew moist. What folly!

The *Filippa*, bending under a fair breeze, swept gently between Scylla and Charybdis, and emerging from the Faro of Messina, sailed on steadily; so that when morning broke, the great cone of Stromboli could be distinctly seen, rising like a tent from the sea against the gray western sky.

COMMERCIAL ART.

From some cause or other, which we are unwilling to account for by the alleged and admitted inferiority of the English people as judges and patrons of the fine arts, it happens, that when in our walks through London streets, we are greeted with the spectacle of art officiating as the handmaid of commerce, a demand is less frequently made upon our admiration, than upon some other and very opposite sentiment. It is not so among neighbouring nations. Partly from the fact, that a knowledge of the principles of art is more general upon the continent than it is with us, and that therefore, owing to a larger demand, the productions of art are much cheaper, we find there the artist seriously allying himself with the trader, and, free from that assumption of consequence which shuts him out from such employment in England, doing his best to promote the interests of trade. Looking only to the outward and visible evidences of this sensible and brotherly union, we find in the continental cities frequent specimens of tradesmen's signs, sometimes painted on the plastered wall, sometimes in compartments on the shutters, fully equalling in design and execution many of the pictures which from year to year are exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy. A young London artist would feel himself disgraced by such an exercise of his talent; a young Parisian would eagerly accept the commission, and execute it with the utmost care, prizing the opportunity for a public appeal for what he stands most in need of—the public approbation. The difference of the professional feeling in this respect between the artists of England and those of France, is manifest in the superiority of the French commercial signs and emblems, through all their grades, from the imposing compositions of some of the large establishments, down to the single bottle and glass of the *cau-de-vie* shops—all are executed with a degree of fidelity and finish unknown in the corresponding performances at home. It was not always so. Commercial art once flourished in London to an extent unknown, perhaps, in any other city in the world. Little more than a hundred years ago, every tradesman of any note in the city had his sign painted and emblazoned in a good style, regardless of expense, and by the best painter who could be induced to execute the task. Hogarth himself is known to have painted signs; and, later, Morland did not disdain to liquidate his tavern score by the same means. The signs in Hogarth's day, as is evident from the views of various parts of the metropolis to be found in his prints, projected into the road, some of them clearing the foot-pavements altogether, and threatening the roofs of the passing carriages. 'It was this growing obstruction that led to their abolition, a decree being passed that they should not project beyond a certain limit. This law, together with the new practice of numbering the houses of every street, was almost the death-blow of the sign-painter's art in England: the demand from publicans and tavern-keepers, who nearly alone continued

to exhibit them, was not sufficient to remunerate the profession, and it gradually declined, and passed into the hands of the house-painters—to not a few of whom it has served as a stepping-stone, by developing a talent which might otherwise have remained latent, and the exercise of which has raised them to the rank of artists.

Within the last dozen years or so, symptoms have become manifest in various quarters, not so much of a return to the old system of sign-boards, as of a renewed appreciation of art, in another and modified form, as an auxiliary to business. The age has grown wondrously pictorial, during the reign of her present Majesty—and the shop-windows, which are the invariable indices of progress, in whatever direction, have become, to some small extent, galleries for the exhibition of a new kind of art, serving the same purpose as a sign, but conceived in a more comprehensive spirit, and intended, without doubt, to proclaim the liberal tastes of the dealer, as well as modestly to suggest the merits of his wares. The most numerous of the works of this kind are those exhibited in the windows of the humbler sorts of coffee-shops and eating-houses. They are not of very various design, and we have a suspicion that, numerous as they are, they are all, or nearly all, the works of one hand. The subject generally consists of a loaf, sometimes two loaves, of bread; a wedge of cheese on a plate of the willow pattern; a lump of 'streaky bacon,' a cup, supposed to be full of coffee; a pat of butter on a cheese-plate; and a knife and fork. These are plainly fee-total emblems, and they are largely adopted by the temperance houses. Occasionally, however, a tankard of porter, with a foaming top like a cauliflower, or a glass of rich brown ale, is added, and perhaps a red herring, eloquent of a relish. Sometimes there are a couple of mice delineated in the act of nibbling the cheese, while a tabby cat, with formidable spiky whiskers, is inspecting the operation from a dark corner. Next to the coffee-shops, it would appear that the second and third rate grocers are the greatest patrons of this new commercial school of art. They are seen to lurch out with greater liberality, and patronise a higher style; conversation-pictures, as they are called, being most to their taste: these are generally representations of tea-parties, sometimes of staid British matrons, assembled round the singing kettle or the shimmering urn, and exclaiming, in bold Roman type, as they sip 'the fragrant lymph,' extravagant encomiums in its praise, and grateful commendations to Mr Spicer, for supplying them with it at the moderate charge of only 4s. a pound. Sometimes it is a party of foreigners, perhaps of Chinese, engaged in picking, from a palpable gooseberry-bush in a garden, or drying or packing the tea in chests directed to Mr Spicer himself, Little Liquorpond Lane, London. A work of extraordinary pretensions, and which seems to be a great favourite, portrays a party of Bedouins in the Desert, bivouacking round a damask table-cloth, upon which is displayed a Staffordshire tea-service: with the aid of a Birmingham kettle and Sheffield knives, they are enabled to enjoy their repast in comfort. The artist has forgotten to give their nose-bags to the camels, which are allowed to mar the festivity of the scene, by looking coldly on with forlorn and fasting faces. The fishmongers deserve to rank next: though not so generally given to the public patronage of art, yet, when they do have recourse to it, it is in a respectable and serious way. The pedestrian in London will come now and then upon a really well-painted picture upon the wall or panel which flanks the fishmonger's inclined plane. It may be a group of fish in the grand style—salmon, cod, turbot, and ling, among which enormous crabs and lobsters seem dripping with the salt ooze. It may be a coast-scene, with the bluff fishermen up to their middles in the brine, dragging

their nets upon the beach, which is covered with their spoils. It may be a stiff breeze at sea, in which the mackerel-boats, under a single sail, are bounding upon the billowy surge; but whatever it is, it is sure to be pretty well done, if done at the order of a fishmonger—it being a fact that art is cultivated and appreciated among the chapmen of Billingsgate, some of whom are the proprietors of collections of the modern masters, of which a nobleman might be proud. The fishing-tackle-makers, again, in addition to the varnished skins of fresh-water fish, preserved in glass-cases, have latterly taken up with works of art as illustrations of their craft and its pleasures. Groups comprising every fresh-water fish that swims, always admirably painted so far as the fish themselves are concerned, and not unfrequently with good landscape backgrounds, are now to be seen in almost every respectable fishing-tackle-maker's window. Besides groups of fish, they exhibit pictures of angling stations within a few hours' ride, at the furthest, from London, of which establishments they are the agents for the sale of subscription-tickets.

Recourse is also had to the arts by a very miscellaneous class of traders, from motives and with views much higher than the obvious ones of advertising their business. Thus a coal-agent will treat the public to a gratuitous panoramic exhibition, detailing the whole history and processes of the coal-trade, from the first descent in the mine in Yorkshire, to the delivery of the fuel in sacks to the cellar of the consumer in London—all capitally painted in a style that would do credit to Burford himself, and really conveying a course of instruction, receivable by the eye in a few minutes, which the reading of half a day would not so effectually have supplied. A shoemaker, with literary tendencies, paints up the shoes, and the precursors of, or substitutes for, shoes of all nations and all times, from the *calceum* of the ancient Romans, to the *salut* of the modern Gauls—including all the strange and odd freaks and modifications of fashion which from every available resource he has been able to collect. A hatter will pursue a parallel course with hats and headgear. A shopkeeper with a biblical and patriarchal turn, surmounts his window with a representation of Noah's Ark, treated in the miraculous style—the said Ark being, according to the irrefragable evidence of perspective, of not more than twelve tons burden at the utmost, and having already disgorged from its open doors—from which a couple of elephants are emerging—a troop of indescribable quadrupeds, walking two and two, in a procession stretching miles away over the distant hills, in addition to an immense cloud of ornithology, principally the conventional crow, that nearly blots out the sky from the picture.

Now and then, a tradesman shows historical predilections. Some remarkable event of ancient or modern days—some battle, siege, earthquake, or terrible volcanic eruption—is delineated in his shop-window as a background to his goods; and the goods and the heroes or sufferers are so ingeniously mingled together, that whosoever contemplates the picture, must of necessity take both into his consideration; so that it may be that the storming of Seringapatam, the earthquake of Lisbon, the overwhelming of Pompeii, or the forcing of the North-west Passage, is judiciously connected, in the spectator's mind, with the destruction of vermin by Jabez Dosem's Patent Cockroach Exterminator, or the newly invented heel-tips of Simon Bendlether.

Painting is thus, again, stooping to make progress along with the arts of buying and selling; nor is the sister art of sculpture altogether discountenanced by the sons of trade. Here and there, the bust of some great man is found presiding over the stock of some petty trade. We have seen Sir Isaac Newton among piles of potatoes, labelled 'three pounds twopence,' and

Shakespeare and Milton imbedded among the thread, wax, heel-ball, and spangles of the retail leather-seller.

Commercial art takes a still more familiar form in the hands of the modeller, who, besides the manufacture of dummies which pass for real stock, has assigned to him the fabrication of colossal models for exhibition as signs, in which the small wit of the trader receives as large an embodiment as he chooses to pay for. Thus the 'little hoot' hoisted over the door of an ambitious disciple of St Crispin, is about large enough for the Colossus of Rhodes; and the 'little dust-pair' which shuts out the light from the first-floor rooms of an aspiring tin-man, is broad enough to accommodate an average family tea-party, equipage and all: the 'little cigar' is big enough for the topsail-yard of a frigate; and the 'little stick of sealing-wax' might do upon an emergency for the mast of her long-bow.

We are bound in candour to remark, that the most notable characteristic in what we have denominated Commercial Art, is its want of originality. All its professors seem to depend more upon one another than upon themselves, and continually reproduce each other's designs in preference to inventing new ones. The same thing is as manifest, and much more mischievously so, in art as applied to manufactures. It is true that, as respects designs merely ornamental, intended for repetition in paper-hangings and textile fabrics, &c., we have been for many years past making respectable progress, and may be said to possess a rising school of designers of our own; but of designs entirely pictorial, also intended to be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and which are actually so multiplied, there is not one in a hundred to be met with which is not stolen, in whole or in part, from the works of established artists living or dead. These thefts are mostly committed without the licence or the knowledge of the proprietors of the copyright. The Patters are the most wholesale plunderers in this way, as their numberless transcripts from the works of Landseer, Cooper, Ansdell, Bateman, &c., attest—numbers of which may be seen in any business street in London at any hour of the day. The manufacturers of papier-maché ornaments are just as unscrupulous in the use of what is not their own: thousands of pictures are painted monthly on these wares from the prints of Stanfield, Turner, Creswick, &c.—an original design by the artists employed being the rare exception. It would be easy for the proprietors of the copyrights in question to put an interdict upon these proceedings, and confine the manufacturers to their own resources; and it appears to us that they would further the interests of their own profession at once, and be eventually the means of infusing a leaven of art among the manufacturers themselves, were they to do so.

From the above brief glance at the phases of art which are most familiar to the view of the populace, we are forced to the conclusion, that, in spite of the rage for illustration, and the influence of that pictorial flood which has inundated our literature, less progress has been made in informing the popular taste than some of us are complacently disposed to admit. We are among the number of those who desiderate a universal appreciation of the higher qualities of art, and who regard the dissemination of true principles in relation to it among the people as an enterprise perfectly hopeful, because remunerative as well as practicable. What the press has done and is doing for literature, by rendering it cheap, abundant, and good, the press will also do for art, but neither so rapidly nor effectually, unless, and until its efforts are supplemented by practical teaching. To educate the eye is always a slow process; but it is one that produces an important and valuable result, being, of all branches of education, that which best commends itself to the pupil. Unfortunately for the dwellers in English cities, most of the objects they gaze upon have a tendency to

infuse them to ugliness, and ungracefulness; and this we take to be one principal reason why the perception of what is just and true in art is so rare among the masses of the population.

A RATHER AWFUL PREDICAMENT.

THE hamlet of Clachaneorric, in the wilds of Aberdeenshire, is some little distance out of the tourist's ordinary route; but it is well situated, and has an aspect of rude simplicity not unattractive to him whose customary abode is the prosaic town. At any rate, I was tired, for I had been on foot since sunrise, and it was now the afternoon; and finding in one of the huts a cleaner bed than might have been expected, which the inhabitants, notwithstanding their surprise at the request, were willing to give up to me, I resolved to halt for the night in Clachaneorric. Oatmeal-cakes, cheese, milk, and whisky—the last without the faintest flavour of duty—formed a luxurious repast; and as I sat enjoying it in the little spence where I was to sleep, my fatigue wore off, and I gradually began to feel that with a sure bivouac to fall back upon, I might see a little more of the country before this lovely afternoon became dimmed with the falling shades of evening.

I at length snatched up my cap and walked forth. I sauntered along a path that led to the top of a low rounded hill close to the hamlet, and there enjoyed a view of a very picturesque expanse of country, framed all round, although at irregular distances, with gigantic mountains. I descended the hill on the other side, and walked on—and on—and on. Every step opened a new picture, and produced a new arrangement of lights and shadows; and these became more beautiful, although less definitely, as the sun continued to descend towards the horizon. An object in the distance had for some time attracted me. It seemed like a tower, perhaps the ruins of a fortress, and was placed close to the nearest part of the mountainous range, and where a break took place in the frame, permitting its outline to be sketched upon the sky behind. It was at a greater distance than I had supposed, deceived as I was by the undulating character of the country; but as there was no risk of losing my way—the rounded hill above the hamlet being distinctly visible from every eminence—I resolved that it should be the outward terminus of my walk.

It was, in reality, a ruin, and of a character very common in Scotland. The tower had been square, and from the height above the ground of the narrow windows, had evidently been intended for defence. It must have commanded, in a military point of view, the gap in the hills I have mentioned, and was probably in its day and generation the frontier stronghold of a comparatively level country. At present, it presented not even the outline of its original form, for only one of its four walls was entire, and the roof, of course, entirely gone. The aspect of the building, as I approached, was grim and desolate in the extreme; it was of a greyish-brown colour, scarcely different from that of the heather which clothed the hills, and it had thus the appearance of being of the same antiquity with them. This observation I have made in other parts of the Highlands, whose ruins have the air of belonging to a rude and primitive race now completely extinct. Their whilome habitat is a new country, where only a few groups of fanished settlers of a wholly different character are to be seen; and where the eagle

sailing in the air, and the whale rolling in the deep, are the only living links that connect the present with a bygone world.

There was nothing to indicate the site of a doorway; but entering by a great gap in one of the walls, I found the interior for the most part a smooth sward, traversed by irregular ridges, showing the course of the party-walls. In one corner there was a rude construction of uncemented stones, the workmanship, obviously, of some solitary herd, who during his lazy and dreary employment sought here shelter from the sun or the wind. In the interior, it was carpeted luxuriously with soft heather. There was nothing here to excite or reward curiosity; and as the sky was beginning to lose its mellowed brightness, I determined to make my way back to the hamlet. It struck me, however, that if I could get up to one of the narrow windows, I might be able to obtain a more unmistakable map of my route than I then had in my mind, for it was now some little time since I had been on an eminence lofty enough to afford a view of the low rounded hill.

At one side of the quadrangle, there was a chaos of stones that might have seemed debris that had descended from one of the exterior walls, although they were in all probability the ruins of more than one party-wall. They sloped upwards, to near the highest elevation of the tower, and seemed to afford such easy access, that I was tempted to make the experiment. I was tempted; for in reality the feat was no trifle to me. I am not more impressible with regard to danger in general than other people; but from my very boyhood I have had a horror of looking down from any lofty height, and to this day, on putting my head completely out of a window on the second floor, I feel as if I was about to swoon. The ascent in this case, however, was by no means steep; the very massiveness of the debris reassured me; and I made my way to the window I had fixed upon with a good heart. It was in the wall running at right angles with the one against which the stones appeared to slope; and to my great disappointment it proved, as well as I could see through the thickness of the aperture, to command quite a different view from the one I desired. But the information it afforded was important: the sun was just about to dip beneath the horizon; and very soon I should find it difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain my bearings from the nearest eminence without. I probably exaggerated at the time the inconvenience I should sustain from this, for the distance from the hamlet could not be above a couple of miles, which I could easily have got over in half an hour, and the direction would not have been difficult to ascertain from the position of the gap by which I had entered the ruin. However this may be, without stopping to consider the question, I resumed my upward progress with great strides, desiring only a single glance over the wall.

I do not know whether the reader has ever been in analogous circumstances; but, according to my own experience, the point one aims at always seems to recede as he gets on. I cannot undertake to say what the height of that wall actually was; but as I turned a glance backward now and then to mark the declivity I was thus lengthening out for my retreat, it seemed destined to stretch an immense way, and to look steeper and steeper every moment. At length I was at the top of the debris; but the summit of the wall was still slightly more elevated, and what was of greater consequence, there was a vacancy of several feet between it and the debris. What to do? I grew obstinate; it is

my character, and I cannot help it. I felt offended with this ridiculous arrangement of the edifice; and seeing at a little distance, a portion of the debris leaning considerably nearer the wall, I approached it with a courage I do not commonly feel in such circumstances, and stepping upon the furthest point, and carefully abstaining from looking into the depth below, clutched at the massive stones beyond me. The survey I thus obtained was useless; for owing to my being so slightly elevated above the wall, I could see only the more distant portions of the country. It was now necessary to retrace my steps, and without delay; but an unpleasant sensation crept over me as I thought of the abyss, narrow though it was, over which I leaned. I have heard of a traveller in Wales, who, intending to step over a deep but narrow fissure in the mountains, got one foot across, but on catching a glimpse of the gulf beneath him, remained in that awkward attitude, paralysed with terror, till he was relieved by a passer-by. The reader, however, will please not to impute this sort of pusillanimity to me. I did not look into the gulf. I merely painted it in my fancy, and remained leaning on the wall to collect my thoughts. It was not likely that there would be any passers-by on the summit of a contemptible ruin, in a depopulated county, in the gray of twilight: by no means likely, for assuredly there was not another such fool, as I did, as I had proved myself to be, in all creation. I must relieve myself—that is what must be done: but I had become a little stiff in the limbs, my skin was somewhat clammy, and it was with much straining I got up my breast from its support, when suddenly the stones of the debris moved beneath my feet, and I had only time to spring desperately upon the wall before the portion on which I had stood fell with a deep roar into the abyss.

Perhaps it will be difficult for some persons to enter into my feelings as I lay prone on my back upon the wall, digging my fingers into its crumbling surface, fancying that the slightest motion would bring it down, and conjuring before my mind's eye the abyss on either side. In this position, the duality of man's nature was more strikingly exhibited than I had ever known it before. I was, in fact, two beings, with different interests and feelings—the one reproaching the other with his madness, and the other listening with impatience, and even rage, but too much scared to retaliate. I represented to myself what I had forsaken—that quiet space, placed on the solid ground, so small that it required some ingenuity to pass between the little round table and the substantial bedstead; its two wooden chairs, its chest of drawers, its meal-sack, half full, in the corner, and its print from the *Pilgrim's Progress*, in a black frame, with the glass broken. What could have tempted me, I urged upon myself, after a fair day's walk, to leave such a shelter, to wander along the brown barren hills, to clamber far up into the air—I could not tell how far—only to roost at last upon the ridge of a broken, ruinous, and very lofty wall, with an abyss on either side enough to make anybody sick to think of, far more one who could not put his head out of a two-pair window without turning giddy? I was gratified, I declared bitterly—infinite gratified—by the fall of the debris, which had thus cut me off for ever from the living world my folly had disgraced.

But this bad feeling between us subsided gradually, the common danger reconciling us when we came to think more calmly of it. By and by, I ventured to turn my head from one side to the other, although not without some sinking of the heart, as my hopeless distance from the earth became manifest. The interior of the fort was now covered with shadow; but I could still see the snug hut of the herd-boy, and fancy its soft and fragrant carpet of heather. Outside, the shades of evening were rolling over the earth, filling the hollows, rising up the heights, and threatening to

swallow the whole world. This threat they fulfilled, as the light faded in the west, and I could at length see nothing but the filmy outline of the mountains upon the dull sky. That sky was covered with sombre clouds, through which, after a time, the gliding moon threw down a pale spectral light upon the scene.

The air became chill; the perspiration seemed to freeze upon my limbs, and these became as stiff as the limbs of a corpse. It was time to exert myself, to do something—anything; and I began to shout at the extent of my voice. There was but little chance, I knew, of my being heard in this desert region; but I continued in desperation, till I ceased from mere exhaustion. The exhaustion went further. With the exception of the short time in the hamlet, I had been on foot since sunrise, and as my strength declined, my eyes began to close. When I was first sensible of this, I gave a start of terror which I thought for an instant would have brought down the crumbling wall. To sleep there!—to stir, perchance—to fancy myself in bed in the spence, and to turn, and—I wrestled desperately with the demon of sleep. I had till now considered the angel, and threw my thoughts into every channel of interest I could think of. In the midst of all I was aware—I do not know how—but as sure as I am a living man, I was aware that I was not alone upon the wall. I heard footsteps pass me—firm, measured, slow, fearless footsteps—and I felt the stones shake at the tread. It was some time before I durst open my eyes. The sound passed me again; it marched from end to end of the wall, forwards and backwards, and I once felt the heavy foot tread upon a part of my dress, so as to compress my chest. I did look at last; but to speak I was wholly unable. My tongue was tied, no sound came from my writhing lips, and the mysterious figure, wrapped in a cloak, and owing to the darkness, more like a shadow than a human being, continued to pace unquestioned.

Then there was a distant sound upon the air—a sound from the surfaces of the earth. It came nearer and nearer, and was resolved into the tramp of horses, the jingle of arms, and the hoarse voices of men. A blast of the horn rose from the approaching company, and the shadowy warder stood suddenly still, and I could see the glitter of a trumpet he took from under his cloak. Suddenly he stepped upon my chest, put the instrument to his lips, and the whole atmosphere vibrated with the lofty strain. I was choked for breath; but my arms could no more move from my side than if they had been fettered, and the warder, unconscious, probably, of the nature of his footing, raised himself upon his tiptoes, as he swelled the note fuller and fuller.

I felt as if I fainted from the pain and pressure, retaining, however, somehow a consciousness of life; and when at length relieved, I was aware that a numerous company had entered the quadrangle, and that they were making merry with wine and other refreshments. There were ladies as well as men, all handsomely dressed; and loud rough voices mingled with silvery laughs and snatches of song. I have been told before now that these were the phantoms of a feverish dream; but to me they were as real as the wall, the stones of which made my back black and blue. Shall I be told, also, that the warder's foot, which had well-nigh suffocated me, was nothing more than empty air? I do not know what people mean by phantoms. These phantoms ate and drank heartily; and I heard among them, more distinctly than I hear the grating of this pen upon the paper, the rattle of knives and forks, the clatter of plates, the jingle of glasses, and the plunk of corks.

A dance! a dance! was now the cry from below, and with the suddenness of magic the table and its paraphernalia were thrown into a corner, and the revellers were floating, and whirling, and bounding in

the ample area. Soon a shout was given in the barbarous Highland fashion—then another, and another—the enthusiasm kindling fiercer at the sound, till the party might have been taken for a group of ancient bacchanals. So exciting, in fact, was the scene, that, I am ashamed to say, I could not repress a cry from my own lips, which attracted so much the attention of the company, that astounded, doubtless, by the spectacle of a looker-on in so absurd a position, all eyes were directed towards me. They did not cease dancing, but kept looking as they danced; and even when it was necessary to turn their backs, their heads were twisted over their shoulders, that they might continue to look. Now, in that wild group there was one who had attracted my attention from the first. She was a young woman, attired with simple elegance, but so distinguished in her air and mien, and so transcendent in beauty, that she seemed the queen of the company. She, too, looked like the rest; and no sooner was her face turned fully up, than a thousand confused recollections began to awake and struggle in my heart, and I almost fancied that there was some connection between my own history and that of the group of Highland savages before me. The lady grew confused with looking, and she confused the dance; she whirled against her neighbours, and her neighbours against her; till at length a cry got up among them:

'Have him down! A couple! a couple!' and bashful at first, but becoming gradually more reassured, she edged herself out of the mass, and began to ascend the debris with graceful bounds, keeping time to the music. I heard her coming up, step by step, and grew faint and fainter as she approached the top.

The moment she sprang upon the wall, I recognised the source of my emotion in a remarkable likeness she bore to one whom it is unnecessary to particularise. She was rather fresher—perhaps a shade less feminine; but thine, Matilda—thine, my lost love—were those lustrous eyes, those rich, sweet lips, those volumes of lovely hair, which encompassed the moss-rose that once bloomed upon my breast! She stooped over me, and my eyelids grew heavy with beauty; she took my hand, and an indescribable thrill ran through my frame. What was I to do? The narrow wall—the leap of several feet before I could gain the debris—the sickening gulf on either side! The lady pulled; my breath came thick; my brain whirled; I shut my eyes—what more? I do not know.

When I reopened my eyes, it was upon a strong light which made them close again. But, gradually, I was able to see a figure standing before me—the figure of a boy, or rather lad, wrapped in a gray plaid. He was leaning lazily on a staff, and fixing upon me his two eyes with a look of such intelligence as you might see in a couple of greengages. The debris was before me, on the opposite side of the quadrangle, and the outline of the lofty wall behind it was sharply defined upon the morning sky. Where was I? Stretched upon the heather in the herd's hut, with its master half suspecting, as he looked, that it was somebody else who was there, and not himself, as it ought to be!

Some readers will consider this a rather unsatisfactory account of my adventure, but it is a true one. I have told distinctly what I know, and left untold what I do not know. The realists will doubtless suppose that the people I was to have lodged with, having traced my whereabouts, had got me down from the wall while I was insensible; but I can assure them, that when I reached the harriet, I found it profoundly ignorant of my adventure, and profoundly indifferent to the narrative I gave of it. The philosophers, with more shew of reason, will attempt to explain the mystery by means of somnambulism; and I admit that there are so many probabilities in favour of this, that I cannot argue the point against them. This I can say, however, that so far from being habitually addicted to that vagary, I never

walked in my sleep before or since. In short, let other people think of it as they will, I have my own opinion, and I beg leave to keep it to myself.

RUSSIA AND THE CZAR.

(CONCLUDING ARTICLE.)

BESIDES the individuality of the czar, there is one institution which gives a peculiar character to Russian society—the secret police, a tribunal more powerful and more irresponsible than the Star-chamber ever was in England, the Committee of Public Safety in revolutionary France, or the Austrian courts-martial in Italy and Hungary. All these tools of despotism allowed some species of publicity and of trial. The names of the culprits were known; they were brought before their judges, who did not hide their faces; and if the conviction was founded on incomplete evidence, or on alleged compromise of the safety of the state, at least the sentence was published, and the execution took place in broad daylight, and filled the nation at once with horror and with the burning thirst of revenge. It did not degrade the public mind, nor kill the feelings of independence and liberty. But the secret police of Russia, like the Inquisition, gives no notice of its proceedings: men are judged who do not know that they are impeached; and execution—imprisonment, or banishment to Siberia—is carried out in the dead of night. Not even the friends or family of the unhappy man dare complain, or ask the reason of the punishment, lest they should aggravate his sufferings, or share his fate. The officials of the high police may have made a mistake, and carried away the wrong man—they may have acted upon false information—they may have been impelled by feelings of personal revenge—yet no redress is possible: upon the one-sided report of the chief of the high police, the emperor signs the ukase for banishment or prison, and no appeal is allowed, no second inquest ever made. The displeasure of the czar is regarded by his subjects like one of the catastrophes in nature—a hurricane, an earthquake, or an epidemic—which carries away the guilty with the innocent. The czar himself is quite aware that he cannot avoid inflicting frequently the severest punishment on guiltless men; yet he knows that his throne cannot remain secure without the secret police. Nicholas has not even such regrets as Alexander. He believes he is the chosen tool of God for making war against what men call liberty; and if in war the best men fall by the bullet, they do so in performing their duty. He considers it the duty of every Russian willingly to go into exile, if the czar commands him to do so. Alexander, who had not the nerve of Nicholas, was at last tired of condemning people without having given them an opportunity of defending themselves; he therefore abolished the high police, and the Russian was able to breathe in freedom, without fear that every word he uttered, even in the circle of his family, might be related to the secret tribunal, and set down as evidence against him. But the instant the restraint was removed, secret societies were formed all over the empire, and the czar had to re-establish the accursed institution. Politically speaking, the evils of the secret police do not consist so much in the miseries inflicted on the banished persons—many of them victims of a misunderstanding, or of private pique, or mere suspicion, or of betrayed confidence—but in the general distrust which keeps down the spirit of the Russian and destroys his energies.

‘The Russian,’ says Henningsen, ‘doubts those nearest and dearest to him: the friend feels occasionally the suspicion flash across his mind, that the friendship of long years may prove only a cloak to this fearful espionage which the secret police entertains in all classes of society; the brother sometimes dreads to

confide to his brother thoughts which may be registered against him, and meet at some future period with retribution, sure, if slow; the very bridegroom often questions whether the bride does not open to him her arms, to worm from him some secret which may be supposed to exist.’

In writing the above, Henningsen has not exaggerated the condition of social intercourse in Russia. It is well known that after the outbreak of the 26th of December 1825, the conspirators were delivered up by their own friends and kin; and there was found a father who betrayed his own son to the secret police, and the czar rewarded the ‘patriotism’ of the man, and had his name inserted in the papers for the sublimity of his devotion and virtue; but the reward was not a mitigation of the son’s punishment, but a higher rank in the official hierarchy for the unnatural parent, who did not even make request that his son should be dealt with leniently: he knew the mind of Nicholas, who might well say with Shakspeare’s Cæsar:

I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fixed, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there’s but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; ’tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That massable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this:
That I was constant Cæsar should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

The secret police extends its web all over the empire, and even beyond it. Every man of any importance is put down in the books of that office, and the information of the spies appended to his name. These spies receive no regular pay, but their reward is commensurate to the reports they make. They often get instructions to watch this or that man, and to inquire into his actions, as well as into the opinions he is supposed to entertain. But the great bulk of the information received by the chiefs of the secret police—Count Benkendorf and General Kleinmichel, both of them Germans—is not paid for. It consists of secret denunciations, sent voluntarily to these inquisitors by persons who wish to prove their patriotism (1) and loyalty, when they suspect that they have themselves been denounced; by those who seek office and promotion; and by those who wish to revenge themselves on their enemies.

‘It is to be observed,’ says Henningsen, ‘that as the reports of spies are naturally compared, and subjected to additional scrutiny where widely dissimilar, these men as seldom utterly deviate from the fact, or build up their accusations without a shadow of foundation, as they ever tell the plain, unvarnished, and uninfluenced truth. Thus somewhat of truth is always mixed up with calumnies and colourings of facts which utterly distort them, and all stand arrayed against the accused in black and white, to be raked up should he ever, innocently or culpably, give umbrage to the secret police, or incur the serious displeasure of any of its innumerable agents.’

‘Man forgets,’ and God forgives,” whispered a Russian; “but the secret police neither forgets nor forgives.” The frivolous conversation which took place years ago at the dinner-table, over the punch-bowl, or in a moment of vexation or anger, all are noted, with the malicious comments of those who reported it. All are thrown into the balance when the victim’s fate is weighed, unknown evidence thus influencing the

decision by unknown judges as to the destiny of a man who has, perhaps, in reality never offended even against the peculiar code of political and social morality which is the standard of this fearful institution. When the Russian subject has been found wanting in this balance, disgrace overtakes him as suddenly and unaccountably as the doom of fate; and he may often waste the remaining years of his dreary existence in vain attempts to guess the cause of his punishment, or his friends and relatives in conjecturing the nature of it. The grave is not more incommunicative as to what passes in the unknown regions beyond its bourne than the secret police. It is true, the enmity of private individuals, the anger or the vindictive spirit of princes may die before them, or die with them; changes of party, and the warp and woof of fresh intrigues, may render meritorious what a few years before was odious in the eyes of those who have been replaced or superseded; but all these eventualities seldom bring relief to those who suffer.

'Secrecy is the great maxim of the high police; and its Machiavelian spirit finds it better that these individuals should die in the mines, the dungeons, and the deserts in which they have already wasted so many years, than that the scandal of their return should be given to society. Already, notwithstanding every precaution, too much truth, too many details escape to the world, notwithstanding the atmosphere of mist and silence with which Muscovite society is enveloped and pervaded. There is another thing: if all men are too apt to forget the unfortunate, fear and policy in Russia enjoin the most rapid oblivion of those whom the government has made so. Like the famous Iron Mask, the names of prisoners and exiles are always unknown to their jailers or guards; they become *numbers*. There is no chance of their ever becoming acquainted with any political change, if such occurred, that might affect their fortunes. And what purpose would such knowledge serve, when the wailing and gnashing of teeth of years have now subsided into despair or idiocy?'

The sword of Damocles hangs always over the head of the Russian. Were it only for a few days, the danger would stun him, or drive him to rebellion; but human nature becomes accustomed to every fixed condition; the state of anxiety cannot last for ever. The Russian, therefore, endeavours to be as little reminded of his danger as possible; and hence most of them rush into dissipation, and seek to forget their abject state of dependence in sensual pleasures. Love-intrigues, gambling, drinking, and every kind of extravagance, are winked at by the court, where only those are thought dangerous who think, who read, who observe, whose ambition is unconnected with the official hierarchy, and who appear to seek happiness elsewhere than in the vicinity of the scorching rays of imperial majesty.

Count K—, a Hungarian nobleman, had in former years a most curious experience in respect to the 'peculiar institution' of Russia. He had made the acquaintance of a highly accomplished Russian lady in one of his summer-excursions in Germany, who invited him to her estates in Southern Russia. Count K— obtained a passport, and went to visit the lady. Having himself the experience of a great landed proprietor, he soon discovered that the lady must have been robbed to an enormous extent by the agent of her estates, and requested to be allowed to look into the accounts. He quickly proved to her that she was the victim of a conspiracy amongst her overseers, who despoiled her of nearly one-half of her income. The lady, by his advice, dismissed her principal agent, and took steps for suing him at the provincial court for the recovery of her property. A few days later the count received an invitation to attend the governor of the province, who told him, it might be better not to interfere with the affairs of the lady; especially, added he, since a

foreigner cannot appreciate the peculiar institutions of Russia. If the count was interested in the lady, it might be safer for her to make a compromise with the faithless agent, and to trust him once more with the management of her affairs, since all the judges at the court were bribed; and if she pressed the trial against him, it would be her ruin. The judges could not condemn the culprit without condemning themselves for having connived at his frauds for so many years. The count expressed his astonishment at this cool disclosure from the governor of the province; but was again met with the reply, that a foreigner cannot comprehend the character and the institutions of Russia. The count returned to his house at dusk, and on his way was struck by a bullet fired from an ambush. Of course he did not waste his time in denouncing this attempt on his life to a court of justice concerning which he had received such curious information. He communicated to his fair hostess the advice of the governor, and his firm belief that his excellency was likewise bribed, and took his departure immediately. He had had enough of the order and morality reigning in the empire of the czar.

The extravagance of the aristocracy, the venality of the officials, and the fear inspired by the terrible secret police, naturally act in a most demoralising way upon the landed gentry, who in Russia constitute the bulk of the middle classes. These petty landed-proprietors imitate the profligacy of the higher aristocracy in a more barbarous way. Gambling and drinking are their principal amusements; they squeeze as much as possible out of the peasant, and spend their incomes in revels, lacking even the superficial polish of the St Petersburg and Moscow society, which they hate because they envy it. Middle classes, such as we are accustomed to see in the west of Europe, do not exist in Russia. There are only three cities in the empire—St Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw—with a population exceeding 100,000; only five others exceeding 50,000; only twenty-two exceeding 25,000. One ninth of the population of Russia dwells in towns, and one-half of this town-population is devoted to agriculture; many of the cities, as is the case all over the East, and even in Poland and Hungary, being only villages of some considerable extent. Commerce, in the eyes of the Russian, degrades the nobleman—that is to say, the free man, the shaven class: it is, therefore, altogether in the hands either of foreigners, Jews, Germans, or of serfs and freedmen, who, when they become first-class merchants, with a capital of more than £10,000, are free from corporal punishment, and have the privilege of driving in a carriage-and-pair. Wo to the unhappy merchant who should drive in a carriage-and-four: it is the privilege of nobility! Manufactures are not so degrading, according to Russian notions, as commerce; the rich families—as mentioned already—are often forced, by the advice of the czar, to carry on cotton-mills, wool and silk manufactories, and iron-foundries; but the workshops are conducted by foreign overseers, and surveyors, and engineers, and the work is performed by the peasants, who do not receive wages but only their food and clothing, just as the negro slave in the southern states of America. Considerable capital is invested in such enterprises, and the czar bolsters them up by the prohibitions of his tariff, since, in spite of the cheapness of labour, the products of native industry could not compete with English fabrics in European Russia. It is only in Central Asia, and the north-western parts of China, that Russian articles enter into competition with English ones, the wares being more cheaply conveyed on sledges during winter over the frozen snow, which converts all the country into one continuous highway, than by ships and on the backs of mules and camels, by the way of India or of Shanghai. The manufactures of Russia are kept up solely by the will of the czar, and his system of prohibition.

In the novel of Lermontoff—*The Hero of our Days*, lately published in three different translations—we find displayed nearly all the features of the picture we have given of Russian society: the antagonism between the court of St Petersburg and the sullenly opposing Moscow; the frivolous tone of both; the roughness of the gentry; the complete absence of chivalrous spirit both in the higher and lower ranks of the people; the want of earnestness and aim even in the most highly gifted; the resulting feeling of the emptiness of life, and the utter hollowness of a social state in which the mind being without any object for a noble ambition, seeks pleasure only in sensual gratification, having lost all energy to resist a despotism powerful to crush, and ready to punish on mere suspicion.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AMONG the subjects brought forward at the meeting of the British Association, to which we briefly alluded last month, there are a few not to be passed over in silence, as we have from time to time noticed their progress, and they have now reached a further development. Dr Lyndall, as the result of a series of experiments in what Mr Faraday calls the 'magnetic field'—that is, the space between the poles of a horse-shoe magnet—states, that although objects, when attracted, are drawn into a line passing from one pole to the other, this line is not that of maximum force, but of minimum force. This conclusion, which has already been warmly discussed, is at variance with the commonly received notion. Mr Crosso showed that 'the slow deposition of crystals by electro-galvanic agency' might help to throw light on the formation of crystalline minerals in certain rocks. Mr Hopkins, continuing his inquiry as to the way in which pressure effects the melting-point of different substances, has, with the aid of Mr Fairbairn, subjected wax, spermaceti, stearine, and sulphur, to a pressure of 11,000 pounds to the square inch: and finds in each case that the higher the pressure, the higher must be the temperature before the substance will melt. Herein are suggestive hints for geologists. During the experiments, there was a waste of the material operated on, which could not be accounted for, until it was found escaping in almost invisible jets from the pores of the brass cylinder that contained it; and only by most careful casting, and a hammering of the surface, was it possible to construct a cylinder that would resist the immense force exerted. Mr Fairbairn, with his well-known skill and ingenuity, has carried the experiment still further, even to a pressure of from 80,000 pounds to 90,000 pounds to the inch; and under this he found that 'clay and some other substances had acquired all the density, consistency, and hardness of some of our hardest and densest rocks.' Another hint for geologists. Following up their researches on vegetation, Mr Lawes and Dr Gilbert are led to believe that the nitric acid and ammonia in the atmosphere are 'about equally efficient in supplying nitrogen for plants;' and Mr Warrington has discovered what will be interesting to all who keep an aquarium, that by placing coloured glasses between the sun and the plants, the red algae, which hitherto have been known to thrive at great depths in the sea where only but little light penetrates, may be made to grow in a glass jar. As these are among the most beautiful of marine vegetation, a new subject of study and pleasure will now be available to the cultivator.

Much talk, and more than was wise, was held concerning deviations of the compass, especially in iron ships. The question is of high importance. The loss of the *Philadelphia* steamer on the coast of Newfoundland is said to have been caused by inaccurate

compasses; but why should people forget that the Admiralty caused the subject to be properly investigated some years ago, and issued the needful instructions? Whatever may be the amount of permanent magnetism in a vessel at the commencement of a voyage, it varies with every change of geographical position, and its disturbing effect on the compass-needle is only to be ascertained by daily observation and reference to a good standard compass. To take nothing for granted, both with chronometers and compasses, is the only safe rule for those who navigate the ocean. We may add here, that Mr Ruhmkorff has just come over on a flying visit to arrange for bringing into use a new electric-printing telegraph of his invention. It is simpler than any other, and will print sixty words a minute. A Swedish gentleman, too, has arrived with a calculating-machine, that not only calculates up to any number of logarithms, &c., but prints them off in columns as fast as they are produced. Mr Babbage's machine thus finds a rival.

Something has at last been done towards economy of fuel in sea-going steamers. The *Pacific*, a vessel of 1400 tons burden, and 500 horse-power, launched at Millwall in September, has been half-way down the Channel on a trial trip. Sixteen miles an hour was the speed promised by her builders, and more than accomplished. At full speed, a ton of coal was burnt for each ten miles; but at half-steam, the same quantity sufficed for twenty miles. This fine ship, therefore, will steam 4000 miles in ten days, with a consumption of 400 tons of coal, or in fourteen and a half days, with 200 tons. A remarkable saving. With the shock of that terrible event, the foundering of the mail-steamer *Arctic*, fresh in our mind, we cannot forbear from expressing a hope, that when the *Pacific* goes to sea, some means will be taken to establish efficient signals for the prevention of collision. Many people still prefer sailing ships; and seeing that the *Red Jacket* sailed to Melbourne in sixty-nine and a half days, and came home again in seventy-three and a half, including sundry detentions, and that the *Lightning* has made the voyage from Melbourne in sixty-three days, wind may be trusted to for celerity as well as vapour. Of course the ship is built on the most approved scientific principles, and we see the result—round the world in five months and eleven days! The quickest circumnavigation on record.

Narrow as is the Isthmus, the surveying of a route from one side to the other has not been accomplished without great privation and loss. In the latest attempt, we learn that Lieutenant Strain, of the United States ship *Cyane*, who with a party had struggled for nearly a month from Panama towards Darien, would have perished from starvation on the upper Chucunaque but for the timely assistance afforded by a boat's crew from the *Virago*, a British vessel lying at Darien. The difficulties encountered from dense forests, shallows and rapids in the rivers, want of food, and the hostility of the natives, were extreme, and fatal to eight of the party—two of whom were the commissioners appointed by the government of New Granada. Four men from the *Virago*, as some of our readers will remember, were lost a few months ago while employed on similar service.

Further south, the Americans have been more successful: a fourth steamer of 250 tons has just been launched at New York, for the navigation of the great river Orinoco. She is of light draught, being intended for that important branch the Meta, up which she is expected to make her way to within thirty miles of Bogota. What a prodigious trade will some day be developed in that marvellously fertile region! It is already considerable, and would be more so but for the unstable temperament of the inhabitants. The other vessels run from Boivar, which is 300 miles up the river, to Nutrias, some 700 miles further; too vast a

route to be monopolised by any one nation. The trading season lasts from May to November; during which months the river rises, reaching its maximum in August. It is then fifty feet higher than in May.

About the time that the Bomarsund batteries were demolished, a nobleman, distinguished for his scientific attainments, communicated to government a plan for building floating-batteries of iron, with which any fort, however strong, whether granite or solid rock, might be comfortably reduced. Experiments have been made to test the plan, and with such satisfactory results, that the batteries are actually in hand, to be cased ere long with six-inch iron, from which ninety-nine balls out of a hundred will fly off innocuous. With half a dozen of these in the Baltic next spring, it is expected that Helsingfors and Cronstadt will be effectually astonished.

The Institution of Civil Engineers have given their Telford Medal to Mr Hobbs, the American, for his improvements in locks; and to Mr James Yates, for his paper 'On the Means of attaining to Uniformity in European Measures, Weights, and Coins;' and a 'Council Premium of books,' to Mr J. Simpson, for his paper 'On the Prevention of Smoke in Engine and other Furnaces.' As regards the latter question, an important solution has been effected at Messrs Culhitts' establishment, near King's Cross—nothing less than complete suppression of smoke. To give an idea of it: the old flue is closely stopped at seven feet above the fire, and opens into a new flue at a right angle, about nine feet in length, which terminates in a descending shaft, that communicates with a water-tank and drain underground. Where this flue joins the shaft, a small jet of water plays through a rose, and falling in a continual shower, creates a downward current, which carrying the smoke, leaves it condensed on the surface of the water in the tank, from whence it may be collected for consumption, or floated off by the drain. Besides the entire prevention of smoke, this method effects a large economy: eleven bushels of coal a day used to be burned in the furnace, but now only four bushels.

Gas, in common with so many other products of industry, is finding its way round the world: an apparatus has been sent to Hong-Kong; and the Chinese will perhaps remember in years to come, that the wonderful light flashed upon them in the year of the great revolution. We hear in many quarters of experiments, having the improvement of gas for their object. At Paris, M. Chenot finds that by impregnating gas with certain carbonates during the process of manufacture, the heating and illuminating power is largely increased. And in the United States, Mr Drake, of Boston, has patented a domestic gas-apparatus, which, occupying a space no more than two feet square, will supply gas as fast as wanted, and no faster, whereby all necessity for a receptacle for storing up a quantity is dispensed with. His gas is made from vapour of benzole combined with atmospheric air, and by the heat of the burning coal-tar from which it is derived. The gas is thus cheaply produced, and the apparatus is said to be so simple, that even the 'stullest' servant would be able to manage it.

The Society of Arts have published their list of subjects for premium for 1855. It includes most of the desiderata as regards gas and smoke; among which a 'smokeless fuel' is mentioned. This would appear to be provided for by the proposition now talked of, for a company to convert peat into a solidified coal, which from trials already made will be nearly, if not quite, smokeless. There is besides the advantage, that the gas made from it will be free from the impurities now so much complained of; and Dr Letheby says it will yield 14,000 cubic feet of gas to the ton. To return to the list: premiums are offered for the best methods of separating metals from different ores; for improvements

in the manufacture of pistols; for the production of colours by electricity; for new textile substances, and improvements in cloth and leather; for fireplaces; for new esculents from foreign countries; for a pipe of wine, the produce of Australia; for the simplification and improvement of instruments used in navigation—among which one 'that will detect the local attraction of a ship at sea, with reference to the compass, by direct observation of the heavenly bodies, without the process of turning the ship.' This, it will be seen, has a relation to what we have said above concerning the proceedings at Liverpool. The best answer would be for some ingenious mechanic to make M. Foucault's gyroscope available for use on ship-board. Success would bring him both fame and fortune. All the papers or specimens are to be sent in by March 31, 1855.

Dr Steinhause has so simplified his charcoal respirator, that the specimens now made are not more than half the weight of the ordinary respirator, and can be sold at 4s. each. In this the layer of charcoal is a quarter inch thick, which, as the doctor explains, has manifest advantages: 'Where the breath,' he says, 'is at all fetid, which is usually the case in diseases of the chest, under many forms of dyspepsia, &c. the disagreeable effluvia are absorbed by the charcoal, so that comparatively pure air alone is inspired. This, I think, may occasionally exercise a beneficial influence on diseases of the throat and lungs.'

The Commissioners of Sewers, while preparing for their great drainage scheme, have employed Mr Wicksteed to draw up a report on 'the most advantageous method of dealing with the sewage matter of the metropolis.' Allowing for increase of population, he estimates the daily liquid discharge from the sewers of London for some years to come at 102,048,506 gallons, the solid contents of which would amount to 333,438 tons a year—enough, to manure more than a million acres; and he proposes to pump from the sewers into a large reservoir, where the solid matters would be precipitated and deodorised by admixture with lime, while the water would flow away comparatively pure. The solid portion would next be placed into a centrifugal drying-machine, making 1000 revolutions a minute, to expel its moisture, after which it would be in a condition to be cut up into cakes for sale, worth at the lowest estimate two guineas per ton. Whether so great a scheme, requiring a million sterling, can be beneficially set agoing, is a question. It has succeeded on a small scale at Leicester; but opinions are much divided as to the value of sewage manure. Some experimentalists assert, that before it reaches the fields the fertilising property is well-nigh washed and manipulated out of it. At anyrate, we hope the course of improvement in London will not be stayed till the question is decided. Above all, we wish to see the drainage diverted from the Thames, and spacious quays and terrace-walks constructed along the banks. Why should not London get rid of its nuisances and deformities as well as Paris?

A project has come before the Commissioners of Paving, which we are glad to notice. The secretary of the Post Office has inquired of them, whether they object to the erection of 'pillar letter-boxes' at intervals along the streets. Boxes of this description, made of iron, have for some time been in use in Paris and Berlin; and as the cost of the 'receiving-houses' would be diminished by their introduction here, there is good reason why we should have them. If the answer be favourable, as it doubtless will, the first trial will be made along the line of streets extending from the post-office to Charing Cross. We have no doubt that the posting of letters will be greatly facilitated by the contemplated arrangement.

At the Fort Pitt Works, near Pittsburgh, the United States' government are casting cannon of extraordinary

dimensions—16-inch bore, and throw a 124-lbs. ball. They are cast hollow, and while cooling, a continuous stream of water is forced into them, by which the inside being cooled before the outside, greater tenacity is insured. These monster-guns are to be called 'Columbiades' in the trials already made, they have been found to bear a charge five or six times heavier than guns made in the usual way. An important machine, too, has been submitted to the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia: a 'rotary dredger,' which is said to excel all others in the removal of shoals and sand-banks. It is moored by a rope from the head, and this winding round a barrel, draws the vessel forward, while the machinery admits of being shifted to suit the work to be done—the softer the soil, the quicker the movement. One of these machines, having 'a wheel twenty-four feet in diameter, with four buckets, dug out 1200 cubic yards of gravel bottom in a day.' What will become of shallow harbours after this?

From what has transpired within the past few weeks, we may conclude that arctic expeditions are at an end; henceforth the polar regions will be left to the dominion of frost. Captain Inglefield, who went out last spring with the *Phoenix* steamer, has returned, bringing Sir Edward Belcher, Captain McClure, and other officers; he was soon followed by the *North Star*, with the remainder of the officers and all the crews employed in the recent searching expeditions. Five vessels—the *Investigator*, *Resolute*, *Intrepid*, *Assistance*, and *Porpoise*—have been abandoned, fast frozen in the ice. This is so different from what was expected, that much surprise and disappointment has been expressed at the untoward result; and some of the younger officers do not hesitate to declare the abandonment to be premature. Commander Osborne, who came home under arrest in the *North Star*, was released by order from the Admiralty as soon as the vessel arrived at Woolwich—the authorities thereby expressing non-approval of the superior officer's proceedings. As usual, the chiefs have been tried by court-martial for losing their ships; and though all were acquitted, the leader was not exonerated from blame. A further inquiry into the circumstances is to take place at the Admiralty. It appears, that after sundry explorations, in which it was ascertained that Jones's Sound communicates with Wellington Channel—that the shore in places rises into hills 1500 feet high—that a 'Victorian Archipelago' was taken possession of—that the Polar Sea was seen; after all this, Sir Edward Belcher's ship was frozen in, September 10, 1853, and not being extricated in August of the present year, was then abandoned, as well as the others. Captain Collinson, in the *Enterprise*, is believed to be retracing his route to Behring's Strait, as his only chance of escape; and we hope ere long to hear of him from the Pacific. And Dr Kane, with the American expedition, who, when last heard from, was far away up the western coast of Greenland, when are we to get news of him?

While writing the above paragraph, information has reached us concerning Sir John Franklin's expedition. It is of the most painful nature, and unhappily there is no reason to doubt its truth. We mentioned last year that Dr Rae was going out at the charge of the Hudson's Bay Company to explore part of the shores of Boothia. While engaged in this work during the past summer, he met a few Esquimaux in Peely Bay, from whom he learned that early in 1850 they had fallen in with a party of about forty white men, dragging a boat and sledges, headed by an officer who had a telescope strapped across his shoulders. The strangers reported to the natives that they were the survivors of a larger number, and having lost their ships among the floes, had been compelled to take to the ice, in the hope by travelling to reach some place of succour. The hope must have been cruelly disappointed, for the forty met with were but the survivors of 158; and they,

in turn, perished a few weeks later. After the interview with the Esquimaux, they had struggled on till they reached the mainland, not far, as is supposed, from Point Ogle, discovered by Sir George Back when he descended the Great Fish River in 1834; and there, not finding the deer they had hoped to shoot, they all died miserably of starvation. They were reduced to such extremities, as is said, as to have resorted to the dreadful expedient of cannibalism.

Thus, after nine years of suspense and anxiety, the mystery comes to a terrible solution. Dr Rae has brought with him a number of silver spoons and forks, bearing well-known crests and initials, which he purchased from the natives, and a circular silver plate, on which is engraved the name of Sir John Franklin—relics from the death-campment. The Esquimaux report that muskets, powder, and books were left; among the latter there is probably a journal, giving the melancholy history of brave men who, after urging endurance to the utmost, at last lay down to die—victims of the grim Frost King. Though five-years have elapsed, we doubt not that every effort will be made to recover every relic. There is reason to believe that Sir James Ross and the lamented Lieutenant Bellot must have been at one part of their search within a few miles of the Franklin party. As to the spot where they perished, it is the dreariest of the Arctic coast. In his descent of the Great Fish River, nearly 600 miles, Sir George Back did not see a single tree, and the sea-shore presented scenes of utter desolation.

THE HOUSE OF CLAY.

THERE was a house—a house of clay—
Wherein the inmate sang all day
Merry and poor;
For Hope sat likewise, heart to heart,
Fond and kind, fond and kind,
Vowing he never would depart,
'Till all at once he changed his mind:
'Sweethart, good-by!' He slipped away,
And shut the door.

But Love came past, and looking in
With smile that pierced the sunshine thin
Through wall, roof, floor,
Stood in the midst of that poor room
Grand and fair, grand and fair,
Making a glory out of gloom;
'Till at the window mucked old Care;—
Love sighed—'Alas, and nothing win?'
He shut the door.

Then o'er the barred house of clay
Kind jasmine and clematis gay
Grew evermore;
And bees hummed merrily outside
Loud and strong, loud and strong,
The inner silentness to hide,
The steadfast silence all day long,
'Till evening touched with finger gray
The close-shut door.

Most true, the next that passes by
Will be that Angel whose calm eye
Marks rich, marks poor;
Who, pausing, not at any gate,
Stands and calls, stands and calls;
At which the inmate opens straight;—
Whom, ere the crumbling clay-house falls,
He takes in kind arms silently,
And shuts the door.

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DOWN STAIRS IN SOMERSET HOUSE.

THERE are curiosities enough all around us, if we choose to look out for them. Even the penny receipt-stamp which John Jones gives to William Smith, in acknowledgment of the payment for 'Mending tiles on top of house,' is a curiosity, in respect both to the mechanical and fiscal arrangements connected with it. It is of these penny receipt-stamps, and of stamps of various other kinds, that we wish to gossip a little; and the reader will probably find the gossip not wholly without interest or novelty.

In the principal thoroughfare of London stands a large quadrangular building, of Grecian style and beautiful proportions, known far and wide as Somerset House, and containing many public offices, besides apartments for the accommodation of learned societies. The Government Offices, generally so called, are those more immediately under consideration. In walking round the interior quadrangle, and through various passages which present themselves, sundry inscriptions over sundry doors meet the view, denoting that here is the 'Duchy of Cornwall Office,' there the 'Audit Office,' at another place the 'Registrar-general's Office,' and so on. But the most busy of all is the Office of the 'Board of Inland Revenue,' more familiarly known as the 'Stamp Office.' Men and boys, broadcloth and fustian, are incessantly pouring in and out of the door leading to these offices. And well they may, for no inconsiderable portion of the national revenue is here managed. The probate-duty, and the legacy-duty, the land-tax and the assessed taxes, the income-tax and other taxes, the newspaper-stamps and the postage-stamps, the receipt-stamps and the bill-stamps, the licences and the stage-coach duty—these, and many other matters, are superintended by the Board of Inland Revenue; and a notable portion of the south side of Somerset House is devoted to the business of the Board.

Down stairs—our business is down stairs, so one, and even two stories below the level of the Somerset House quadrangle; and here a scene of utter bewilderment is presented. How anybody can find anybody else is a perfect marvel. Passages lead in every direction, and doors are thickly congregated on both sides of every passage; and if we penetrate to the end of any one passage, we find ourselves only at 'the beginning of the end,' for there is another labyrinth beyond. Young lawyers' clerks are popping in and out of two of the rooms, with lawyer-like looking papers in their hands; law-stationers' boys are powdering them; errand-boys and porters from mercantile firms have their budgets of papers; and Somerset House officials are

passing to and from the almost numberless rooms. Penetrating to the remotest depths, we come to an unmistakable workshop, with unmistakable workmen employed in it by scores. Presses of very curious kind; inking-rollers of diverse sizes; inks of varied colours; stamping-dies of different sizes and devices; perforating-machines of exquisite construction—all are here; and a rare clatter they produce: though, like factory clatter generally, it is perfectly conformable with strict order and system.

This down-stairs region is devoted to the Stamp Office, as one department of inland revenue. Its machinery, material as well as official, is really gigantic, considering the small items wherewith the revenue is made up.

What is the use of stamps? Do they render us any good? If they, as stamps, are useful, it is only in a secondary sense; for unquestionably their primary purport is to transfer money from the commercial pocket into the Treasury pocket. Mr Gladstone, or any other Chancellor of the Exchequer, wants money for public purposes, and he invents stamps as a means of obtaining some of this money. Many of the stamps are really of no public use, except as a means of bringing money into the Exchequer; while other stamps are available in paying for portage, carriage, or transport. Let us see how this arises, by comparing receipt-stamps, document-stamps, postage-stamps, and newspaper-stamps. A receipt-stamp is valuable to the payer and receiver of money, only because the legislature has chosen to declare that a stamp upon the receipt is legally necessary. A document-stamp—by which we mean the stamps on probates, leases, indentures, bonds, and such like legal instruments—is in like manner perfectly useless to the parties who have had to pay for it, except in so far as the legislature has rendered the use necessary. But in respect to the postage and newspaper stamps, the case is different. Unquestionably the government thinks of the revenue in these matters, rather than of the convenience of letter-writers and newspaper readers; but this convenience is not lost sight of nevertheless. The royal postman says: 'If you will put a penny-stamp upon every letter, I will convey any one or more of them for nothing, whether from the Strand to Cheapside, or from Penzance to the Shetland Islands'—and he does it. And again: 'If you will consent to pay an additional penny for every newspaper you buy, I will convey any such newspaper, even thirteen thousand miles to Sydney, for nothing'—and he does it. Hence the various stamp-duties are very unequal in their incidence on the public.

By the courtesy of Mr Edwin Hill, who presides

over the stamping-machinery, we are enabled to say a little concerning this beautiful machinery, and also concerning the official routine by which the public is brought into contact with the Stamp-office Department.

Let us suppose that a solicitor has a legal document which requires to be stamped in order to give it validity. He takes or sends it to Somerset House, where a 'Receiver's Office' initiates the official routine. The receiver takes the money, say for a twenty-shilling stamp, and is responsible to the Board for this money: he makes out a warrant or kind of receipt. The document and the warrant pass from room to room, and from hand to hand, to undergo certain verifications. The document, in its travels, finds its way into the stamping-room, where Mr Hill's subordinates subject it to a process of dry stamping with a die. When all is ready, the solicitor—perhaps without having left the building, perhaps in two or three hours, perhaps the next day—takes away the stamped document, which is ever after treated reverentially at Westminster Hall. The dies employed for this kind of stamping are engraved on brass or some other metal, and are worked by an embossing-press, full of ingenious contrivances. The dies, of course vary greatly in devices, and many niceties of adjustment are necessary to suit the size and thickness of the document to be stamped. This, however, is perhaps, mechanically considered, the most simple of the stamping processes, although it brings in by far the largest amount of money for individual stamps. If we remember rightly, the executors of a celebrated London goldsmith paid £20,000 for stamping the probate of a will—a creation of twenty thousand pounds' worth of wealth to the Treasury by one blow of a stamping-press!

Pass we on to newspapers. Every one knows, that at one corner of every newspaper a red stamp appears—commonplace in its appearance, and a blot when mixed up with the black printing. The die employed in this kind of stamping has often certain movable pieces, which can be changed from time to time—indeed, such is the case in many other dies, where the price of the stamp or the day of issue is indicated. But whether changed or not, the die stamps the name of the newspaper. For instance, if we look at the second page of any number of the *Illustrated News*, we see a sort of heraldic device stamped in red ink, with 'One' at the top, 'Penny' at the bottom, 'Illustrated London News' at the left hand, and 'Newspaper' at the right. As to the question, 'What constitutes a newspaper?' the public have had pretty nearly enough of that in quarrels, and lawsuits, and parliamentary discussion; but in regard to our present subject, it is well to bear this fact in mind, that every newspaper must be stamped, and that other periodicals—like the *Athenæum* or *Notes and Queries*—may be stamped. The *Athenæum*, for instance, sells largely in the country; and it saves trouble to all parties if the Post-office authorities will convey the respective numbers to the homes of the respective purchasers in the country; this they will do if a penny-stamp has been impressed upon each number. Hence the stamping of periodicals is chiefly compulsory, but in part voluntary: newspapers are stamped whether to go by post or not; other periodicals are stamped if, and only if, they are to go by post.

In the news stamping-rooms we have to steer our course between reams and bales of paper. From the *Morning Post* we have to dodge round the *Economist*; then the *British Banner* lies in the way of the *Standard of Freedom*; the *Witness* is standing on its edge, and the *Guardian* is lying flat down; the *News of the World* is nearly hidden behind the *Wesleyan Times*; and in trying to avoid the *Patriot*, we stumble upon the *Watchman*. Not that these are actual bales of newspapers which we see, but there are red marks

to indicate the ownership of each. Newspapers are stamped before, not after, being printed—for reasons that will be obvious, when it is considered how quickly the papers are distributed to our breakfast-tables, as soon as the printing is completed. The newspaper proprietors send reams of paper to the Stamp Office, cause each sheet to be stamped, pay for the stamping, and then fetch them away by horse and cart, or by any other means. From Monday morning to Saturday night, there is thus an incessant arrival and departure of bales of paper for the newspapers, to suit the various morning, evening, and weekly issues.

This kind of stamping has recently undergone a signal improvement. Until lately, all was performed by hand-process, and some of it is still so conducted. A man is stationed at a kind of table, on which a heap of paper is placed; he holds in his right hand a metal die affixed to a small boxwood handle; while near him is a bowl containing several layers of flannel saturated with red printing-ink. He dabs the die upon the ink-bowl, and then dabs it upon one corner of a sheet of paper, and the stamping is done. This is all a spectator can see; but there are sundry little movements which only the man himself can appreciate. How to turn over the leaves so quickly as to stamp 700 or 800 in an hour, and yet not allow the corners to be crumpled back, is a feat left to the delicate movements of his left hand. But ingenious as the process may be, it is certainly too rude for our go-ahead age; and Mr Edwin Hill has invented a beautiful machine for effecting it by steam-power. Little inking-rollers feed themselves with red ink from a little reservoir; they deposit a little ink upon a little tablet; the die carries off a little of this ink; and by a very remarkable swinging motion, it hurls over and dashes upon the paper. All the movements are rigorously timed, so as to occur in their proper order; and by a slight movement of the foot, an attendant can stop the machine instantly. Mr Hill assures us, that it cost him days and weeks of anxious thought to devise a means for effecting the very simple process of turning over the successive leaves as they are stamped: he effects this completely by—what shall we call it?—say a little wind-mill, the sails of which strike down the corner of each sheet after being stamped, something analogous in action to the sails, or paddles, or vanes of the American reaping-machine.

One newspaper, the great leviathan of the press, is in this, as in many other particulars, in advance of its brethren: the *Times* stamps itself, instead of going to Somerset House to be stamped. When the daily impression of this extraordinary journal became twenty, thirty, forty, and even fifty thousand, the daily carrying to and fro of so many tons of paper became an onerous work. A cure has been found—a very rational cure, available in other directions when circumstances render it desirable. The proprietors of the *Times* have been furnished by the Stamp Office with a die, which is fixed to the form of type on the great printing-cylinder. This die prints its impress at the same time, and in the same manner, as the rest of the printing is effected. A correct balancing of accounts between the proprietors and the Stamp Office is effected by the aid of a tell-tale or register, a species of clock-work which shows how often the cylinder has rotated, and how many pennies are payable for the number of sheets stamped. All other newspapers are thus stamped before the printing; the *Times*, during the printing.

Among the busy workers in the busy rooms are those devoted to the postage-stamp Department. This is, perhaps, the most remarkable of all the varieties of stamping, on account of the enormous numbers with which we have to deal. The postage-stamps may be regarded as of four kinds—penny adhesive stamps, adhesive stamps of higher value, stamped envelopes, and stamped covers not in the form of envelopes. The

last three varieties, however, are relatively small in quantity: the 'penny adhesive' being in an overwhelming degree the most important. The envelopes and the covers are stamped each with the impress from a single die—not worked by hand, like the primitive newspaper-stamping, but by a stamping or embossing press worked by steam. The die feeds itself with ink, and stamps the impress, by one movement of the arm of the press; and it is curious to see how the men, by spreading out a number of envelopes like a fan in the left hand, can subject them successively, and with amazing rapidity, to the action of the press.

The 'adhesives' have occupied a vast amount of ingenuity in bringing them to perfection. The engraving of the plates, the printing of the sheets, the gumming with adhesive composition, and the perforating, have all called forth many experiments, much mechanical ingenuity, and a large expenditure of capital. And here we may usefully refer to an article published in the Journal about eight years ago,* concerning postage envelopes, a perusal of which will render unnecessary anything more than a slight notice of the postage-stamps and envelopes here. Be it recollected, then, that the ordinary penny postage-stamps are not printed at Somerset House. The government have a contract with a house in the City for printing the sheets at so much per thousand. The engraving is conducted in a very peculiar manner. A small piece of steel is softened, and while in a soft state, it is engraved with the 'Queen's-head' by hand, and with the kind of engine-turned ornamentation by a peculiar engraving-machine. The die, thus engraved, is hardened by a careful application of heat. A small circular steel roller is then softened, and is rolled with intense force over the steel die, receiving in *relief* the device which the die contained in *intaglio*. This roller, being in its turn hardened, is rolled forcibly over a steel plate, on which it leaves an impress in *intaglio*; and this is done 240 times on one plate, to give the 240 stamps which form a pound's worth of penny Queen's heads. One original die will impress many rollers, and one roller will impress many plates, so that the original engraving becomes almost imperishable; and it is to this that the exact similarity of all the Queen's-heads is due. The printing of the stamps does not differ essentially from ordinary copper-plate printing, except in the use of coloured instead of black inks. After this, the backs of the sheets are gummed with a composition, in which potato-starch is said to be a component.

But we have now to speak of a Somerset-House process, which has cost a wonderful amount of trouble, ingenuity, and expense—we mean the *perforating*. Every one knows that the separation of the earlier stamps one from another was a tiresome affair, and every one is grateful to the inventor, whoever he was, of the method of making the little rows of holes which now render the separation so easy. Oh those little rows of holes, what a sea of troubles they have occasioned! In 1847, Mr Archer invented a machine for this purpose, and offered it to the government; and for several years there was a kind of paper-war going on between Mr Archer, the Treasury, the Post Office, and the Stamp Office. Each wrote to one of the others; each made proposals, which some of the others objected to; and—like four forces acting in different directions—the resultant was not satisfactory to anybody. To see how Mr Archer was referred from the Treasury to the Post Office, from the Post Office to the Stamp Office, and from the Stamp Office to the Treasury, over and over again, would be a marvel to those who do not know how wofully slow the management of such things is in the hands of government departments. The result, we believe, has been this—that Mr Archer has

received a sum of money for his invention, and that Mr Edwin Hill has introduced the last finishing touches to the machine, which renders it so delicate and beautiful a piece of mechanism. We do not at all pretend to be able to divide the praise fairly among those claiming it: all we know is, that the perforating-machine now employed works admirably.

There is one little matter which few would dream of. All paper is wetted previous to steel-plate printing; among the rest, the sheets for postage-stamps. Now, this wetting is not and never has been equal in different sheets, or in different parts of the same sheet. Whether it ever will be equal, let future experimenters determine. Now, as all damp paper stretches, unequal dampening produces unequal stretching; and when the sheets have dried after the printing, the 240 Queen's-heads may be all awry. If these were pierced with straight lines of holes, and these lines parallel and equidistant, some of them might run into the engraved device, and might cut off the word 'Postage' at the top, or the two words 'One Penny' at the bottom. Even to this day the difficulty presents itself; and the way it is surmounted is this—a boy stationed at a table receives the sheets as they come from the printers, and measures each sheet rapidly by a gauge, separating the respective sheets into four groups. The sheets of each group differ from those in the next by perhaps a twentieth of an inch in width. The parallel lines of perforations are then adjusted to these widths by a slight change in some of the working details of the machine. The perforating-machine has a number of pins arranged in a row, and fixed downwards to a steel block. The sheets, piled four together, are placed in the bed of the machine; the pins descend and pierce them; the pins rise again; the paper shifts onward to the width of one Queen's-head; the pins descend again—and so the process continues. It is useless to attempt to describe here the delicate mechanism by which all this is effected; even to pull the pins out of the perforations which they have made, has called forth no small amount of ingenuity. Near one of the machines is a box containing that which would puzzle many an inquirer: some would say it is seed, some sand, some dust. It is the assemblage of little circular bits which have been cut or punched out of the perforations, and each is a perfect little circle, smooth on one side and gummed on the other. What a pity, it is that such prettinesses are of no use!

One word more about postage-stamps. We have observed that some writers on this subject have talked of *billions* of adhesive stamps. Now billion is an equivocal term: 'according to Cocker,' it means one thing; according to other authorities, it means another; but if it mean a million of millions, then there have not been billions of adhesive stamps issued. The number, nevertheless, is surprisingly large; in 1853, it reached about 380,000,000—much more than 1,000,000 a day.

The new penny receipt-stamps—a recent development of the penny-system—have a history of their own, and this history is peculiarly connected with the Stamp Office at Somerset House.

It is of course well known that, until about a year ago, the receipt for money received was written on a stamp, which varied in value according to the amount of money to which the receipt related. There were threepenny, sixpenny, shilling, eighteenpenny, and so on, up to ten-shilling stamps. It is not quite so well known, perhaps, that this tax was very extensively evaded by persons who found many crooked ways to do a crooked thing. The very fact that the average of all the receipt-stamps issued was found to be only fourpence each, shows that the higher stamps must have been ill attended to. The marked success of the uniform penny-post system, led to the suggestion of a uniform penny-receipt system. We forget who made the suggestion; but the government gave in its

adhesion to the plan, and an act was passed relating thereto in 1858. The act came into operation on the 10th of October in that year. By its provisions, the old and costly rates were repealed, and a new and uniform rate of one penny imposed as a stamp-duty on receipts, and on drafts or orders for the payment of money. The stamp may be either impressed on the paper, or affixed as an adhesive composition, at the option of the parties; but where an adhesive stamp is used, it must be cancelled by being written over, so that it may never be used again. The old receipt-stamps in the hands of any person at the time when the new act came into operation were to be allowed for, or exchanged for new at the full difference of value. There were other changes made at the same time in the stamps for legal documents, the amount of duty in most cases being much reduced.

No one has been more surprised than the stamp commissioners themselves at the wonderful success of this change. Only one short year has passed, and yet the penny receipt-stamps have brought in more than twice as much revenue as the higher-priced stamps of former years. The penny-post stamps were long in rising into importance: they brought in £310,000 in 1840, and gradually rose to £1,760,000 in 1853. But the penny receipt-stamps jumped into favour at once. Nearly 6000 persons in the metropolis alone applied for the substitution of new stamps for old at the time of the change; and we have been informed that 2,000,000 adhesive stamps, and 2,500,000 of non-adhesive, were required for this substitution. Some of the large firms apply for £50, £100, £200 worth of penny receipt-stamps at a time. Taken in the aggregate, there are rather more adhesive stamps than stamped papers used by the public for receipts; but the two classes approach pretty nearly to an equality. From October 1853 to October 1854, the issue of penny adhesive receipt-stamps exceeded 50,000,000; and the two kinds together did not fall far short of 100,000,000—a wonderful proof of the vast number of separate money-payments involved in one year's trade of our busy country. These new features do not relate simply to penny receipt-stamps; commercial bills and promissory-notes have recently come under the operation of a law whereby the stamp-duty is lessened; but the lessening of the duty is accompanied with an increase of strictness, and the stamping achievements of Somerset House will become more and more busy.

With respect to the manufacture of the penny receipt-stamps, there is a peculiarity which is not at present permitted to meet the public eye. An eminent firm prepares them by a process of surface-printing, involving many new and remarkable characteristics, of which we know little, and can say less. The printed sheets reach Somerset House, where Mr Hill's invincible perforators slash them right and left, and then they are ready for sale—like a batch of hot-cross buns, united, yet easily separable. Every Queen's-head on an adhesive postage-stamp has a square border of seventy little perforations; and those on a receipt-stamp are equally close together. Many wholesale stationers provide books of blank receipt-stamps, partially engraved or not; these books are sent to Somerset House to be stamped, and are then saleable to the public in a very convenient form, and at a small advance on the actual price of the stamps themselves.

Every story has, or ought to have, a moral; and so has ours. Our moral relates to the odd forgetfulness of the many-headed public respecting stamps. There are moneys and documents in the hands of the Stamp-office authorities, left there through the sheer negligence of those to whom they belong. A worthy man, but no lawyer, being told that a stamp-duty is payable on a certain document, straightway goes to Somerset House, pays the money, receives a kind of warrant or

acknowledgment, but does not have the document stamped after all; he either does not know or does not think about it, until, perhaps, some time afterwards he is astonished at finding his document wanting in validity. But worse than this, scores of documents have been left at the Stamp Office by solicitors, paid upon, and stamped in proper form, and never called for! Bonds for sums of money, deeds, legal and equity instruments of various kinds, have been thus lying for years unclaimed. The Registrar of one of the departments has given himself a great deal of trouble, out of the daily routine of business, to endeavour to discover homes for these foundlings: in most cases he has succeeded; and in some instances, the owners were truly astonished to find that such documents were in existence. This is an example, analogous on a small scale, to the astounding negligence often displayed by the public in respect to post-letters, with and without money in them.

AN EPISODE IN MONKEY-LIFE.

I HAVE had some experience of what a jungle-life in India is, and cannot therefore ignore a certain amount of familiarity with a class of animals which, from the days of Eve's temptation, has acquired a character for cunning, malignity, and spite, from which its aspect—at times, indeed, the very beauty of ugliness—by no means exonerates it. Emblems of the revolting and the terrible have serpents always been, and yet who can deny that a certain singular fascination belongs to them, which renders the slenderest details about them strangely interesting, even to those who regard them with utter abhorrence? Not only in the kingdom of Snakedom have I freely wandered, without, alas! having acquired that magical masterdom over the reptile race of which George Borrow naturally boasts, but I have also had some dealings with the monkey-tribe; and the other day, as I was hunting up a parcel of old manuscript journals for some records of my ancient soldiery, I came upon a page or two that contained anecdotal reminiscences of facts which I had myself witnessed in reference to both snake and monkey, of sufficient singularity to warrant publication. Let it not be supposed that I am a naturalist, a scientific judge of the creatures of the woods, be they crawlers or catamounts, mice or monkeys. I intend simply to relate what fell under my own observation, without pretending to describe classically, or even to classify methodically, the peculiar races to which the individuals of my text belonged. A soldier from early youth, rudely trained in camp and cantonment, I was far more eager to study the gazels and rekhtas of the love-sick Hindoo poets, as chanted by the sweet-voiced dancing-girls of the Deccan, than to acquire even a superficial knowledge of that useful branch of natural history which would have taught me to distinguish at sight a poisonous from a harmless reptile, a useful and edible from an unwholesome or deleterious vegetable.

Many years ago, in the year 1823, I happened to be with my regiment—a battalion of Madras native infantry—on the march from Bangalore, in Mysore, to Kulladgher, in the Deccan. We had reached the hill-forts of Badaumy, in the province of Bejapoor, where we halted for a day; and at any place more strikingly picturesque we had not stopped during the three hundred and odd miles we had traversed. Yet it has curiously escaped the observation and description of which it is worthy: as far as I know the only mention of Badaumy on record are the few lines in *Hamilton's Gazetteer*, that

give it a lat. $10^{\circ} 6' N.$, a long. $75^{\circ} 46' E.$, and term it a place of some strength, which can be taken only by a regular siege, which would require a heavy equipment. To this scanty and vague account I will only add, that not only from its position, on and among strangely shaped mountains, and the capabilities it possesses, and which have been taken advantage of by the Mahrattas, as a fortified station; but likewise from its being a noted stronghold of Hindoo idols, in caves and temples, and mysterious crypts, reached only by winding subterranean stairs and passages cut through the cliffs, it deserves a close survey and scrutiny from some individual willing and able to describe, fully and truthfully, the place and the marvels it contains.

I have never witnessed the wonders of Elora or Elephanta, but though on a diminished scale, the lions of Badaumy are of the same nature, and compel admiration from the least enthusiastic observer. The hill-forts themselves, comprising two different sides or peaks of the same mountain-ridge in whose recesses the small town is built, are specimens of what art can do when nature has prepared the foundation for its labours. At the very top of the steepest precipice, a pool of excellent water supplies that element from sources which no amount of heat has ever exhausted; and down in the narrow valley, amongst the houses of the village, a large and well-built *talab*, or tank, of delicious water—cool and wholesome, though of a bright smaragdus green—affords unfailing refreshment. On each side of this pond are houses or gardens, and over two ends of this mountain-gap lower the twin-fortalices, opposite each other—the highest precipice, called Rummundle, being grotesque in shape, and terrific in gloomy grandeur. Encamped outside the town, no sooner had night descended upon us, ere the reports we had heard of the number of sacred monkeys that abounded in the neighbourhood were confirmed. Had we reached the place at night, ignorant of this fact, we might have concluded that we had fallen upon some terrible Armageddon, haunted by rebellious ghouls and afrits in venomous conflict; for from every peak and jutting promontory arose such a discord of monkey-voices, as, in other circumstances, one would have been only too ready to ascribe to diabolic agencies. Yells, shrieks, hootings, indescribably wild, detained us as if by a spell for more than an hour; and presently when the moon rose, we could distinguish the imp-like creatures springing from tree to rock, and from stone to stone, up among the cliffs, and, as we supposed, exercising some warlike evolutions, or engaged in some fierce gale of animal life, until by dint of observation we really came to think they had got up a dramatic representation for our peculiar amusement. We were afterwards informed, that the opposite ridges of the mountains were severally occupied by two distinct families or clans of monkeys—the very Montagues and Capulets of the order *Simia*—between whom reigned a perpetual feud, which often terminated in blood and death.

Some months after our arrival at Khandaghee, I applied, for a few weeks' leave; which being granted, I resolved to revisit Badaumy. I reached it at a season when the surrounding country was arrayed in the brightest livery of summer; and in addition to the attractions supplied by the wild windings and subterranean passages to the hill-forts with the cavernous temples in the rocks, containing the whole Hindoo Pantheon in beautifully carved images of an amazing size, I found great pleasure in traversing the jungles around, climbing the rocks, and penetrating into the ravines, in search of plants and wild-berries, whose nature and native names were revealed to me by my faithful Mussulman moonshie, or teacher, who had

consented to accompany me. To this truly excellent man, Noor-pood-Deen, I owe my first introduction to the art of simple-gathering; and in after-days, during a campaign, when the addition of a single wholesome vegetable to our wretched meals became a rare luxury, I had reason to remember with gratitude that his advice and teachings had suggested the utility as well as loveliness of the study of botany.

He taught me likewise to observe the habits of those very monkeys, whose nocturnal orgies had startled us on our first arrival at Badaumy, as well as to distinguish the speckled gray and white tree-snake, which is so fatal, from the spotted brown and green one, which haunts the same bowery recesses, yet is harmless. He told me that venomous serpents are generally marked by a greater width of cerebral formation behind, which gives to the neck the appearance of being smaller than it really is; and he warned me to beware of dark and briery paths, where the track of snails was discernible—such being a sure indication of the vicinity of snakes. From him I learned, that some of the deadliest, when taken unawares, roll themselves up spirally, the head elevated, when suddenly uncoiling, they spring forward on their disturber, man or beast, with surprising velocity. Strange things he related of the *dawa*, or revengeful feeling, retained by the cobra da capello against any individual who has pursued, or tried to kill it; and of the odd antagonistic feeling of the ape against the cock, the serpent, and the apparently harmless tortoise. A monkey has, indeed, a ridiculous horror of the latter; and I have often tested its more legitimate terror of the viper, by enclosing one in a *chatty*, or earthen-pot, with a covered lid, placed near poor Jacko. Ever inquisitive, he instantly flies to scrutinise the contents of the vessel; but the moment he slowly and cautiously raises the lid, and the serpent's head becomes visible, it is ludicrous to watch the mixture of dread and prudence which agitates him. With a quick motion, he shuts down the lid, screams, and makes the most hideous grimaces, dances round the pot, and presently returns to it, touches the lid, but too wise to lift it, makes a sudden exit from the scene.

But now I come upon that point in my sketch which bears upon my promised anecdote. The moonshie did not accompany me, as I set out one bright morning to ramble about my favourite rocks, where I found ample store of wild plants and flowers, whose names and qualities I better know now than I did then. Amongst the most striking of these may be mentioned the beautiful bael-tree (*Egle marmelos*), which bears a hard, rinded, apple-shaped fruit, of aromatic smell, and covered with a slimy exudation. It has recently been introduced into medical practice in England, as an astringent of efficacy in diarrhoea. Up and around this fine tree clambered a magnificent parasite, the *Cassia-pinia paniculata*, festooning the glittering leaves of its supporter with dark glossy foliage and gorgeous racemes of orange blossoms. A shrub, which seemed to be a favourite food of the monkey, yet which belongs to the deleterious oilfander tribe, had a peculiarly striking appearance, from bearing at the same time a profusion of snowy blossoms and a grotesque fruit, not unlike twin-pods of a bean, their narrow extremities united together. The whole plant is full of a slimy milk; and if, as I conclude, it be the *Nerium tinctorum* of Roxburgh, and of the order *Apocynæa*, it possesses very powerful qualities as a medicine and as a dye. The *Datura*, too, abounded, scenting the air with an oppressive odour, too luscious for enjoyment. The seeds are frequently conveyed into the potions prepared by the Thug and the Dacoit to stupefy their intended victim. But a long article might be made about these Oriental plants, whilst I must proceed with my story.

I was climbing one of the slanting ascents of the Rummundle cliff, when I became aware that an unusual

commotion reigned amongst my friends the monkeys, which had by this time got so familiarised with my appearance, that they seldom condescended to honour me with a snarl, or a bough flung towards me in sport. I was conscious that something went wrong with them; and as I knew that sentiments of superstition, if not of humanity, preserved them from the persecutions of the natives, I became curious as to the cause of the prevalent excitement. Creeping round a rock, belied which they appeared to congregate, and on which grew a large gum-arabic tree, completely golden with the abundance of yellow blossoms which covered it, and which, like Tennyson's lime-tree, was in sooth

A summer-home of innumerable wings—

I at once found myself on the stage of a strange tragedy in simian life. In the voluminous folds of an enormous boa constrictor was being slowly inwrapped a beautiful brown monkey, whose last cries and struggles denoted that I came too late, even had I been prepared to battle with the reptile in the cause of oppressed innocence. The monkeys, in evident alarm, ran hither and thither, moping and mewing, and chattering; but not one advanced near the spot, where presently their poor companion became almost quite hidden from view in the embraces of its destroyer. Determined to watch the process of the affair, I quietly sat down, until gradually the monkey had been moulded, as it were, into a proper condition for deglutition, for I could hear the bones crack as they broke beneath the pressure to which they were subjected; and ere long, as the serpent began to untwist its folds, I could admire at leisure the magnificence of its glittering scales, that shone like some richly variegated metallic substance. I shuddered as I beheld its grand and awful head—the prominent orbits of the eyes—and the eyes themselves large, and luminous with a fiery light. The creature was at least twenty feet in length, and was apparently famished by a long fast. Perfectly heedless of the noise made by the monkeys, it unwound its coils till the victim, now an unrecognisable mass, lay before it lubricated and fit to be received into the destroyer's stomach.

When the reptile had fairly commenced its repast, and the before sleek body began to fill and swell, I retired from the arena of conflict and hall of banquet, desirous of summoning my friend Noor-ood-Deen to assist me in capturing the sated giant. I knew that when gorged to repletion, there would be no difficulty in making a prize of the serpent; and the moonshee entered into my plans right willingly. Accompanied by a stout lascar, bearing a strong cudgel and a sharp knife, for slaughter and skinning, we lost little time in reaching the scene, where, however, fresh marvels were being enacted, proving that the passion of revenge is not confined to the human breast. Keeping aloof, we resolved not to mar by any interference the by no means mystifying operations in which the monkeys were engaged.

The boa constrictor lay, thoroughly gorged, and like a log of wood, beneath the same projecting mass of cliff where I had left it. On the summit of this rock a troop of monkeys had assembled, and three or four of the largest and strongest were occupied in displacing an immense fragment of the massive stone, already loosened by time and the elements, from the rest of the ledge. This mass almost overshadowed the reptile. By enormous exertions, made in a silence that was rare with them, they at last succeeded in pushing it onwards until it hung over the boa's head, when uttering a fierce yell, in which every separate voice mingled until it took a diapason of undecipherable discord, by a vigorous movement they shoved it sheer down. The heavy mass fell right on the serpent's head, crushing

it as if it were a cocoa-nut; and as the reptile lashed its fearful tail about in the final struggles of life, we could not refrain from joining in the singular chorus of rejoicing with which the monkeys now celebrated their accomplished vengeance. Truly, from the feats of the malicious baboon that gloried in the name of Major Wear, to the amiable creature of which Philip Quarles tells, I can remember of no recorded facts that surpass this evidence in favour of monkey-memory and monkey-wisdom, and I vouch for its truth as far as it goes, knowing well that my friend Noor-ood-Deen, still flourishing in the Black Town of Madras, will add his testimony to any applicant for confirmation of the anecdote.

THE AMERICAN GLENCOE.

In travelling through Nova Scotia, the tourist is struck with the numerous memorials of the early French inhabitants. Along the roadsides are seen ancient orchards, which had been planted by those industrious and peaceful settlers. Rows of tall, fork-barked poplars, also, remind us of France; and in the alluvial plains of Cornwallis and Annapolis, our attention is called to long green mounds, or dikes, which had been constructed by the old French proprietors. Wherever, indeed, there is any old work of art, it is French, unless it happen to be a decayed blockhouse or fort, which had been erected for the purpose of oppressing that ill-treated people. One hears so much of the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers, that it would almost seem as if there were nothing to be admired in any other class of American settlers; and yet in the original French occupants of Nova Scotia would have been found an example of great integrity, with a kindness of manner and a depth of piety seldom equalled; while the sufferings to which this people were subjected at the hands of the British government must ever command the utmost sympathy and regret.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that Nova Scotia, under the name of Acadia, was the earliest French possession in America. There, a few adventurous families from the north of France had built their dwellings about sixteen years before the Puritans landed in Massachusetts. In process of time, they had cleared the forest, multiplied in numbers, and in all respects approved themselves a thriving and peaceable community. Through a long succession of years, nothing appears to have disturbed them in their solitary and hard-earned possessions. As French subjects, and professors of the Roman Catholic religion, they may have been to some extent obnoxious to the nearest English settlements, the inhabitants of which, from strong hereditary reasons, had a fierce abhorrence of 'popery;' but with these the Acadians had too little interest so to be much influenced by the feelings or opinions they might entertain respecting them. Nor were they, for a long time, much disturbed by the contest in which the French and English governments became engaged for the acquisition of further territory, and the consequent limitation of the power of each nation. This contest, however, was frequently interrupted by treaties and arrangements respecting boundaries, some of which had reference to the occupation of Acadia; and at length, by a stipulation made at the Peace of Utrecht, the province was finally ceded to Great Britain.

The change of sovereignty does not appear at first to have effected any material alteration in the

condition of the people. It was intended to secure their obedience by intermixing them with English colonists; but the presence of a feeble garrison at Annapolis, and the emigration of hardly half-a-dozen English families, were for many years nearly all that marked the supremacy of England. The old inhabitants remained on the soil which they had subdued, scarcely conscious that they had changed their rulers. They took, indeed, an oath of fidelity and submission to the English king; but in return they were promised indulgence in the true exercise of their religion, and exemption from bearing arms against the French or Indians. On account of this, they became known under the name of the 'French neutrals.' For nearly forty years from the Peace of Utrecht, they were left undisturbed in the possession of their prosperous seclusion. No tax-gatherer counted their folds; no magistrate dwelt in their hamlets. The parish priest made their records, and regulated their successions. Their little disputes were settled among themselves, with scarcely an instance of an appeal to English authority at Annapolis. The pastures were covered with their herds and flocks; and dikes, raised by extraordinary efforts of social industry, shut out the rivers and the tide from the alluvial marshes of exuberant fertility. The meadows thus reclaimed were covered by richest grasses, or fields of wheat, that yielded fifty and thirty fold at the harvest. Their houses were built in clusters, neatly constructed and comfortably furnished; and around them all kinds of domestic fowls abounded. With the spinning-wheel and the loom their women made, of flax from their own fields, of fleeces from their own flocks, coarse but sufficient clothing. The few foreign luxuries that were coveted could be obtained from Annapolis or Louisburg in return for furs, or wheat, or cattle. Thus were the Acadians happy in their neutrality, and in the abundance which they drew from their native land. They formed, as it were, one great family. Their morals were of unaffected purity. Love was sanctified and calmed by the universal custom of early marriages. The neighbours of the community would assist the new couple to raise their cottage, while the wilderness offered land. Their numbers increased, and the colony, which had begun only as the trading station of a company with the monopoly of the fur-trade, counted perhaps 16,000 or 17,000 inhabitants.*

At length, however, England vigorously undertook to colonise the country, and from that time the independence of these simple people began to be seriously affected. In March 1749, proposals were made to disbanded officers, soldiers, and marines, to accept and occupy the vacant lands; and before the end of June, more than 1400 persons, under the auspices of the British parliament, were conducted by Colonel Edward Cornwallis into the harbour of Chebucto. There, on a cold and sterile soil, covered to the water's edge with one continued forest of spruce and pine, whose thick underwood and gloomy shade hid rocks, and the rudest wilds, with no clear spot to be seen, or heard of, rose the present town of Halifax. Before winter, 300 houses were covered in. At a place now called Lower Horton, a blockhouse was also raised, and fortified by a trench and a palisade; while, on the present site of Windsor, a fort was soon erected, to protect the communications with the town. These positions, with Annapolis on the Bay of Fundy, secured the peninsula to the English, a part of which had now again become matter of dispute between the French and British governments.

To make sure of the submission of the French inhabitants, it was suddenly proclaimed to their deputies convened at Halifax, that English commissioners would repair to their villages, and require them to take the oath of allegiance unconditionally. This placed them in a perilous predicament. They could not pledge themselves to join in war against the land of their origin and love; and so, in a letter signed by a thousand of their men, they pleaded rather for leave to sell their lands and effects, and abandon the peninsula for other homes, which France, as they supposed, would generously provide. But Cornwallis would give them no choice, save between unconditional allegiance and the total confiscation of their property. 'It is for me,' said he, 'to command and to be obeyed;' and as he had the power to enforce his unjust exactions, the poor Acadians were subjected to the most merciless severities. Their papers and records, the titles to their estates and inheritances, were taken from them. In cases where their property was demanded for the public service, they were informed that they were not to be haggled with for payment. An order to this effect, says Mr Bancroft, may still be read in the council records at Halifax. They were told that they must comply, without making any terms; and that 'immediately,' or 'the next courier would bring an order for military execution upon the delinquents.' And when on some occasions they delayed in providing firewood for their oppressors, it was told them from the government, that if they did not do it in proper time, the soldiers should 'absolutely take their houses for fuel.' Under pretence of fearing that they might rise in behalf of France, escape to Canada, or convey provisions to the French garrisons, they were ordered to surrender their boats and firearms; which, accordingly, they did, leaving themselves defenceless, and without the means of flight. Not long afterwards, orders were given to the English officers to punish the Acadians at discretion, should they in any case behave amiss; if the troops were annoyed, vengeance was to be inflicted on the nearest, whether the guilty one or not, after the rate of 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'

These, and similar severities, were in course of perpetration for nearly seven years. Meanwhile, the French, who disputed the right of the English to a portion of the country which they claimed, took military occupation of the isthmus that formed the natural boundary between Acadia and the province of New France. Hence, however, their forces were ejected with little difficulty in 1755, and thenceforward the Acadians seemed to be left without the possibility of redress. In their extremity, they cowered before their masters, hoping for clemency; not unwilling to take an oath of fealty to England, yet in their single-mindedness and sincerity, still refusing to pledge themselves to bear arms against the land from which they sprung. The English were masters of the sea, were undisputed lords of the country, and could have exercised clemency without the slightest apprehension. But the men in power shewed no disposition for acts of generosity or conciliation. Indignant at the obstinate consistency of the people, they sought only to reduce them to a humiliating dependence, and in the plenitude of their tyranny, resorted to a project which the judgment of humanity must denounce as treacherous and dastardly. It was planned in secret, and no whisper of a warning was given of their purpose till it was ready for being put into execution.

It was, in fact, determined, 'after the ancient device of Oriental despotism,' to carry away the French inhabitants of Acadia into captivity to other parts of the British dominions. In August 1754, Lawrence, the lieutenant-governor of the province, had written to Lord Halifax in England: 'They have laid aside all thought of taking the oaths of allegiance voluntarily. . . . They possess the best and largest tract of

* Bancroft's History of the American Revolution.

land in the province; if they refuse the oaths, it would be much better that they were away.' The Lords of Trade in reply, veiled their wishes under the form of devious suggestions. 'By the treaty of Utrecht,' said they, referring to the French Acadians, 'their becoming subjects of Great Britain is made an express condition of their continuance after the expiration of a year; they cannot become subjects but by taking the oaths required of subjects; and therefore it may be a question, whether their refusal to take such oaths will not operate to invalidate their titles to their lands. Consider the misjustice of Nova Scotia upon that point; his opinion may serve as a foundation for future measures.'

In the day of their affliction, France remembered the descendants of her sons, and asked that they might have time to remove from the peninsula with their effects, leaving their lands and homesteads to their conquerors; but in his answer, the British minister claimed them as useful subjects, and refused them the liberty of transmigration.

Some of the inhabitants pleaded with the British officers for the restitution of their boats and guns, promising fidelity if they could but retain their liberties, and declaring that not the want of arms, but their consciences, should engage them never to revolt. 'The memorial,' said Lawrence in council, 'is highly arrogant, insidious, and insulting.' Nevertheless, the memorialists, at his summons, came submissively to Halifax. 'You want your canoes for carrying provisions to the enemy,' said he deridingly, though he knew no enemy was left in their vicinity. 'Guns are no part of your goods,' he continued, 'as by the laws of England all Roman Catholics are restrained from having arms, and are subject to penalties if arms are found in their houses. It is not the language of British subjects to talk of terms with the crown, or capitulate about their fidelity and allegiance. What excuse can you make for your presumption in treating this government with such indignity, as to expound to them the nature of fidelity? Manifest your obedience by immediately taking the oaths of allegiance in the common form before the council.'†

To this demand the deputies replied, that they would do as the generality of the inhabitants should determine. The next day, however, foreseeing the sorrows that awaited them, they offered to swear allegiance unconditionally; but they were told, that by a clause in a certain British statute, persons who have once refused the oaths cannot be afterwards permitted to take them, but are to be considered as popish recusants; and as such they were immediately imprisoned. The chief-justice, on whose opinion hung the fate of so many innocent families, insisted that they were to be looked upon as confirmed 'rebels,' who had now collectively, and without exception, become 'recusants.' Besides, as they were still 8000 or more in numbers, and the English did not exceed 3000, they stood in the way of 'the progress of the settlement;' 'by their noncompliance with the conditions of the treaty of Utrecht, they had forfeited their possessions to the crown;' and after the departure 'of the fleet and troops, the province would not be in a condition to drive them out.' Such a juncture as the present might never occur; so he advised that the French inhabitants should not be permitted to take the oaths, but that the whole of them should be removed from the province. After mature consideration, it was resolved in council to act on this suggestion; and in order to prevent the ejected people from attempting to return and molest the settlers that might be set down on their lands, it was determined that it would be most proper

to distribute them amongst the several colonies on the continent.

To secure the success of the scheme, an ungenerous artifice was adopted. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, they were peremptorily ordered—'both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age'—to assemble in specified localities on the 5th day of September (1755). Not knowing for what purpose, they innocently obeyed. For example, at Grand Pré, 418 unarmed men came together. They were marched into the church, and the doors were closed, when Winslow, the American commander, rose up, and thus addressed them: 'You are convened together to manifest to you his majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and livestock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through his majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in.' And he thereupon declared them the king's prisoners. What a sound, mocking irony there must have rung through that expression, 'his majesty's goodness!' The pitiful privilege which that goodness granted might as well have been withheld, since in effect it did not render them any the less destitute. Their wives and families were also the king's prisoners—numbering with themselves 1923 persons. The dogm which had been some time preparing for them, took them completely by surprise. They had left home, as they supposed, but for the morning, and now they were never to return. Their cattle were to stay unfed in the stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for that first day even no food for themselves or their children, and were compelled to beg for bread.

But a still more bitter day was coming. It was fixed that on the 10th of September a part of the exiles should be embarked. 'They were drawn up six deep,' writes Mr Bancroft, 'and the young men, 161 in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rocks on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents. Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth? They had not one weapon; the bayonet drove them to obey; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping, and praying, and singing hymns. The sailors went next: the wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrive. The delay had its horrors. The wretched people left behind were kept together near the sea, without proper food or raiment, or shelter, till other ships came to take them away; and December, with its appalling cold, had struck the shivering, half-clad, broken-hearted sufferers before the last of them were removed. "The embarkation of the inhabitants goes on but slowly," wrote Monckton from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets; "the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them." Their hope was vain. Near Annapolis, 100 heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. "Our soldiers have them," wrote an officer on this occasion; "and if they can but find a pretext to kill them, they will." Did a prisoner seek to escape?—he was shot by the sentinel. Yet some fled to Quebec; more than 8000 had withdrawn to Miramichi and the region south of the Ristigouche; some found rest on the banks of the St John's and its branches; some found a fair in their native forests; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwags of the savages. But

* Halifax and his Colleagues to Lawrence, 23th Oct. 1754. Quoted by Bancroft, i. p. 227.

† Record of Council held at Halifax, 3d July 1755. Quoted by Bancroft.

7000 of these banished people were driven on board ships, and scattered among the English colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia alone; 1020 to South Carolina alone. They were cast ashore without resources; hating the poor-house as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of selling themselves as labourers. Households, too, were separated; the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, of sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children.

Poor wanderers! how they sighed for the pleasant villages whence they had been so cruelly driven out, and where they had so long dwelt so peacefully! But the hand that had expelled them was sternly raised to hinder them from returning. Their villages, from Annapolis to the isthmus, were laid waste. Their old homes were heaps of ruins. In one district, as many as 250 of their houses, and more than as many barns, were entirely consumed. Their confiscated livestock, consisting of great numbers of horses, sheep, hogs, and horned cattle, were seized as spoils, and disposed of by the unscrupulous officials. 'A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but the faithful watch-dog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest-trees choked their orchards; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes, and desolated their meadows.' The whole land was cast back into the wilderness, and, had the dispersed inhabitants gone back to it, they would have hardly recognised a spot within its boundaries.

The exiles could not rest in their captivity; but relentless misfortune pursued them, by whatever way they sought after deliverance. Those sent to Georgia, drawn by a love for the spot where they were born, escaped to sea in boats, and went coasting on from harbour to harbour till they reached New England; but just as they would have set sail for their native fields, they were stopped by orders from Nova Scotia. Those who dwelt on the St John's, were once more driven out from their new homes. When Canada surrendered, the 1500 who remained south of the Ristigouche were pursued by the scourges of unrelenting hatred. Those who dwelt in Pennsylvania presented a humble petition to the Earl of Loudoun, then the British commander-in-chief in America; and in return, his lordship, offended that the prayer was made in French, seized their five principal men, who in their own land had been persons of dignity and substance, and shipped them to England, with the request that they might be consigned to service as common sailors on-board of ships of war, and thus be kept from ever again becoming troublesome. No doubt existed of the king's approbation of these proceedings. 'The Lords of Trade, more merciless than the savages and than the wilderness in winter, wished very much that every one of the Acadians should be driven out; and when it seemed that the work was done, congratulated the king that the zealous endeavours of Lawrence had been crowned with an entire success.' Wherever they turned, or whatever they did, these despoiled and outcast people encountered nothing but enmity. In their abject desolation, it even seemed to them that their cause was rejected by the universe. 'We have been true,' said they, 'to our religion, and true to ourselves, yet nature appears to consider us only as the objects of public vengeance.' Their hard fate might well impress them with even that disheartening conviction; yet it was not nature's doing, but 'man's inhumanity to man,' which in so many other instances 'has made countless thousands mourn.' Theirs, truly, is as sad a story as it can readily fall to one's lot to read; and as such, it cannot fail to excite interest and sympathy in all who can feel compassion for the desolate and oppressed.

By these deeds of violence, the French were exterminated from Acadia. Only a few in obscure nooks escaped; and the descendants of these till the present day retain the language, the manners, and the religion of their forefathers—a curiosity in the present social system of Nova Scotia.

M A R E T I M O.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON BOARD THE *FILIPPA*.

WHAT had happened to Walter Masterston is emblematic of a great deal that takes place in this world. Endeavouring to carry out by his own strength and ingenuity a complicated plan, he found himself crossed and hustled at every step by others whose objects were precisely similar. Most men grope towards their goal in the dark; and by shrinking from contact with things they do not understand, wander often into tortuous paths, and lose their way. However, if Walter had opened his heart to Luigi Spada, on the road from Trapani to Palermo, he would have gone direct to Naples, and never have seen Bianca—never have felt his mind quickened with that sentiment of mingled joy and distrust, of hope and anguish, which formed his companion during all that night of mysterious imprisonment in the chief cabin of the *Filippa*. Under other circumstances he might have given way to despair. As it was, he resigned himself to his fate with tolerable philosophy, as the best of us do when we have done our utmost to promote the happiness of others and have failed. A few days before, he desired nothing very ardently save the deliverance of Paolo about the beginning of the next month. The horizon of the future closed in there. Now it seemed to have retired to an infinite distance, whilst becoming far more undefined and shadowy. This is an unfavourable mood of mind for action. We tread rapidly along a winding road, which offers new though narrow prospects at every turn; but on reaching the skirts of a boundless plain, we falter, hesitate, and sometimes sit down faint and disheartened.

A bright gleam of light—the first ray of the sun rising over the Calabrian hills—had just burst through the narrow window of the cabin where Walter was well bolted in, when he heard voices without, exchanging rapid phrases that seemed the end of an animated discussion. The door opened, and two persons entered, one of whom he at once recognised as Giacomo, under whose command he had sailed from Maretimo, whilst the other had features that were not unfamiliar, though he could not at first remember where he had seen them.

'May I hope your excellence has passed a good night on board the *Filippa*,' said Giacomo, with a sort of forced familiarity. He was not quite sure that his courtesy would be responded to.

'As good a night,' replied Walter, who was too much a man of the world to shew any useless anger—'as good a night, Signor Giacomo, as a man can pass who has been kept sleepless in trying to account for his strange reception.'

'We owe you a thousand pardons,' quoth Giacomo, more at his ease; 'but if you had not shewn so decided a wish to escape our company, we should certainly have relieved your mind before we were out of the Faro. Cospetto! a man like you was capable of leaping overboard and swimming for shore. You have done something more difficult still. I should have been drowned myself in that frightful caldron under the rocks of Maretimo.'

It is needless to say that Walter began to have some respect for Giacomo's good sense.

'Well,' said he, sitting down on his bed, whilst the others took position on a bench opposite, 'how far are we on our way to Naples?'

'That entirely depends on your answers to our questions,' said the other person, who had not yet spoken.

'That voice,' exclaimed Walter, 'I have heard it before!'

Then looking steadfastly at him, he added:

'I hope the abbate has recovered from the fatigues of his journey.'

Luigi Spada bit his lip, for he was very proud of his cleverness in assuming disguises. What Walter added put the finishing-touch to his displeasure, and threw him into a hostile state of mind.

'Spectacles and wig make a change for the worse in your appearance. How a handsome young fellow like you can look so much like a wizened old gentleman passes my comprehension.'

This was meant for irony, and was taken as such. Luigi remained silent.

'Per Bacco,' said Giacomo, scratching his head in a meditative way; 'a man who can see so easily what is meant to be hidden is dangerous. Do you know, sir, that frankness of that kind in some cases might lead to an introduction to the fishes? We cannot abide in Sicily that our garments should be transparent.'

Walter felt that his safety depended a good deal on the impression produced of his personal character. He determined to appear bold and reckless.

'Bah!' exclaimed he, with a gesture of indifference. 'You Sicilian pirates or banditti—[he disregarded their affected indignation]—never, I am told, commit a crime without necessity. Now, until you can shew me a better motive for putting me out of the way—as I am a bird of passage, and shall most likely never see your faces again—allow me to consider myself perfectly safe.'

'But you have money,' said Giacomo, exceedingly amused, and trying, without much success, to look sombire.

'If you had wanted that, I should have been overboard long before daylight.'

This was just the way to master Giacomo's confidence. He smiled approvingly, and made no comment on this answer, save by an encouraging nod. It now became the turn of Luigi Spada to speak. Since this eccentric young man had first met Walter, he had regarded him in alternate hours as a concealed friend or an artful foe—as one interested in the fate of Paolo, or as an agent employed by the Sicilian government to penetrate the plots which were known to be in permanent existence, and which tended to take a political character, though professedly aiming only at the liberation of the Prisoner. Di Falco, of course, knew nothing that had been going on during his year's imprisonment; but scarcely a month had passed without some arrest taking place, or some perquisition being made, in connection with a real or supposed plan of rescue. All the energies of Sicilian patriots had been turned in this direction. Most of them knew not, or had forgotten, that the object of their sympathy was the victim, not of his political opinions, but of a sentimental passion—that he was suffering in the cause of Angela, not of Liberty. He had become the martyr of the day; and all Sicilians—except such as were content to bask through life like little lizards in the sun, without ever exerting the privilege of thought—were divided into the friends and enemies of Di Falco. The former were in the majority; but wealth and influence were on the other side. Both parties, however, bestowed little thought or sympathy on the actual condition of the poor Prisoner. He might have been dead. They had come to speak of him quite as an abstraction. It was only when Luigi Spada exerted his talents for combination and conspiracy, that anything like a practical scheme was set on foot. Up to the time at which our narrative has arrived, no actual attempt at rescue had been made—real or false alarms having always intimidated and dispersed the little parties that had been got

together for this purpose. With all due respect to Luigi Spada, there seemed every likelihood that as long as he had the management of matters, they would continue in the same unsatisfactory state.

Most conspirators err by being too clever, and attract attention by the very precautions they take to hide their movements. Luigi had been successful only in concealing the part he played and the influence he exerted. The object of his intrigues was further off than ever; for the police, hearing every now and then the name of Paolo di Falco in men's mouths, and not knowing whence the impulse came, were ever on the alert, especially towards the western end of the island. Long before the period at which our narrative has arrived, the worthy bishop of Trapani had been denounced as an accomplice in some mysterious plot, and nothing but his well-known timidity had saved him from arrest.

Luigi, a little irritated by the facility with which he had been recognised, was disposed now to put the worst interpretation on the circumstances that seemed to connect Walter with the Marchese Belmonte. The politeness he had received from the commandant of Maretime, his eagerness to reach Messina, his visits to the palace, the unusual amenity of the governor—were facts quite sufficient to counterbalance the ingenious inferences of Giacomo. That straightforward fellow, indeed, had nothing whereon to ground his original belief that Walter was a friend, not a foe, except his own theory of the excellence of human nature. The Englishman had been saved from a miserable death by Paolo, therefore he must be interested in his fate. It would be dangerous, friend Giacomo, in this world to trust much to conclusions drawn from such premises as that. So had argued Luigi, who affected to understand men—that is, to have a very bad opinion of them; and yet he himself had been on the point of confiding in Walter, precisely on account of the frankness of his demeanour. In the course of the previous day, several plans had been proposed and rejected. Giacomo, convinced at last by circumstantial evidence that Walter was nothing but a spy, had seriously recommended the intervention of a Sicilian poniard; and it is quite possible that his recommendation might have been carried into effect, but for the series of accidents by which the intended victim had been led on board the *Filippa*.

'Sir Englishman,' said Luigi sternly, 'we do not recognise your nationality in this interchange of sharp sentences. It may be you have learned cunning in these latitudes. But you must not think to fight Sicilians with their own weapons.'

'As to fighting, I have no wish for it,' replied Walter, 'except just enough to set me free if I see my way. I am your prisoner, here—out in the open sea. Be frank, therefore, and let me know what you expect to gain by me.'

'Nothing by you—perhaps much by your temporary absence from the scene of your manœuvres—it may be, a little by the confessions you may be led to make. We do not use threats; your position is a sufficient threat. It will continue until we know with certainty what your movements have to do with the fortunes of Paolo di Falco.'

Had it been possible for Walter to guess the motives and the position of Luigi Spada and Giacomo, he could now at once have come to an understanding with them, and have obtained two valuable auxiliaries. But the idea forcibly suggested itself, that their objects were diametrically opposed to his, and that it was necessary to display all his powers of dissimulation. He denied, therefore, having any acquaintance with the Prisoner, though he admitted the obligation he lay under to him, because he knew that so far Giacomo was well-informed.

'Gentlemen,' said he, without feeling much compunction for the falsehood, for he thought he had

to do with pirates or police-agents, 'it must be evident to you, if you reflect a moment, that my journey has nothing to do with that unfortunate person. I am an Englishman, travelling for my pleasure. Signor di Falco saved my life—true—and I feel grateful; but my gratitude must be sterile, for I know not how to serve him.'

'Then why,' exclaimed Luigi, producing a folded paper which Walter at once recognised—'why were you going to Naples with this letter to the Princess Corsini, in whose house the wife of Paolo di Falco dwells?'

Giacomo was not aware until that moment of the existence of the tell-tale document, which had fallen from Walter's pocket during the struggle on the deck. He felt now convinced that they had to do with a traitor, and went away, gruffly saying that Luigi knew best what course to follow. The detestation felt in Sicily for the police, and all who are supposed to be in their pay, is so great, that even in cold blood, if ordered by the captain, not a man on board the vessel would have objected to throw their prisoner overboard, on the very doubtful chance of his being able to swim ashore—a distance of several leagues. The idea had, indeed, been warmly discussed all the morning; and several sailors, who would not have consented to actual murder, tried to persuade themselves that a man who had passed safely through the breakers under the rocks of Maretimo, might possibly reach the curved beach of Pizzo, then in sight towards the east, if he were gently dropped into that smooth sea. At any rate, half-smugglers, quarter-pirates, and quarter-patriots that they were, there was a very general agreement that the *Filippa* was too respectable a place to harbour such a worthy; and the deck of the little vessel soon began, on a small scale, to assume the character of a continental street when an emueute is brewing. The sailors first talked two and two; then collected in larger groups; and then coming all together, excited one another by words and gesticulation.

Walter, finding what he called his diplomacy a decided failure, had resolved to remain silent, and await whatever ill's fortune might have in store for him; so that Luigi in vain endeavoured to obtain a further insight into his character and plans. The young Sicilian, who had a very lofty idea of the part he was playing in the world, and looked upon himself as the representative of an injured people whom he was ultimately to serve on a much grander scale, felt perfectly satisfied for the present with the course things had taken. If he had himself failed in bringing into any shape his project for liberating Paolo, and had returned discomfited from Trapani, he had, as he thought, discovered the existence of a dangerous counter-project—a base conspiracy working by an agent who, from his appearance and nation, would have been unsuspected save by the very clever, and having for its object, no doubt, to act on the mind of Angela by means of false news from Maretimo, in order to induce her to consent to the known desires of her father, and acquiesce in the dissolution of her marriage. Luigi left the cabin, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and already, in the activity of his mind, arranging some wonderful new scheme which was to result in the liberation of the prisoner. He carefully put by the letter of Bianca, intending to use it for his own purposes. When he had decoyed Walter on board the *Filippa*, the possibility had been contemplated by himself and Giacomo of landing him at some distant point—on the island of Corsica, for example—just to take time for counter-acting whatever evil designs he might entertain. This proceeding, however, now promised to be dangerous, Walter having recognised Luigi so easily through his various disguises. When the young conspirator, therefore, went on deck to give orders that the vessel's course should be shaped for the Bay of Naples, he was

in a state of great perplexity, and felt rather relieved on hearing a general murmur that the spy must be 'put overboard.'

• The influence of an expression is wonderful. No one present would have entertained the thought, for a moment, of assassinating Walter by steel or lead; but all by this time, having excited themselves by talk, were quite prepared to throw him into the sea, at a distance of at least two leagues from land, and so consign him to certain death. There was a curious state of mind. With the exception of one or two, they had no knowledge whatever of the private or public interests which so occupied Luigi and Giacomo. But they were Sicilians, firmly united, not in any common object, but in hatred of the Neapolitan oppressor. Their captain, who paid them well, and his employer, as Luigi was supposed to be, chose to mingle a little conspiracy of their own with the illicit trade in which the *Filippa* was generally engaged. Whatever its object, they sympathised in it, and wished its success; and as Walter seemed to be an impediment, and was supposed to wear round his neck the millstone of Neapolitan protection, why they naturally regarded him as an enemy—that was all.

That was all, at first. But evil passions, caressed for awhile, take unexpected developments. Talking for an hour or so under that hot sun of the English spy, whose features even were known to none, these half-savage sailors began by degrees to feel strangely anxious to deal roughly with him. Sitting in a circle on the deck, as the *Filippa*, bending under a gentle breeze, steadily pursued its northern course, they talked more and more fiercely, until many an eye began to flash, and all cheeks grew red with excitement. Giacomo had thrown out an expression of anger and disappointment in passing. The appearance of Luigi was the signal of explosion; and, as we have hinted, no sooner did he appear, than every one shouted: 'The spy to the water!—the spy to the water!' Then first one rose, and then another; and suddenly, before Luigi, who did not expect matters to come to a point so rapidly, could collect himself and reflect on the horrible nature of the act which he encouraged at first by his silence, half-a-dozen men had rushed down into the cabin.

'Giacomo!—where is Giacomo?' cried Luigi, looking anxiously around for the captain, who had taken his turn at the wheel, and performed the duty mechanically with his eyes half shut. We cannot say whether he had approved the intentions of his crew or not. He had felt kindly towards Walter, on account of the bravery of his bearing; but once convinced that he was a spy, he had suppressed the sentiment, and probably pondered anxiously on the danger, both to the cause in which he was engaged and to his own interests, if one who knew so much were allowed to escape. If he had wished to allow the prejudices of his crew to have free play, he could not have done better than thus to go apart, and leave their uncultivated heads to grow hot and giddy under their red caps, which soon were not redder than their faces. Walter, therefore, when he came to know all, was perhaps not wrong in regarding Giacomo as one who had, at least for a moment, tacitly consented to murder.

Such was the true nature of the act, which had been commenced when Luigi sprang to the side of the captain, and insisted on his resuming the command of the vessel. The crew, made drunk by their own words, had broken into the cabin where Walter was confined; and without attempting to explain their intentions, or giving him leisure to collect his thoughts or his strength, had seized and forced, or rather carried, him up the ladder. He appeared suddenly on deck, his hair streaming in the wind, his garments disordered, just beginning to understand that his life was in danger, more from the infuriated looks of the sailors, and the

violence of their gestures, than from their attack; for he had supposed they had reached some land, and that he was about to be put ashore. There was nothing but an expanse of green waves around; the Calabrian hills shining in the distance. By a violent effort, he threw off those who held him, and endeavoured to retreat below; but several men filled up the way. Then springing aft, he met Giacomo, who had abandoned the wheel, and was coming rather tardily to the rescue. The sails flapped against the mast, and the schooner swung round, for a moment in imminent danger of a wreck. One of the most furious of the sailors ran instinctively to the wheel, and others hastened to master the tackle, which was dashing to and fro. Walter was entirely forgotten for awhile; and when, a second or two after, the *Filippa*, under a breeze that had freshened unnoticed within the past half-hour, went sweeping along, her full complement of canvas spread—just as much as she could bear—there were a great many heads hanging down, and sheepish glances interchanged. No one could remember on what grounds that fine handsome fellow, who stood against the mast, and looked with resolute glance around, as if now fully prepared for another attack, had been condemned to death.

But for this episode, which definitely gave Walter a high place in Giacomo's estimation, the misunderstanding that had until then continued would probably never have been explained.

'Signor Luigi,' cried the captain, 'without any further attempt at disguise, we have to do with no spy. One of that brood would have begged for life, and crawled. This man did no such thing. Sir Englishman, am I right?'

'I am!' exclaimed Walter, 'whose mind a perception of the true state of the case began to come. For whom did you take me? I know nothing of your Sicilian plots; but I am the friend of Paolo di Falco.'

'Did I not say so?' cried Giacomo, forgetting that he had said the contrary likewise.

Luigi, not to lose credit for perspicacity, answered by referring to his own frequently expressed favourable opinion. It would have seemed, to hear these two fine diplomatists, that never for a moment had they doubted the friendliness of Walter's intentions.

'Yet they were very near letting us make tunny-bait of him,' murmured a sailor, expressing public opinion as it was then on board the *Filippa*. The refined intriguers wisely allowed this genuine remark to pass unnoticed; and, accompanying Walter down into the cabin, listened with surprise to his narrative. They both saw at once that for the first time there was now a reasonable chance that their projects, in so far as Paolo's personal welfare was concerned, could be carried out; and to their credit be it recorded, that as Walter explained the practical details of his plan, both ceased for a time to be mere amateur conspirators; and Luigi especially felt the old friendship, which had prompted him at the outset, revive in full force. It was now really the freedom of Paolo that he desired, and not to give a check to Neapolitan pride.

When Walter explained the object of his voyage to Naples, both Luigi and Giacomo expressed the greatest surprise. In the first place, they had never heard of the lady Bianca, and could not understand what influence a few enigmatical words, hastily written by a person of no apparent position, could have with the Princess Corsini.

'She is a proud, inaccessible woman,' said Luigi; 'and we know has received strict orders to keep Angela in perfect seclusion. I have myself been to Naples to attempt an interview, and without success. You Englishman may be more fortunate. The gates of palaces seem to open for you as if by magic; and you find unknown princesses to give you advice and assistance.'

The satirical tone in which Luigi spoke of Bianca only half pleased Walter, who had sense enough, however, to know that he must not exhibit any symptoms of annoyance. He asked for his letter; and carefully put it away, observing, with a self-satisfied smile, that he had no doubt of its proving a passport to the presence of Angela.

'It is quite proper,' said Luigi, 'to prepare Angela for flight before the news come of her husband's escape. She would otherwise be so closely confined, that his freedom would be worth but half its price; and he would be sure to come fluttering like a moth round the candle. Are we certain, however, of success? If not, it would be a sad thing to provoke that poor lady to wander forth into the world alone.'

'True,' said Walter. 'We must leave the matter to her own choice. For my part, I have no doubt the plan will succeed. We have made a certain progress this day by some rather odd steps. All I wanted was a vessel with a trustworthy crew. The *Filippa* was evidently made for the purpose. She lies off a mile or two from shore, and sends in her boat as soon as darkness comes on. Paolo is at the post.'

'Of that we must not be sure,' said Giacomo. 'I do not like to hear that Carlo Mosca is even half in the secret.'

'He volunteered his good offices.'

'So much the worse. I know the man. He is by nature a jailer; and fancies he was destined to be a prince. He will sell himself to the highest bidder; and be mastered by the instinct of fidelity, even if it be too late to save his own neck. Let us hope that Paolo will not trust him further. Even as it is, depend upon it, he suspects all, even if he overheard nothing.'

Walter was not the man to lay much stress on these forebodings; but he refrained from saying what he thought—namely, that it was probably by listening too much to such refinements that the friends of Paolo had allowed above a year to pass without doing more than give the police a few restless nights.

'Well,' said he, 'we must trust something to Providence. There is no merit in playing a game if we are certain to win. Let us do our parts at any rate. What are our plans for Naples? When shall we arrive?'

'We shall enter the bay, if this breeze continue,' replied Giacomo, 'early to-morrow morning. Then we shall land you in due form at the custom-house, have our papers examined, and proceed to Civita Vecchia. To do otherwise, would attract suspicion. Then we shall try and get a cargo for Palermo; or if not, it will be safe to go to Trapani, under pretence of the tunny-fisheries. You must do what business you have at Naples, and be back at Palermo at least a week before the appointed night. How shall we meet?'

'It will be necessary to bring the Castelnoves into the field again,' said Luigi, smiling at the thought of renewing his little private negotiation on the subject of Antonia. 'The old gentleman is timorous, but he cannot refuse to allow a distinguished stranger to visit his gallery. That is a good excuse for getting into any house in this part of the world,' he added, giving Walter a sly look, which revealed that he understood something of the impression produced by Bianca.

It was accordingly agreed that Luigi and Giacomo should prepare the way for the Englishman, who was to act at Palermo precisely as he had acted at Messina—pretend to be very much interested in pictures; and make an opportunity for seeing the Castelnoves gallery—which contains nothing, quoth Luigi, 'worth looking at; but an Englishman may be supposed—by the ignorant—to be very indifferent about the quality of the pictures shewn to him, provided they be pictures.'

The remainder of the voyage elapsed without incident. Walter was now glad to retire early to rest, and found himself, indeed, so overcome by fatigue, that

he had scarcely thought of Bianca a minute, and of Paolo half a second, before he was rocked to sleep by the easy motion of the vessel.

On that very night, Paolo di Falco, after remaining long in a state of almost stupid discouragement, began to revolve in his mind the possibility of preparing a means of escape from the cell in which he had been confined. Although not a rumour reached him of the movements of Walter—although the busy world had again been removed an infinite distance from his solitary life—he felt confident that what friendship could, would be accomplished. He must not lie supine whilst others were labouring for his deliverance. On the 5th of June he was to be down beneath the precipice at the western point of the island two hours after sunset. That rendezvous he must keep; for if he failed, there was no chance, he thought, of meeting Angela, save in eternity.

His first step was to examine more carefully than he had done before the construction of his prison. The door was of solid oak, plated, inside and out, with iron, and moving on vast hinges let deep into the stone. Beyond it, he remembered, was a short passage, and then another door, equally strong. Probably a guard passed the night there within hearing—a soldier, or Mosca himself. It would be absurd, therefore, even if he had more than a month to spare, to endeavour to break out that way. The small window, placed high in the wall, seemed to offer fewer obstacles; so few, indeed, that he was afraid it must be closely watched. The bars were not very firmly set; and he even imagined that by a vigorous effort he might loosen them. He afterwards ascertained, that a little below the window-sill a number of sharp spikes were driven into the wall, in such a manner that it appeared absolutely impossible for any one to drop down into the moat without being torn to pieces. He could see the points shining by standing on a platform which he made with a chair and table. The moat was about ten feet deep from the window, with mud at the bottom, far more difficult to cross than water. On the other side, the wall rose twenty feet; and along the edge a sentinel occasionally paced.

Paolo calculated that he had twenty-five days to contrive a plan of escape, but only an hour to execute it. Mosca usually made his last visit at sunset, although sometimes, from mere caprice, he returned much later. It would take nearly an hour to reach the place of rendezvous; so that the first part of the attempt must be carried out whilst it was yet partially light. 'Perhaps,' thought Paolo, 'there will be less suspicion at that hour. At any rate, the attempt must be made; for in our foolish confidence, we did not provide against failure, and I shall never have an opportunity of communicating with Walter again. Luckily, my jailers have so great a confidence in the impossibility of my escaping from the island, that they will not much fear that I should risk life or limb for the mere pleasure of wandering a few hours among the rocks. Yet even for that delight, what would I not do! I stifle in this cell. The sight of these bare stones breaks down my spirit. Oh! for the free air around, and the blue sky above; and Angela!'

He was unreasonable in his castle in the air; and after a short time of ineffable delight, fell back into despondency, not to resume his brave project of escape until the next day.

Meanwhile, on sailed the *Filippa*, dashing through the foaming waters before a breeze that swelled by degrees almost into a gale. Ere morning broke, there appeared in the west, far up, a huge flickering flame—a wonderful beacon—the burning breath of Vesuvius. They ran in between the island of Capri and the heights of Sorrento, forming a defile of black shadows in the starlight. Here the fair brisk wind forsook them, though they were not becalmed. Before

they were half across the bay, Walter, whom they had called on deck, could see all the wonderful outline of peaks and precipices, and woody ranges in the dim light of dawn. Then his eager eyes made out white phantom-like villages and cities nestling at the feet of the hills, and casting their pale reflection in the waters as they warmed into life. At first, Naples itself was shrouded in mist; only the ungainly form of the Castel del Ovo advancing into the sea, and the towers of St Elmo high up in the air, looming through, like fragments of a city that had melted away. A long white cloud stretched, like a beam of marble from the top of Procida and Ischia to the summits of Capri; and beneath could be seen the open sea—smoothed into a level plain by distance—outstretching to a sharp horizon. A brig—all sails set, a mountain of canvas—came towards this wonderful gateway, and caught the first beams of the sun that started up just behind the peak of the volcano, from which then only a pale blue smoke, like a huge feather leaning northwards, ascended. In a few minutes, mist and cloud were seen retreating in one mass, as it were, by the northern channel; and mountain and plain, lava-stream and olive-yard, the forested slope and the bare island rock, scattered villas and clustering hamlets, palace and temple, column and spire—all were refulgent in the golden light of morning; and Walter remained in speechless admiration, until suddenly the *Filippa*, which had progressed all this while, swept gently into port, and noises of all kinds—shouts of fishermen, hails of sailors, and the sharp commands of the custom-house officers—recalled him to himself. With an involuntary sigh, he remembered that he came not to that beautiful land as an artist or a poet, but something in the character of a conspirator.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

THE 'season' has now fairly commenced, rich in promises, which, if realised, will yield us a good literary harvest ere its close. New books are announced in abundance. Some are already passing through the press; others are receiving the last corrections of the writers; while not a few are at present merely dawning above the mental horizon of their authors, and are not likely to shed their light upon the world for many months to come. Among books preparing and prepared, may be mentioned two more volumes of Moore's Life, and one of the Fox Papers, by Lord John Russell; *Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton*, by Sir David Brewster; a Christmas-book, by Mr Thackeray, who has also in preparation another course of lectures upon English literature, for next spring; a Note-book of Adventure on the Wilds of Australia, by Mr William Howitt; a Life of Montaigne, by Mr Bayle St John; a new work by Mr John Foster, whose masterly and eloquent *Life of Oliver Goldsmith* is one of the finest biographies in our literature; a new poem by the Laureate, upon the subject of the Battle of the Alma; a History of Domestic Life during the Civil War, by Mr Hepworth Dixon; a new work, entitled *The Scale of Nations*, by Mr Horace St John; and the concluding volume of *Grote's History of Greece*.

Mr Macaulay is said to have two more volumes of his *History of England* nearly ready; but the same statement has been frequently made, and as frequently proved incorrect. Mr Macaulay has, however, been very hard at work for the last three weeks at the table set apart for him in the King's Library of the

British Museum. It may be hoped, therefore, that he is making progress with his work, and that the result of his industry will be kept from the public but a short time longer.

Books upon the East still continue to be issued, but without commanding much attention or success. People are growing tired of such reading. All the authors profess to give the result of personal experience; but a very cursory examination of the one or two volumes, as the case may be, frequently shews that their travels in the East have extended only as far as Madia's Library or the British Museum. One book, purporting to be a narrative of travel in the Crimea, has recently been published by a highly respectable London house, and professes to be a translation from a German. No further information is vouchsafed; but the German writer speaks of the admiral in command of the English fleet in the Baltic as 'our hero,' and as, moreover, much of the information in the book has a good deal the air of the matter in the London daily papers, it seems by no means improbable that the 'German' traveller is a native of Great Britain, who may have performed his journey in the spirit, but who has been bodily present in London the whole time.

One work upon the subject of the East, however—namely, that just published by Lord Carlisle*—must not be ranked among such books. Lord Carlisle's work is a gracefully written production, not remarkable for much depth or originality of thought, but for a certain good sense and refinement exhibited throughout. The writer of the *Diary* went to the East in the early part of last summer, by way of Vienna, and wrote his book as he journeyed. Armed with the passport his title afforded him, Lord Carlisle, as may be imagined met with few difficulties or annoyances on his way. He did not even experience the usual vexations that fall to the lot of ordinary travellers, so that we have no chapters of fiery eloquence against bad soup, dishonest landlords, ill-arranged sitting-rooms, or any of the thousand important grievances of which English travellers are so fond of complaining. Lord Carlisle evidently, however, did not like the Turks. He describes the higher classes as without principle—grasping, avaricious, utterly corrupted; the lower classes so ignorant, that they fully believed the allied forces were paid by the sultan to fight; and all classes alike addicted to the most unprofitable and indolent habits. Lord Carlisle is, on the other hand, very favourably disposed towards the Greeks. He considers them the blood of Turkey. It is by them, he says, that trade is carried on, and the operations of industry conducted. While the Turkish villages present nothing but broken walls and crumbling mosques, the Greek villages increase in population, and teem with children. Lord Carlisle evidently writes with an unprejudiced mind; and while the ease and elegance of his style will not fail to interest the general reader, there is much in the *Diary* that will command the attention of the more thoughtful. Another book, very unlike Lord Carlisle's, although upon the same subject, is Commander Oldmixon's *Gleanings from Piccadilly to Pera*.† This naval officer seems to have lost his temper at starting, and never thoroughly to have recovered it during his entire journey. His book is like the echo of one huge grumble. He finds fault with everything, or if he praises, it is only that faults may be brought out the

stronger by contrast. There is a sneering, satirical spirit running through the book, which is particularly displeasing. The reader has no sympathy with Commander Oldmixon, when he finds that Commander Oldmixon has no sympathy with others. The volume makes no pretension to be considered as an instructive description. It was perhaps intended as a kind of companion to those amusing books of travel which Mr Thackeray has given to the world. Indeed, the title is an obvious paraphrase of that author's *Cornhill to Cairo*. It is fair to add, however, that in no other respect does Commander Oldmixon's book resemble Mr Thackeray's.

While upon the subject of the East, it may not be uninteresting to state, that Mr Kinglake, the author of *Eothen*, was present at the battle of the Alma, and is still with the British forces. He is a great favourite with the officers, and is described by one of them as a very unassuming, quiet, gentlemanly man. Whether Mr Kinglake, seeking reputation at the cannon's mouth, intends to give us a narrative of the campaign in the Crimea, or whether he is merely travelling for his own personal gratification, has not been stated. A book from him upon any subject is certainly a desideratum. It is said, however, that the success of *Eothen* has rendered him unwilling to try again, lest he should not sustain the great reputation he has gained. Mr Layard was also a spectator of the battle, from a rather confined but tolerably secure position—the mast-head of the *Agamemnon*—and wrote a letter to the *Times*, describing what he saw. Mr Russell, the correspondent of that journal, seems to write his admirable letters in the midst of danger. At the Alma he had a horse shot under him; and on more than one occasion, when before Sebastopol, shells fell within a few yards of his tent. 'Our own correspondent's' post in the East is just now one of danger as well as difficulty.

One of the active but comparatively little-known workers in literature, Mr Samuel Phillips, is no more. The particulars of his life are interesting. He was born in London of parents engaged in trade. Discovering at an early age a talent for the stage, he was, when only thirteen years old, produced at Covent Garden Theatre as a prodigy, but was soon afterwards sent to the London University, and ultimately to Cambridge, at the suggestion of friends, who considered that he had talent which fitted him for something more distinguished than an actor's life. After leaving college, he studied in Germany, and returning to England, was for some time private tutor in the house of the Marquis of Aylesbury. He there resolved to adopt literature as a profession, and wrote in *Blackwood* a novel, *Caleb Stukely*, which was accepted and liberally paid for just as he was beginning to lose all hope. After this his career was one of continued success. An accident led him into communication with the *Times*, and shortly afterwards he was engaged as the literary critic of that journal. That post he continued to hold until the day of his death, contributing many of those powerful articles for which the *Times* has of late years been distinguished. Recently he became connected with the Crystal Palace, and compiled the general shilling-handbook. Mr Phillips, although young in years—only thirty-nine at his death—and in literature, had acquired considerable property simply by the exercise of his pen, and leaves a wife and children well provided for. Consumption was the cause of death. It is some evidence of his heroism of character, that he worked on to the last although aware that the malady from which he was suffering might at any moment terminate his life.

Lord John Russell has been raising his voice in the cause of education at the Literary Institutions of Bedford and Bristol. At the latter place, he delivered to the members a speech, in which he recommended them

* *Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.* By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle. Longman & Co.

† *Gleanings from Piccadilly to Pera.* By John Oldmixon, Commander, R.N. London: Longman.

to study our national history, and then went on to shew that there was no history worth studying. There was much, however, in the speech of Lord John that was sound and sensible, and it was of a kind likely to do good to those who heard it. Another incident in connection with the education movement, and the importance of which it would be difficult to overestimate, is the establishing in London of a Working-man's College. From various causes, Mechanics' and Literary Institutions have not answered the expectations of their originators. Starting with the best possible intentions, they have in many cases either failed outright, or become little better than mere reading-rooms and lecture-halls. The Working-man's College, let us hope, will not follow in the same path. Classes are to be commenced for the study of Biblical and Secular History, Geography, Geometry, Grammar, Law (the Law of Partnership especially), Politics, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Mechanics, Drawing, Arithmetic, and Algebra, Vocal Music, and Public Health. These classes are to be conducted by well-qualified teachers, under the general direction of the Principal Professor Maurice. To render them really accessible to working-men, the classes will be held in the evening, and a very moderate fee will secure admission. Any working-man of ordinary elementary education will be qualified to enter. The Drawing-class will, it is said, be under the direction of Mr John Ruskin. The first term commenced on the 31st of last month. Every friend of education must wish well to a project which, a few years ago, would have been laughed at as Utopian, but which, whether ultimately successful or otherwise, cannot fail to be regarded as one of the most remarkable and gratifying evidence of the advancing intelligence of the present day.

A book that deserves to be mentioned ere closing this notice, is the *History of Turkey*, by Sir George Larpent, from the Journals of Sir James Porter.* Sir James Porter was intended for commercial pursuits, and commenced active life in a mercantile house. Circumstances led to his introduction to Lord Carteret, who was so much pleased with his abilities, that he employed him in various diplomatic business. Apt and diligent, Lord Carteret's pupil acquitted himself so well, that after a short term he was appointed to an office with Sir Thomas Robinson, then British envoy at the court of Vienna. This mission ended, he became ambassador at Constantinople, and held that post from 1747 to 1762. Returning to England, full of wealth and honour, he was knighted, retired from active life, and died at the age of sixty-six, in the year 1786. While an ambassador at Constantinople, he collected a vast amount of information respecting the state of Turkey—a portion of which was published in his lifetime. In addition to the materials he has derived from Sir James Porter's papers, Sir George Larpent presents us with the result of his own investigation and reading—Ubleini being one of the writers he is most indebted to. Thus we have in the book before us a picture of the past and of the present state of Turkey, its resources, its religion, its population, its government, its manners, and its customs. The statistics given are evidently from good authority, and are carefully compiled. The work contains an amount of information that will be a useful addition to what we already know of Turkey, and will certainly be read with interest at the present moment.

THE STUDIO.

There is little to notice under this heading; for although our painters and sculptors are just now busily occupied in executing commissions and preparing new works, their labours will not be visible to the public eye until two or three months of the new

year have passed away. A scheme for the encouragement of art is stated to have been recently projected in Paris. The object of it is, to establish an association somewhat similar to that of the Art Union, but on a much larger scale. All the world is to be invited to subscribe, and the artists of all nations are to reap the benefit of the subscriptions. It is proposed to enrol 1,000,000 members, who are to pay on entrance 25 francs each. This one payment will constitute life-membership. The sum thus raised would be 25,000,000 francs; and this sum, invested in the four per cent, would yield about L.40,000 per annum, which is proposed to expend in the purchase of works of art to be distributed among the members in prizes. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, who has been for some time residing in Paris, is said to be one of the promoters. The difficulties inseparable from the management of such a gigantic undertaking seem to forbid, for the present at least, any hope of the idea being realised. The experience of the Art Union, which certainly has increased in popularity of late years, does not afford much hope that the proposed undertaking would be more successful.

Mr MacIise's picture of the Marriage of Strongbow has been purchased for 2000 guineas by Lord Northwick, and has been added to his collection at Thirlestane House, Cheltenham. Mr MacIise will be in good company, for the collection contains about 100 of the best specimens of the modern school, and a large number of the works of the old masters. Mr MacIise is now engaged preparing his fresco for the House of Lords from the design of this picture.

The approaching Paris Exhibition is a subject of interest in connection with art; and the *Art Journal* has thrown out a novel hint in reference to it, which is well worth attention. It proposes that art workmen—such as are employed in studios—and the higher class of masons, should form themselves into clubs, somewhat analogous to the public-house goose-clubs, but with a very different object—namely, that of collecting enough of money by such payments to enable the subscribers to visit Paris during the Exhibition. There is no doubt that what might be seen in a single week in Paris, at the Louvre alone, would be of the utmost service to many of the higher order of workmen. But the idea is too good to be confined to any one class. All workmen would derive benefit from such a visit; and almost everybody, by such means as the *Art Journal* suggests, might make it. If money can be subscribed, week after week, for a goose, surely it could be spared in like manner for a visit to Paris without any stinting of the ordinary domestic expenditure. There must be many workmen who, if the idea were once acted upon, would willingly forego the luxury of a turkey at Christmas, in fact, all the delicacies of the public-house clubs, for such an enjoyment as a sight of Paris!

A monument to Wallace, to be erected on the Hill of Barnweill, near Craigie, has been proposed, and funds have been already collected to give solidity to the suggestion. Mr Patrick Park has been spoken of as likely to produce a suitable design. Marshal St Arnaud is about to have marble honours paid to him at Versailles by the Emperor of the French. The sculptor has not yet been decided on. A very interesting Architectural Exhibition is to open in December, and continue open until February. It will consist of models of buildings, churches, &c., designs in lithography, photography, and specimens of manufactures, carvings, gildings, and new mechanical inventions. A monument to O'Connell has just been commenced in Ireland. We stated in a recent article, that a sale of spurious pictures was reported to have taken place at Birmingham a short time ago. We have since been assured by the conductors of the sale, that the statement is without foundation; and that an action for libel has been commenced against the journal whose

* London: Hunt and Blackett. 2 vols.

was alluded to. The result of the trial will of course place the matter in a true light before the public.

THE CRIMEA.

The Crimea is a peninsula of about 8000 square miles, possessing a greater variety of natural resources than perhaps any territory of equal extent in Europe. Three sides of it are washed by the Black Sea and the north-east side by the Sea of Azov. It forms part of the Russian government of Taurida, and its recent condition, as a country neglected, depressed, and debased is a standing testimony to the evil influence of Russian rule. So far from keeping pace with the progress of the age the Crimea has sadly retrograded. Her products are shipped off in considerable quantities to Russia, much of them extorted from her in return for the czar's protection. The fertility of some parts of the Crimea is so great, that several of the most valuable of the fruits of the earth can be cultivated, with but slight labour, in the greatest perfection, and to an astonishing extent of sterility. This was known to the ancient Greeks, and was taken advantage of by Greece under her system of colonisation. Six centuries before the Christian era, they had begun to form colonies on the northern shores of Asia Minor, and we learn from Strabo, and other writers of antiquity, that they preferred this peninsula from its containing so many inducements to industrial enterprise, particularly in the richness of its soil which, it is affirmed, was found to yield a return of fifty times the seed. At one time, indeed it was considered the granary of Greece, especially of Athens, whose territory, being of small extent, and of indifferent fertility, was unable to maintain its large population by its own produce. There is a deep classic interest in this subject. Demosthenes has, more than once, had his eloquence excited by it. Besides breadstuffs it still exports hides, morocco, and other fine leathers, silk stuffs of Eastern fabric and pattern, carpets, hams, and skins, dried fruit, wines, and an endless variety of other products, for which the Crimea with its opportunities has comparatively inexhaustible resources. The population has become a very mixed one, and on this account is only the more likely to sustain an advanced civilisation and industrial progress. The largest proportion, no doubt, consists of Greeks and Turks, until under the common designation of Fatmas. But there are Greeks and Russians, and even Germans, in considerable numbers among them, and these latter have for some time past it is said been rapidly increasing. — *Journal of Commerce*

POWER OF WOMEN IN TURKEY.

A man meeting a woman in the street, turns his head from her, as if it were forbidden to look on her; they seem to detect an impudent woman to shun and avoid her. Any one, therefore, among the Christians who first have discussions or alterations with Turks, if he has a woman of spirit, or a viager for his wife, sets her to it, and browbeats them, and by these means not unsuccessfully gains his point. The highest dignity and shame would attend a Turk who should rashly lift his hand against a woman, all his endeavour to do so is to treat her with harsh and contemptuous words, or to march off. The sex has no stress on this privilege that they are frequently apt to indulge their passion to excess to be most unreasonable in their claims, and violent and irregular in the pursuit of them. They will importune, tease, and insult a judge on the bench, or even the vizier at his door; the office of justice do not know how to resent their turbulence, and it is a general observation, that to get rid of them they often let them gain their cause. — *See George Larpent's Turkey*

GUNPOWDER.

The source of power in gunpowder lies with the saltpetre. This substance, termed nitrate of potash, consists of nitric acid and potash. Now the nitric acid is, as it were, an immense volume of atmospheric air, condensed into a solid, ready on demand to assume the form by the touch of a spark of fire. When sulphur and charcoal are mixed with nitre (saltpetre), and a spark is applied,

the sulphur (brimstone) ignites, setting fire to the charcoal. Air is supplied to these substances by the decomposition of the nitre; the atmosphere condensed thereon instantly unites with the combustibles, and the result is an intensely hot gaseous compound, two thousand times the bulk of the original solid. The English government gunpowder is composed of 75 parts of nitre, 15 of black coal, and 10 of sulphur. The Russian government powder consists of 73½ parts of nitre, 1½ of charcoal, and 12½ of sulphur. — *Septimus Press*

THE REPLY OF THE FAIRIES.

When do we hide when the year is old,
When the days are short and the nights are cold?
White?

When the flowers have laid them down to die,
And the winds rush past with a hollow sigh,
And witches and fiends on their broomsticks ride,
White do we hide our fainter hide?

White?

Some of us borrow the white mouse skin
(Our gossamer dresses are far too thin),
And get up a ball in the palace of ice,
With a hop and a skip we are there in a trice,
And we don't go home from these midnight balls
Till the sun lights up our diamond hills.

We don't go home till morning

The queer old elves of the Northern land
Welcome our beautiful fairy band,
Place our eyes and our curling hair,
Our nimble steps and our music rare,
Our golden crowns and the gems we wear
And all our rich adorning

Sometimes we fly to the noonday noons,
When summer for ever unfading smiles,
And crumple the tropical flowers for beds,
When the suns nestle their small tired heads,
But when the stars of the South shine bright,
We chase the firefly through the night;
When the tigers growl and the lions roar
We fly over their heads and laugh the more,
And pinch their ears and their tails for spite —
These are our games on a tropical night

Sometimes we visit the children of earth,
And take up our stand at the social hearth,
We hover and sing by the couch of pain,
Till the frightened dreamer smiles again,
We push the lash of a deep blue eye,
And hush the troublesome baby's cry,
And make mushrooms grow on our verdant moss,
Are not we fairies good little things?

As the dormouse curled in its darkened grave,
As the mermu and maids in the ice-bound cave,
As the poor scarlet-breast when it long for a crumb,
As the naked woods when the birds are dumb,
As the torrent panned up in its glittering sheath,
We welcome the sight of the first green leaf.

* From Poems by R. R. Parker. London: Chapman, 1883

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret to be under the necessity of intimating, that for the future we must decline answering inquiries on subjects mentioned incidentally in the *Vol. 1* and other articles. In most cases, to obtain and forward the required information costs us a considerable correspondence, interfering sadly with duties which have the general interests of our readers in view. We believe that those requiring the information would, in almost every instance, find it for themselves as easily as through us, if they would take the trouble—which we trust they will henceforth do.

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WHIST REVELATIONS.

THE constitution of our town suffers six months of the year from fever, and the other six from collapse. In the summer-time, our inns are filled to bursting; our private houses broken into by parties desperate after lodgings; the prices of everything are quadrupled; our best meat, our thickest cream, our freshest fish, are reserved for strangers; our letters, delivered three hours after time, have been opened and read by handitti assuming our own title; ladies of quality, loaded with tracts, fustillade us; savage and bearded foreigners harass us with brazen wind-instruments; coaches run frantically towards us from every point of the compass; a great steam-monster ploughs our lake, and disgorges multitudes upon the pier; the excursion-trains bring thousands of curious vulgar, who mistake us for the authoress next door, and compel us to forge her autograph; the donkeys in our streets increase and multiply a hundredfold, tottering under the weight of enormous females visiting our water-falls from morn to eve; our hills are darkened by swarms of tourists; we are ruthlessly eyed by painters, and brought into foregrounds and backgrounds, as 'warm tints' or 'bits of repose;' our lawns are picnicked upon by twenty at a time, and our trees branded with initial letters; creatures with introductions come to us, and can't be got away; we have to lionise poor, stupid, and ill-looking people for weeks, without past, present, or future recompense; Sunday is a day of rest least of all, and strange clergymen preach charity-sermons every week with a perfect kaleidoscope of religious views.

The fever lasts from May until October.

When it is over, horses are turned out to grass, and inn-servants are disbanded; houses seem all too big for us; the hissing fiend is 'laid' upon the lake; the coaches and cars are on their backs in outhouses, with their wheels upwards; the trees get bare, the rain begins to fall, grass grows in the street, and Haukside collapses.

Our collapse lasts generally from November to May. During this interval, we residents venture to call upon each other. Barouches and chariots we have none, but chiefly shandrydans and buggies; we are stately and solemn in our hospitalities, and retain fashions amongst us that are far from new; we have evening-parties very often, and at every party—whist! Not that it is our sole profession, not that it is our only amusement; it is simply an eternal and unalterable custom—whist! We have no clubs to force it into vigour; the production is indigenous and natural to the place. It is the attainment of all who have reached years of maturity; the dignity of the aged, and the ambition of the young; a little whirling in the dance, a little

leaning over the piano, a little attendance to the supper-table, a little flirting on both sides—this is it in Haukside as elsewhere; but the end, the hour, to which male and female alike tend at last after experiencing the vanity of all things else, and from which none ever return, is the whist-table.

The proof of it all is this—we are asked 'in a friendly way' to tea at seven punctually, at Mrs A's or B's. We come through the rain—it always rains—in the shandrydans (arks upon wheels), or in close cars, like bathing-machines. A parish-clerk at the door, gravely yet domestically introduces us; small room, with large fire, large piano, large pictures, and excessively small chairs. There are assembled a great number of young ladies, nearly arrived at whisthood, and a very few young gentlemen; these last, too, are hopeless as regards the matrimonial matter; they have stood here for years at Haukside, and it is well known, have too much discretion to surrender now. The atmosphere is warm even before the urn comes. Three cups of tea have to be taken, and a barrow of heaped-up muffins consumed by each before any diversion is effected. Ladies aforesaid sitting round the walls of the apartment as in the catacombs, and hopeless bachelors doing meaningless civilities; at last our detachment of nine players adjourn to the business of the evening.

Ah, beautiful and solemn sight! four kindred souls at their first winter rubber. I am out at present, but waiting to 'cut in,' and not as yet sufficiently impatient to mar the harmony of the picture. Let us observe together the philosophic and meaning spectacle.

A little conversation of a stately sort, while the cards are being dealt, about the game in March last, which was clearly lost by the finesse in clubs; but immediately that the trump-card is turned, a sublime silence, broken only by the last shuffle of the unused pack, and by the sorting of the remaining hands. I will introduce to your favourable notice the four players (if you have any question to put, speak, if you please, as softly as possible): ladies first. This one with her back to us, with the feather in her hair—which, by the by, I remember to have been white and blue before it assumed its present pink appearance, and can swear to it by the man in the middle—is Miss Moffat. She is the best player, to my thinking, though some prefer the doctor, in all Haukside. She has a wonderful memory, and tremendous luck! Observe her lots of trumps, and her pictured cards; she never sorts her hand, omitting this upon principle. 'When we sort,' she says, 'we are too apt to alter the position of our suits when one is exhausted, and by that means instruct our adversaries.' On her right is Miss Euphemia Moffat, commonly called Miss Emmy, who plays

almost as well, but runs great risks with ace and ten; she is at this moment pretending to look happy, in order to deceive, but she has only one good suit in diamonds—a smiling villain, if it were not that she is a lady. Mr Odin the partner of Miss Moffat the elder, is a new and untried addition to our squares at Haukside, he has just settled in our neighbourhood, and holds his hand down. Miss Fanny has a sharp eye. 'Hand up, partner,' says Miss Moffat sharply, 'my sister's looking at it!'

Mr Odin blushes, catches it up hastily, and drops a card face upwards upon the table which, it being his turn to lead, Miss Fanny instantly 'calls.' Her partner, the fourth player is, or was thirty years since, Captain Fronde of the 101st, King's Own, a kindly officer, who plays a steady game, observe the grace with which he will deliver the smallest card, with a delicate skimming motion, as though he were a bawled. He kindly suggests that Mr Odin be excused his carelessness and its penalties upon Miss Moffat herself—who is as much for 'the tr of the game' as *Sally Battle*—disdains the 'north hand' and remarks that 'We are not children' which is certainly not. The offender is the youngest of the present party, and his head is as shiny and hairless as the knob in the centre of our street door. The characters of all Haukside may be decided by the manner in which they play at whist. For instance in poor Mr Odin's case, his appealing look to his partner when in doubt (and as a general rule, he is always in doubt) his forced and painful smile at his own depravity in holding nothing above a knave, his ill concealed astonishment when he has won a trick, the hover and uncertainty of his fingers over all the suits when it is his turn to lead declare to us at once indecision, dependence and (particularly in his mode of shuffling thrusting half the cards perpendicularly and slowly into the other half) unbecomely.

Look at Miss Fanny's fingers there of him, mine! Her cards sorted a full minute before her night, in her everlasting perseverance in a cking, and a little of her swift, impatient play, her litmus of the lip, and fretful frown, and when in doubt her hopeful and fantastic character her 'speckled enthusiasm'.

Mark again the wariness and caution of her sister in that mistrust of her partner and in the leading out of all the trumps at once, to make a certainty of her long suit, serene wisdom sitting impassive on her brow. Only once, when Mr Odin pertinaciously refuses to return trumps and gets his ace of spades into difficulties, you will observe a shallow cross it. How every count is looked to that she parts with and receives how just and honest is she in all her dealings, unlike frail sister Fanny, she would not look over Captain Fronde's hand for worlds.

See how he ranks his suit, and 'dresses the cards in fittest order and rotation none of the pips inverted none of the queens permitted to stand upon their heads, he arranges his plan of attack beforehand, and goes into battle with calmness and intrepidity defeat does not discourage, nor incapacitate him—the old soldier and the old bachelor combined.

Now turning to the other table—for there is only one rubber as yet concluded and we do not 'cut in' until the second—the tall man in moon spectacles is our Haukside vicar. He plays one unvariable game, which no peculiarity in his own or his partner's hand will ever induce him to swerve from. He is always 'forcing' his adversaries, playing unpleasantly small cards in order to compel the fourth hand to trump. I need not tell you he has through life seen but one

view of any subject; that he is not of a conciliating disposition, and that dissent is rampant at Haukside. He plays very slowly, though everybody knows what is coming, and preaches very long sermons, of which the same may be observed.

His partner is our young squire youth is some excuse for him, but he certainly approaches whist with a too great levity. I believe in his heart of hearts he prefers what he calls *Vanjohn*, I have known him deliberately turn round during the progress of a game, and enter into conversation with a bystander, I have seen him lead out from the highest sequence of a suit of eight with a 'Quick, tally ho!' that has convinced me he expects every one to go round, I have a serious suspicion that he never counts the trumps, on this occasion, you observe, he trumps all the cards that are intended to force his adversary, he has no faith in my card under a knave. When the parson and he are against me, I estimate my winnings for the two rubbers at three shillings and ninepence our points being invariably 'threepennies' he encourages us by words and gesture while at play, he uses expressions now and then that draw 'Gently gently, Sir Archie,' from the good captain at the other table, he calls the ace of spades unbecomingly 'Mossy face.' Our good squire, it may be concluded, is one of the old sort, and a fox-hunter.

One of the two foemen of the parson and squire—our sole attorney—he plays a steady, plodding game, and can quote you precedents from *Hyde* and *Majors* A for every card, one of these volumes is generally in his right hand coat tail pocket, along with his tortoise shell spectacle case and his purse. This I know because they are all brought out together, and arranged upon the whist table like documents.

The fourth person I would much rather not speak of, and yet in that case there would be a hiatus, if not to be deplored certainly not to be filled up by any other in Haukside. It is Mr Ferningham, the young doctor who has bought our old friend Wilson's practice and whose skill is spoken very highly of. Dr Wilson has been confined to his bed for some months and of course only make whist players are admitted to him though I do hear it said that the Miss Moffats have applied for that distinction. Mr Ferningham supplies his place at our parties, he leads, and the four leading cards by the names of *Aces King Queens and Bishops* he invariably calls the two the deuce. After having experienced bad fortune and upon entering on a new game, he makes a pretence of turning back his sleeves, and makes us though he would spit on his hands, he lays down his cards with emphasis and shuffles the pack in a most strange and juggling fashion. Having won an unexpected game on a certain occasion, in partnership with Miss Fanny, he is actually reported to have complimented that lady herself as a 'great trump.' For all this he plays exceedingly well. 'A savage,' observes Miss Moffat, 'but with most excellent instincts.' Knowing these things to be then, it did not surprise me to hear that he has two wives still extant, and that he retires to rest, upon the average, more often in his boots than without them, nor that, upon the other hand he attends the poor for nothing, and supplies them too from his own scanty purse.

Some people have more general and uninterrupted views of mankind than we in Haukside, for me, the characters of my neighbours are sufficiently mirrored, as I have described, at whist. A stranger, less transparent than Mr Odin, may puzzle me for a couple of rubbers, but that is the extreme limit. To be sure, there are people even in Haukside who don't play whist at all—an inferior order of beings, who, I suppose, have occupations of their own, to be tested by some other touchstones. The dissenting minister, for instance—But, see, they have done their rubber. Miss Fanny is

rubbing her hands; and Mr Odin grows a deep carnation under his partner's eye; I hope I shan't cut with him. Don't look over my hand, please—I hate it!

INDUSTRIAL PATHOLOGY.

About a quarter of a million of people are, this day, working underground in the mines of England. Of these, 30,000 are doomed to untimely death. This is not a mere conjecture: it is an average of the casualties of past years. The average age of the Sheffield grinders is hardly more than thirty-five years. Although exhibiting, as this does, a mortality that chills the heart, it is old age compared with the lives of a special branch of the trade—the 'dry-grinders.' The 'grinders' complaint' carries off its victims up to this day, despite the progress of medicine and the inventions of science.

There are scores of men throughout England with frames palsied from lead, to foot, and constitutions irremediably shattered, from inhaling the mercurial fumes incident to the gilding and looking-glass trades.

Dr T. K. Chambers exhibited, some weeks ago, at the Society of Arts, the jawbone of a man engaged in the Congreve-match manufacture. He had submitted to a most perilous operation, as a relief from the more enduring and more excruciating agony of carious jaw. Multitudes in Germany, Austria, France, and England, similarly employed, are victims of this peculiar and frightful malady.

Statists have not yet put down in figures how many tailors, seamstresses, and shoemakers suffer from chronic dyspepsia. The nearest approximation would be obtained by giving the whole number of the followers of these crafts. Sitting for many hours every day with the body bent, thus cramping or pressing the lungs into less than their natural space, produces indigestion in its worst forms, and pulmonary disease.

A sensible man in one of the great Manchester and Glasgow houses assures us, that in his department alone—namely, the packers—forty young men have died, of consumption in his time; a period of ten or twelve years. How many poor washerwomen suffer from varicose veins, brought on by long standing over the tub, or from poisoned hands, through the venom of bleaching-powders and strong alkalis? How many saddlers, and other artisans, court weak sight by working with a jet of gas close to their eyes—how many compositors invite the same calamity, by an uncovered flame flickering over their work at night—how many glass-blowers become blind from the glare of their furnaces—and how many, or rather how few, poor girls apprenticed to the gold chain-making escape the same dire calamity, let the records of ophthalmia say.

We boast of our progress in art and science, but forget the cost of progress. Ships are burnt and foundered at sea, despite their air-tight compartments. Mariners are drowned, though a thousand 'life-preservers' are in use—from the simple plank or rope, up to the life-boats, that can't be got off when wanted. Scaffolding is still built open, clumsy, and insecure. Labourers still fall and are killed. White-lead and 'turps' still carry off the victims of colic. Brewers are stifled in their own vats. Soapmakers are boiled in their scalding coppers. Men are caught up by unboxed machinery, to be dashed against rafters and shafts, or torn to mince-meat. Sparks fly into the blacksmith's eyes, and dust blinds the mason. Navvies, puddlers, and brickmakers, are racked with rheumatism. Coal-whippers overtax their giant strength, and are decrepit at forty years. The 'tailor's scrofula' and the 'baker's scrofula' are not things of the past. Drug-grinders and preparers of chemicals are poisoned with impalpable powders, or with acrid

be sacrificed for the few? Surely God, who ordained man to eat bread in the sweat of his brow, did not ordain that he should eat it in suffering, in the rotting of his vitals, the perilling of his soul, and the welcoming of premature death? * Manifest have been the remedies proposed for these grievances. A respirator has been lately introduced for those whose calling leads them into noxious places. A thin layer of charcoal, whose deodorising and disinfecting properties are well known, is quite sufficient in this new respirator to render innocent the most powerful acid fumes. But the question still remains—will this be used?

Drug-grinders delight to muffle their mouths in a thick shawl one half-hour, and do without a covering the next. Protecting the lungs will not avail much in another case, where a man at a chemical work will climb to the top of a retort, with a flaring candle, to discover a fracture indicated by a strong smell of hydrogen. Such a circumstance was reported by the press only a short while ago. The reward of such temerity was, of course, a terrific explosion, whereby great damage was done to the apparatus, and three men were seriously injured.

Bakers, we are told by the industrial pathologists, might prevent their scrofula, or cure it, by rubbing with raw meat their hands or other affected parts. Flesh, maybe, has the same healing properties as oils and fats. Tallow-melters' hands are remarkably soft, and free from blains and chaps; doubtless owing to the constant anointing that they receive.

Is there any reason why proper apparatus should not relieve the coal-whipper of at least half his toil? The Chancellor of the Exchequer took off the Excise lids of the soap-vats. These lids used to offer a slippery facility for climbing; and although a slip was fatal, the feat was worth the risk, as it was a means of getting to the hook-gear suspended above. With this temptation removed, we hear of accidents even now—from overbalancing, and other causes—but the number is greatly reduced, and the few occurring are traceable too often to inebriety.

It is one of the most hopeful signs of the day, to see masters caring for their men—endeavouring to increase their comforts, and to lessen their dangers. Painters are, more than others, at the mercy of masters. Messrs Cubitts, and kind-hearted employers, following their example, are both strict and lenient towards their painters: strict, in requiring cleanliness from them; lenient, in giving them extra time for the purpose. If a Brush in their employ ever feels—to use the descriptive phrase of one of themselves—'his inside twisted as a washerwoman twists her sheets,' it is not from the masters' want of care. 'It depends a good deal upon the shop one's in whether we can be clean,' says the same informant; but it depends in a far greater degree upon the workman himself. Constant cleanliness is the best cure for colic. The accumulation of paint in the system, from dirty hands at meal-times, and from dirty clothes after work, is pregnant with future agonies.

The most pernicious part of a painter's occupation is 'flattening.' White-lead and turpentine, a heated and closely-shut room, are regarded as necessary to give our walls and ceiling the dull surface so much more admired than the glare of oil-paints. As an antidote to the poisoned atmosphere, copious libations of raw spirits are common, which, of course, only aggravates the evil. We are assured that the work can be done equally well with open doors and free air. Indeed, it is not essential that white-lead should form part of the painter's stores. Sulphate of zinc, 'white-zinc,' or 'zinc-lead,' as the workman calls it, is a perfect and harmless substitute. It is hard to wage war against prejudice and habit. You will hear those whom the

Is there no remedy for these evils? Must the many

new substance would most benefit cry out against it. 'It won't work,' or, 'It won't mix up well'; or, beaten on these points, 'Well, then, it won't do for the finest work.' The fact is, 'mact-lead' is in every respect equal to white-lead, except in baneful properties. Were it in general use, it would banish a material most pernicious to health, both in its first manufacture and in its after applications.

We mentioned scaffolding. Our ingenuity has been exercised in making that heavier and more awkward, without gaining any additional strength. If we turn to China, where we find all our new inventions at least 10,000 years old, scaffolding is fenced with a light bamboo trellis-work, to prevent an inadvertent fall.

With respect to machinery, legislation has that in hand. Would that it were in the power of legislation to touch the consciences of such masters as were recently pilloried in the police-reports of London—masters who could turn out poor wretches to shift for themselves who had had their hands or arms dragged off at their work, only permitting them to remain twelve months or so after the accident, that the dismissal might itself seem accidental!

Most of the affections of the eyes could be avoided. It is only immemorial habit which prevents many an artisan from covering a flaring naked flame. The light of the sun is called white light, and is produced by the blending of the primary blue, red, and yellow rays. The eye receives this light with pleasure, and without harm. Artificial illumination is deficient in blue rays. To remedy this defect, glass chimneys are sometimes used, tinged with blue. Work-people would find these glasses give a clear, white, harmless light.

In that interesting community, the Belmont Candle-works, Mr Wilson, the manager, has caused a young troop, who use the blow-pipe, to mount blue spectacles. Odd as these appear, they save them from weak eyes, to which they were formerly subject. Would not a similar plan relieve the gold chain-makers?

Sanitation is a science to which we must look for remedies for many grievances. Plenty of air, fewer hours, and abundant exercise, would annihilate warehouse consumption. Our informant on this point attributed the mortality in his house to the prejudicial odours from dyed goods. Dyed cottons are packed wet. They are thus made up in small bulk, and the colours at the same time are kept bright. Unfolding a hundred bales in the course of the day is very uninviting. The smell of the dyes, and of the size used to face the fabrics, is to a stranger unendurable. 'When we unpack the bales of dyed wools,' said a packer to us, in his own strong but expressive way, 'you would think there were a dozen open cess-pools close at hand.'

Sewing-machines bid fair to emancipate the tailor from fistula, and seamstresses from consumption.

For the shoemaker, an upright bench has been invented. When his inexplicable prejudices are got over, he will find that the treadle and strap, and *hathor* 'lapstone,' give him as good 'purchase' as ever did his knees and chest. If Crispin can but be persuaded that there is good in a new plan, that a standing-bench is really better than the conjunction of nose and knees, we shall hear no more of hollows in his chest as large as the heel of a boot.

Pegged boots are trying to supersede the stitched sole. The appeal of the cordwainers to the public on behalf of these boots will prove, we fear, of little effect. We are hard-hearted in what concerns our comfort. We think little of the artisan and his wife and his family when we wear his productions. Pegged boots are doubtless good, but it is not public sympathy that will bring them into use.

We alluded to Congreve-matches. If the common phosphorus be subjected to a higher temperature, it changes its appearance, and also some of its well-known properties. It may with impunity be handled and

carried in the pocket. If used in making matches, it cannot by any chance bring about the dreadful jaw-disease. In its analysis, the allotropic or amorphous phosphorus, as it is called by chemists, is identical with the common substance. Sturge of Birmingham makes matches of it, and contends that they might be made as cheap as the others; yet the manufacture is not common. We think they require rougher friction to ignite; but what is that to the danger of the common match? Even if the common phosphorus was still retained, danger would be lessened by constant cleanliness, and a good draught to carry the deleterious vapours up the chimney where the ingredients were mixing. In very few manufactories is this care taken.

Electricity has already signed the death-warrant of the palmy of the gilders.

The history of the grinders' complaint shews with what pertinacity men will keep to old custom. A magnetic mouthpiece was introduced, for the purpose of intercepting the particles of steel that fly off from the points of the forks. The result was a great outcry amongst the operatives. No one would wear it. It made them look comical. It was an insidious design to lower wages. Far preferable was it to fill the lungs with steel-dust, to live licentious lives on large wages, to be ever ill, to die soon. 'Short lives and merry ones,' *Merry*, save the mark! An air-shaft has since been invented to carry off the dust as it is generated. Can it be credited that this simple device is far from being general? Steel-dust is still inhaled. With the masters rests the criminality where they are able to control their men.

With this strange indifference to health, the grinder, it may be supposed, is callous to danger of other kinds. He sits before a huge stone, turning with terrible velocity by steam-power. Not unfrequently such moving masses of rock start apart, as though blasted with gunpowder. Precautions are, of course, used to protect men working in such jeopardy. One piece of the stone invariably flies direct at the man before it; and unless he is protected with a shield or strong iron plate chained down between him and the wheel, he is inevitably killed, and most likely other men in the vicinity meet the same fate. Yet, if you go into a grinder's, you will not find one shield in twenty fastened down. It is too much trouble!

In the case of the miners, they themselves, the last to take alarm, begin to feel that the mortality amongst them is excessive. They have presented to the legislature a petition, whose simple facts and figures need no colouring to add to their pathos. To provide safeguards against accidents ought to be imperative on all proprietors. Complete ventilation, constant inspection of gear, and prudence on the part of the workman, would make disasters almost impossible. Expense, however, outweighs the risk to life. Danger meets us at the very pit's mouth. A flaw in the iron, the snapping of a link, the bursting of a cord, may send the bucket, with all its human freight, headlong to the bottom of the shaft. A curious feature in the character of the miner is developed by this familiarity with danger. You will see a man at work with an improved Davy on one side, and a blazing candle on the other. Speak to him about it, and 'He will be glad to drink your honour's health.' Ask him if he ever unscrews his lamp? He will tell you, if inclined to friendliness: 'O yes, we do when we want more light. Them lamps ain't much good. Yer jest as safe with 'em open. They do say they prevent you from being blowed up; but if you are to be blowed up, you will be, all the same for that.' Such is the fatalism of the miner.

Culpable as such recklessness is, ignorance accounts for it. Ignorance obstructs the most simple, the most perfect, the most ingenious designs of science. We have not yet been able to make explosions impossible. The

Industrial pathologists propose, as a simple expedient in every mine to prevent explosive gases collecting, that a small stream of water should flow through every passage; for wherever water flows, a current of air will go with it. In so far as this would act without the care of the miners, it would be far better than a misused safety-lamp.

We have explained the meaning of the title of our paper by illustrations. It is the purpose of industrial pathology to decrease, by every means, the number of preventable accidents in trade and business.

The Society of Arts closed its last session, and a century of usefulness, most gracefully by making this subject the basis of the concluding discussion. No surer encouragement to art could have been given than this exhibition of care and sympathy for the artisan. Nor was the meeting satisfied with mere discussion. A pathological committee was formed, and is now earnestly at work. This committee has sought the co-operation of all the affiliated societies—now numbering several hundreds in various parts of Great Britain—in the investigation of the subject. Information from working-men has been especially gilded after. They, if any are able, could detail their troubles and describe their remedies. There is no doubt that a thousand inventions to preserve human health are almost unknown, from the difficulty of making them public. It is the hope and effort of the committee to remove this difficulty. In the course of the spring, a collection of instruments, that have for their object the preservation of sight, is to be made and formed into a temporary museum in the Adelphi—perhaps the nucleus of a permanent exhibition. In addition to this, it is proposed to have a series of annual exhibitions, each in turn to take under its care some peculiar species of disease or danger incidental to handicraft. Contributions to these displays will be welcomed from all. This is taking up the matter in a right spirit. Every one must hope that such philanthropic projects may be eminently successful.

The practical teaching of these museums will aid the lessons of the schoolmaster. Truly he in his turn has enough to do. Our illustrations suggest some scientific remedies; but the schoolmaster is the great physician for the evils arising out of ignorance. Special education in the value of life can alone teach men to be careful of it.

M A R E T I M O.

CHAPTER IX.

WALTER ENGAGES IN A ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

THE *Filippa* was no sooner anchored in the port of Naples than Giacomo and Luigi began to treat Walter as a perfect stranger, although more than an hour passed before any one came on board. There was a great fuss made about exhibition of papers, bills of health, and so forth, before free pratique was granted; but at length Walter obtained permission to get into a little boat and go ashore—not at liberty, of course, but under the watchful eyes of the police into a dark little building, where he had to exhibit his passport, and account for his arrival in that abnormal manner. In Italy, however, as elsewhere abroad, there are several modes of affixing a *visa*, expressive of various degrees of confidence; and it would appear that Walter had been recognised at Messina as a good-natured Englishman, travelling to improve his uncultivated mind by contact with southern treasures of art. He and his valise were soon, therefore, passed into the hands of a crowd of *facchini*, who seemed furiously disappointed at having no more than one victim. They rushed around him—much like a pack of dogs round a stag at bay—and began vociferating praises of themselves and the bottle they patronised with gestures that to a timid man might have suggested danger of assassination.

Luckily, one of the police-officers had given Walter a card of the Globe Hotel, by means of which he contrived to get rid of his persecutors—all but four, two to carry the valise, and two who assisted each other to guide him three or four hundred yards to his destination. Being yet young in Italy, our hero thought to escape more readily from their hands at the hotel by giving each about twice as much as he would have had a right to expect had he been alone; but this imprudent conduct threw them all into frantic spasms of avarice. One dashed the money he had received on the ground; the other began to shed tears; a third appealed to the bystanders; and a fourth pretended to clutch at a knife under his waistcoat. The waiters of the hotel looked calmly on. Walter felt inclined to empty his purse into the gutter. But suddenly a person, who had witnessed this scene from the door of a café opposite, crossed the street, seized the valise, and, using it club-wise, soon dispersed the *facchini*, who yelled with impotent fury, and a minute afterwards were squatting a little way off in the sun—all gun and white teeth—as comfortably as if nothing had happened.

'That's your sort, sir,' said the stranger, an unmistakable Englishman, with broad face and broad shoulders—a broad man, in fact, altogether—in white hat, white jacket, white trousers, and white shoes. A carline and a blow, but never a word; or Naples will soon be too hot to hold you.'

Walter was not inclined to accept this as a general theory, but profusely expressed his gratitude for the timely rescue.

'I am a stranger here, as you see,' he added, 'and delighted to meet a countryman. Have you breakfasted? I have not.'

'The invitation may be considered as accepted,' said the Englishman, shouldering the valise, and rushing into the portal of the hotel. 'Here—you son of every-thing that is bad—skew this gentleman a room. What say you, sir? Am I to introduce you as a prince, or a simple traveller? Profuse expenditure, or economy?'

'Economy, of course,' replied Walter, who was too experienced to pay people for laughing at him as a fool.

'You rise in my estimation, sir,' exclaimed his new-found friend, who forthwith set to work in Italian on the principles agreed upon; so that very shortly they were both seated in the best apartment of the hotel, waiting for the contemplated breakfast.

The stranger now introduced himself as Mr Joseph Buck, many years head-clerk in the firm of Thompson, Pulci, & Co., sulphur-merchants, having a decided belief that he ought long ago to have risen to the dignity of partner, but still satisfied with his past, with his present, with his prospects, with his employers, and with himself. From boyhood upwards, to live in sight of the Bay of Naples had been his ambition, which early in life he had left a good situation in London to satisfy; and strange to say, having obtained what he desired, he was content. He loved the bay, and everything in its neighbourhood, and knew more about it even than Sir William Gell. It stood him instead of friend, relative, wife, and family; and with an intolerance not very surprising, he could not but speak rather contemptuously of those who were incapable of appreciating the source of his enjoyment.

Walter at once understood that he had made a very precious acquaintance; and when half a bottle of *Lachryma Christi* had completely warmed up his confidence in human nature, did not hesitate to account exactly for his presence at Naples. Luigi Spada had somewhat shaken his reliance on the efficacy of the introduction given by Bianca. According to him, the Princess Corsini was a woman of caprice and suspicion, devoted to the interests of her brother, the Marchese Belmonte, and more eager than any one else to annul the marriage of Angela. The letter of Bianca contained simply these words:—'It will console you by

persons, and answer the purpose of the marchese, if you allow the stranger who presents this letter to see your wayward niece, and bear testimony, if called upon, that she is under no restraint. Many rumours, which the stranger does not know of, circulate among the discontented here. I write on my own responsibility, because there is no time to lose. You will do as you please.

BIANCA.

Walter had read this letter, which Luigi had unscrupulously opened, with some repugnance. He understood from it that the course he had intended to pursue—namely, to present it, and affect to ignore both its object and its contents—was that which had been expected of him. He could not help thinking, despite the sentiment of admiration, which might almost have been called love, Bianca had aroused, that her advice and assistance had been ungraciously or insincerely given. Without taking the trouble to scrutinise his motives—acting on mere impulse, or with some incomprehensible design—she had sent him to Naples on what Mr Buck very properly called 'a wild-goose chase,' and having said just enough to make sure of his departure, had disappeared, without even giving him time to ask one word of explanation.

'I distrust that young woman,' said Mr Buck, being in perfect ignorance of the sentimental part of the story; 'and I make it a rule to distrust all Italian jades. They are as slippery as eels, and like to lie in the mud.'

'Yet she appeared frank and honest.'

'All the more dangerous. I have always had the greatest possible suspicion,' exclaimed Mr Buck, generalising recklessly, 'of all people who appear frank and honest.'

'What shall I do?' said Walter, speaking rather to himself than his companion.

'Do? Why, take my advice. I have a little cutter of my own, built in regular English style—a perfect gem. I will have it ready in an hour. We go aboard. No fear of police interference. They know me all round the bay. We start. Egg Castle behind—Vesuvius ahead. Portici near at hand on the left—heights of Sorrento far away to the right. Finest scenery in the world—pass Torre del Greco—slip into Amunziata. We can take a trip to Pompeii, whilst we are about it—no? Well, another time will do for that. They are making discoveries every day. Once at Amunziata, as there is but one great house, nothing is easier than to find what we want. We make inquiries; and—after that we can do as we please.'

This scheme so exactly agreed with Walter's impatience, that he accepted it eagerly; and accordingly, not long after breakfast, the cutter, manned by a couple of lads, besides Mr Buck, who looked after the rudder, was gliding out of port. A schooner, all sails set, had just cleared the mole. It was the *Filippa*, bound for Civita Vecchia. How gallant its bearing, as it bent slightly under the breeze, shooting past beneath the guns of the Castello del Ovo! Walter's heart throbbed at the thought of what misery or what joy depended on its fortunate voyage. It seemed almost too presumptuous to suppose that all seas would continue to prove merciful, all winds favourable, all circumstances kind—that men and elements would combine to allow safe and speedy passage to that little bark, laden with the last hopes of so tender an affection as that of Paolo and Angela. Walter did not endeavour any longer to conceal from himself, that without the new coadjutors he had found, it would have been next to madness to attempt carrying out the scheme of rescue. Where could he have procured a boat and a trusty crew? At what port would he have ventured to seek them? To have admitted these difficulties before, he would have considered imprudence. Now he saw their magnitude; and as he watched the *Filippa* gradually growing less upon the shining waters, he accompanied her with earnest prayers, and never once thought of the

dangers he had passed, except to rejoice that they had introduced him to such necessary auxiliaries.

'By your face,' said Mr Buck, touching Walter on the sleeve, 'I should say you are very anxious to bring these two young people together. Do you know it is a very fine thing to take pleasure in making other people happy?'

'I do but my duty. He saved my life. I endeavour to make his life happy.'

'Very good; but I once, when a lad, drew a drowning man to shore, and he hastened to get rid of the obligation by offering me half a sovereign.'

'Perhaps that was as much as his life was worth,' said Walter laughing.

'That was the value he put on it when safe on land. But life, sir, is of more worth than the whole world. How can you put a price on the privilege of breathing this air?'

Mr Buck—whose face, eyes, forehead, nose, mouth, and all, was beaming with smiles—inhaled a long breath, and leaned back with an air of inexpressible satisfaction. It was evident that he considered himself a consummate Epicurean.

They sailed on; the purple waters—purple and transparent as a Damascus blade—gradually ceasing to curl, but still gently swelling in smooth billows. The wind continued to serve, and the white villas of Portici, trellised with vines, were soon dim in the distance on the left; and the cone of Vesuvius, toward the base of which they were steering, grew higher and higher; and the lava-fields, red and rugged, like glaciers of fire, came in sight; and the vineyards, and the hamlets, and the low jutting rocks on the inner shore of the bay, grew more distinct every time the prow of the cutter rose and dipped. The sun, however, was hanging over Ischia island in their rear—a globe of fire—not long before its setting, when they reached Amunziata. The village lay, amidst trees and rocks intermingled, along the shore, forming two rows of houses, between which the high road ran. On the slopes of the hills above, half buried in trees, and surrounded by a lofty wall, an old mansion, with turrets and many irregularities, could be distinguished.

A man was lying on a heap of nets upon the shingle.

'That is the Villa Corsini—is it not?' inquired Mr Buck.

'Si, signor,' replied the man, who, as all Italians are cicerones by nature, instantly added: 'But there are no pictures there—nothing worth seeing; not a statue, except the broken Triton in the garden, and that is of the seventeenth century. Will your excellencies go to Pompeii?'

Mr Buck, entering into Walter's feelings, expressed the greatest contempt for both Pompeii and the Triton.

'Let us go to the albergo,' said he; 'we must put up there for the night. It is kept by a stout but worthy woman, who fries fish to perfection. She must know everything about the Corsinis; and I am a great hand at pumping.'

They went to the Albergo del Sole. The man, leaving his nets, followed them, to claim payment as a guide; and, much to his surprise, obtained a carline. He blessed them profusely, and went to treat all his brother fishermen to macaroni. A few dogs barked in rather a jealous tone. There was no one else astir. The albergo seemed not to have had a visitor for a month. The door stood open; but the hostess was down the street, spinning thread with a neighbour under a porch. She left her wheel, and came waddling after the strangers into the public-room, which opened by a large window into the kitchen. It was the old story. Everything they liked for dinner—in general; but in particular, nothing save eggs and macaroni. As neither Walter nor Mr Buck were travelling with gastronomic views, they were satisfied to take what they could get, especially as the wine, though heavy,

was good; so they were soon at table, on a charming little terrace, some twenty feet above the sea, which broke upon the pebbles with a noise as if bubbles of glass were perpetually shivering there. The shores of the bay, with their thousand varieties of form, stretched away on either hand; and the sentinel islands at the mouth stood out in black relief against a vast expanse of red sky, which brightened by a succession of flushes as the sun sank lower and lower.

The hostess was as stout, and as gracious, and as communicative, as Mr Buck had expected; but she had not much to say. The Princess Corsini did indeed occupy the mansion on the slope of the hill; and there was with her a young person, some said her niece, reported to be a very amiable, pensive lady, about shortly to commence her novitiate at the Convent of the Assumption, at Castellamare. Walter's countenance darkened with a rush of blood as he heard this intelligence, because it explained, he thought, an allusion in Bianca's letter. Angela was supposed by some to be under restraint. The family wished to remove this impression. An Englishman, a Protestant, might be a useful witness, in case at some future time violence were talked of. He was admitted, it would be said, freely to see the lady. Had she been a prisoner, why not have appealed to him? The argument would be only specious, because no delicately-nurtured maiden would venture to appeal against domestic tyranny to a stranger; but it would be satisfactory with most people. While the hostess went on with many insignificant remarks, Walter indulged in these reflections, and Bianca's conduct began to appear very black indeed. Her emotions were factitious. They were exhibited in order to make him an unwilling accomplice in a cruel family intrigue. All this was improbable, but it seemed true.

Although it was manifestly too late for strangers to present themselves at the Villa Corsini, Walter and his companion determined at any rate to stroll in that direction—both pretending that it was merely to pass the time, but both secretly trusting in the favourable disposition of goddess Chance.

The evening was singularly calm. Not a breath of air stirred. There was no sound, save the buzzing of the mosquitoes about an old wall, half buried in verdure, that bordered a side of the lane by which they ascended, zigzagging; the bay, now tranquil and uncrinkled as the sky, but dim as a shadow in winter, being ever in sight. As the hour darkened, the stars bloomed into view like flowers of fire; and before they reached the gate of the Corsini garden, the moon, nearly at full, appeared like a balloon of silver hanging near the cone of Vesuvius. Mr Buck, in his white dress, preceding Walter, began to look like a corpulent phantom. Walter himself felt a sweet premonition of success steal into his mind. He thought of the anxious prisoner in his cell; of Bianca, as he had conceived her in his most generous mood; of Angela, the widowed wife, standing on the threshold of eternal seclusion, and casting back a look of yearning anguish on the world that might have been so beautiful to her. They reached the great iron-gate, and looked through the bars, up a long avenue of trees that led to the villa, a black and sombre mass, except where the moon's rays, falling nearly from behind, touched some of the pinnacles with silver.

Walter, who had abandoned all idea of making any progress in his scheme that night, leaned against the gate, and was surprised to find it give way and open. Though not usually superstitious, being in a somewhat exalted mood of mind, he took this slight circumstance as a warning that he must act at once; that, perchance, his aid was wanted; that something was going on in which he was called upon to interfere. He was about to enter, when his companion plucked him by the sleeve, and whispered:

"Do not be rash. Here are people coming up the lane."

"Let us enter, and conceal ourselves under the trees," answered Walter. "Our being seen at the gate will excite suspicion."

The massive shade of a vast chestnut-tree, that thrust its branches over the wall, rendered them for a time invisible to the two persons who were approaching. Walter entered, followed unwillingly by Mr Buck, who had not bargained for an adventure of that kind. As the door creaked when they pushed it, they left it ajar, and hastened to conceal themselves. The lane seemed to end at the gate, so they inferred that the strangers must be going to the villa. They were right; for scarcely had they reached a place where fell an impermeable shadow, when in the half light near the gate they saw two persons.

"I am afraid, padre, that some of the villagers are in stealing wood," said a voice. "I left the gate close to, and it is now ajar."

"You had better lock it, my son," replied the other person. "If it be a woman, she will not be able to climb the wall, and you can catch her, and remonstrate in the morning."

"Whether man or woman, it will not be easy to climb," was the answer; "for the sharp flintstones have been newly set. Your advice is good. I will certainly catch the malefactors, and remonstrate with them in the morning."

"A comfortable prospect," whispered Mr Buck, when the two persons, after having carefully locked the gate, had proceeded some distance down the avenue.

Walter apologised for having led his companion into the scrape, and spoke with contempt of the lofty wall and the flintstones. "The fellow swelled his voice, to frighten any one who might be near," said he; "but I have robbed too many orchards before now to be stopped by so little."

Mr Buck admitted also having committed depredations of that kind, and seemed inclined to relate one or two juvenile adventures; but Walter was already in motion towards the villa, following the edge of the avenue, but carefully keeping where the shadows were thick and the grass soft. As may be imagined, he had no particular project, desiring simply to make an accurate survey of the place for future use, should he be reduced to obtain admission to the presence of Angela by stratagem.

"Provided there are no dogs," suggested Mr Buck, who may be excused if he felt some alarm at the serious aspect assumed by an adventure in which he had no concern whatever, but which threatened to lead him into real danger.

In front of the villa was a broad open space, paved with small stones, upon which Walter thought it would be imprudent to venture. But the trees brushed the two wings of the house, and promised to allow the adventurous Englishmen to reconnoitre without being observed from the windows. They now remembered that the hostess of the Albergo del Sole had mentioned a circumstance which at the time had appeared of no moment—namely, that there was but one male servant in the villa, all the rest being women. That servant was probably the man who had negligently left the gate open. The other person was evidently an ecclesiastic; and Walter was inclined to consider his presence at that hour as rather a mysterious circumstance.

They went round by the south wing of the villa, and found all silent. The place seemed perfectly uninhabited at first. An owl hooting in a niche was the only living thing they heard. The ground rose abruptly under their steps; and they soon found themselves climbing a rugged slope, covered with bushes. The Villa Corsini, as they now understood, was built on the steep face of the hill, in a series of steps; so that the lower windows of the eastern façade were on a level

with the upper windows of the western. On arriving at even ground, they further discovered, by the light of the moon, that in the rear of the villa was a small garden, carefully surrounded by tall iron-palings, and by a hedge of small trees and shrubs that emitted a faint fragrance. Mr Buck had now become quite enthusiastic; and venturing his conspicuous form out of the shadow of the trees, went along the palings, peeping, like a great school-boy, to find some aperture by which he could obtain a view of the villa. At length, by a dangerously loud 'Hist! p'st!' he attracted the attention of Walter, and brought him to a place where, through a little gateway, could be seen a semicircular portico, lighted partly by the moon, partly by a lamp that shone from the interior of a vast apartment on which it opened. Two or three persons were sitting or standing there, but at too great a distance to be clearly distinguished. Walter, however, thought that one of them was the ecclesiastic who had entered the park at the same time with themselves.

He now began to reflect, seeing no means whatever of ascertaining what was passing in the interior of the villa, that his presence in that place was a mistake that might prove dangerous. If he were discovered prowling about like a thief in the dark, he would be effectually precluded from approaching Angela by any other means than force—not likely to be successful.

'We had better retire,' said he to Buck; 'there is nothing more to be done.'

'What! run away like scalded cats!' replied indignantly that gentleman, who had by degrees risen to the height of the situation. 'That would indeed be a falling off. Stay; here comes some one in this direction. Keep close; we may hear something.'

Two persons advanced along the garden-path, at first silent; but when they came near the gate, out of hearing of those who remained in the portico, they began to talk freely.

'What say you, padre?' said a firm imperious female voice. 'If we act strictly on the information given us, there can be no sin. Have you reason to suppose that the very reverend bishop of Trapani can be guilty of falsehood?'

'That is a harsh way to put it,' said the padre in an embarrassed tone. 'He mentions the death in a very positive manner, but not as being within his own knowledge.'

'Why should you doubt it?'

'I do not doubt, princess; but I am troubled, sorely troubled in mind. If it should not be true!—'

'You will still have done your duty—nothing more.'

'But why am I chosen to be the bearer of this bad news? Why not communicate it yourself?'

'Because!—'

'Perhaps you announced it on some former occasion?'

'Padre!'

'That, however, is nothing. It appears, then, that he is really dead at last; and I am to break the news to poor Angela?'

'Yes.'

'And express sympathy with her?'

'Yes.'

'That will not be difficult.'

'No matter.'

'Next, I am to press on her the necessity of devoting herself to the service of God?'

'You are the best judge.'

'O yes, I am the best judge of that,' said the good priest with fervour. 'I will urge her to take refuge from this wicked world, where only there can be rest for her now. Poor widowed thing! What business has she longer in this dismal vale of tears—wandering through paths of sorrow in search of a grave? There is but one place of consolation for such as she.'

'Your words are excellent!' said the princess with some irony.

'I am a Protestant; yet I belong to the religion of that man!' whispered Buck, energetically to his companion, who on his part was listening with intense eagerness to this accidental unfolding of a plot, by which Angela—having in vain, no doubt, been tempted to abandon Paolo—was to be decoyed into a seclusion where no report of the world's doings could ever reach her.

'And is it possible,' he thought, 'that paternal pride, and the ferocity of vengeance, can be pushed thus far?'

He did not know that vengeance is as a whirlwind, that clings to the forest-tree, and struggles in its branches, and foars more furiously as long as resistance endures, until the roots give way, and there is a giant ruin of verdure on the earth; and that then only it abates its anger, and sighs itself into stillness over the devastation it has made. The true punishment of the implacable is success. There is no more miserable man than he who has killed what he has loved, and feels his love revive when it can no longer be repurchased.

The princess and the padre went towards the house. Walter's first impulse was to cry aloud, and conjure the man of God not to be the unconscious bearer of a falsehood. But he trusted in the firmness of Angela. She had endured persecution so long, and had been so often deceived, that she must now be quite on her guard. The authority of the padre, no doubt, would be great, but she would not accept the dreadful tidings without suspicion; and to-morrow, he might be enabled—certainly he would be able—to disabuse her mind.

He felt it impossible, however, to stir from that spot, though it did not seem likely that any new incident could further enlighten him, or contribute to appease his agitation that night. He remained silent, with bent brow and compressed lips, gazing at the villa, which now became dark, for the door was closed that led into the portico. Suddenly there rose on the air a terrible cry—a cry of anguish and despair—like that of a Hebrew mother from whose arms an innocent has been torn by murder. It vibrated long and shrill through the night, and might have been heard far out into the country. Walter felt his arm firmly grasped by his companion.

'Come away, come away,' whispered he hoarsely; 'they have stabbed her to the heart with a word!'

THE LAST DAYS OF AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

THE inhabitants of the metropolis are about to part company with an old familiar face, whose beauties and deformities have been well known any time these last 500 years. Smithfield Market is about to die. Its days are numbered. It will die in giving birth to another and a better. Very shortly after the present sheet reaches the hand of the reader, the old market will cease. Let us, while it yet remains, say a few parting words respecting it. Perhaps, in spite of the exertions of contractors, the new market may not be ready for the grand Christmas display of 1854, and in that case the old spot will have one more day of its old glory; and the world—the London world—should go and take a last glance at the most extraordinary of cattle-markets in the most anomalous of localities.

Whether Smithfield was named after a person or a trade, is not now known; but the open spot so designated has been used for a fair and a market during very many centuries. A fair, to be held in Smithfield, was granted as a privilege or monopoly to the Prior and Convent of St Bartholomew in early times. There was also a charter granted to the city by Edward III., in terms of which no other cattle-market than one belonging to the corporation should be held within seven miles of the metropolis. Thus the fair and the

market grew up side by side; the one belonging to the convent, and the other to the corporation. The fair was not a holiday-fair, in the sense understood by most Londoners: it was for clothiers, drapers, and dealers in other goods. The fair lived on till our own day. It remained the property of the convent until the time of the Reformation, when the convent shared the fate of all other monastic establishments. The conventual rights in the fair were sold to Sir John Rich, attorney-general to Henry VIII., and were held by his descendants till the year 1830, when the corporation purchased them from Lord Kensington, the then owner. During this long period the fair had been held for three or more days in September; and by degrees the custom grew up of mingling gaieties with business. Wonderful conjurers, pig-faced ladies, babies with supernumerary arms or legs, tight-rope dancers, spangled fairies in muslin dresses, wild beasts, theatres upon wheels, dancing-booths, toys and trinkets, gingerbread-nuts, oysters, fried sausages—all became part and parcel of Bartholomew Fair. The corporation received licences from those who occupied ground for these purposes, and the fees seem to have closed the corporate eyes to the mischief and demoralisation attendant on the fair. At length, however, the propriety of putting an end to the fair became strongly felt; and the corporation having purchased the old priory rights, it was finally suppressed a few years ago, whereby Smithfield was shorn of some of its attractions for the apprentice-boys of London.

All this, however, had nothing to do with the market. The fair and the market were two institutions—associated, yet separate. Both have lived at least 500 years; and both die within a few years of each other. The market has been held here for even 700 years; for Fitzstephen mentions the sale of horses and cattle under the date 1150. The area of Smithfield, or Smith's Field, was fully adequate for the purposes of a market when metropolitan population was relatively small: it is only in more modern times that the inadequacy of space has been felt. The charter from Edward III. has made itself felt with mischievous force in later days, when all attempts to establish cattle-markets in or near other parts of the metropolis were met by distinct and determined claims of vested rights on the part of the corporation. About the reign of Elizabeth, the cattle sold at Smithfield were estimated at about 70,000 annually. Even at that time, the area of Smithfield was deemed too small; and Charles I. granted a supplementary charter to the corporation, empowering them to enlarge the area of the market from time to time.

Some writers have doubted whether the sale of cattle at Smithfield in the time of Elizabeth could have been as high as 70,000; for the sale scarcely exceeded 75,000 cattle and 580,000 sheep in the middle of the last century. In more modern times, the numbers have been easier to estimate. Between 1820 and 1840, the annual sales of cattle rose from 140,000 to 175,000, while those of sheep rose from 1,200,000 to 1,350,000. For a whole century, there has been a pretty near approach to this ratio—eight sheep to one bullock. The calves and pigs have always been much less numerous at Smithfield: they averaged, during the twenty years just named, about 20,000 of the former, and 250,000 of the latter annually.

We need not trouble ourselves with statistical details concerning the steps by which the numbers have increased. Suffice it to say, that Smithfield has had lately to accommodate a quarter of a million cattle, and a million and three-quarters, or more, of sheep, besides a proportionate number of calves, lambs, and pigs in the year. And on some particular days, the supply and sale are truly enormous, rendering it almost incredible how so much can be done in so small a space. The "great day," in each year, occurs a few

days before Christmas, and is understood to comprise the livestock whose flesh is to form the substantial part of Christmas dinners in the metropolis. It is not unusual on this day for 5000 to 6000 cattle, and 30,000 to 35,000 sheep, to enter Smithfield, and to be nearly all sold within a few hours. It is not like the great tryst at Falkirk, or the great fair at Ballinasloe, where a large area in space, and two or three days of time are available, and whence the animals are dispersed over the three kingdoms; here the whole is done in a few hours, within a few acres, and nine-tenths of all the animal food sold will be consumed within a distance of four or five miles from the market.

Very few persons, Londoners or others, know Smithfield Market in its true characteristics. He who would understand a cattle-day at that busy spot, must rise betimes in the morning, or must not go to bed at all. During the night, or during the preceding evening or day, supplies have been arriving from all quarters. Steamers bring over cattle from Rotterdam and Hamburg, and the Danish coasts; other steamers bring the Scotch supply from Berwick, Leith, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Inverness; the North-western Railway collects its herds from the northern and midland districts, and pours them out at Camden Town, whence they walk to Smithfield; the Great Northern brings the stores from Lincolnshire and the Fen counties, and turns them over to the care of the drover at somewhere about Pentonville; the Eastern Counties freight their trucks with the abundant produce of the East Anglian district, and turn the livestock adrift at Shoreditch. So likewise the luggage-stations at Paddington, Nine Elms, and Bricklayers' Arms, receive their contributions, and send them up to the great centre. As for the road-traffic of old times, that has greatly lessened. The poor animals used to arrive at Islington footsore and exhausted by their long journey from the grazing counties; they required a few hours' rest at the lairs, and were then driven on to Smithfield. Railways and steamers have lessened this traffic in two different ways—they bring up livestock, whereby the animals are saved from the fatigue of a long walk; and they bring up country-killed meat, which lessens the quantity of livestock required to be brought into London.

Be the mode of arrival what it may—road, rail, or steamer—the scene at Smithfield is very exciting. The Smithfield drovers are a peculiar class of men, having trying duties to perform, and showing much skill in performing them well. They are divided into two sets—the salesmen's drovers and the butchers' drovers: the former pioneer the livestock into Smithfield, and the latter out; and it is difficult to say which is the harder task of the two. The Smithfield salesmen are another peculiar class. They have no cattle, no shops, no stores; but they know all the graziers and all the butchers, and they manage the sales so quickly and fairly, that it is believed both graziers and butchers make better bargains than if they dealt without the intervention of the salesmen. The graziers pay the salesmen a small commission-fee, and the salesmen employ the salesmen's drovers. The Smithfield bankers, too, are a peculiar class. Their chief if not their only business, is to receive from the butchers the money for livestock sold by the salesmen, and to transmit that money to the seller, whether he is the grazier or a dealer. The seller, say in an inland county, sends up cattle to Smithfield; he consigns them to a particular salesman, on whom he implicitly relies for making the best bargain he can; the salesman sends one of his drovers to marshal the beasts into Smithfield before the market begins. And as all the salesmen have similar commissions to execute—similar in principle, though different in details—the scene becomes very extraordinary. During the entire night, the animals are arriving, the drovers are about, the dogs are barking, the torches are flaring, the

animals are bellowing, bleating, and squeaking, blows are falling, imprecations are passing round, the mud and filth are ankle-deep, and the whole is a theatre of din and confusion. The area being very small, the drovers have great difficulty in bringing such a mass of livestock into orderly array. Whether to be tied up to rails, or to be formed into rings, or to be enclosed in pens, the animals frequently shew much disinclination to the desired arrangement. It is during this adjustment that the cruelty occurs which has so often been condemned. Smithfield drovers are not more cruel than other men: they have insufficient room wherein to do their work; and it is scarcely upon them that blame should fall if they subject the poor animals to rough treatment. It is only fair to mention, that great improvement has been wrought in this matter within the last few years; but nothing less than a vast increase of space can possibly remove the evil. Well; the cattle and calves, the sheep and pigs, are by great labour brought into their proper places; and then the salesmen narrowly examine their consignments, to see what may probably be the average prices which they may obtain during the day. The butchers arrive in all kinds of carts and chaise-carts, and clothe in all sorts of rough and care-for-nought garments. They leave their carts in the various streets branching out of Smithfield, and then plunge into the thick of the market. The butchers know and care nothing about the sellers; they deal with the salesmen; they pay over to the salesmen, or to the bankers in presence of the salesmen, the purchase-price; and the salesmen remit the whole of this, with the exception of a few market-fees, and the trifling commission of something like half-a-crown per bullock, and a proportionate fee for smaller animals. Then, the money being paid, the butchers employ another set of drovers to bring the animals to their respective slaughter-houses—a duty which entails more danger and discomfort to the inhabitants than any other part of the whole affair. Let justice be done: let the market be condemned on proper grounds of condemnation; but let us admit that the general arrangements between sellers, buyers, salesmen, bankers, and drovers, are admirably managed. One of the bankers frequently takes £40,000 for one Monday's sales; and about seven or eight millions sterling are supposed to be paid annually at Smithfield for livestock.

This, then, is the market against which society has cried out, and which is about to be replaced by a better. The complaints against Smithfield Market are not of modern date alone. Ninety years ago, a pamphlet was published, in which the very same kind of objections against it were urged as those with which we have lately been familiar. From that time until 1851, the corporation had always something to say against every proposal for reform: they either did nothing, or they enlarged the old market by a few additional yards here and there; but as for building a cattle-market elsewhere, they would not think of it. The utmost that can be accommodated, after all the enlargements, is about 4000 beasts and 25,000 sheep—to say nothing of the inefficiency of this so-called accommodation—so that, on the busier market-days, it is difficult to know where to place the poor animals at all. In fact, the space, in its greatest enlargement, is less than half the area of the Crystal Palace. In 1849, under the influence of powerful pressure from without, the corporation brought forward a plan for appropriating Smithfield to fountains, baths, and wash-houses, and expending an enormous sum of money in building a new market north-westward of it; but this, if an improvement in some particulars, would still leave untouched the evil of holding a cattle-market in the heart of the metropolis.

A singular episode in connection with this subject, is the fate of Mr Perkins's Islington Cattle-market.

This market was opened in March 1836, and had a brief career of only seven months. It enclosed fifteen acres within the walls, and had open and covered lairs for 8000 cattle and 50,000 sheep. The market was established in virtue of the Act 5 and 6 Will. IV., cap. 111. The capital was provided chiefly by one individual, Mr Perkins, with a view to a sale to a market company. The superior nature of the accommodation, and the large number of animals that could be accommodated, gave to this undertaking a promise of great success; and at the opening dinner, flourishing speeches were made, and warm anticipations expressed. But the opponents were formidable: unless both buyers and sellers will consent to make use of a particular market, the market will fail; and the corporation used every possible means to bring about this result. Most of the Smithfield bankers and salesmen, all the shopkeepers around Smithfield, and large numbers of the London butchers, aided the corporation; and the result was, that the country-dealers were induced to continue to send their livestock to Smithfield, rather than to Islington, simply to obtain a better market. An attempt was made to get an act of parliament for suppressing Smithfield Market altogether, and transferring the trade forcibly to Islington; but the attempt failed; and soon afterwards, the Islington Market ceased altogether. Since then, the area has been chiefly occupied as a lair for cattle on the way to Smithfield.

Nothing but very powerful means could have compelled the corporation to adopt the reform now in progress. The weight of parliamentary committees, of a royal commission, and of the secretary of state, were all brought to bear upon the matter, and the act of 1851 was obtained. By the terms of this act, the corporation were to do certain things within six months; and if they did not do those certain things, a commission of five persons was to be appointed by the crown, to be called the Metropolitan Cattle-market Commissioners. These commissioners were to provide, subject to the approval of the Home Department, a cattle-market, a meat-market, abattoirs, and lairs; they were to let out the abattoirs, stalls, and shops, at annual rentals; they were to determine on tolls and sales, subject to the approval of the Treasury; they were empowered to borrow £200,000 to effect the works. When the new market was finished, the secretary of state was to announce in the *London Gazette* the closing of Smithfield Market on a particular day. On the 1st of December, in the year following the opening of the new abattoirs, all other slaughter-houses were required to be licensed. All this was to be the result, if the corporation delayed for more than six months the expression of their willingness to take up the matter: the market would then be national property, and the city could no longer demand its fees. If we remember rightly, the corporation withheld its assent to this bold reform until the very day before the expiration of the six months. They did, however, give the assent at last; and most of the powers are now exercised by the corporation, which would otherwise have been exercised by the commissioners.

Driven as they have been into it, the corporation seem to be doing their work thoroughly. Such a market does not exist in the United Kingdom as this will be when completed. Of course, the first consideration was: where shall the new market be located? The situation of the old market, in the centre of the town, has been the great bar to all improvement, and therefore it was necessary to select a new spot very little occupied at present with houses. The choice was difficult to make, for many considerations and requirements had to be taken into account. The arrival as well as the departure of the animals; the convenience as well as the sale—all had to be calculated for. The spot chosen was a field, or series of fields, around the

well-known tavern called Copenhagen House, bounded by Caledonian Road on the east, and by York Road—*ci-devant* Maiden Lane—on the west. In a very few years, it would probably have been nearly covered with houses.

At the moment when we write this, the area in question is a scene of wonderful activity. Men are at work, not merely by hundreds, but, by thousands, forwarding the operations, so as to render the market fit for business at the earliest possible period. The area is very irregular; but its irregularity has been skilfully taken advantage of. The corporation have appointed a Market Improvements Committee; and this committee, with Mr Bunning, the architect, are carrying on the operations in a very complete manner. The entire area comprises about seventy-five acres—about twelve times the area of Smithfield. The inhabitants of the Camden Road villas are somewhat annoyed by the near approach of the northern side of the market to their habitation, but a new road has been formed to somewhat sever the contiguity; and on the other three sides, the market, until lately, does not abut upon houses. The central portion of the whole area, or the market proper, comprises about fifteen acres, and will afford accommodation and rails for tying up about 7000 cattle and 42,000 sheep; besides a covered calf and pig market, the roofs of which are supported by columns, which act at the same time as water-drains. In the centre of this portion of the establishment, is an elegant twelve-sided building for the bankers, so planned as to provide eleven distinct banking-houses, and an entrance to an inner court common to them all. The plan and arrangements of this compound banking-house are very complete and ingenious. A lofty octagonal bell-tower surmounts the centre. In other portions of the area are abattoirs of two kinds, public and private, arranged something like those in Paris, and far superior in every respect to the usual slaughter-houses in this country. The public abattoirs are for the use of those who kill their own meat at the market; while the private abattoirs are to be rented to the regular slaughtermen, who kill livestock for butchers at so much per animal. The lairs or resting-places for the cattle, just before or just after market, are most extensive. The bullock-lairs south of the enclosed market will accommodate 3000 beasts, and are much larger than the whole of the present Smithfield. The whole of these lairs are covered with slated roofs, floored with vitrified bricks, provided with haylofts and water-troughs, and planned with every attention to ventilation, cleanliness, and comfort to the animals during their brief sojourn within the walls of the establishment. The sheep-lairs, in a different part of the area, are equally well provided. So large is the area, that, after providing for bullock, sheep, lamb, calf, and pig markets, lairs, and abattoirs, there will be room for other conveniences, such as a hide-market, a meat-market, and an establishment for the exhibition and sale of agricultural implements.

There is a plentiful supply of entrances at various sides; and when the railway arrangements are completed, the facilities for bringing livestock into the market itself will be great indeed. The market is contiguous to the Great Northern and the North London Railways; and a short branch, already planned, will carry those lines into the market. Moreover, a short branch from Hackney to Stratford, lately opened, connects the North London with the Eastern Counties systems; the North London is already connected with the North-Western at Camden Town; and the North-Western is connected to the South-Western near Brentford: so that, very shortly, cattle and sheep from almost any part of England, will be able to travel by railway into the very heart of the market. It is almost impossible to overestimate the advantage of this arrangement, in respect to the overcrowded state

of the London streets and suburban roads; and it is believed that the value of the animals themselves will be greater, when thus spared the hazard and fatigue of struggling through busy thoroughfares.

To any one who knew the Copenhagen Fields as they were a year ago, the change is truly astonishing. The buildings of the market are rapidly approaching completion; five or six taverns of enormous size have been built in immediate connection with it; several other taverns have been built by private persons; streets of houses, and rows of shops, are becoming conspicuous in all directions; and the whole place will become a busy hive before long. There is a talk of an expenditure of about £350,000 by the corporation; this is a large sum; but so completely and thoroughly is everything being done, that it may be regarded as money well laid out.

It is pleasant, then, to think that, in taking leave of an old acquaintance, we have so grand and rich a new one to look forward to. Only a few more cattle-days will occur at Smithfield; and those who are curious in these matters, would do well to ramble thither on one of these days. It will be something to talk about in future years, to say that we saw the last of a market at which more butcher's-meat has been sold than on any other spot in the world.

J. WESTLAND MARSTON.

THE Muse of Mr Westland Marston is evidently herself possessed by one absorbing idea, and has duly inspired him, her votary, with its ever-present significance—and that is, the antagonism which so frequently exists between the heart and the world. There is a strife going on, neither seldom nor feebly, between man's natural instincts and man's artificial laws—between his emotions and impulses on the one side, and his conventional usages on the other—between the sentiments implanted by his Creator, and the traditions and social rules created by himself. This strife, in a variety of phases, it is Mr Marston's characteristic to illustrate in a series of 'modern instances.' It is the key-note of nearly all his strains. Ever since the formation of society, a conflict of the kind has been an almost chronic evil, sometimes acute: but as society becomes subject to more and more complex interests—as its relations multiply, and its circles find increasing points of contact and intersection—the collision between what is of nature and what is of art becomes necessarily more common and complete. In choosing the drama as his medium, the poet may appear to some judges to have devoted himself to a form of art to which his genius is not quite adapted—his dramas being often open to the charge of deficiency in that rather material condition to success, the dramatic element; and being again and again marred by superfluity of 'talk,' and paucity of incident and action. As dramatic poems, however, studied in the closet, rather than witnessed on the stage, they certainly have merits of a high and distinctive order; they are rich in poetical feeling, and thoroughly informed with a spirit of sympathy with whatsoever is true, and lovely, and ennobling; they give fine expression, at no rare intervals, to manly resolve in its bursts of high endeavour, and to the tenderness of meek endurance, the 'still sad music of humanity,' in tones 'of ample power to soften and subdue.' Nor are his works without repeated evidence of the inventive faculty, in respect of 'stage effect' and the crisis of 'situation,' though a more liberal culture of this faculty might add greatly to the interest and animation of his plays.

If his earliest production of this kind—*Plighted Troth*; or, *a Woman her own Rival*—failed on the stage (being withdrawn after one night's performance), it is meet to bear in mind that it was not intended to undergo the glare of the footlights, but was published

as a 'dramatic tale,' and addressed to the denizens of the library, not of the playhouse. The story belongs to the time of the Revolution of 1688, and tells how a maiden of seeming low degree is betrothed to an adventurous gentleman, who, on his return from years of foreign service, finds, but does not recognise her, in the pride, and pomp, and circumstance of rank and wealth. It was to the lowly orphan girl, Maddaline, that he had long ago plighted his troth; and now he is fascinated by the splendid Countess St Auriol, little dreaming of the identity of the twain; while, on her part, the lady is jealous of the charms and the rights of her past self, and becomes, according to the title of the piece, 'a woman her own rival.' The perplexity occasioned by this state of things is ingeniously contrived and forcibly portrayed—the adjustment of all difficulties being finally brought about by the introduction of two portraits of the lady, one in her past tense of meek orphanhood, the other in her present, of august nobility. And a pleasant presence is hers, in any tense, and almost any mood:

Now may the heavens shower their blessings on her—
With her sweet-scented breath, and glistening locks,
And her blooming cheek, and her streaming eyes—if 'tis
Not like us though one pressed a little rose
All covered o'er with dew unto their lips!

So says Winifred, a *propos* of bestowing a kiss on winsome Maddaline, the snack and bit whereof seem to have passed into the very letter-press of the description, so lively and graphic is the similitude of that 'little rose.' There are some stirring scenes occasioned by the doings of Maddaline's wicked guardian, a revengeful Cumberland knight, and his villainous steward, Wormall—the frenzy of the one when foiled in his malignant schemes, and the cool treachery of the other, being made to cross and contrast with signal effect. The interview, again, between the maddened Sir Gabriel and the priest, may be cited as full of energy and passion—the knight eager to buy revenge on any terms:

—Command
What more ye will—the scourge—the shift of hair—
The bed of poniards—ought or all can mortify
Both body and soul, command forthwith, I say,
And forthwith be obeyed! but leave me, leave me
The hope and solace of my deep revenge!

While the priest advances by slow gradations—from tranquil remonstrance to sentence of excommunication—from urging to a holy sorrow, and a habit of soul

Childlike, and penitent, and pitiful,
Till that our meek and chastening tears invite
A hand parental from on high to stanch them;

to the stern anathema.

Away, inheritor of ruin, and
Be henceforth excommunicate!

pronounced in the hope that, as Sir Gabriel's 'fears alone make up his faith,' priestly wielding of spiritual terrors may succeed where counsel and appeal and entreaty had failed:

In the bleak
And howling waste of the scared conscience, we
Must e'en content us with the troubled spring,
If nought more pure be found wherein the weak
And perishing soul may taste of penitence.

Many telling 'bits' of description might be culled from this dramatic tale; such as this picture of Sir Gabriel's chamber, at the time of its master's incipient frenzy:

I saw a desolate chamber—naked walls—
Unto one side some sordid rushes huddled,
As for a lazy wretched pallet—here
And there, a chest, a bench, and ruder board,

Whereon, in motley neighbourhood, lay mingled
Fragments of broken victuals—rosaries—
Wine cups and tankards—waxen images
Of saints and martyrs; whilst in the midst there hung
A bleak and dismal lamp, whose throbbing flame
But served, as 'twere, to let the gloom betimes
Discern itself and shudder.

How graphic the simile in the following fragment, applied to one half paralysed by the sudden arrival of dreadful news:—

Stricken he stands, and rigid, like an old
The stark Egyptian wreathed erect in death!

But we must pass on to other of Mr Marston's dramatic tales.

The next in order is that by which he is perhaps best known—best, whether in the sense of most widely, or of most favourably. This is *The Patrician's Daughter*, a tragedy of modern life, set to music in blank verse. The fundamental idea is like that in the *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, of Mrs Browning—the clashing of aristocratic prestige with world-wide instincts, but with an unprosperous denouement. The plebeian lover of Lady Mabel is repulsed with scorn, though she is all his own in her heart of hearts; and, in his wrath, he vows deliberate revenge. Rising in the world, he renews his suit, and is now accepted; the marriage-settlements are drawn up, and the guests of the proud Norman family are assembled, and then, with bitter words, the bridegroom abruptly retracts his troth, declares his long-cherished purpose, and exults in its cruel triumph. The bride languishes and pines away, even unto death; and her friends and her bridegroom are left to chew the cud of such bitter fancies as may grow on her early grave. The poet's aim was to deal an effective blow against conventional prejudice; but it may be doubted whether he has directed it aright. One of his critics remarks, that so ill has he managed the strife between the aristocratic and popular principles, 'that the patrician [Lord Lynterne], as well as his daughter [Mabel], who is the victim, attract respect, if not admiration; while, on the contrary, the hero of democracy [Mordaunt] excites unmitigated aversion and disgust.' It is, indeed, a sad drawback on our interest in the hero, to witness the unheroic tactics to which he has recourse. Such a case of malice prepense is a little too bad on the part of one challenging our admiration as a model of manly worth. Otherwise, the character is a striking one, and is made the exponent of much eloquent philosophy, of the kind which, as we have said, Mr Marston has most at heart. As Bertram, the peasant-poet, 'plucked up' the Lady Geraldine's 'social fictions'

—bloody-rooted, though leaf-verdant;
Trod them down with words of shaming—all the purples
and the gold,
And the kanded stakes and lordships—all that spirits
pure and ardent
Are cast out of love and reverence, because chancing
not to hold.

And as he thus passionately addressed the beautiful heiress—

What right have you, madam, gazing in your shining
mirror daily,
Getting so by heart your beauty, which all others must
adore—
While you draw the golden ringlets down your fingers,
to vow gaily,
You will wed no man that's only good to God—and
nothing more!

So does Edgar Mordaunt protest against the conventional distinctions by which he, the plebeian, is warned off from the patrician's daughter. For his soul has mused deeply on the essential unity underlying all

human inequalities of rank; and his reasoning is, that

However proud, or great, or wise, or valiant,
The Lady Mabel's ancestors, the sun
From age to age has watched their honours end,
As man by man fell off; and centuries hence,
Yon light unto oblivion may have lit
As many stately trains as now have passed—
And yet my soul, orb of eternity,
When yonder globe is ashes, as your sires,
Shall shine on undecaying. When men show
What their own natures are, and feel what God
Intended them to be, they are not awed
By pomps.

We only regret that Mordaunt himself is not a finer actor of his ably-enforced doctrine—that 'life's great play may, so it have an actor great enough, be well performed upon a humble stage.' A jury impanelled to sift his part in the death of the patrician's daughter, would be slow to give in a verdict of justifiable homicide. If the play must be a tragedy, 'tis a pity to find the catastrophe traceable to him: so far the didactic import of the piece is depreciated greatly.

The author's mastery of pathos was clearly evidenced in the two foregoing dramas. And as it generally holds, that a master of pathos has also a corresponding command of humour, so his skill to move to laughter as well as tears was proved in his next stage production, a comedietta, with the title *Borough Politics*. The story turns on the struggles of an honest English farmer between irritated pride and natural affection—the 'heart and the world' again—personal resentment urging him to oppose himself, as rival candidate for the mayoralty of Hambleton, to an obnoxious M.D.; while the happiness of his daughter, imperiled by this opposition—she being betrothed to the doctor's son—becomes in the end a weightier influence. The mental workings of the bluff yeoman are intimated with a precision only to be gained by close study of the mind and affections. Nor were touches of pathos wanting to commingle with and refine the comedy of the action.

To this succeeded *The Heart and the World*, a graceful re-presentation of the poet's favourite theme. It tells how

A maiden gave her faith in trust to one
Who after found its custody a burden.
Fame, courtier manners, more instructed smiles,
Made his vows fetters. When she heard, she wept not.
Her whole heart was one frozen tear. Alas!
She was a simple girl, and had not learned
The fashion of the times.

Simple, faithful Florence has given up her heart long since to Vivian Temple; but his heart, though in reality her own, has become rified of its freshness and fervour by commerce with the world: a titled damsel has partly bewitched him, and before the world he has cast off his first love. In an agitated interview with Florence, wherein she upbraids his heartlessness, and scatters abroad the sophisms of his self-defence, Vivian is driven to own himself convicted of wrong, and exclaims:

I concede

Your triumph here! But shew the vanquished pity.

Flor. Ay, pity! There's the loss, that we must learn
To pity what we worshipped. Vivian Temple!

What is the master-pang—there is but one—
That wrecks a woman's future? Pours the world
Scorn on her chosen? Well, she takes his hand,
And drops the world's. Is want that crushing pang?
I tell thee, when of nights her slender hand
Smooths his brow's anxious lines, and soul-filled eyes
Glorify pale, worn faces—she thanks Heaven
That taught her, through her very penury,
How love can grow by suffering. Is it death?—

Temple. (Breaking in with much emotion.) No, no!

Flor. (Rising.) I say so too. Then what?

Temple. Oh, nothing, nothing!

Flor. Yes, his full front worth!

Faith rides o'er mountain-billows by one light
We deem a star. Provo that a meteor—then
We strand, we strand!

Elsewhere she thus expresses to another the depth of her indignant grief at the unworthiness of him she has loved, intensified by her persuasion of his natural worth and stifled virtue:

Oh, didst thou know, like me,
What lofty tones sleep in thy chords which now
Harsh fully jars! If o'er his head had met
Like one fell constellation all ill stars,
And poured at once their pitiless vials down—
Scorn, sickness, poverty—I could have borne it;
But thus in self-degraded! Oh, what shame
Like that which cankers self-respect! What death
Like that which sears the heart, and makes the frame
An animated tomb!

But Vivian is finally emancipated from the toils in which he had been caught: there is some 'heart' left in the 'world' to which he has been in bondage; and in the fifth act quite 'some natural tears,' yet it is not a tragedy, and we 'wipe them soon,' with all kinds of good wishes valedictory for hearts that have overcome the world.

The fine tragedy of *Strathmore* illustrates, with dramatic power as vigorous as it is delicate, the conflict of Love with Duty, and the victory of the latter. 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more,' said or sung the *preux chevalier* of olden time. The hero of this tragedy, whose lot is cast in the troublous times of Claverhouse and the Covenanters, exemplifies, in life and death, the spirit of that strain. His heart is given to Katherine Lorn, child of the loyalist Sir Rupert, while his honour is bound up with the cause of the Covenant. Strathmore and Kate have been brought up together; 'twas he upheld her steps when both were children: 'on the hillside still flowers,' she reminds him, 'the golden gorse from which he plucked the thorn that else had harmed her; in the brook still float lilies like those they wore' together, in the past and pleasant piping times of peace. But fell discord has separated Kate's sire from Kate's lover; and in the chances of war, the life of Strathmore is seemingly in the power of Sir Rupert, and depends on his avowing himself a traitor, and his cause a crime. Seemingly, not really; for in the conflict which has thus subjected the Covenanter to the Cavalier, Strathmore has been mortally wounded. But of this Katherine is ignorant; and the grand effect of the tragedy turns upon this fact. For in his dying moments, Strathmore appeals to her to bid him choose between the life which she supposes can be secured by her father's nod, so soon as ever the young prisoner shall have renounced his principles, and the death which otherwise—and this, too, by her father's nod—awaits him. And having heard him, Katherine bids him—die! The climax is most impressively worked up:

Strathmore. (Feebly, but with increasing energy as he proceeds.)

You shall decide (she kneels by his side): two paths before me lie,

The one through death to honour—

Katherine. Hurlbert!

Strath. Nay,

There are but two! First, say we choose the nobler—

Then wilt thou think of Strathmore, as of one

Who, by his last act, fully sealed a life

He would bequeath thee spotless.

Kath. Ah, bequeath!

And I shall never see thee more!

Strath. Yes, Katherine! (Pointing upwards.)

Kath. The other path?

Strath. It leads to life through shame!
Wouldst have me take it?—live to own no bond
But with dishonour, feel remorse consuming
My hope in ashes; when I hear the tale
Of heroes, vainly groan—such once I was!
And when the cowards shudder—such I am!

Kath. This gloom will melt in a bright future—
Strath. No!

He has no future who betrays his past!

Kath. Still live!

Strath. To give the lie
To my true youth; shrink, when thy straining breast
Throbs to a traitor's; and in those dear eyes
The temptress, not the wife! All springs of joy
Reflecting my own brand, the alient
Of every blessing poisoned, age's frost
Numbing the pang it cures not—to crawl down
The steep of time and to the grave—that last
Dark shelter for disgrace—bear a dead heart!

Kath. Cease! cease!

Strath. (Rising.) Speak, shall I sign?

Kath. (Springing to her feet.) No—die!

And anon the maiden's bidding is fulfilled, though she is spared the anguish of seeing a father's hand the instrument of its fulfilment. The interest of this story is said to have told with thrilling effect on the stage, when first brought out some five years since.

The same year appeared *Trevanion; or, the False Position*. Partnership in dramatic composition is a custom that was in vogue before Beaumont and Fletcher, and is still adopted both here and abroad. In France, for instance, it is nothing rare to hear of two, and three even, being engaged in the authorship of a mere one-act farce; while some of the most successful hits in our own contemporary stage annals are joint-stock affairs—witness the composite dramas due to the united labours of Messrs Tom Taylor and Charles Reade. *Trevanion* was of the joint-stock class: Mr Marston contributing the serious, and Mr Bayle Bernard the comic 'business.' The 'false position' intimated in the title is that of a low-born wife, whose 'antecedents' have been concealed from her noble sensitive husband—the abrupt discovery of them on his part occasioning a sad series of embarrassments and mutual distresses, though all is made right at last. The poetical rendering of these domestic difficulties is managed with the author's wonted delicacy and tact. Some of the situations are deeply moving, and the dialogue is marked by sustained passages of tenderness and genuine utterances of passion.

In the following season was produced the historical play of *Philip of France and Marie de Meranie*—the 'points' of one scene in which have been thus summed up: 'A gray-castle, a summer solitude, a forsaken wife, an affianced bride, a dying gift; childhood, the dead, love, hope, forgiveness, blessing, memory, tears, passion, curses;

Philip near,
(crown, and vanquished;

and over all a sphere of sorrow, bright with the sunset of decay, stirred by wedding-bells. Marching legions, the heart-side of war, victory, a conqueror, wild hope, fierce fear, the shadow of the grave, the resurrection of love, the despair of passion, united lovers, a recrown'd queen, three vanquished realms, a broken heart, a husband widowed, a victor kneeling, warriors grieving, lances vailing, solemn music, and the Angel of Death, with Marie on his breast, looking impassive upon all.' With images so unwontedly crowded is the closing scene animated—that terrible closing scene, as it has been called, 'into which, with the tactics of Napoleon, the poet pours his masses in overwhelming prodigality.' But taking the play as a

whole, its incidents are noway complex, nor its plot intricate. Its theme is, once again, the old quarrel between the heart and the world; the soul of Philip Augustus being made, in this instance, the platform of the contest. Marie is the monarch's good genius:

• Her love is not alone his fortune's crown;
• 'Tis Nature's need I not to his branch of life
An added blossom, but the vital essence
Replenishing the root.

The impetuous, yet vacillating prince, feels that she has 'changed his being,' and he tells her how:

I measured glory once by daring deeds,
Extended empire, and by prostrate foes.
• You taught me, first, to think *Deliverer*
A holier name than *Victor*—that the rod
Of terror rules but shrinking clay, while love
Sits throned in living hearts! I thought of thee,
And from the captive dropped his chain—of thee,
And pardoned rose the traitor at my feet—
Of thee, and bade the tyrant-stricken serf
Look up, and greet a father in his king!

Such has been the sway of a woman's unworldly heart over a man's worldly one—such her influence to snatch him from the toils 'of selfish brains, the chill of frigid hearts, the infected air that stifles and corrupts the soul that pants to live.' It must be added, that those who had carefully watched the progress of Mr Marston's dramatic compositions, applauded the construction of this play as a great advance upon any of its predecessors.

Last in the series comes *Anne Bleke*. Here, however, there is rather a falling off than an improvement in the constructive art. The five acts are far too sparsely provided with action. The value of the work consists mainly in a certain psychological study of character, too subtle and delicate to hit the taste of 'full houses,' but highly interesting to such as love to ponder the reflective evolutions of a poetical mind, skilled in the 'various readings' of the soul of man, and gifted with artistic talent in rendering the nuances of light and shade. But we have no space to dilate on these finely-developed qualities. And the same 'negative quantity'—speaking mathematically rather than grammatically—forbids any detailed mention of Mr Marston's poems of a miscellaneous kind; his *Gergis*, dramatic sketches, romances, ballads, and lyrics. Of these many are forcible, some only forcible-feeble; nearly all are distinguished by a meditative beauty, and a generous tone of sentiment, deeply engaging to all, what Wordsworth calls, 'thinking hearts.'

A SCRAMBLE AMONG PRAIRIE-WOLVES.

The prairie-wolf (*Canis latrans*) inhabits the vast and still unpeopled territories that lie between the Mississippi River and the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Its range extends beyond what is strictly termed 'the prairies.' It is found in the wooded and mountainous ravines of California and the Rocky Mountain districts. It is common throughout the whole of Mexico, where it is known as the coyote. I have seen numbers of this species on the battle-field, tearing at corpses, as far south as the Valley of Mexico itself. Its name of prairie-wolf is, therefore, in some respects inappropriate; the more so, as the larger wolves are also inhabitants of the prairie. No doubt this name was given it, because the animal was first observed in the prairie country west of the Mississippi by the early explorers of that region. In the wooded countries east of the great river, the common large wolf only is known.

Whatever doubt there may be of the many varieties of the large wolf being distinct species, there can be none with regard to the *Canis latrans*. It differs from all the others in size, and in many of its habits. Perhaps it more nearly resembles the jackal than any

* Sign—namely, the scroll of abjuration.

other animal. It is the New-World representative of that celebrated creature. In size, it is just midway between the large wolf and fox. With much of the appearance of the former, it combines all the sagacity of the latter. It is usually of a grayish colour, lighter or darker, according to circumstances, and often with a tinge of cinnamon or brown. As regards its cunning, the fox is 'but a fool to it.' It cannot be trapped. Some experiments made for the purpose, shew results that throw the theory of instinct quite into the background. It has been known to burrow under a 'dead fall,' and drag off the bait without springing the trap. The steel-trap it avoids, no matter how concealed; and the cage-trap has been found 'no go.' Further illustrations of the cunning of the prairie-wolf might be found in its mode of decoying within reach the antelopes and other creatures on which it preys. Of course this species is as much fox as wolf, for in reality a small wolf is a fox, and a large fox is a wolf. To the traveller and trapper of the prairie regions, it is a pest. It robs the former of his provisions—often stealing them out of his very tent; it unbait the traps of the latter, or devours the game already secured in them. It is a constant attendant upon the caravans or travelling-parties that cross prairie-land. A pack of prairie-wolves will follow such a party for hundreds of miles, in order to secure the refuse left at the camps. They usually lie down upon the prairie, just out of range of the rifles of the travellers; yet they do not observe this rule always, as they know there is not much danger of being molested. Hunters rarely shoot them, not deeming their hides worth having, and not caring to waste a charge upon them. They are more cautious when following a caravan of Oregon or California emigrants, where there are plenty of 'greenhorns' and amateur-hunters ready to fire at anything.

Prairie-wolves are also constant attendants upon the 'gangs' of buffalo. They follow these for hundreds of miles—in fact, the outskirts of the buffalo-herd are, for the time being, their home. They lie down on the prairie at a short distance from the buffaloes, and wait and watch in hopes that some of these animals may get disabled or separated from the rest, or with the expectation that a row with her new dropped calf may fall into the rear. In such cases, the pack gather round the unfortunate individual, and worry it to death. A wounded or supernaturated bull sometimes 'falls out,' and is attacked. In this case the fight is more desperate, and the bull is sadly mutilated before he can be brought to the ground. Several wolves, too, are laid *hors de combat* during the struggle.

The prairie traveller may often look around him without seeing a single wolf; but let him fire off his gun, and, as if by magic, a score of them will suddenly appear. They start from their hiding-places, and rush forward in hopes of sharing in the produce of the shot.

At night, they enliven the prairie-camp with their dismal howling, although most travellers would gladly dispense with such music. Their note is a bark like that of a terrier-dog, repeated three times, and then prolonged into a true wolf's howl. I have heard farm-house dogs utter a very similar bark. From this peculiarity, some naturalists prefer calling them the 'barking-wolf,' and that is the specific appellation given by Say, who first described them (*Canis latrans*).

Prairie-wolves have all the ferocity of their race, but no creature could be more cowardly. Of course no one fears them under ordinary circumstances; but they have been known to make a combined attack upon persons disabled, and in severe weather, when they themselves were rendered unusually fierce by hunger. But they are not regarded with fear either by traveller or hunter; and the latter disdains to waste his charge upon such worthless game.

I knew one exception to this rule, and that was a trapper of the name of H—. He was the only one of his sort that shot prairie-wolves, and he did so 'on sight.' I believe if it had been the last bullet in his pouch, and an opportunity had offered of sending it into a prairie-wolf, he would have despatched the leaden missile. I once asked him how many he had killed in his time. He drew a small notched stick from his 'possible sack,' and desired me to count the notches upon it. I did so. There were one hundred and forty-five in all.

'You have killed one hundred and forty-five, then?' said I, astonished at the number.

'Yes, I've,' replied he, with a quiet chuckle, 'that many dozen; for every 'un of them natches count twelve. I only make a natch when I've throwed the clur dozen.'

'A hundred and forty-five dozen!' I repeated in astonishment, and yet I have no doubt of the truth of the trapper's statement, for he had no interest in deceiving me. I am satisfied, from what I knew of him, that he had slain the full number—stated—one thousand seven hundred and forty!

I became curious to learn the cause of his antipathy to the prairie-wolves; for I knew he had an antipathy, and it was that that had induced him to commit such wholesale havoc among these creatures. By careful management I at last got him upon the edge of the story, and quietly pushed him into it. He gave it me thus:

'Wal, sir, about ten winters ago, I war travellin' from Bent's fort on the Arkansaw, to Laramie on the Platte, all alone b' myself. I had undertak the journey on some business for Bill Bent—no matter now what. I had crossed the divide, and got within sight o' the Black Hills, when one night I had to camp out on the open prairie, without nither bush or stone to shelter me. That war, prehaps, the coldest night this nigger remembers; there war a wind kim down from the mountains that wud a froze the har off an iron dog. I gathered my blanket around me, but that wind whistled through it as if it had been a rail-fence. 'I war'n't no use lyin' down, for I couldn't a sleep, so I sot up. You may ask why I hadn't a fire? I'll tell you why. First, thar war'n't a stick o' timber within ten mile of me; and, secondly, if thar had been, I darsen't a made a fire. I war travellin' as bad a bit o' Injun ground as could be found in all the country, and I'd seen Injun sign two or three times that same day. It's true thar war a good grist o' buffler chips about tolerably dry, and I mout have made some sort o' a fire but for that; an' at last I did make a fire arter a fashion. I did it this a way.

Seeing that with the russed cold I war'n't agoin' to get a wink o' sleep, I gathered a wheen o' the buffler-chips. I then dug a hole in the ground with my bowie, an' hard pickin' that war; but I got through the crust at last, and made a sort o' oven about a fut, or a fut and a half deep. At the bottom I laid some dry grass and dead branches o' sage-plant, and then settin' it afire, I piled the buffler-chips on top. The thing burnt tolerable well, but the smoke o' the buffler-dung would a choked a skunk. As soon as it had got fairly under-way, I hunkered, an' sot down over the hole, in such a position as to catch all the heat under my blanket, an' then I was comfortable enough. Of coorse no Injun kud see the smoke arter night, an' it would a taken sharp eyes to have sighted the fire, I reckon.

Wal, sir, the critter I rode war a young mustang colt, about half-broke. I had bought him from a Mexikin at Bent's only the week afore, and it war his first journey, leastwise with me. Of coorse I had him on the lariat; but up to this time I had kept the end o' the rope in my hand, because I had that same day lost my picket-pin; an' thinkin' as I war'n't agoin' to sleep, I mout as well hold on to it. By 'm by, however, I

begun to feel drowsy. The fire atween my legs promised to keep me from freezin', an' I thort I mout as well get a nap. So I tied the lariat round my ankles, sunk my head atween my knees, an' in the twinklin' o' a goat's tail I war sound. I jest noticed as I war goin' off, that the mustang war out some yards, nibblin' away at the dry grass o' the parairy.

I guess I must a sleep about an hour, or tharabouts. I won't be sartin' how long. I only know that I didn't wake o' my own accord. I wus awoke; an' when I did awoke, I still thort I war a dreamin'. It would a been a rough dream; but unfortunately for me, it wan't a dream, but a—vine reality. At first, I cudn't make out what war the matter wi' me, no how; an' then I thort I war, in the hands o' the Injuns, who were draggin' me over the parairy; an' sure enough I war a draggin', that a way, though not by Injuns. Once or twice I lay still for jest a second or two, an' then away I went agin, traikin' and buntipin' over the ground, as if I had been tied to the tail o' a gallopin' hoss. All the while there war a yellin' in my ears as if all the cats an' dogs of—anywhere—were arter me. Wal, sir, it war some time afore I comprehended what all this rough usage meant. I did at last. The pull upon my ankles gave me the idee. It war the lariat that war round them. My mustang had stampeded, and war draggin' me at full gallop across the parairy!

The barkin', an' howlin', an' yellin' I heard, war a pack o' parairy-wolves. Half finished, they had attacked the mustang, and started him. All this kin into my mind at once. You'll say it war easy to lay hold on the rope, an' stop the hoss. So it mout appear; but I kin tell you that it ain't so easy a thing. It wan't so to me. My ankles were in a noose, an' were drawed close together. Of course, while I war movin' along, I couldn't get to my feet; an' whenever the mustang kin to a halt, an' I had half gathered myself, afore I kud reach the rope, away went the critter agin, flingin' me to the ground at full length. Another thing hindered me. Afore goin' to sleep, I had put my blanket on Mexikin-fashion—that is, wi' my head through a slit in the centre—an' us the drag begun, the blanket flopped about my face, an' half smothered me. Perhaps, however, an' I thort so arterward, that blanket saved me many a scratch, although it bamboozled me a good bit.

I got the blanket off at last, arter I had made about a mile, I reckon, and then for the first time I could see about me. Such a sight! The moon war up, an' I kud see that the ground war white with snow. It had snowed while I war asleep; but that wan't the sight—the sight war, that close up an' around me the hul parairy war kivered with wolves—cussed parairy-wolves! I kud see their long tongues lollin' out, and the smoke steamin' from their open mouths.

Bein' now no longer hampered by the blanket, I made the best use I could o' my arms. Twice I got hold o' the lariat, but afore I kud set myself to pull up the runnin' hoss, it war jirked out o' my hand agin. Somehow or other, I had got clintch o' my bowie, and at the next opportunity I made a cut at the rope, and heard the clean 'snig' o' the knife. Arter that I lay quiet on the parairy, an' I b'lieve I kinder sort o' fainted. 'Twan't a long faint no how; for when I got over it, I kud see the mustang about a half a mile off, still runnin' as fast as his legs could carry him, an' most of the wolves howlin' arter him. A few of these critters had gathered about me, but gettin' to my feet, I made a dash among them wi' the shinin' bowie, an' sent them everywhich way, I reckon.

I watched the mustang until he war clur out o' sight; and then I war puzzled what to do. First, I went back for my blanket, which I soon rekindered, an' then I follered the back-track to get my gun an' other traps whar I had camped. The trail war easy, on

account o' the snow, an' I kud see whar I had slipped through it all the way. Having got my possibles, I then tuk arter the mustang, and follered for at least ten miles on his tracks, but I never see'd that mustang agin. Whether the wolves hunted him down or not, I can't say, nor I don't care if they did, the scarey brute! I see'd thar feet all the way arter him in the snow; and I know'd it wan't no use follering further. It war plain I war put down on the parairy, so I bundled my possibles, and turned head for Laramie's foot. I had a three days' walk o' it, and prehaps I didn't cuss a few.

I war right bad used. Thar wan't noone in my body that didn't ache, as if I had been passed through a sugar-mill; and my clothes and skin were torn considerably. It mout a been wuss, but for the blanket an' the sprinkle o' snow that made the ground a leetle slicker. Howsomever, I got safe to the Fort, whar I war soon rigged out in a fresh suit o' buckskin an' a hoss. But I never arterward see'd a parairy-wolf within range o' any rifle, that I didn't let it if to him, an', as you see, I've throwed a good wheen in thar tracks since then. Wagh!

TAILED MEN.

The Niam-Niams, or Ghilanes—their name signifies cannibals—form a race of men who have a great similitude with the monkey. Shorter than other negroes, they are rarely more than five feet high. They are generally ill-proportioned; their bodies are thin, and appear weak; their arms long and lank; their feet and hands larger and flatter than those of other races of men; their lower jaws are very strong and very long; their cheek-bones are high; their forehead is narrow, and falls backward; their ears are long and deformed; their eyes small, brilliant, and remarkably restless; their nose large and flat; the mouth large; the lips thick; the teeth big and sharp, and remarkably white—they sharpen their teeth. Their hair is curly but not very woolly, short and not thick. What, however, peculiarly distinguishes this people, is the external prolongation of the vertebral column, which in every individual, male or female, forms a tail of from two to three inches long.—*Literary Gazette*.—*Voyage au Pays des Niam-Niams*; by C. L. du Courret, sent by the French government to explore the least known parts of Africa.

DRESS OF CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.

With respect to the state-dress of the women, blue-silk is the favourite material for the robe, which is generally braided with gold or silver, and confined at the waist by a girdle similarly ornamented, fastened with a large silver or gold clasp; and if to this we add a light shawl of some gay colour, partly arranged as a turban, and partly falling in graceful folds over the neck and shoulders, with a thin muslin veil, sufficiently large to envelop the entire figure, we have the gala costume of one of the daughters of Circassia. The reader may imagine the effect of such a lovely apparition, attended, like Diana, by a favourite dog, in the midst of the charming scenery of that romantic land. If the fair vision should chance to attract the admiring glances of a gallant knight in search of a wife, he can always tell, by the colour of her trowsers, whether the wearer be maid, wife, or widow: virgin white being worn by the young girls; red by her who has assumed the duties of a matron; and blue by the hapless dame who mourns the death of her lord. In everything else their dress is similar, except that the hair of the young dames, instead of falling on the neck and shoulders like that of the married women, is arranged in a thick plait behind, confined at the end by a silver cord.—*Spencer's Turkey, Russia, the Black Sea, and Circassia*.

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'TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

This proverb was forcibly brought to my remembrance when, a short time ago, I found myself the inmate of a tiny lodging, so close to the edge of the sea that I had opportunity of observing every action of the tides, every movement of the human beings who came either to enjoy the influence of the sea-breezes, or to make their living by any of the various means which offer themselves to those who live by the sea-side.

It had been brilliant and lovely weather, more like June than October; and the sea, of glassy smoothness, and reflecting every tint of the heavens on its bosom, had been more beautiful in its dreamlike stillness than words can express. Then came one of those sudden changes which are so often encountered on our coasts in the autumn; a strong easterly gale set in, with squalls of rain; the wild tempestuous wind came pouring over the sea, and lashing its mighty waters into madness, causing them to flow, 'rolling in foaming billows,' far, far above their accustomed bounds, and to cover the sands, and even a great part of the green-sward above them, with creamy foam. It was from a cottage on Paington Sands, the exact centre of Torbay, that I watched this scene; and any one who is acquainted with that part of the Devonshire coast, will be aware that an easterly wind has great power in this otherwise sheltered haven. The bay, which is contained between the two fine promontories, Berry Head to the south, and Hope's Nose to the north, opens directly east; and between these two headlands, which are from six to seven miles apart, the waters pour in when the wind blows from that quarter with such force as is never experienced there in any other wind.

Torquay, that place of refuge for consumptive patients, is safely nestled under the northern hilly promontory; but the opposite shore, and especially that point of which I speak, Paington, receives the full force of an easterly storm. It was spring-tides, and for three successive days, as the waters rose, the waves swept wildly over the sunken rocks, then flowed onwards for a moment, and being anew dashed on high by the obstruction formed by the wall of the little pier, rose in a sheet of spray, washing over the whole fabric of the pier, and clearing away, as it retired, every loose rope or other articles that had been left on that usually safe resting-place.

On the third night came thunder—'that deep and dreadful organ-pipe;' and broad sheets of blue lightning blazing across the heavens and over the sea, lighted up every wave with glittering splendour. But nature will assert her claims, even in the face of

the most grand and brilliant spectacles; so after watching the progress of the storm for a considerable time, I grew tired and weary, and shutting the window, went to bed and to sleep. The next morning early, before I dressed, I drew back my blind to observe the state of the sea and of the weather. What a scene did I behold! How entirely different from that of the night before; the sea lay as calm and placid as a lake—there was scarcely a ripple on its surface. Not a sign was there of the elemental strife which had raged for the three previous days; and the little wavelets which broke on the shore left but a mere strip of white spray, as if just to mark where sea ended and wet sand began—a needful mark, for the sunbeams lit up every object with such beaming lustre, that sand and water were almost equally shining and glittering with light.

The whole beach was alive with the poorer inhabitants of the place, come out to gather in their harvest—to collect the 'good' which this to them not 'ill wind' had brought. I was myself not at all aware of the many sources of profit which are derived by the inhabitants of a sea-side village from a storm; and it may not be uninteresting to some who have not had the opportunities of observation, which this equinoctial gale afforded me, to hear a little on the subject.

The first and most prominent groups which attracted my notice were composed of men, six or seven in a party, who were busily employed in raking something from the waters. Each had a rake with a very long handle, and strong iron teeth, of four or five inches in length. They were securing for manure the masses of the larger alga, which floated in immense quantities on the water. For about two hours after high-water they were thus employed; the quantity they collected was enormous, but nothing to compare with what the ebbing waters bore back again, to be cast ashore at other places, or to return to that beach at another time. The men raked it just so far as to be out of reach of the waves, then placing it in mounds, went off to other toil. For the few hours it lay there, I amused myself with examining the heaps, which consisted chiefly of the larger tangle—that broad olive-green weed we so often find on the shore, with immensely long and broad fronds, the margins waved as if they had been frilled; and of the broad flat-leaved laminaria, with its yellowish inflated air-vessels, terminating each forked extremity. These had been uprooted from the rocks by the force of the waves, and had borne away with them clusters of mussels, which still, moored by their long and strong fibrous filaments, kept their position, closely packed together, as they had been lying in the mussel-beds from which they had been torn. I took home a root or two of weed,

and put them in a vessel of sea-water, in the hope of seeing the mussels open. In this hope I was disappointed; but I found after a day or two that I had unawares secured many treasures, of which I shall speak hereafter.

Towards mid-day came throngs of people—men, women, and children—with carts and horses to remove the valuable heaps of weed, before the returning tide should again scatter them; but there was far too much to be carried further than just out of reach of danger, in case the storm should again set in; so it was collected into one heap—and a huge one it was—on the green, and many days passed before the whole quantity was finally carried away.

Before the weed-rakers were gone, a new scene was begun. I saw two or three places on the beach where many dozens of people were assembled, digging in the sand, and carting off something, I knew not what. There were men with huge hampers, into which they were throwing something which they picked up by the handful, and men and women, boys and girls, all with baskets collecting. I hastened to the spot, at about the centre of the sands, where the largest group was assembled, and the extraordinary scene that met my view baffles description. The whole ground was entirely covered with different kinds of shell-fish; the men dug deep into the sand, or rather, I should say, into the heaps of mollusks—for there was little of the former in comparison with the latter—and threw them up by the shovelful. Cart-loads, dozens of cart-loads of cockles of several kinds, razor-fish, mussels, and other species of edible bivalves, lay in all directions, mixed with whelks, small crabs, and an infinity of small shells, some empty and some with the fish in them. Each person seemed to have enough to do to collect the object of which he or she was in search; for although some of the people filled their baskets indiscriminately with various kinds of wares, the greater number seemed to have a single definite object. Two boys were intent on filling a large basket with what are vulgarly called 'razor-fish,' a pursuit in which I found some pleasure in helping them, by pointing out the creatures where they lay, and poking in the sand with my walking-stick, or turning over the heaps in search of them; and 'Here's one,' and 'Here's another,' and another, was echoed from mouth to mouth, till in a few minutes the great brown basket was full to overflowing. This mollusk (*Solen siliqua*) is the inhabitant of those long porcelain-like shells which are so often found empty on the sea-shore, but which seldom are taken with their inmates, except after a storm, or by those who know how to look for them. The shells are six or seven times longer than their breadth, partly coated with a thin olive-green epidermis; but where this does not prevail, they are, like china, white and smooth, beautifully waved, and lined with buff and purple. The shell is sharp at the edge, whence, in conjunction with its shape, it is called razor-shell, and by the French, *manche de couteau*. An interesting little book, *Common Things of the Sea-coast*, gives so pleasing an account of the habits of this creature, that I cannot do better than transcribe it as it stands: 'The animal is provided with a cylindrical foot, admirably adapting it for burrowing in the sand. This organ tapers at the end, and is, however, shaped more like a tongue than a foot. Destitute of a cable to moor it, or a strong shell to protect it, this little foot supplies all the needs of the mollusk; and the depth into which, by its help, the animal can retreat into the sand, is truly wonderful. It often buries itself several feet below the surface, rendering its capture scarcely possible. When about to enter the sand, the foot of the

solen takes the form of a shovel, with a sharp-pointed end. With this it digs a hole, turning its point into the form of a hook, to facilitate its descent, and again widening it into the spade-like shape, to shovel away the sand. If it wishes to remove to a little distance, the solen can double up its leg into the form of a ball, which prevents it from slipping back, while the action of powerful muscles impels it forward. Supplied with so admirable an organ, the solen is by no means an easy capture; and buried upright in the sand, the fishermen who catch them need both skill and practice.'

This species, the *Solen siliqua*, is much in request for food in Ireland: it is taken at high-tide by pushing a long wire, bent and sharpened at one end, suddenly into the little hollows in the sand which mark the spot where the fish lies; this passes between the valves, and the barbed part fixes in the animal, which is thus brought to the surface. Professor Forbes says: 'They are among the most delicious of shell-fish when properly cooked—broiling is the best method—and are eaten in many parts of Britain, as well as abroad.' This is his report of the whole solen family. My little dirty boys were, therefore, it would seem, skilled gastronomists, or else sent out by those who were so; for I observed that they cast aside all the other varieties of mollusks which lay around them, selecting only these razor-fish. One of them, however, picked up one of a kind of cockle, very abundant on the shore, called red noses. 'You do not eat these?' said I inquiringly. 'Ees we does,' was the answer, as the young gentleman tore open the shell, and to my dismay proceeded to bite off the coral-red foot of the living fish, and eat it with great glee!

These cockles (*Cardium rusticum*, or, as some authors name it, *Tuberculatum*) lay among the other relics of the storm in thousands and tens of thousands; the people were loading carts with them and others, to sell for manure, and dozens of people carrying them off in baskets for hours; yet the number did not seem to be decreased, for there they lay in heaped ridges at the different tide-marks for days afterwards—their scarlet-fish and brown shells quite colouring the beach. Thousands were carried back to the sea by the retreating waves, and for two or three days pigs were gubbling about amongst the shells, and feeding voraciously on the half-decomposed animals; yet still nearly a week after the storm many thousands remained. I took home a couple of them, and kept them for a day or two in a plate of sand and water. They are very curious and beautiful. The shell is brown, and filled with prickly tubercles on the ribs; white and polished in the inside. Round the edge of both the upper and under shell is laid an edging of fleshy substance, of a soft orange red, beautifully toothed: this is part of the mantle; and at one side are two tubes, with little fibre-like fringes, which form the breathing-apparatus of the fish. The foot, of which I have spoken, is long, and of a very brilliant red, exceedingly like a piece of solid coral, fleshy and shining, and bending like an elbow about the middle; with this the animal scoops a hole in the sand, wherein to bury itself in time of danger, and with it also it is able to disinter itself at pleasure. To do this, or if it wishes to move forward or backward on the sand, it thrusts out this foot, then doubles it up, pushing downwards towards the sand, and thus jerks itself strongly in the direction it wishes; or on occasion, it can leap high into the air by the same process. Forbes says: 'As a British species, it is essentially local, and by no means frequent in collections. These shells, however, abound at certain seasons.' He quotes further from Turton: 'On the Paington Sands, in Torbay, where at low spring-tides they may be observed with the fringed tubes appearing just above the surface, the neighbouring cottagers gather them in baskets and panniers, and after cleansing them a few hours in cold spring-water, fry the fish in a batter made of

crumbs of bread, producing a wholesome and savoury dish. The inhabitants call them red noses.

Immense quantities of mussels were cast ashore, but to my surprise, I did not see a single one picked up, though I believe it to be the same species (*Mytilus edulis*) of which such incredible numbers are eaten in Edinburgh and other places. Dr Knapp states, according to Forbes: 'As an article of food, there cannot be used fewer than ten bushels per week in Edinburgh and Leith for forty weeks in the year—in all, 400 bushels annually. Each bushel of mussels, when shelled, and freed from all refuse, will probably contain from three to four pints of the animals, or about 900 or 1000, according to their size. Taking the latter number, there will be consumed in Edinburgh and Leith about 400,000 mussels.' He proceeds to calculations of the numbers used for bait, and shews that 30,000,000 or 40,000,000 mussels are used yearly in the district of the Firth of Forth alone. He says also, that the best are got north of the pier at Newhaven, and sell for about 8d. per bushel, and that the beds are private property; nay, that in many places they are kept in artificial beds, called 'mussel-gardens.' We have heard of cockle-shells in a garden in the nursery song:

How does my lady's garden grow?
With cockle-shells and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row;

but never before of mussel-gardens. However, Torbay is certainly full of mussel-beds, though no one seems ever to gather the fruit.

Besides the red-noses, which I have described, there were two other kinds of cockle in large quantities on the beach—one much larger, containing also a red fish, and its shell spiny; and another considerably smaller, and devoid of spines.

Besides the weed-collectors, the parties gathering mollusks in general for manure, and those picking them up with more careful discrimination for food, there were many with baskets gathering the small scraps of coal which had been washed from the different wharfs by the lashing of the waters; and many a good fire was no doubt maintained that day from this fuel, and the bits of sticks and chips which had been sent ashore in the same or other ways. Thank God! there was nothing that looked like the portions of boat or ship; no broken timbers or dead bodies came ashore to damp the enjoyment of this marine-harvesting; all was sunshine and glee—all 'good,' and no 'ill.'

I had my own particular 'good' from the effects of this wild wind. What a harvest is such a time for the zoologist, or marine botanist! and even for one who, without having a claim to either of these respectable names, has a right to that of a lover of nature and natural objects.

I have said that from the root of sea-weed in which the mussels were clustered, several interesting objects were procured. One of these was a species of diminutive 'sand-star,' of which there were not less than five or six specimens washed out all alive, and writhing their long arms about with great energy. These creatures were none of them above half an inch in expansion, each possessing five arms, radiating from a round imbricated centre. These arms are flexible and jointed, furnished with spines and membranous tentacula. There was also a curious annelid, of which at least a dozen specimens appeared: a long thread-like worm it was, which, under a small magnifier, appeared as if it were yellowish-white, spotted with black. It was furnished with an immense number of bristles, arranged along the side, which served the creature as instruments of progression, and by means of which it writhed about and climbed up the sides of the glass in which it was placed with wonderful ease. Another animal, of which I obtained three specimens from the same source, greatly delighted me. No doubt,

a true naturalist would have known what it was at a glance; but I did not, nor have I found it described or delineated in any of the works I have consulted. Examining the vessel one day in which my ever-increasing treasures were placed, I perceived a sort of net-work, of almost imperceptibly thin silky-looking fibres, not at all thicker than the finest silk-worm silk, wrapped over the bottom of the glass. I watched them for a minute or two, and saw that they were in motion; and on further inspection, found that they proceeded from two tubular cases of soft substance, each about three-quarters of an inch long; one was green, one yellow, and both not unlike in form to the tubular spear-shaped petal of the columbine, only that they were not so much knobbed or carved at the end, and less wide at the mouth. The yellow hair-like processes were fully an inch and a half extended from the mouths of these tubes, closely intermixed, so as to form one net, and of immense number. I gently agitated the water, and touched the threads with the feather-end of a pen, on which they instantly contracted, and the animals presented the appearance of such a torch as we see depicted in representations of Hymen; the filaments waving with most graceful movements from the mouth of the tube of each insect, and forming a thick flame-like tassel of rich amber colour. These filaments were all tentacula; and by means of them the creatures were able to inflate their bodies with water, and spring suddenly with a graceful, but most eccentric movement, to the top of the water—a feat they were continually performing, rising suddenly with their plumes depressed into a mass, and a wriggling motion of the body, and then as suddenly dropping in a winding direction to the bottom, their beautiful hair-like tentacula flapping out on the water in a most interesting and peculiar manner. I afterwards found a third and smaller specimen in the same cluster of weeds. These pretty and graceful things I kept for a fortnight, watching them daily with great pleasure.

No doubt, had I had a microscope of sufficient power, I should have discovered many more objects of interest in this vase; but as I had not, I was obliged to go further afield for my observations, not half of which, however, will space allow me to record. In the drift-heaps, I found, amongst other curious things, two varieties of 'cross-fish,' or, as they are sometimes called, star-fish, of the *Asteriade* family. One was the common cross-fish (*Craster rubens*), the other (*Asterias aurantiaca*) the bat-thorn. The former of these has five rounded, tapering, fleshy rays, surrounding a disk at equal distances, and covered with blunt spines. It is variable in tint, ranging from deep-yellow to scarlet. Under each ray is an avenue of short, whitish cylindrical tentacula or suckers, possessed of great powers of retraction. The other species was more light and elegant in form, its rays being narrower, and very regularly arranged; the colour, a light drab; and the surface of the disk and rays so closely set with tubercles crowded with minute spines, so as to give a firm compactness to the whole, quite different from the former species. All round the edges, the rays were studded with a row of bead-like protuberances, which formed an exceedingly accurate and beautiful border to the upper part of the animal, marking the regularity of the star very curiously. I found several specimens of each of these genera. It is said that the fishermen in some localities have a strange superstition about the bat-thorn. 'The first taken is carefully made a prisoner, and placed on a seat at the stern of the boat. When they hook a bat (halibut), they immediately give the poor star-fish its liberty, and commit it to its native element; but if their fishing is unsuccessful, it is left to perish.' This species inhabits deep water, and is usually dredged up from sandy ground. Star-fishes are often found feeding on shell-fish; they wrap their arms round their prey, and 'suck the fish out of its shell with their moving-

poking out the lobes of the stomach. They can project the central parts of their stomachs in the manner of a proboscis. In Cornwall, some of these creatures are called 'clam-fish,' and some people call them 'dead-men's-hands,' others, 'five-fingers.'

Plenty of the empty shells of the heart-urchins (*Amphilotus cordatus*) were washed up, denuded of their beautiful spines, but exhibiting the small orifices in the shell from which the suckers of the animal, when in life, were protruded; these form a curious sort of pattern on the otherwise solid shell. The woman where I was lodging assured me that these shells were gulls' eggs, and that the gulls dropped them on the water! I found one lovely little specimen of the sea-egg (*Echinus sphæra*), a delicately beautiful and curious object, alive, and its multitude of brittle spines all erect; but these creatures are so fragile, that before I could get it home, the greater part of the spines had been rubbed off. The shell of the sea-egg is spherical, but flattened at both ends. It is completely covered with tubercles, arranged longitudinally, in regular rows, to which are affixed the spines; 'most wonderfully suited,' says the author I have before quoted, Miss Pratt, 'to the wants of the living creature within the cell, is the structure of these spines.' No rock is so smooth or so rugged but that by their help the animal can make its way. Its meal lies before it among the rocks; the zoophytes, the shell-fish, the crabs, are all welcome prey; nor do they hunger for in vain. To look at it, it would appear a mere ball, incapable of attacking or of seizing any living thing that had limbs wherewith to walk away, or fins by means of which it could glide out of its presence. Not so; it can climb to places where animals which seem better fitted for locomotion would find access impossible. Cased in a coat-of-mail, and furnished with hundreds of spines, which serve as legs, the ball moves gently onwards. If an approaching enemy gives notice of danger, it can either withdraw behind some nook, or with the spine dig a hole in the sand, and lie there till it is past. Besides the spines, countless suckers aid the progress; suckers which, like those on the star-fish, emerge from the calcareous case, and which are as long as the spines themselves. These suckers are like little feet, and adhere firmly to rocks, and serve, too, as means of offence and defence to the animal: for if the crab or fish is touched by them, the touch proves fatal, and the victim is at once dragged to the mouth and devoured. Its mouth is an aperture, round which is a fleshy ring set with very sharp teeth, and jaws acted on by powerful muscles, which enable it to bite through hard substances.

One other object, and but one, must I notice of the many beautiful and curious things which formed my portion of that day's spoil—and that is the sea-mouse (*Aphrodita aculeata*). This strange little animal certainly ranks more with the curious than the beautiful, unless we except the long silky hairs, of every hue of the rainbow, with which parts of it are covered. The animals, of which I found two, are from three to four inches long, tapering at both ends, and about an inch thick: queer-looking creatures, the first of which, as I found it lying amongst the weeds, I at first took for an old brush; and it was not till I more closely inspected it, that I perceived that the stiff bristly black hairs, which are arranged in tufts along each side, belonged to a living animal. These black bristles surrounded little fleshy protuberances, which are the breathing-tubes of the animal; and the coloured hairs, which were indeed most beautiful, seem to be a mere clothing, though they may have some function to perform of which I was not aware. This animal is of the order *Annelata*—a term suggesting the general form, which is that of a series of rings.

Truly, it is 'an ill wind that blows nobody good,' possibly it will be long before I forget the lesson which

those days at Paington taught me, or lose the pleasant recollections of the interesting contrast afforded by the raging billows and the lightning flash, succeeded by the glorious calm blue summer-like sea and the joyous outpouring of the villagers.

M A R E T I M O.

CHAPTER X.

ANGELA.

We have already, by implication, conveyed to the reader an idea, of how Angela had spent the sad time of her separation from Paolo. At first the Marchese Belmonte, by violence and threats, had endeavoured to tear from her a public denial of the marriage, which yet everybody knew had taken place. For his own part, he affected to disbelieve it utterly, pretending that his daughter, by false representations, or even, as he insinuated, for the benefit of cretulous Sicily, by magical incantations, had been led into a sentimental correspondence with the young heir of Di Falco—who did not love her, but sought merely to gratify hereditary hatred. Day by day he announced that her illusion was dispersing, that she was almost ready to confirm his testimony, that she was withheld only by false shame. But the public declaration did not come; and even intimate friends began to use the expression 'Angela's recantation' as synonymous with 'the Greek Kalends.' Then the marchese, baffled by a will equally powerful with his own, though manifesting itself in more gentle forms, amidst tears and supplications, as firm as steel, even when she lay at his feet, hating them in tears, her hair dishevelled, a suppliant with the spirit of a martyr—this father, whose love became auxiliary to his violence, for he really believed that his daughter's happiness was as deeply wounded as his own pride—resolved, perhaps because some bitter moments of compunction came to him at times, to trust the task of coercion to other hands, and to remain alone in that palace of Messina, feeding on his anger and disappointment.

Angela arrived at the Villa Corsini in a mood of mind hostile to its owner, to whom she did not admit the right of surveillance over her sentiments and actions. To her father's authority she yielded, until required to sacrifice not only her affections but her duty. Had it been put forth before her marriage, with all its cruel and passionate claims to absolute disposal of her life and fortunes, probably she would have bent before it. There were times, indeed, when poignant regret came to her that she had entered upon womanly existence in the midst of a romantic episode, carrying out completely, in her ignorance of the world and its duties and obligations, the sentimental aspirations of every school-girl; unconsciously allowing a very faithful but very uninstructed servant—poor Lisa, whom she was not allowed now to see—to assist in modelling her life rather according to a theatrical than a practical theory; and hastening, it could not be denied, with blamable self-love, to meet the happiness without the responsibilities and the public sanction of matronhood. 'After all,' she sometimes thought, 'do a few whispered words, in the presence of trembling witnesses, in defiance of family tradition, apart from the smiles of a parent, and where public applause and consent could not penetrate—do these words constitute the blessing that makes me a wife?' So far, in her sceptical moods, did

she go; but then the remembrance of Paolo, whose whole soul to its very innermost depths had been laid open to her, and who had absorbed her, as it were, in his being, rose up. She saw him for a time as he used to come with swift step to their moonlight meetings; but then he was borne suddenly away, and stood afar off, on a bleak point overlooking the raging sea, beckoning to her in despair, or lying, pale and down-cast on the damp floor of a dungeon. These apparitions that peopled her slumbers, did not abandon her in her waking-hours. They never failed to convince her that her faint-heartedness was blamable, and that, the die being cast, she was bound to live faithful to the memory of Paolo—dead to her in his prison-tomb.

The intimate meditations of this young wife, who, as her early actions tell, was prone by nature to seek the enjoyment of the present hour, to substitute the impulses of her own heart for the lessons of worldly wisdom which she had heard without learning, to fly into the embraces of experience as the moth does to the candle, because of its brightness; her thoughts and hopes, and fears and doubts, and hesitations—the alternations of petulant despair and meek resignation; the moments when she felt moved to bruise her bosom against the bars of her cage, or shrink inertly, almost to the loss of reason, from the fearful prospect of a whole life spent in mourning over a flash of joy—moments that soon became of rarer occurrence; the gradual process by which she rose to the level of her position, taught herself at any rate to conceal the agitations that sometimes still disturbed her—learned to look not only without terror, but even with hope, to the future—the history of this education in sorrow, accomplished silently, without scandal, without useless scenes of reproach and anger, would be too long to relate. Suffice it to say, that Angela, having at length brought herself to believe that, despite all impediments, the time of consolation would come sooner or later—perhaps whilst youth was still bright, certainly when calm and meditative age found them abandoned by the enemies of their happiness—that Angela having acquired a fanatical confidence in this future, when she had been assured more than once on former occasions by the Princess Corsini that Paolo was dead, she merely answered by a smile of incredulity, that soon changed into one of confident hope.

The princess had all the prejudices of her brother, and believed as firmly as he did that the secret marriage of her niece was an ineffaceable stain on the family. Better versed, however, in the character of her sex, she soon understood that Angela had loved once for all; that it was impossible to shake her faith in Paolo; and that she would ever consider herself his until persuaded of his death. The marchese, more violent and unreasonable, had entertained hopes that the marriage, in the absence of certain formalities, might be broken by the forced consent of both husband and wife; and although the story, to his infinite grief and anger, had become known far and wide in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, he did not abandon until very late the idea of a more honourable establishment for his daughter. It was only by degrees that he was brought to consent provisionally, that if Angela remained obstinate in rebellion, means should be taken to induce her to enter a convent—not at first, he stipulated, as a novice, but as a guest. The Princess Corsini after this, troubled herself very little about his views; and being old, and idle, and proud, made it the business of her life to conquer the resistance of her niece, growing warm, like a gambler, in the contest, forgetting even the motives that at the outset actuated her, and fitting

her measures exactly to the amount of resistance she encountered. There is no more terrible struggle than that of two feminine wills; and the woman who defends her happiness is but a trifle stronger than the woman who first obeys her pride, and then seeks victory for victory itself.

The Padre Maximo was, as we have seen, but the half-conscious instrument in the last grand attempt to shake the confidence and hope of Angela. He believed that several false reports of the death of Paolo had been communicated by the princess, and been treated with indifference; but though he went through moments of doubt, he hesitated to admit the possibility that the Bishop of Trapani, long revered for his mild piety, would consent to write a deliberate untruth. Nor would the bishop perhaps have done so, but for the presence of his nephew Luigi, whose endeavours to force him to join in a conspiracy made him only the more anxious to please the powers existent. His letter, based on information derived from the commandant of Maretimo, which he would not take the trouble of examining, was dated the day previous to the arrival of Walter and the departure of Luigi.

Angela was sitting in a retired room, in a distant part of the villa, when the padre, after his interview with the princess, overheard by Walter and Mr Buck, went to break to her the sad tidings contained in the bishop's letter. A lamp, placed on a small table of white marble, threw a bright light on the piece of embroidery on which her fingers were busy, whilst her mind was far away, hovering over the surf-encircled island of Maretimo. Paolo would have found her much changed had he been permitted to watch her in secret, whilst her countenance was not lighted by that glance of undying youth which first assured him of her love, and which she had promised should always be ready to greet him, no matter what savage years might commit upon her features. People often talk as of a wonderful thing, that some farc old couples, from whom all beauty of form has vanished, should still continue to gaze at each other with admiration; but, in truth, they have never ceased to behold what at first charmed them. Wrinkles, visible to bystanders, are not visible to them. Indeed, they never saw the material lines, which have always some defect, but only an image cast into their minds, they know not how, and which remains unchanged, as if by some magical trick the shadow of a tree in deep water should persist in all the loveliness of spring the summer through, and even in autumn, when the real leaves are shed upon the breeze. There is not much mystery in this if we think well of it. The shape we really love is but the symbol of a soul; and whilst the soul varies not in its devotion, we have no leisure to mark the progress by which the body advances towards decay.

Angela, as we have said, was changed even in one year; but whilst losing some of the graces that had lingered about her from childhood—some of the tints, fresh and bright as those of an infant's cheek that has lain too long and too closely against its mother's breast—some of that heavenly purity of the eye which speaks of a soul never yet disturbed by too great joy or sorrow—though her countenance was not that of one in the dewy dawn of life, watching cheerfully for the rising sun, yet perhaps she was more truly beautiful then, as she sat with her heart full of memories and regrets, than when first she won the love of Paolo. There is a kind of sorrow that seems to sanctify the human frame, to purify it from the earthliness that clings to youth and happiness, however lovely. The Padre Maximo, as he stood in the half-open doorway and gazed, thought that it was well this spiritual thing was no longer bound to the world by any chain, and rejoiced almost that one word would bring her, humbled and bruised, to his feet, imploring him to take her away to what he really believed was the ante-chamber of Paradise, the waiting

room of eternal joy—the Convent of the Assumption at Castellamare.

She was not much surprised to see him standing there, although his pallid face contrasted more than usual with his black garments, and his eyes were full of pity—the menace of those who suffer, but have hope. She rose to meet him; but he led her back to her chair, and remained silent. He had prepared many words of consolation, such as those by which the prudent are accustomed to usher in evil tidings; but they fled away from his memory, and he stood long by Angela's chair holding her hand. She understood partly; for at length, hanging down her head, she said in an anxious voice:

'You have something to tell me.'

The padre placed the bishop's letter in her hand, and looked towards the doorway, not to witness her first start of anguish. He beheld the princess standing on the threshold with folded arms, contemplating the scene triumphantly; and a strange suspicion came again to him, that he was perhaps the bearer of a falsehood.

Then rose that fearful cry that rushed through the villa, and was heard, if any were abroad, far out in the fields.

Angela fell against the padre, as if life had quite forsaken her, and then down upon the floor—not in one of those languid swoons that give time for the sufferer to take a graceful attitude, but like a mere inanimate thing that is never to move again. Her face lay upon the marble; one hand was pressed to her heart, as if she had been stabbed there; the other was outstretched, convulsively clenching the fatal letter.

'Our first cure must be to send for a doctor,' said the princess, whilst calmly taking the most necessary preliminary steps to bring back Angela to consciousness.

'I will despatch Andrea at once to the village,' murmured the padre, who felt, and indeed looked, as if he had committed murder.

He was glad to be out of the room, and hastened, feeling his way, down to the hall, where Andrea and several women-servants were standing in a frightened group, believing that they had heard the voice of a spirit. At sight of the poor priest, whose face was livid as that of a corpse, they all crossed themselves, and crowded back from him. But he was soon recognised.

'Go, Andrea,' said he, 'to the house of Dottore Pizzo; tell him you come from me; and that he must leave all other duties, and be here at once.'

The serving-man hesitated. He was smitten by a superstitious terror, and could not believe that the sound he had heard was the voice of a human being in pain or in trouble.

'The night is dark,' he muttered, looking forth through a broad window on the great mass of trees that surrounded the house; 'and Maria here thinks she has seen strange forms gliding to and fro near the avenue.'

The padre instantly understood that he must be the bearer of his own message. At any rate, he could not resign himself to put the old man to the torture of superstitious fear by forcing him abroad in that mood of mind.

'Give me the key of the park-gate,' said he, 'and I will go myself. Besides, it is true that my words will have more weight with the doctor, who does not like to be disturbed at this hour, and would perhaps not wake up sufficiently to understand you.'

Andrea, though he felt ashamed of his cowardice, gave the key, and led the good priest to the front entrance.

'I would accompany you to the gate,' quoth he hesitating; 'but you know the way, and—I should have to come back alone.'

All the women declared that they should die of fright if Andrea went.

'Besides,' said the priest, chiding them, 'instead of being foolish here, you should be assisting your mistress to recover the Lady Angela.'

They let him out, and all went in a body to ascertain what was the matter, and offer their tardy aid.

The padre had not proceeded many steps down the avenue before he distinguished in the gloom two figures coming towards him. Despite his courage and confidence, we cannot be surprised that his heart seemed to leap into his throat.

'It is the priest alone,' whispered Mr Buck. 'Could there be a better chance?'

Walter instantly spoke in a cheering voice: 'Good father,' said he, 'be not alarmed; continue your journey: we are not robbers, but friends.'

'How came you here?' replied the padre, not quite reassured, but advancing, as he was directed, down the avenue.

'Is the Lady Angela in danger?' inquired Walter. 'Of her life, stranger, though it cannot interest you.'

'Be not sure of that, father. But tell me first, since the news smote her down, has she spoken?'

The padre stopped full in the midst of the avenue, and began to cross himself. Who could these people be, who knew so well at once what had taken place in a retired chamber of the villa?

'I do not know who you may be,' he faltered.

'You shall know all, as we do. We know that you have been the unwilling bearer of false intelligence; that you have spoken of the death of Paolo di Faeco, who yet is living.'

'Living! Then it is unnecessary for me to go to Annunziata. Indeed, if he be dead, it seems to me there can be no hope. If he be living, a word will cure her. Tell me what you know.'

They led the padre beneath the trees, and in brief hurried sentences explained how sorely he had been deceived, and admitted the object of their presence there. Actuated partly by his good feeling, partly by indignation at having been made the dupe of so abominable a scheme, the excellent priest became their accomplice at once.

'We must be cautious,' said he; 'but we must be energetic. There is no time to lose. Let us go and open the gate, and spend a little while more in talk. Then I will return with you, sir (addressing Walter), as if you were a foreign physician whom I had encountered by chance—the Dottore Pizzo being away. You will easily contrive to have speech of Angela. Your companion must keep away; but we shall probably want his services to-morrow. You say you have a letter to the Princess Corsini. Let him present it. Heaven forgive me if I am doing wrong! But this poor child must be rescued from the hands of her persecutors; and if evil come, let it fall on me.'

The plan suggested by the padre was the most feasible one that could be adapted, although Mr Buck, who had grown wiser in the adventure, would have preferred some more active part at once. However, he resigned himself with a sigh, and promised to remain at the gate until his companion should return.

They went towards the house, where the substitution of Walter for the Dottore Pizzo excited no remark—was indeed scarcely noticed. Angela—who had not spoken since she had received the news that had struck her down, but who had recovered her senses partially, for she looked round with a stony gaze as if in search of some one—was lying on a couch, attended by the women; whilst the princess, frightened at what she had done, paced anxiously up and down the adjoining room, looking in now and then, but not daring to enter. Walter rapidly examined the ground; and then, after looking with unaffected earnestness at the beautiful patient, began by ordering every one to retire from her.

'What she wants is air, pure air,' he said, 'and perfect silence.'

The servant-maids were not sorry to go away; for each one had fifty ingenious surmises to communicate, and fifty questions to put to Andrea, who sat on the stairs outside, that he might not be left quite alone in a distant part of the house.

At a glance from Walter, the padre went into the next room, to engage the attention of the princess, and half-closed the door as he passed. Angela looked on Walter with surprised and inquiring air. There was no time to lose. He bent towards her, and speaking low, but in clear measured accents, he said: 'Utter not a word, not a sound; but listen, and believe. You have been the victim of a conspiracy. Paolo lives, and has sent me to you.'

An expression darted across Angela's countenance, that revealed the passage of what may be called a pang of joy through her heart. Then she closed her eyes, and fainting again; but this time with a smile upon her lips.

'This is nothing,' said Walter to the princess, whom he called to his assistance. 'A little water will bring her to. There is no danger—none whatever.'

He watched the effect these words would have; and was scarcely surprised to find that the expression of womanly solicitude, which had taken place on the princess's countenance, instantly vanished, and gave way to one of stern resolve. Once assured that there was no fear of death, this implacable woman reverted to her plan, when it seemed to have been broken off, and already in her mind pondered how she should communicate to her brother that Angela had been induced to abandon the world, and bury her sorrows in a convent. Perhaps she was eager to secure this recruit to the army of faith, as an atonement for some sin of her own formerly committed.

Walter was again left alone with Angela when she recovered; and although he would have thought it more prudent to defer further explanations until she was better able to hear them, he could not resist the mute supplication of her eyes. He spoke to her of Paolo long and enthusiastically—still in the same measured accents, which fell like dew upon Angela's wounded spirit. He endeavoured, then, to make her comprehend the necessity of concealing her new-born joy, and affecting a semblance of grief.

'How can I seem sad,' murmured Angela, pressing her hands to her bosom, 'when I have paradise here?'

Walter then explained to her, that they wished to remove her from that villa; she assented with smiles; to take her with them—still she assented; but when he talked of leaving her in some place of safety whilst they attempted the rescue of Paolo: 'No,' said she firmly; 'the first hour of his liberty must be the first hour of my joy. I will accompany you.'

They agreed that Mr Buck should present himself next day, and seek an interview with the princess. But Walter, as yet, did not see very clearly how he could take away Angela, without creating a great rumour in the country, which he wished to avoid. However, he trusted a good deal in the suggestions of the night, and not a little in those of the worthy padre.

The princess thought, perhaps, that the visit of the physician was somewhat prolonged, for she came into the room, and said rather stiffly: 'Perhaps it will be well to let her rest now; although you seem, Sir Stranger, to effect your cures by words.'

Walter was afraid that some suspicion had crossed her mind, and hastened to take his leave in company with the padre.

'Don't forget to draw the gate after you,' said Andrea, who still objected to go down the avenue at that hour.

'We shall not fail, my son,' said the priest. 'Good-night.'

Mr Buck was waiting eagerly for them at the gate. It seemed to him that they had been away several hours; and, indeed, it was now long past midnight. They had much still to say to each other; and the padre took them to his little house, situated under the shadow of the church, at the entrance of the village. He contrived to let them in without waking his servant. And they passed the remainder of the night debating what they should do.

The padre now proved himself to be of good counsel.

'Strictly speaking,' said he, 'we might go to-morrow to the villa, obtain sight of Angela, ask her to accompany us, and take her away, whether the princess pleased or not. The wife of Paolo has courage enough to play any part we bid her; and there is no one at the villa strong enough to resist. They have, indeed, never contemplated the necessity of using violence. Angela came here in obedience to her father's commands, and has remained, simply because it was indifferent to her where she abided, Paolo not being with her. If she had ever shewn the slightest wish to escape, coercive measures would perhaps have been taken; but there has never appeared any necessity. To-morrow, therefore, we might, as I have said, lead her away without any stratagem at all. This, however, would not suit my purpose. I cannot put myself, without absolute necessity, so openly in opposition to so powerful a family. Listen to my plan. Signor Buck must present that strange letter to-morrow. Let him speak to the princess as if he had heard a rumour of Paolo's death. She will be delighted to give him an interview with Angela. When he obtains it, let him suggest, as his own opinion, that nothing now remains but absolute retirement from the world. Angela will understand, and acquiesce. I will be there, and will find an opportunity to speak to the poor thing in secret. She will ask to be led immediately to Castellamare. The princess will order out her old carriage, and accompany her. I shall be there, but not as your accomplice. There is a spot where the road comes quite down to the edge of the water, and is not divided in any way from the beach; banditti have often stopped travellers there; and, said the good priest, smiling maliciously, 'if two strong men, who have sailed in their boat faster than we have travelled, happen to be there, and insist on carrying off Angela, Andrea will remain on the bay, the princess will storm, and I, not being a man of war, shall be able to do nothing but implore you to desist, which you, heretics that you are, of course will not do; and I shall not be sorry if you put me rather in fear of my life.'

The two friends laughed at this sketch of a plan of elopement, which, however, seemed feasible enough. They resolved to attempt it; and having slumbered for awhile in a couple of chairs, bade adieu to the padre, and hastened to their albergo. The hostess received them with good-natured reproaches. Mad Englishmen that they were, to spend the night wandering about the country, admiring dreary scenery, whilst the softest beds in all Italy had been prepared for their reception! They willingly admitted the absurdity of their proceedings, and did justice to a breakfast which, if not quite so delightful as the beds were supposed to be, extorted from them numerous compliments that quite won the hostess's heart.

Mr Buck went down to his boat, to give some necessary directions; and when the morning was sufficiently advanced to authorise a call, started to penetrate in his turn into that mysterious villa, which had begun to assume in his mind almost the character of an enchanted castle. He had never been engaged in any adventure so extraordinary before, and felt his breast swell with pride at finding himself an indispensable agent. Having recommended to him the utmost discretion, Walter, not caring to remain at the albergo, where a number of inquisitive people began to collect, went on board the cutter, pursued by several beggars, and pulling out a

little way, 'endeavoured to make the time seem short by the use of Mr Buck's fishing-tackle.

In all his life Walter Masterton never remembered so long a day as that. The sun seemed ever to remain poised in the same place, and the shadows of the hills were as motionless as marble blocks. Excepting the piece of coast near at hand, that rose abruptly and concealed the cone of Vesuvius, all the shores of the bay, which he gazed at over the water's trembling with light, appeared to be dim as the land we see in dreams. A few sails came gliding from various points, and then floated as it were stationary. Walter began to fear that there would not be breeze enough to take them to the point agreed upon, but the lads said they would row, if necessary. Time passed. At length it could not escape observation, that the day was far spent; for the sun hung over the entrance of the bay. Still there was no sign of Mr Buck. No messenger beckoned from the shore. Walter became uneasy. Had he misunderstood the plan? Had his companion been induced to accompany the carriage? Had it passed; and was Angela, believing herself betrayed, already in sight of the sombre walls of the convent? Had the priest faltered? All these questions, and many more, tormented him, until the sun sank so far, that the brilliance which had hitherto been shed over the whole scene, gradually withdrew, and seemed to collect in one glow towards the west.

At length Mr Buck appeared on the shore, beckoning anxiously to be taken on board. They slipped the oars, and rowed in at once.

'All right?' inquired Walter anxiously.

'All right. They have started already, and all depends now on our finding them alone at the bottom of the hill. The padre is a brick.'

Mr Buck, who was in a state of great enthusiasm and delight, related, as they got under-way, that the letter of Bianca—especially as he accompanied it by stating plumply that at Messina everybody talked of Paolo's death—caused him to be received with the highest honours by the princess, and led at once to an interview with Angela. Matters passed exactly as the padre had anticipated, except that the young wife, though prepared for this visit, was overcome for a time by the excessive earnestness with which Mr Buck played his part, and actually fainted again. The padre, however, soon took an opportunity of restoring the tranquillity of her mind, and let her into the whole secret of his plan. Thenceforward she allowed herself to be guided like a child, or rather entered into the intrigue as if it had been a mere sport. Love taught her dissimulation. Her request to be instantly taken to the convent, that she might intomb her sorrows there, was, said Mr Buck, a consummate piece of acting.

'These women,' quoth he, 'even the best of them, are dangerous creatures. 'Tis no wonder that I deceived her—I am a man of the world; but 'pon honour, even knowing what I did, she deceived me. I was on the point of upbraiding her, and of saying: "Madam, what will your husband think of this?" However, I soon remembered all about it; hoped she would never have occasion really to conceal anything from Mr Paolo, for I defy him or anybody else to guess her thoughts; and then submitted during three mortal hours—three whole hours and a quarter, sir, by my watch—to be preached to by the Princess Corsini, who nourished the vain hope of converting me to her faith by all manner of ingenious arguments and learned citations. She is a very eloquent woman, but if ever I were to become a missionary, I should take lessons from the padre, not from her.'

Walter did not pay much attention to Mr Buck's account of his controversy with the princess. He was too much absorbed in anxious calculations, the result of which the slightest accident might derange. Between

Annunziata and Castellamare the coast describes a great curve, at the centre of which was the spot where the padre had given them a rendezvous. Before they had traversed half the distance, darkness had come on. The moon, though already up, was shrouded in white clouds. Very irregular was the motion of the boat; for the wind came only in puffs, and sometimes died away so entirely, that they were compelled to use the oars. At one place, they were so near the land, that they heard, or thought they heard, the roll of carriage-wheels, and the cracking of a whip. At length a longer and more vigorous puff of wind than usual carried them gallantly towards a bit of pebbly beach, that guided them for some distance by its whiteness. The sail was furled; and the prow of the boat grated upon the stones as it touched the shore.

The undertaking in which they were engaged had many chances of failure. If any travellers—not to speak of the Guardia Campana—happened to pass, their presence in that unusual place could not fail to attract attention; and those they waited for might be warned or defended. Walter began to regret that, in order to save the priest from suspicion, he had consented to this roundabout way of proceeding. Every one, he thought, should bear the responsibility of his own actions. At times, indeed, in the idleness of suspense, he debated whether it was not possible either that the padre was playing false from beginning to end, or that, suddenly fearing the consequences of what he was doing, he had resolved to obtain forgiveness by betrayal. As for Mr Buck, he was in high glee. He had taken his fowling-piece out of the boat, and had put a pistol in each pocket of his white trousers. As he paced up and down the road, he tried to give himself the attitude of a Calabrian brigand; and, in truth, felt quite lawless and desperate. He was aware that at that time, in most countries of the world, to stop a carriage on the highroad at night—no matter under what pretence—very much resembled a hanging matter. Walter also had armed himself; and the two lads in Mr Buck's employ, huddling near the mast, began to whisper to one another, and to discuss in what criminal affair they were about to be engaged against their will.

The road from Annunziata curved with the bay, but only at that point came quite down to the beach. After an interval that seemed considerable, two lights were seen coming slowly along.

'Here they are,' said Mr Buck, drawing a long breath, as if relieved from an immense weight. 'I did not like to say so before, but I really began to fear that we had arrived too late.'

Walter did not answer. The moon was shining on the road; and his eager eyes had distinguished the presence of a person on horseback moving near the carriage.

'They have a companion,' said he. 'I am now in for it; and Angela must go with us this night, even if there be bloodshed. I am sorry to have brought you into this business, my friend, which may prove a serious one.'

The only answer which Mr Buck made to this rather untimely observation, was contained in one word—'Bather!' The broad little man felt all the instincts of the bandit become suddenly developed in his breast.

At length the carriage drew nigh, and it was evident that a gentleman was accompanying it, and was acquainted with those within, for he sometimes approached the window to speak. It was Ascanio, the cousin of Angela, who had ridden all the way from Naples to see her. He still retained his old passion for her, though until now he had been ashamed to confess it. They told him of the death of Paolo; and he was exerting all his eloquence to dissuade Angela from retiring from the world, when Mr Buck, seizing the bridle of his horse, and forgetting many circumstances in his confusion, levelled a pistol at his head,

and in a tone which he remembered to have heard used amid the brilliant glare of a line of footlights, exclaimed:

'Your money, or your life! No, I don't mean that; but just gallop off, and leave the coast clear.'

Ascanio did not understand a word, but the action was unmistakable. He made an effort to disengage his bridle, and even gave Mr Buck a severe slash across the face with his whip. The stout Englishman uttered an exclamation of rage, and would, probably have turned the adventure into a tragic one, had not Walter—who had hastened to the carriage-door, opened it, and handed out Angela, perfectly ready and agile, despite the feigned remonstrances of the priest, and the indignant exclamations of the princess—passed by and exclaimed:

'Let go, Buck. All is right.'

'My niece—my niece!' exclaimed the princess. 'Ascanio, save your cousin.'

The clear voice of Angela answered:

'It would be cruel to leave you both in despair. Farewell, aunt; farewell, cousin. I go with perfect good-will. Paolo lives!'

So saying, she allowed Walter to lift her into the boat, which had been already shoved off from the land. Ascanio, who felt that he was playing a rather ridiculous part, seized hold of a rope, and tried to bring Andrea to the rescue; but Mr Buck, remembering the slash he had received, struck him a smart blow over the fingers with a boat-hook. He let go, and led the mortification to see the cutter dart out into deep water, impelled vigorously by poles. Then the sail flapped; and taking the wind, the vessel glided rapidly away.

'Throw stones at them—throw stones!' cried the valiant Andrea from his seat. 'Oh if I had had time to get down!'

The princess first recovered her presence of mind.

'They cannot land anywhere without being tracked,' said she. 'We must take care that they do not leave the bay. To Castellamare, Ascanio; the commandant, Lucar, will best know what to do.'

Ascanio understood, and remounting his horse, he galloped, trembling with rage and mortification, along the road, whilst the old carriage followed rumbly in the rear.

About two hours afterwards, Walter, happening to look back towards the land, saw a bright flash from the shore, and presently heard the prolonged boom of a great gun.

'What is that?' said he to Mr Buck, who was sitting near Angela, as she lay dozing at the bottom of the boat, watching her with a sort of paternal solicitude.

'That, if I mistake not,' was the reply, 'is no other than a warning to the revenue-boats, at the entrance of the bay, to stop all outward-bound vessels until further orders. If so, the signal will be answered and repeated.'

And sure enough, before very long, all round the immense curve of coast, there were similar flashes, followed by similar sounds—each battery firing a single gun, from Sorrento even to Baia.

'They were leading the celebrated bandit Andrea Pisani, by the land-road to Naples to be shot,' said Mr Buck, grimly remembering how like a bandit he had just acted. 'He broke away, and got into a boat prepared by some accomplices at Torre del Greco. The guns were fired, and three hours afterwards he arrived at Naples by water instead of by land—that was all.'

Two or three flashes were seen at the same time towards the entrance of the bay, and before any sound reached their ears, Mr Buck had leisure to exclaim:

'The *Re Ferdinando* is answering the signal by a broadside, to tell that she is awake.'

A prolonged report came rolling past over the waters, and faint echoes murmured all round the shores of the bay. Then darkness and silence closed

in on all sides; and they sailed on until all the lights of Naples threw down their reflections like golden arrows into the waters ahead.

ONE-SIDED LAW.

READERS of the London newspapers will have observed by the police reports, that an energetic effort has lately been made to put down 'betting-houses.' These establishments are usually public-houses in crowded neighbourhoods, the resort of what are called 'sporting characters,' who meet together for the purpose of drinking and betting on the result of horse-races. In Drury Lane, Long-Acre, and thereabouts, there are some well-known houses of this kind; and such is the popular mania for betting, that on the occasion of important races at Epsom, Ascot, and Newmarket, crowds collect about the doors, to await intelligence from the scene of action. At these times, the public-houses in question would be crammed to suffocation, but for the precautionary measure of charging sixpence for admission to the betting-room 'up stairs,' where the grand conclave, with betting-books before them, sit at the receipt of custom—that is, administering loss and disappointment on wonderfully easy terms to the silly gulls who venture within the precincts.

Of course, so gross and obvious a vice could not escape legislation. A recent act of parliament makes a dead shot at betting-houses; and against such establishments, and the betting within them, as well as against public gambling in other forms, the police wages a constant war. Only a few days ago, an officer made a clean sweep of a betting-room connected with a public-house in Long-Acre, apprehending no fewer than 114 sporting characters, and lodging them in the court-room at Bow Street, to await the decision of magisterial justice. Few persons will object to the due execution of the law against betting; nor will much sympathy, we believe, be extended to the '114 sporting characters' aforesaid. But public indignation, in this as in similar instances, is necessarily much restrained by the consideration, that the law against betting-houses is one-sided; and is so in more senses than one. It seems tolerably plain, that betting on horse-races is a consequence of there being horse-races to bet upon; and that, therefore, the true way to put down the betting, is to put an end to the racing. The states of the realm, however, would not like to go this length. The members, in general, do not by any means object to racing, because it happens to be an entertainment of which they are themselves rather fond; and neither do they object to the genteel betting that goes on upon the spot, since they know that without this, racing would long since have been put down as a nuisance.

Surely we are warranted in thinking, that parliament did not come quite up to its wisdom in thus addressing itself to the business of mending popular manners, while it not only does not refrain from mending its own, but actually encourages the vice it pretends to condemn in others. On every recurrence of that annual saturnalia, the 'Derby Day,' we see Lords and Commons rushing from their posts, like a throng of school-boys, to indulge in the frolics of Epsom—to attract, by their presence, a promiscuous concourse to a spot on which the principal entertainment is betting—that is, winning and losing money by gambling. Nay, does not royalty itself, not only by its presence, but by the offer of purses and plate to be run for, invest horse-racing with a halo of respectability, and thereby seduce the humbler order of people into practices to be put down by the police? But is not horse racing a respectable and useful amusement in itself, whatever be the vices with which sporting characters have surrounded it? Just about as useful and humane as was the practice of bear-baiting, which formed a courtly entertainment a few reigns

back, or was more recently, within the memory of men still living, the practice of cock-fighting not far from the royal mews. Everything has its day. We do not now care for bear and bull baiting, or cock-fighting, or boxing-matches; nor do many people go to enjoy the fun of rat-killing. Even pigeon-shooting is looked upon as a cruel 'sport,' and we shall probably live to hear considerably less bragging of the butcherly feat of killing so many hundred head of game in so many days. It is time that horse-racing should be resigned by the nobility and gentry, and left to die of its intrinsically vulgar reputation. Legislative acts might help it into the grave; but we are no admirers of plans for making people virtuous by act of parliament. In this country, example is almost above law; and 'the people,' prone to follow where fashion leads, would, we apprehend, soon vote horse-racing to be 'low,' and shun it accordingly. Provided it met first with discouragement in high quarters. Let there be no 'good company' at Epsom or Ascot, and we should very shortly hear of there being no company at all. As to any benefit to the breed of horses by horse-racing, that must come under the category of vulgar errors. Nobody now cares a straw for excessive speed in horses. The locomotive, with a speed of forty miles an hour—fifty to sixty, if required—superstices the fleetest horse, with the additional advantage of sparing all animal suffering. In this view of the matter, the railway is an instrument of humanity; and, like all other applications of mechanical science, the friend of social improvement. To talk of horse-races being useful, since the kind of horses which run such races are practically of no utility—a mere fanciful variety of the equine species, of value to nobody but 'black-legs'—is a little too absurd. At all events, as horse-racing is the acknowledged parent of betting, with its mean and villainous details of betting-houses, ill-needs, intemperance, and crime, one would expect that it should come in for a share of general contempt and execration. Legislative repression, of course, will not be thought of till only the poor require to be cared for. When no more dukes and lords rush to the Deu, then—and not till then—we shall have a law against the turf. Meanwhile, any one of the hundred and fourteen unfortunates figuring at Bow Street might have sarcastically sung with Mithcath:—

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me;
I wonder we've not better company
At Tyburn tree!

A COSSACK OF THE DON.

An intelligent young German, Herr Wagner, travelled lately among the Cossack tribes of Russia—sojourned, as a French critic expresses it, 'beneath the wide-spreading wings of the two-headed eagle.' He has published an account of his adventures in two very pleasant volumes, entitled *Der Kaukasus und das Land der Kosaken*. From it we translate the following episode:—

At one of his stations in the Crimea, Herr Wagner met and gradually became intimate with a major in the Cossack army, who wore on his breast the Order of St. Anne, and spoke French with remarkable facility. One evening, while sitting together after dinner, their conversation turned on the manners and customs of the native tribes. 'If you wish,' said the major, 'to form a just idea of the Cossacks of the Don, do not be satisfied with viewing them in their capital city, but penetrate into the steppes of the south. There still exist specimens of the real original wild Cossacks, but in our town of Novo-Tcherkassk you will find a degenerate population.'

On the left bank of the Don, he continued, are a number of families who pass the winter in reed-

thatched cabins; but who, during the summer, encamp under tents, and are almost as thoroughly nomadic in their habits as their neighbours the Kalmucks. From one of these families was descended my maternal grandfather, Wassili Tguroff, surnamed the 'Devil of the Steppes.'

Although the tribes of the steppes formed a free commonwealth of soldiers, amongst whom formerly neither lords nor serfs were recognised, yet certain families were raised above the others, not by a patent of nobility, but by the honour which they had acquired in various encounters, by their alliances, and by the number of combatants whom they could bring to the field. Such was the family of my mother, the Tguroffs.

Frequently, without consulting their hetman, they attacked the Nogai Tatars, and were usually joined by a number of other Cossacks, attracted by the love of war and the hope of plunder. This family was believed to be under the special protection of the god of war, and it was thought that, all their enterprises were certain to succeed. Emboldened by good-fortune, the Tguroffs continued to penetrate more deeply into the steppes. On one occasion, during winter, they advanced as far as Perekop, and were returning in triumph with a flock of five sheep, when suddenly they found themselves assailed by a formidable host of Tatars, who were lying in wait. They were surrounded, and massacred. More than a hundred Tguroffs were slain; my grandfather alone escaping from the slaughter. He received a sabre-cut across the skull, which laid him senseless on the ground; his wounded horse fell on him, and by concealing him from his enemies, saved his life. The Tatars stripped their victims; cut off their heads, to be carried to the Khan of Baktshi Sarai, who rewarded them liberally; and then went away. After some time my grandfather revived: he rose from his couch of snow, and recognising the body of his father, he managed to bury it, in order to save it from the teeth of the wolves, which already were approaching in droves. He then succeeded in catching a stray horse, which brought him back safely to his village.

Amongst the Cossacks, death is not accompanied by sombre mourning. When one of them falls bravely in battle, they do not weep or lament for him. We leave tears to the women, prayers to the priests; and when we have thrown a few shovelfuls of clay over the grave of our departed friend, we meet together to drink, smoke, and talk of his bravery and virtue. Thus were celebrated the funeral rites of the brave warriors whose terrible end Wassili Tguroff came to announce. By the death of his father and of his nearest relatives, he inherited a quantity of horses and oxen, considerable sums of money, and an ample supply of brandy. Crowds of Cossacks assembled around him, to hear the recital of the disaster from which he had so miraculously escaped, and to render homage to the memory of their companions by plentiful banquets and deep libations. While they were emptying his tuns of liquor, and devouring his roasted sheep, he lay stretched on his bed, suffering cruelly from his wound. In a few days, however, he rose up with fresh vigour, and summoned all his friends to follow him in a fierce expedition. At their head he entered one night a Tatar encampment, and destroyed every living soul within it, not sparing even the women, and carrying off the children transfixed on the points of their lances. Then Wassili led his friends to the place where his people had perished, disinterred the body of his father, and carried it to his *stanitsa*, in order to celebrate the funeral rites afresh with libations of brandy. This occurred about the middle of the last century. My grandfather was then young, but already renowned for his intrepidity. He married three times, had thirteen sons and one daughter, who was my mother.

I wish I could describe to you his appearance as it

remains engraven on my memory. Fancy a broad-chested man of six feet high, with Herculean shoulders, a bronze-coloured visage, a thick beard falling on his breast, and large eyes, whose strange expression few could sustain unmoved; a head covered with thick curled hair, and surmounted by a fur-cap, adorned with a raven's feather. He used to ride a half-wild horse, whose mane nearly reached the ground; and he was universally proclaimed the best rider of the Don, and the most skilful manager of the sabre and the lance.

His numerous grandchildren felt for him respect, largely mingled with fear. Before the catastrophe which was so near ending fatally for him, he was gay, jovial, fond of singing and dancing; but after it he became taciturn and gloomy. He loved his grandchildren, especially myself, but his affection was manifested not by caresses, but by frequent presents.

Near my father's cabin he caused to be constructed on piles a more spacious habitation. In a niche in a recess in the principal room, he placed an image of the Virgin. It stood on a wooden pedestal, and was veiled by a silken curtain. Before it a lamp burned night and day, and around it were suspended crowns of flowers and various ornaments in gold and silver. My grandfather required that whoever came into his house should pause and make the sign of the cross before his venerated niche; and after every meal, we children were commanded to do the same. Wo to him who should neglect doing so! I shall never forget the terror I felt one day, when my cousin Michael, a child of ten years old, while amusing himself with a thing by chance hit the Virgin's pedestal with a stone. Our grandfather's countenance assumed a diabolical expression, his eyes sparkled, he gnashed his teeth, and seizing the boy by the hair, he dashed him outside the door. Some time afterwards, Michael was found drowned. Some of our family said it was a chastisement from God; others did not scruple to assert that my grandfather himself had thrown him into the water. He was certainly quite capable of doing it.

From that day, Wassili kept stretched across the room, in front of his altar, a cord, which no one was permitted to cross. He himself always trimmed the lamp. He had particular respect for a *volikh*,* which stood at some distance from his dwelling. He planted a cross on it, and forbade us to approach it. Although this tumulus was covered with rich thick grass, his shepherds dared not let their sheep approach it. Wassili often went there, but always in the most gloomy weather. When the thunder rolled, and torrents of rain descended from black clouds, then we used to see him saddle his horse, wrap himself in his *boukhar*, and hasten to his *molille*. One of my cousins, Peter Tsuroff, an especial favourite of his, wanted one day to see what attracted the old man towards this ancient place of sepulture, and nearly lost his life through his rash curiosity. Remarking one morning that our grandfather was preparing to set out, he went by stealth across the steppe, and hid himself amongst the thick grass, at the distance of a few paces from the mysterious mound. My grandfather soon arrived, rode round the tumulus, then ascended it, tied his horse to the cross on the top, and taking a hatchet from beneath his cloak, began to turn up the soil. Peter made some involuntary movement; my grandfather perceived him, and threw the hatchet at his head. The child happily avoided the blow, escaped at the top of his speed, and during more than a year dared not reappear before the terrible old man. From his recital, we conjectured that Wassili had treasures hidden within the Mongol tombs.

* A species of tumulus, of which many are scattered along the steppes. They are attributed to the Mongols, who bury their dead in them. On opening them, earthen vases and rudely formed darts and hatchets have been found.

He followed Suwaroff in his campaigns against the Poles, and in each battle signalled himself by his impetuous bravery. When the Russians marched against the French in Italy and Germany, he was, by his age, exempt from serving. But when, in 1812, Napoleon crossed our frontiers, when the czar summoned all his subjects to the defence of their country, Wassili declared that he would go to the war. He committed his house to my mother's care; charged her especially not to allow any one to approach the holy image; and to keep the Virgin's lamp continually lighted.

He set out, accompanied by his thirteen sons and fifty of his grandsons, and joined the army of Kutusoff before the battle of Borodino. As he could neither read nor write, he could be enrolled only among the sub-officers; but our hetman, Platoff, gave him the command of a squadron. I served under him as a private soldier, although I had already made two campaigns, and attained the rank of lieutenant.

My grandfather was then ninety years old; yet he showed all the vigour of a young man. While pursuing the French during their retreat, he bore without a murmur wind, cold, fatigue, and privations. To see the old man, his long lance in his hand, riding through a heavy snow-storm, you would have said that his muscles were covered with buffalo-skin.

In the morning, he used to rouse us all from the bivouac with a voice that sounded afar off like the roaring of a bull. The Tsuroffs enrolled in his squadron used to assemble around him every night, and offer him the various spoils which they had taken from the enemy. Sometimes he divided these prizes equally amongst them; sometimes he reserved a portion for himself. He cared little for silver; but when he was presented with a few pieces of gold, he seized them with an eager hand, and a smile of satisfaction lighted up his face. To procure him this joy, we frequently risked our lives; for we loved him, wonderful old man that he was, and felt proud of pleasing him. In the commencement of the campaign, he used to slay without mercy all the French soldiers whom we found defenceless; but the czar having proclaimed that he would give a rouble for every prisoner brought to him alive, Wassili enjoined us to spare our captives, and we thus obtained many roubles.

Without suffering from the slightest illness, or receiving a single wound, he traversed Russia and Germany; but when we reached the banks of the Rhine, the sight of the river recalled to him his beloved Don. Although there certainly is not much resemblance between the snaking German stream and the dark river of the steppes, yet Wassili felt himself seized with a sudden home-sickness, and determined to return to his village. He found no difficulty in obtaining his discharge, and set out with two of his sons, while we went towards France. During this long expedition, he had lost six of his sons and fifteen of his grandsons. Some had fallen under the sabres of Murat's soldiers; others had died of fever in Germany.

Eight years afterwards, I returned to our stanitz, with a mutilated leg, and two decorations on my breast. Death had carried off my mother and several of my relatives; but the invincible Wassili yet lived, and I found him seated as usual in the chimney-corner, smoking his pipe and drinking his brandy. As formerly, he shut himself up every day with the image of the Virgin, and frequently rode to visit his *molille*. When his sons married, he bestowed on each but a very small sum of money; yet we knew that, during his long life, he must have amassed considerable sums, and we frequently asked each other what he could have done with them.

One day he was present at the baptism of one of his great-grandchildren; all the members of our family, and a number of friends were assembled. Just as mass

"priest was plunging the child into the water, Wassili uttered a terrific cry. The Virgin's lamp, forgotten that morning, had just gone out. Striking his hand on the wound which he had long ago received on the forehead, he fell on the ground, and in a few moments was dead. We immediately dismissed our guests, and, according to an ancient custom, opened all the windows. It was in December; the wind was blowing violently, and in one of its sudden gusts it caught the curtain that veiled the Virgin's statue, and overthrew the figure. While trying to replace it, we were surprised at its weight: it proved to be the treasury of our grandfather, and being hollow, contained a quantity of gold pieces. This discovery led us to visit the tumulus, where, on turning up the soil, we also found a considerable amount of specie.

I have now given you a description of my grandfather. The race of men of which he was the type is extinct among the Cossacks. Our betnug, now inhabits a palace on the banks of the Neva, and is the hereditary grand-duke. The free proud Cossacks now resemble registered and disciplined conscripts. My grandfather never received more than a simple soldier's cross, while I wear the decoration of St Anne: but he was more respected than any major or colonel, and our brave Platoff held him in high esteem.

My son resembles me still less than I resemble my grandfather. Educated in the College of Cadets at St Petersburg, he wears an elegant uniform, cultivates a dainty moustache, and talks of balls, theatres, French novels, and champagne. From the history of my grandfather, from what you know of myself, and from the predilections of my young heir, you may form a correct idea of the past, present, and future of our Cossack tribes.

VIEWS OF LIFE FROM A FIXED STAND-POINT.

I AM not a philosopher. I know nothing of logic and metaphysics, and abstract sciences and speculations; I wasn't brought up to it, or else I might, perhaps. But I see a good deal of human life and human nature, and other nature too, without being a philosopher; and there is many a story I could tell that is as well worth the telling, if I knew how to tell a story to purpose. I am an Omnibus Conductor, and the stand-point—I can't be very far wrong in calling it that, for I stand on it sixteen hours a day, and no sitting allowed—the stand-point from which I contemplate men and things is the 'monkey-board,' as it is called in the profession, at the tail of my 'bus. I consider that that's not by any means a disadvantageous position from which to regard my fellow-creatures: if not a very elevated one, it is sufficiently so to exalt me above the general level, and enables me to look over the heads as well as into the faces of all that section of mankind that comes in my way. I travel through six miles of city and suburbs, and I do it, there and back again, six times a day. If there is a great sameness in leading this sort of life—doing the same journey, one way and the other, four thousand times and more a year—there is also a great variety, taking into account the times and seasons, and changes in the aspect of the weather. Seven years' experience in the position I occupy, have enabled me to make some observations upon that portion of man and womankind that rides in omnibuses; and a very respectable class they are, upon the whole, though I say it that get my living by them. But it is a class that comprises a good many classes—an omnibus is everybody's coach-and-pair, and everybody gets into it that's tired of walking, or afraid of the wet, and has threepence or sixpence to spare; notwithstanding that it belongs to everybody, it is whimsical to note how regularly it is monopolised by

certain people at certain hours of the day, days of the week, and weeks and months of the year. Thus, the first journey to town of a morning, all the year through, winter and summer, wet or dry, is the quickest journey of the whole day, because the 'bus carries a cargo of office-clerks, the old gentlemen inside pushing about their silver snuff-boxes and exchanging the news, and the young ones outside smoking cigars. The second journey is pretty much the same, with a mixture of masters and merchants, bankers, and so on, who are as regular as time itself; so that I see the same faces inside, and mostly sitting in the same places, about three hundred times in the course of the year at these morning-trips.

Now, I dare say by one of the gentlemen that gets out every morning at ten o'clock, or thereabouts, at the Bank, or within a quarter of a mile of it, would be taken aback a little if he knew how much I know of him—though it would do him no harm, for the matter of that. Only just look at one gentleman—for instance, Mr Philpotts—and mark what I know about him, though neither he nor anybody else ever told me a word of it intentionally. Mr Philpotts was born at Truro, in Cornwall; his father saved money in the pilchard-fishery, and articulated his son to a drysalter in Thames Street, with whom he did business forty years ago. Young Philpotts turned ship-broker when he attained his majority. The old man died, and left him his money, and he lost every penny of it in unwise speculations before he was thirty; and had to begin the world again, with a wife and two daughters—and nothing else. His wife's father, who was a wealthy cotton-spinner, got him a Manchester agency, and he had to put the screw on pretty tight to make both ends meet: he worked the screw so long, that he couldn't leave off working it when there was no longer any occasion for it; and he works it now as tight as ever—living in a two-storied cottage in a second-rate street, when he might live in a mansion, and riding in a 'bus when he might keep his own carriage. His two daughters are in danger of growing old maids, because he won't come down with a portion as long as he lives; and he has kept them in seclusion until their juvenile charms are vanishing. Philpotts has more money than he knows what to do with, and is deep in every well-paying speculation of the day; he is verging on sixty, and is rather fond of good living when it costs him nothing or not much—and is as likely to live ten or fifteen years longer as not. All this I learned concerning Mr Philpotts from the conversation of his companions chiefly during his own absence. Now, I never wanted to learn a word of it; and it doesn't concern me a morsel, though I do feel sorry for the young ladies that ought to have been married years ago. I could tell a tale almost equally particular with regard to nearly every one of the twelve gentlemen whom I pick up and drop down every morning, though they little think of it; and I have a notion there is not a single one of them who knows as much of the private history of either of the others as I do of that of the whole twelve.

After the purposes of business are served in the morning, come those of pleasure. I have a suspicion that more people ride for play than for work, judging from the fact, that during summer and fine weather my family is always larger than it is in the wet and wintry days. Towards mid-day, the ladies begin to honour me with their company; if the sun shines fair, they are abroad shopping in multitudes, and I am continually taking up and setting down at the most splendid shops on my route the wives and daughters of the identical clerks, merchants, and gentlemen, who make up the cargoes of the morning. That younger Miss Philpotts, by the way, let me say, is not an old maid yet, if I'm anything of a judge: I set her down at the new bonnet-shop yesterday

afternoon, and she don't look as if she had seen seven-and-twenty yet.

The ladies, when they are mammas, are fond of taking the children a ride in the 'bus. Sometimes I get a whole family of children; the other night I had eleven young mothers, each with a baby in arms, and only one gentleman—twenty-three altogether, though we're only licensed to carry twelve. Summer afternoons and evenings are the children's holidays; not a week passes but I take out a dozen or two to the fields, and bring them back again at sundown, loaded with butter-cups, cowslips, daisies, or May-blossom, which makes me feel like a nosegay all the way to the Strand. My 'bus is always pretty full as business-hours draw to a close. There are people going out in the suburbs to spend the evening; there are more going home to dinner, or it may be an early tea; there are people going into the city to theatre or concert—so that, travel which way I will, I mostly travel full of an evening. If I did not fall before I get so far as the railway station, I'm sure to fill there, especially in excursion-times, when the train is just come in. If you wait to look into my 'bus then, you wouldn't know it for the same—twelve people up to their chins in egg-baskets, boxes, carpet-bags, and packages, look so different from twelve city gentlemen, with nothing bigger than a snuff-box apiece. Poor Mr Philpotts hailed me the other night when I was full of excursionists, and would have had to ride outside if a civil young fellow hadn't offered to turn on to the roof, to make room for him. It was odd, I thought, that after old P. had got out, and turned up the lane to his cottage, the young fellow got down and joined the younger Miss P. not a hundred yards further on—but, of course, that was no business of mine.

People talk, and write, too, sometimes, about the influence of the weather and the state of the atmosphere upon people's nervous systems. I don't profess to understand nervous systems myself, but I know, from pretty good experience that wet weather is very trying to the temper, not to mention the rheumatism. It's mostly gentlemen that ride in rainy seasons; and the few ladies that get into my 'bus, do so because they can't help themselves, and must go the distance. Politeness, I have observed, like many other things that are more for ornament than use, is very much damaged by moisture: civility, which is all we conductors pretend to, is a much tougher article, and more waterproof, though it won't keep out the rain any more than the other. Rain is a wonderful damper to sociability as well as to broadcloth: when the water is dropping from people's clothes, conversation drops too; and as for a joke, it isn't always safe to venture upon one in the wet, because when folks are dripping, they won't stand roasting—which, of course, is natural enough. There's a prodigious rush sometimes of a splashy night to catch the last 'bus; and then it is that your model-gentleman stands at one side, and lets others be accommodated before he takes thought for himself—though I've never had the pleasure of being introduced to that gentleman yet.

It came down dismally this morning, more like a water-spout than a storm of rain. We pulled up as usual at Grinder Lane for Mr Philpotts, but he never came. I thought it was the foul weather kept him at home. It wasn't though, as I found out before we'd gone a mile further. It's a fact that the young fellow that was so civil to him the other night, has bolted off with the younger Miss Philpotts, and married her clean out. He's a lawyer, they say, and in doing business for the father, has found out that the Misses P. have each fortunes in their own right, inherited from their mother's father, of which the old gentleman has the management. Young Circuit has taken his choice of the two; and now the thing has got wind, it is thought the other will go by hook or by crook, in spite of all the unwilling

father can do to prevent it—and very proper too. I shall look out for the old gentleman when he has got over the surprise, and see how he bears it.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF WIELICZKA.

WHEN Russia, Austria, and Prussia were dividing Poland among them, there was one plum in the share that fell to Austria which the others could not behold without envy, and part of which they therefore secured to themselves. This plum was the Crystal Palace of Wieliczka; for Poland had her Crystal Palace hundreds of years before London dreamt of hers, and which, although the industry of the world was never represented within its precincts, is nevertheless a noble trophy of Polish industry, and presents many points of interest to the historian, the philosopher, and the statistician. Several of the crowned heads of Europe have honoured it with their presence, and one of the most famous generals of modern times has dated dispatches from within its walls. Grand as were the dimensions of our Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, and grander still as are those of its more beautiful sister on Sydenham Hill, they dwindle into utter insignificance when compared with the extent of the Crystal Palace of Wieliczka, with its suites of vast and lofty halls, its vaulted chapels, its long range of spacious galleries, the quiet lakes spread like mirrors within its walls, and its deep, dark, mysterious museums of natural wonders.

But some of our readers who happen never before to have heard of this Crystal Palace, are perhaps already indulging in suspicions of a poetic fiction; and we may therefore as well convince them at once that we are speaking of a reality, by mentioning, that we are alluding to the salt-mines which nature has deposited at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, and in which the hand of man has scooped out a palace such as we have described.

Not in a tub, or a basket, or clinging to a rope, like one of a huge swarm of bees—as is the usual mode of ingress into mines—is the favoured traveller admitted into this subterranean fairy palace. To make the descent easy, broad flights of steps have been cut through the superincumbent strata of marl, clay, sand, far into the depths of that mineral that gives its savour to the earth. It seems, indeed, like desecration to enter in any less dignified way this wonderful labyrinth of crystal halls, one hundred of which measure from 100 to 150 feet in height, and from 80 to 100 feet in length and breadth, each having its peculiar name, derived from some event connected with the mines, or from some Polish king or Austrian emperor who may have honoured the place with his presence, or from some Catholic saint who may have been an especial favourite with the miners. Some of these chambers of the deep have, indeed, been especially devoted to religious worship; others to the worship of the muses of dancing and of music, being set aside as ball-rooms and concert-rooms; and others, again, are used as stables for horses, the inequalities of the upper world having thus found their way down into this subterranean world also. The largest of these salt-chapels is dedicated to St Anthony, to whose kind intercession, tradition says, the country is indebted for the discovery of the salt-mines. A sister of St Casimir—so goes the story—lost a precious ring, and in her dismay, prayed to St Anthony to help her to find it. The complaisant saint, though refusing to help to restore to the lady a mere token of earthly vanity, appeared to her in a dream, and designating to her the spot where the mines were discovered, told her that by digging there, she would find a treasure greater than the one she had lost. The chapel of St Anthony, however, was not built, or rather excavated, until 1698, from which period, until the reign of Joseph II., a mass

'was said here every morning for the miners.' At present, divine worship is celebrated in the chapel only once a year, on the 3d of July—a great festival among the miners, who, clad in holiday attire, attend the mass, and then dine together at long tables spread in some of the adjoining halls. In this Gothic chapel, as well as in the smaller ones in the mines, not only the walls, the doors, the niches, are hewn out in salt, but so likewise are the altar and the crucifix in front of it, the statues of the saints, as large as life, that grace the niches and kneel around the altar, and even the little lamps, of antique form, that burn before their shrines.

The grandest of these crystal halls is, however, the hall-room, adorned with slender columns with ornamented capitals, with friezes of sculptured foliage, and with a chandelier formed of salt-crystals, sixty feet in circumference. In this hall are given the fêtes which, on occasion of the presence of emperor or king, have made these subterranean regions resound with the music and the mirth of the children of the earth—no doubt much to the disgust of the elfin sprites who reigned as sole masters here, until busy bustling man ferreted out the secret riches of their realm. The effect produced when the hundreds of lights in the chandeliers are reflected from the myriads of saline gems which form the walls, ceiling, and floor of these halls, is wonderfully beautiful; and the fête given here to King Augustus II. of Poland, in particular, is described as surpassing in splendour and magnificence anything ever witnessed in the richest stone-built palaces on the surface of the earth. Among the sculptured works of salt that adorn the various chambers, a trophy formed of all the tools and instruments used in the mine, is particularly interesting; but the work of most artistic value is a statue of King John Sigismund of Poland, cut out of a single block of crystal. In the stables for the horses, that spend their lives in this glittering palace, the boxes, mangers, and troughs are all cut out of salt; and the very air you breathe is impregnated with the mineral. But however monotonous this realm of salt may seem to some, to others it has strange attractions; and the eccentric swarrow, for instance, on one occasion established his headquarters here during three days, dictating dispatches to secretaries, writing on blocks of salt, and directing the movements of troops in the world above by means of adjutants hoisted up and down through darkness shafts.

Like the colonists in Australia, who for years wandered over gold-fields without noticing the glittering treasures at their feet, the various tribes who by turns inhabited the Carpathians, for centuries drew from distant sources scanty supplies of that salt which is as essential to barbarous as to refined nature, while, 100 feet beneath the soil they were treading, lay supplies of this wholesome mineral, sufficient for the world's consumption; for although it is only in Bochnia and Wieliczka, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cracow, that extensive mines have been opened, there is every reason to believe that the salt-fields, of which these form part, extend in one continuous bed below the whole range of the Carpathians, and through Transylvania and Moldavia, because, wherever mines have been worked in these regions, it has been found that not only are the crystals of exactly the same structure, and the salt of the same qualities, but that the superincumbent strata of rock and earth follow each other in the same order. The precise date of the discovery of the Wieliczka Mines is not known; the first mention of them in the annals of Poland occurs as early as the year 1237; but even then they are not alluded to as a new discovery, but as an established enterprise. The first working of the veins was in accordance with the rudeness of the times; and the yield, no doubt, remained insignificant, until the establishment of regular mining enterprise, in the middle of the

fifteenth century; but even after this period, the amount of salt extracted bore no proportion to the inexhaustible richness of the mines; for these were farmed out to ignorant Jews, who worked them by means of unskilled Polish labourers, and who, being merely intent upon enriching themselves, took no heed as to whether or not the excavations were carried on so as to impede the labours of their successors. At the period of the partition of Poland in 1772, the mines were, however, considered of sufficient importance, to induce Russia and Prussia to introduce an article into the treaty of partition, stipulating for a certain share in the produce; and of the 900,000 hundredweights of salt at present produced annually in Bochnia and Wieliczka, Austria, in compliance with this article, cedes 200,000 hundredweights to Prussia, and 150,000 hundredweights to Russia. However, even the 900,000 hundredweights extracted annually, by no means give the measure of the productive power of the Wieliczka Mines, which are at present worked upon the highest scientific principles, under the superintendence of mining-engineers educated for the purpose, at the academy of Chemnitz, in Hungary; but the Austrian government has reserved to itself the monopoly of the salt-trade, and consequently takes care to regulate the production according to what it considers its own interests. On an average, the salt is sold by the government at five guilder the hundredweight, but the expenses of production are kept strictly secret; however, the general opinion at the mines is, that the government realises no less than 400 per cent. profit, and thus derives from these mines an annual net revenue of 2,200,000 guilder; an amount considerably exceeding the revenues of the whole kingdom of Lombardy. So anxious is the Austrian government that none but itself shall enjoy the advantages to be derived from these rich mines, that the miners are searched every evening before leaving the works, lest they should carry away with them some of the precious mineral, beyond the fifteen pounds a year allowed them, in addition to their wages; and the water pumped up from the mine is conveyed through a subterranean pipe into the Vistula, 600 gails of rich brine being daily wasted in this way.

The works at present extend over an area of 35,000 square fathoms, the length of the galleries and passages making together seven and a half German miles (about thirty-seven English miles). They consist of three divisions, or 'fields,' as they are termed in the technical language, corresponding to the three epochs in the history of the mining enterprise. The 'Old Field' comprises the first irregular pits sunk; the 'Janina Field,' called after King John of Poland, comprises the improved works, dating from the fifteenth century; and the 'New Field' comprises the works commenced under Austrian superintendence, and carried on according to the most advanced principles of mining science. These fields consist of five stories, or 'contignations,' as they are called in Galicia, the one below the other, and each comprising vast ranges of chambers, communicating with each other by numerous horizontal galleries or 'levels;' while the various contignations communicate by means of perpendicular and oblique shafts, besides the staircases already mentioned. The first contignation is 34 fathoms below the surface, the lowest 145 fathoms, intervals of 10 or 15 fathoms being left between each story; and the lowest level of the mines is thus 300 feet below that of the sea, and 580 feet below the bed of the Vistula. Lower, it is considered dangerous to proceed, on account of the salt-springs that gush forth when the salt is excavated at a greater depth. The first traces of salt are discovered at a depth of about fifteen fathoms below the surface, where it appears in 'bunches' of various dimensions imbedded in the clay. Here and there, also, it appears already at this depth in very thin veins, which are not, however, worked. The deeper one descends into the bed

of clay impregnated with the salt, the larger become the masses of the latter. At first, they measure from 5, 10, to 15 feet in diameter, and subsequently reach as much as 50 and 100 feet; but not until a depth of 500 feet below the surface is reached does the salt appear in regular beds; the masses already alluded to above forming, on the contrary, immense cubes, lying heaped up in all directions and in all positions. The lowest beds do not occupy a horizontal position, but incline at an angle of 35 degrees southwards, towards the Carpathians. Some of the beds are indeed quite perpendicular, forming, as it were, great walls of salt. In some places, the beds are only 20 to 30 feet thick; in others, from 70 to 100 feet. The quality of the salt varies with its place of deposit. That nearest the surface, and sparingly intermixed with the clay, is called *blatnik*, or 'dirt-salt,' and is used only for building purposes in the mines, or when sold for cattle; that forming the large cubiform masses, is called green salt, and is the most important, from the commercial point of view; that occupying the lowest position, and found in regular beds, is called *szybikowa* salt, and is the finest in quality. Intermixed with the other salts, are also found blocks of crystal-salt, or *sal gemma*, as it is termed in science, which is so precious, that it was formerly reserved exclusively for the kings of Poland, who used to make presents of it to persons on whom they wished to bestow a favour. Even at this day, it is deemed a rarity fit 'to set before a king'; and three hundredweights are yearly set aside for the king of Prussia; 2½ hundredweights for the emperor of Russia, as such, and 2 hundredweights as king of Poland; while the emperor of Austria, as such, receives 3 hundredweights, and as king of Hungary, 1 hundredweight yearly. The statue of King John Sigismund, before alluded to, is hewn out of the largest block of this crystal ever extracted from the mines. In general, the blocks are not much above one cubic foot in size; and various little articles and toys are carved out of them, and sold at the mines. Sometimes, also, this crystal is found in plates of such faultless purity, that they equal the finest plate-glass, and attempts have been made to convert them into mirrors. The green salt consists of many small salt-crystals, so firmly incorporated with each other, as to present to the eye a substance as clear and transparent as common green bottle-glass. It varies much in quality, according to the composition of the crystals; but to enumerate and describe its various subdivisions, would occupy too much of our space. The finest quality, as before said, is called *szybikowa* salt. This is not so dark in colour as the common green salt, and is even more compact.

Where the salt occurs in large masses, the miners prepare, with chisel and pick, a perpendicular surface or wall, in the chamber in which they are working, rendering it smooth and uniform to a height of about twenty feet. Such a surface is called a *mirror*, and along the whole face of this mirror are then cut narrow grooves or furrows of 20 or 30 inches in depth, and at intervals of three feet from each other. By means of these grooves, a number of small iron wedges are then introduced on each side of the strips marked off; and the wedges being all raised at once, the huge mass of salt is thus loosened from the wall, but remains standing until thrown down by main force. In the fall, the salt-pillars of course break into fragments, and these are subsequently cut on the spot into different forms, according to their size. It is calculated that 100 cubic fathoms of rock give 100,000 hundredweights of salt; and the annual yield in Wieliczka being on an average 700,000 hundredweights, an additional space of 2800 cubic fathoms, or a chamber measuring 80 feet in height, length, and breadth, is added every year to the mines. By means of these numbers, it has further been calculated that, supposing the mines to have been worked to this extent for 400 years, they have furnished a sufficient

quantity of salt for the consumption of 800,000,000 of human beings, allowing 10 pounds of salt for each person; and if each hundredweight be rated at three gulden, according to the present value of money, they have caused a circulation of 800,000,000 of gulden. Such, indeed, is the number of pits, chambers, galleries, passages, cross-cuts, shafts, &c. opened during the 600 years that the mines are supposed to have been worked, and such the carelessness with which the works were conducted for a length of time, that no clue at present exists to part of the older fields; and the mining officials of Wieliczka are acquainted only with certain divisions of this great subterranean labyrinth.

Among the peculiarities of the Wieliczka Mines is, that although they hold in their depths about twenty small lakes, each several hundred feet long, and from eighteen to twenty-four feet deep, there is a total absence of that moisture and slushiness which render mines in general so disagreeable. No water here trickles from the walls, gathering in pools around the workmen's feet; the greatest cleanliness and neatness reign throughout the subterranean chambers; and although pools of water are sometimes discovered in some little cavity, they are speedily and quietly drained off, so as to create no discomfort. Fresh water from the upper regions, however, flows in pipes through the various chambers and passages for the use of the miners as well as the horses, which do not, like the former, return to the regions of fresh air and water when the labours of the day are over. The air in these mines is exceedingly dry, as is proved to demonstration by the sculptured works of salt which have stood there for centuries without having suffered any sensible deterioration; but although dry, the air is by no means stagnant, for rapid currents circulate through all the galleries and passages, and at some points, from causes unknown, increase to quite a tempestuous wind. In the year 1745, a most extraordinary whirlwind, caused by the falling in of the roof of a great cavern, created the utmost consternation in the mines. The condensed air escaping from this veritable cave of *Aolus*, shot through the galleries, upset the labourers found on its passage, carried away their tools, broke down pillars and doorways, and finally rushed up one of the perpendicular shafts, destroying in its exit the building that covered the mouth of the shaft. The deleterious gases that often prove so fatal in coal, copper, silver, and other mines, are, however, unknown in the Wieliczka Mines; and, indeed, as a general rule, the masses of salt are so closely packed, as to leave no room for their development. At long intervals, a species of combustible hydrogen gas, denominated *salter* by the Poles, makes its appearance; but it generally burns out without causing any explosion. The miners of Wieliczka are not, therefore, exposed to the dreadful accidents which so often spread desolation through our colliery districts; but their health suffers, in some measure, from the inspiration of the fine particles of salt that float upon the air, and which act injuriously on the lungs. Upon the whole, however, they attain a fair average age, and among them are many who have worked as long as forty years in the mines. Upon dead bodies, the air of the salt-mines acts as a natural preserver; so much so, indeed, that had the Egyptians possessed such mines, they need not have gone to the expense and trouble of making mummies of their dead; at least, the carcases of horses that have died in the works at Wieliczka have been found, after the lapse of many years, in a state of perfect preservation.

At a future period, many a still unknown secret of nature will, no doubt, be revealed by a study of the salt-mines of Wieliczka; but hitherto the Austrian government has guarded, with a jealousy difficult to account for, not only the secrets connected with the working and administration of the mines, but even the geological facts relating to them. A glimpse of the

many interesting subjects for speculation offered by the mines may, however, be obtained in the museum formed on the spot, containing various objects found in them, such as shells of divers kinds, showing that the ocean from whose waters these immenso deposits of salt were precipitated, was already inhabited by animals similar to those that at present strew our sea-beaches; and charred and petrified trunks of trees, proving that the neighbouring lands were already clad with verdure. But the task we had set ourselves was to describe the Crystal Palace of Wieliczka, not the events that preceded the formation of the materials of which it is built—speculations upon these we leave to others more likely to work them to a profitable issue.

RAILWAYS IN RUSSIA.

The carriage allotted for my special use was about ten feet square; it was furnished with two sofas and chairs, a small card-table, and two side-tables. On the sofas I could have reclined at full length—a convenience very desirable, and generally denied us on English railways: the sofas and chairs had air-cushions, and were very comfortable. I looked into several first and second class carriages, and they all appeared nicely fitted up, although not like the one assigned to me: the second-class carriages had seats and cushions superior to those of the first-class on English railways, and afforded plenty of room to each individual, allowing of his sitting without cramping his knees upon those of the person opposite to him. We left Moscow at eleven o'clock precisely; Mr Shurman, my servant, and myself, occupying this little room to ourselves; our luggage was stowed away in another carriage. . . . I was pleased to perceive that there was no unnecessary hurry in the railway movements, such as those which annoy the English traveller: plenty of time was allowed at every station to the passengers to take their meals, and in each there was all that could be required in the way of refreshments. The time allowed for the train to pass from one station to another is carefully fixed for the driver, who dare not arrive a minute sooner or later; so that in some cases we had to go very slowly, in order not to arrive before the time. This, however, is not unpleasant, as people on the continent do not give way to that nervous hurry which fillets us and shortens our lives. Who in England has time to look around him? Rich and poor seem to be urged along by an impetus which prevents their thinking of anything except of their next appointment; and as soon as that is kept, their thoughts fly to the next.—*Roger's English Prisoners in Russia.*

RUB SOFTLY.

"'Tis all very well," said my godfather, putting in his oar—" 'tis all very well, that rubbing down and polishing off, provided 'tis done in moderation; but let me tell you, there is such a thing as rubbing too hard. I have seen an American Indian rubbing two pieces of rough wood together; after a little time, they became a great deal smoother, and had a pleasant warm feel: but when he rubbed away some time longer, they took fire, blazed up, and crackled, and spluttered in all directions. Now, 'tis just the same thing, I suspect, in married life. Rub quietly, and only a little at a time, and all will go on smoothly; but if you stick to it, hard and fast, from morning to night, take my word for it, you will kindle up a blaze at last that you may not find it easy to put out."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE TURKISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

As there are no liberal professions in Turkey, except the public functions, the class of proprietors is the only one which represents our middle classes, and this is gradually dying away. The Turkish gentleman, who lives on his property, either resides on his farm in the country or in a town-house. In the first, he manages his estate, attends to his house, and exercises hospitality; in the other, the education of his children, prayers, alms, and the enjoyment of the kef employs all his time. But he mixes with this native indolence and reserve, a dignity, a nobility of feeling, an affection for his children, kindness to his servants and

slaves, and a delicacy in his treatment of the harem, which are truly admirable. He is proud, though without the slightest admixture of vanity, more especially of his religion. He believes that the empire is hurriedly approaching to its end; and if he be rich, he desires that he may be buried in Asia, in the great cemetery of Scutari, in order that the presence of the infidels may not sully the asylum where his bones rest, whenever the Turks have lost Stamboul. He believes in the impossibility of any regeneration of Turkey, and is consequently, as far as his apathy will permit him, a bigoted opponent of reform.—*Sir George Larpent's Turkey.*

OCTOBER.

It is no joy to me to sit
On dreamy summer eves,
When from her broad bright shield the moon
Darts arrows through the leaves,
And all things through the quiet land
Rest, hush—but nothing grieves.
Better I like old Autumn,
With hair tossed to and fro,
Firm striding o'er the stubble-fields,
When the equinoctials blow.

When timidly the sun creeps up
Through misty mornings cold,
And Robin on the orchard-hedge
Sings cheerily and bold
While heavily the frosted plump
Drops downward on the mould,
And as he passes, Autumn
Into Earth's lap does throw
Brown apples gay in a game of play,
When the equinoctials blow.

When the young year his carol sinks
Into a patient psalm,
Graves no more for the honey-cup
But for the cup of halm,
And all his storms and sunshine bursts
Controls to one brave calm.
While step by step walks Autumn,
With steady cynic, that shew
Nor grief nor fear, to the death of the year,
When the equinoctials blow.

NO MORE RANCID BUTTER.

Wild recommends that the butter should be kneaded with fresh milk, and then with pure water. He states, that by this treatment, the butter is rendered as fresh and pure in flavour as when recently made. He ascribes this result to the fact, that butyric acid, to which the rancid colour and taste are owing, is readily soluble in fresh milk, and is then removed.—*Journal of Industrial Progress.*

PICTURE SALE AT BIRMINGHAM.

In No. 47, we mentioned, in reference to a notice in a former Number, of a sale of supposed spurious pictures at Birmingham, that the auctioneers implicated—but whose names were not mentioned by us—had brought an action against our authority, *The Art Journal*. Since then, Mr Hall of *The Art Journal* has disclaimed in a public advertisement any intention to cast injurious reflections upon Messrs Ludlow and Robinson; adding—"I have no doubt whatever that they did not lend their aid to any deceit, and that the character they have so long and so honourably borne in Birmingham, supply ample proof that they are incapable of any wrong act in their professional dealings."

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THE LONDON BANQUET.

THERE is a marked distinction between the west end and the east in the social organisation of London. The former devotes itself to politics, evening-parties, Almacks, the Opera, and excitement; the latter, to plodding industry in the morning, and plum-pudding in the afternoon—extensive commercial speculations by day, and substantial social enjoyments by night. We have 'assisted' at private parties and public *table-d'hôtes* in every part of Europe, and with all our desire to be deemed cosmopolitan and fashionable, we candidly confess our predilections are in favour of old English fare. The Germans have but one meal in the twenty-four hours, their breakfast being a mouthful of tobacco-smoke, washed down with a mouthful of *Kaffee schwarz*; and from the heterogeneous character of the dinner, which lasts only three hours, it requires the remaining twenty-one to digest it. The French are better; but they carry artistic refinement in culinary matters to such a pitch, that all sense of enjoyment is puffed away in a *soufflet* or a *vol-au-vent*. The Italians appear to forget that man is a carnivorous animal, commence with the dessert, and never get to the dinner itself; and as for Russia, the less we say of their abominable caricatures of French cookery the better. It is only in England that the philosophy of feasting has been regularly studied and reduced to a system. It has often been said, by way of a sneer, that the way to an Englishman's heart is through his stomach, and we know that nothing of importance can be inaugurated, and few things pertaining to the common weal consummated in this country, without a dinner; but this is not an English peculiarity, for the apparently slight circumstance of a twopenny-halfpenny dinner that didn't come off in Paris overturned a dynasty, and carried France through the phase of a republic to that of an empire. Let no one, then, deny what is everywhere regarded as the great business of life; but at this festive season, when adipose sheep, pinguiferous oxen, overgrown geese, and overfed turkeys, are commencing their brief but brilliant career, let us have a little quiet appetitising talk about how this said 'business' is managed on a large scale in the great metropolis.

The head-quarters of good living are certainly east of Temple-Bar, although the Thatched House Tavern, St James's, and the Freemasons' Tavern, form connecting-links in a sort of chain of good-fellowship tending to unite the east and the west. We can call to mind a dozen leading articles in newspapers, and a score of philanthropic speeches, all commencing: 'England is honourably distinguished above all other countries by the number and extent of her charitable

institutions; and as we find the patriotic phrase pertinent, we press it into our service. These numerous, and, in the great majority of cases, well-managed and valuable institutions, are the fountains whence flow annually a great amount of festivity, as well as a noble flood of philanthropy and benevolence. Every recurring year an appeal is made by each of these public charities to the liberality of the affluent, and these appeals uniformly take the shape of a public dinner. The first step is the organisation of a committee, and by them a list of stewards is made out, of persons locally interested in the promotion of the good work, or young parliamentary or forensic aspirants for distinction. The business of the stewards is to canvass among their friends for guests to the dinner; and formerly the responsibility rested upon them of defraying certain incidental expenses, but this has been found so objectionable, that it has been abolished, and all necessary charges are now paid out of the general fund. The finding an eligible chairman to preside is the most difficult task, and requires to be set about weeks, and sometimes months, in advance. Upon the selection of chairman rests the pecuniary success or failure of the dinner, and one of the penalties which men of high station, great eloquence, or political standing, have to pay, is the numerous applications from charitable associations to preside at these annual dinners. Taking the chair at one of these convivial meetings is bad enough during the season, when every hour of a public man's time is valuable; but when, in addition to this, the chairman has to put his name down for a round sum, ranging from ten to fifty or one hundred pounds, and when the dose has to be repeated five or six times during the year, it is enough to spoil the digestion of the best served dinner in the metropolis. Local interests sometimes are brought to bear, and in other cases the popularity and the cost are calculated; but few in the long-run hesitate to lend their name, when they know that it is to appear in capital letters in the advertisements, placards, and dinner-tickets, as that of one who has kindly consented to preside at the anniversary festival of so and so.

This is a great point gained, but it is not all—often as many moves as go to a game of chess are required to make the engagements of the Noble Lord or Right Honourable Gentleman and the 'open days' the tavern-keeper can offer correspond. The price of a ticket to a charity-dinner is now by general consent fixed at a guinea; but the tavern-keeper's contract is for some smaller sum, say twelve to fifteen shillings—the difference being to meet the expense of vocalists, who must have their dinner and a guinea each; hire of a piano, or, if the funds can afford it, a military band; invitations

to the press; and a guinea to that indigent functionary, a toast-master, who, standing behind the chairman, repeats in a stentorian voice his orders and toasts, and gives emphasis and *ensemble* to the rounds of cheering. The eventful day at length arrives: cabs and private carriages about the hour of six roll up to the Freemasons' or the London Tavern; there is a perfect eruption of kid gloves and white neckcloths. The stewards marshal their friends in coterie, and the arrival of the chairman, half an hour after the precise time, is the signal to serve up the soup. Headed by the committee and stewards with long wands—part of the 'properties' of the tavern—the chairman enters from the anteroom, takes his seat at the head of the table, and the hungry guests fall to. The dinners, we are bound to say, are generally good and abundant, their character varying with the season. Nevertheless, many persons almost starve in the midst of plenty, from their diffidence in calling for dishes beyond their reach, or their inability to obtain the attentions of a waiter. A *habitué* once gave us a hint: 'I always have an excellent dinner, but then I pay a shilling more than any one else.' 'How so?' 'I ~~let~~ hold of a waiter near me, and shew him a shilling confidentially, with the intimation, "If you take care of me, you shall have that;" and Severn, salmon, pea-fowl, ducklings and green pease, the first of the season, white-bait, plain and deuced, and other delicacies which only circulate at the top-table, find their way to me!' A piece of judicious and well-calculated liberality on the part of the committee frequently is, to send round the champagne two or three times in very tall and very thin glasses, illustrating the greatest amount of show with the smallest quantity of substance; but this pays well, combining as it does style, exhilaration, and excitement. The gratuity is entirely local, and seldom finds its way beyond the room. The little booklets beside every guest's plate tell the vast amount of good the society has done, and draw a painful picture of its present state of impecuniosity. There is a generous rivalry, on the part of all, in the presence of their friends and neighbours, to do the thing handsomely. Showers of blows upon the plates and the pock-pitted mahogany tables greet the reading of the list of donations. The chairman slips away as soon as he conveniently can; a few choice spirits close up the thinned ranks to have another jolly half-hour, and awake next morning with headaches, and an indistinct recollection of having put down a figure twice or three times as large as they had intended the previous morning—and so terminates the charitable festival.

Of these dinners, at which the guests average from one to three hundred, it would be difficult to say how many hundred take place in London between the months of January and July, and how many thousand pounds are subscribed; two, and sometimes three of them, take place simultaneously at the London Tavern, the resources and accommodation of which are on a very large scale; and the Freemasons and the Albion are put upon their mettle to provide for their numerous patrons. But besides the hecatombs annually immolated on the altar of benevolence, the great-city companies—which have outlived the object of their original institution—give occasional signs of vitality in the shape of splendid entertainments, to which princes of the blood-royal, ministers of state, and leaders of political

parties are invited; and it is in some of these that the conservative doctrines and protective policy, now nearly as obsolete as these ancient guilds, find a harmless vent. The display of massive plate, and the princely and expensive character of these entertainments, attest the wealth and the magnificent hospitality of the city of London; while they are also suggestive of the great amount of good that might be effected by a more judicious application of this wealth. The Merchant Tailors' Company, whose splendid hall is hidden in a narrow lane near the Bank—the Goldsmiths' Company, whose head-quarters are in a still narrower one, behind the General Post-office—and the Fishmongers' Company, close to London Bridge—are among the most aristocratic in their appointments, and the most extravagant in the style of their entertainments; but there are many others, a regular attendance of a few seasons at which will, in a well-conditioned man, produce a fair share of that unctuous rotundity which is one of the usual results of good living, good digestion, and a good status among the citizens of London. It is impossible for a man to tell what he can do in this way until he has tried, although without prudence he may be put *hors de combat* before he has fairly started. He must be acquainted with the considerate concession etiquette makes to turtle-soup, to which he may be helped seven times, although it is contrary to all gastronomic rule to ask for any other more than twice. He must leave a corner for 'the meat,' or green fat, which at all feasts of any pretension is served round separately afterwards; he must know the exact quantity of that pleasant but insidious stimulant which, under the name of turtle or pine punch, is administered to restore the internal balance of power; and he must be initiated in the mystery of uncovering and pledging his neighbour in 'the loving cup,' where mulled claret, cunningly spiced, creams up lovingly to the lips of the guest. He must eschew the *pièces de résistance*, and dally daintily with the lighter and more appetitising morsels, reserving his strength for the closing struggle with plump partridges, fascinating pheasants, and these delicate quails, the smell of which, according to Soyer the immortal, will call back a dead man to life. The traditional *polit verre* of liqueur is said to keep game from rising; and if he has imbibed his resources, he is now in a condition to enjoy some of those rare vintages which lie buried amidst city sewers and gas-pipes, and rise, phoenix-like, to grace those festive assemblages, flowing like liquid rubies and pearls over the palate, and once more, mayhap, reappearing in considerable carbuncles, when pleasure reigns paramount, and prudence is drowned in 'potations pottic-deep.'

At the head of civic banquets stands the Lord Mayor's inaugural entertainment at the Guildhall, on the 9th of November. This is one of the most extravagant, aristocratic, unsatisfactory, and uncomfortable of all the public dinners within the sound of Bow-bells; and yet it is the one which half London looks forward to for the whole year, and the question of to be or not to be invited to which materially affects the private comfort and happiness and public position of a thousand citizens. The cost of this banquet is defrayed jointly by the new Lord Mayor and the new Sheriffs, and their popularity during their year of office greatly depends upon the extent to which they 'bleed and feed.' One of the most onerous duties of the newly-elected king of the City is the weighing and balancing the claims of those who must be invited, who ought to be invited, and who cannot be invited for want of room. Dignities, and place, and precedence, are as accurately and as jealously adjusted at the Mansion House as at the palace of St James's; and as the wives and families of the citizens are eligible to the Guildhall banquet and ball, the selection is rendered more complicated and puzzling.

The preliminary pageant of tinsel and tomfoolery is so well known, and so generally ridiculed, that we hope it may soon become matter of history. The 9th of November is certainly a great day for the City; policemen and pickpockets are paramount in the forenoon; all business is paralysed, all commerce at a stand-still, and all night long Cheapside stands aghast at the invasion of its precincts by long lines of equipages, nondescript uniforms, and curious costumes—the state paraphernalia of the representatives of all friendly powers of the New and Old World. Before the banquet, a plashbeck pattern of a drawing-room and levee takes place at the Guildhall, the guests being all duly announced and introduced to the new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in the council-chamber. The dinner takes place in the large entrance-hall, the whole expanse of which is covered with tables, in such a way as to economise space at the expense of comfort. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with the fallen star, the late Lord Mayor—who, minus his robes and chain of office, is during the night in a state of total eclipse—sit at the head of the table at the extreme east of the hall. The cabinet ministers and foreign ambassadors take the right, and the judges, serjeants, and chief city functionaries the left; and between this and the other end of the hall nearly a thousand ladies and gentlemen are packed as closely as they can sit, while an adjoining room contains the overflow of about two hundred more. The ladies are, of course, all in full-dress; and the civic authorities, ambassadors, and ministers of state, in their official costumes; while the display of red-coats among the general company would form a regiment in itself, every deputy-lieutenant, lumber-trooper, city train-band, and artillery officer flaming in scarlet, although many of them may be serving you next day in more pacific guise with thread and tape, or 'best mixed at three-and-eight.' The contract for the supplies of this host of diners is taken by one of the large City tavern-keepers, and, as a tailor would say, the style depends upon the figure. The citizens distinguish between the shabby and seedy, and the substantial and 'stunning'; and we have had striking examples of both within the last three years. As a matter of course, the great bulk of the entertainment is cold; but when, as is generally the case, the supply of hot turtle-soup is abundant, one may dine at the Guildhall banquet if he can only find elbow-room. After the cold fowl, ham, tongue, and pies, there are two smoking-hot substantial burms of beef, a supply of game, a dessert which would gladden the heart of a vegetarian, and a flood of wine enough to wash down this formidable array of dishes. The scene of gormandising—for it is literally such—lasts a couple of hours, amidst a din and clatter absolutely deafening; and before the eloquence of the evening commences, one-half the guests—that is, the five or six hundred to the left of the central passage across the hall—are utterly oblivious of everything but animal enjoyment, and neither see nor hear anything beyond their immediate neighbourhood. The fanfare of trumpets, behind the Lord Mayor's chair, to apprise the guests that some one is on his legs, never reaches these remote regions, from which come every now and then peals of laughter, the crash of broken glass, and other indications of obstreperous enjoyment. It is not too much to say that not 200 of this large assemblage hear a word of what is said, or know whether it is speaking, singing, eating, or drinking, that is going on at the upper end of the hall. The orators are like the pugilists in a prize-ring: those near them watch the performance sitting; those a little further off stand up, if they would hope to hear; and behind these is a ring of guests standing on the chairs and benches; and in the centre of this oratorical cockpit, the intellectual display, which is usually brief, commonplace, and complimentary, comes off. Upon

the whole, those at the lower end of the hall, where an hour after dinner the fun waxes fast and furious, have the best of the banquet; but it is wisely ordered that the whole affair is 'short, sharp, and decisive,' for at the end of a few hours the strongest aldermanic constitutions show signs of capitulation. Before eleven o'clock, the ladies retire to the ball-room, carriages are called up in quick succession, and lucky are the owners if they come when they are called; but the weary stars are winking in the gray dawn before the last of them leave the Guildhall yard.

To maintain the proverbial hospitality of the good city of London, the Lord Mayor is allowed £10,000, with carriages, plate, servants, and the Mansion-house, during his year of office; and in the banqueting-room, termed the Egyptian Hall, a succession of very splendid entertainments takes place throughout the season, in the course of which the church and the state, literature and the fine arts, the metropolitan and provincial municipalities, and the mayor's private friends and public supporters, are in turn invited. To do the thing handsomely, it is calculated that the Lord Mayor must spend as much out of his private fortune as he receives from the Corporation. We betide him, however, if he exhibits the slightest indication of parsimony or economy—it is a species of shabbiness a London citizen never forgives; and some years back a man was pointed at with unmistakable feelings of disgust and indignation, not because he had been a fraudulent bankrupt, or had committed forgery or felony, but for the more heinous crime—a suspicion of having saved money during his year of office!

If we have not surfeited our readers with all this good living, we must take them one step further. It is Saturday evening—the London Tavern is brilliantly lighted up from the basement to the banqueting-room at the top of the house. The interior wears an unusual holiday aspect. Rich carpets cover the stone-passages and staircases; ranges of pots, filled with odoriferous shrubs and plants, occupy the landings; swarms of waiters in white kid gloves are flitting about; and the drawing and reception rooms on the principal floor are a blaze of wax-lights, which are multiplied in magnificent mirrors. Guests, evidently of distinction, arrive—many of them a history in themselves, or filling a brilliant page in it—and most of them covered with orders, stars, ribbons, and other decorations, the well-earned distinctions of honourable civil or military services. Fresh-looking and fair-haired Saxons, grim and gray-headed warriors, copper-coloured Asiatics, and all the shades of black, brown, and bilious, are here assembled; for the East India Company give one of their state-banquets, a new governor-general, or a new commander-in-chief being about to be sent out, or having just returned, and all the aids of Oriental magnificence, Western wealth, and metropolitan gastronomic resources, are invoked, to do honour to the distinguished guest. The banqueting-hall is brilliant with massive gold and silver plate, and almost as costly crystal, and perfumed with rare flowers and blooming exotics, although the earliest snow-drop may not have yet budded. Every dish is a study, and its cost would feed a moderate family for a month. Hothouse grapes at eighteen shillings per pound; priceless prize pines; strawberries at a guinea a plate; green peas at ditto per pint; Johannisberger and hock; sparkling Burgundy and Moselle; magnums of curious old port, as unique in quality as extravagant in price; imperial tokay, and other foreign vintages, which rarely find their way into this country, and are fabulous in cost, are among the accessories of the banquet, which has no equal in the public or private entertainments of this or any other country. The number of guests generally averages 200, and the cost about 1000 guineas. We think we may fairly rest here upon our laurels, and challenge any country or capital in the

world to produce such substantial social statistics; and now, gentle reader, having entered thus far for your amusement and information, 'to dinner with what appetite you may.'

FINNISH NATIONALITY AND FINNISH LITERATURE.

THE question of restoring Finland to Sweden has been repeatedly mooted during the present war—if not in the cabinet, at least in the press—and all reasonings on the subject have generally been based upon the supposition, that Finland having for upwards of seven centuries formed an integral part of Sweden, its reunion with that country could not fail to give unmixed satisfaction to both. That this would not be the case, we are by no means prepared to say; but we would suggest that certain thoughts and feelings, that have been stirring in the Finnish mind since the separation from Sweden, may present obstacles to a cordial union between the two countries which did not previously exist, and as the elements to which we allude are as interesting from the literary and philosophical point of view as they are important from the political, we would introduce them to our readers in a short sketch of the history of ancient and modern Finnish nationality and literature.

The Finns, whose name occurs so frequently in the history of the Scandinavian north, are closely allied to the Lapps, but still more closely to the Estonians. Native investigators have proved beyond a cavil that the Lapps—the Norwegian as well as the Swedish—are a side-branch of the Finnish family; that the languages of the two people are nearer akin than the Gaelic and the Irish; and that, in all probability, the Estonians and the Finns were originally one tribe, which spread itself north and south of the Gulf of Finland. Their language, as well as many other circumstances, indicate that the Finns proper, who have given their name to the country they inhabit, early attained to that degree of culture that is involved in the knowledge of agriculture and various handicrafts; but all words in the language having reference to a more advanced state of civilisation can be traced to a Swedish original, and, consequently, must have been introduced subsequent to the conquest of Finland by the Swedes, or to the latter half of the twelfth century. The language of the Finns thus contributes to the history of the gradual civilisation of the people, and shews that, previous to the Swedish conquest, though no longer in a nomadic state, they nevertheless did not constitute a political whole, under one central authority, but dwelt in villages, each of which formed a separate society under its own local authorities. It was a necessary consequence of this low stage of political development as compared with that of the conquering Swedes, as also of the great distinction between their nationality and that of the other peoples who inhabited the Scandinavian countries, that the Finnish nationality could not impress its character on the new civilisation introduced. The country was colonised by Swedes; from Sweden it received Christianity, clergy, monasteries, and, ultimately, schools and other educational institutions, as also temporal authorities—Sweden having imposed her own political constitution on the country. In a short time, Finland thus became externally transformed into a Swedish province; but the country was too extensive and too little cultivated, the population was too thinly scattered over its surface, to allow of the Swedish language and Swedish civilisation penetrating into all localities, and superseding the ancient language and utterly distinct nationality of the natives. This nationality, therefore, was not destroyed, but came to be represented by the mass of the rustic people in the

interior, who, in their isolation from the influences of the progressive civilisation of successive ages, have kept alive not only their ancient language, but also in a great measure their ancient customs and manners, and modes of thought; their traditions, superstitions, and popular poetry; and have remained strangers to the educated classes in the towns, and in those rural communities which, bordering on the sea, have been brought more into contact with the world beyond their own limits.

Thus a twofold nationality, as it were, was developed in Finland: the one clinging to the memories of the past and stagnating in its forms, the other acquiring new life by contact with modern European civilisation and literary culture; but though retaining much of its original character, undergoing considerable modifications by the adoption of a foreign and radically different idiom, the Swedish, as the organ of its mental life, while the Finnish language remained as a monument of the past, vegetating merely in the spoken idiom of the rural population; and all that was known of the original Finnish nationality, even in Sweden, up to the middle of the eighteenth century, was that the common people of Finland spoke an incomprehensible jargon, into which the Bible, hymn-books, and catechisms had to be translated, in order to be made intelligible to them. Towards the close of the last century, however, the treasures of ancient popular poetry existing in this language, and kept alive on the lips of the people by oral tradition, began to attract the attention of some Finnish savants to the popular tongue and to the past life of the people, who had until then been looked upon as having no history, and possessing no monumental vestiges of the past, except a few half-forgotten traditions of struggles with their hated kinsmen the Lapps, and with their subsequent subjugators the Goths and Swedes; but after the publication of contributions to Finnish mythology by Lennquist (1782), and Ganander (1789), and a collection of popular poems or Runas by the celebrated Professor Porthun of Åbo (†1804), all endeavours in this direction subsided for a time. Subsequent to 1809, however, when Finland passed from the dominion of Sweden under that of Russia, a new literary and scientific life, connected with the great change wrought in the political and governmental state of the country, was awakened, and an extraordinary interest in everything connected with the ancient history of the nation has gradually struck deep roots in the hearts of the younger generations. The forced cession of the province to Russia broke all the bonds which had been established between it and Sweden; the superinduced nationality, and the concomitant civilisation, with its Swedish forms, were separated from the parent-stock, and joined to a country alien in language, literature, and nationality to both divisions of the Finnish nation. At the same time, however, a reunion was effected with those parts of the country which had at various periods been dismembered from it by Russian conquest; and the feelings of the educated classes, flattered by the more important character thus acquired by their country, yet deeply wounded by the separation from Sweden, now sought in the primitive source of the national consciousness and mental activity of the people an incitement to national progress, which they might cultivate without giving umbrage to their new masters. Far from being displeased at this awakening enthusiasm for the original Finnish nationality, the Russian government followed up its wise policy of giving a more extended national unity to the Finnish people, by allowing them a certain degree of self-government, and encouraging in every way the culture of the popular idiom, which was introduced as the medium of instruction in the popular schools; and assisted by the government, and literary associations formed for the purpose, much of the talent of the country has since then been exerted in endeavours to collect and

throw light upon all matters connected with the ancient language, traditions, and poetry of the people.

The first-fruits of these endeavours was a collection of Finnish Runas, of more or less ancient date, published in 1822 by Dr Topelius, whose earnest investigations led him into localities never before visited for such purposes, and where he discovered the popular poetry of the Finns preserved in greater purity than in any other part of the country; this locality being a few parishes in the government of Archangel, beyond the limits of Finland proper, and where the manners and customs of the people seem to have undergone no change since the earliest times. Guided by Topelius, Dr Elias Lönnrot, the most enthusiastic and indefatigable of all the friends of ancient Finnish nationality, pushed his investigations further in the same direction, and in the course of his travels among the Finns and Karelians in Russia, succeeded in collecting thirty-two songs, forming part of a mythic epos about the Finnish Orpheus, Väinämöinen, the god of song, and his adventures with the smith Ilmarinen at Pöjolak. Having brought them together in as perfect an epic connection as possible, Lönnrot published the songs in Helsingfors in 1835, in the original language, and under the name of *Kalevala*. Translations of some of these songs appeared soon after in the *Helsingfors Morgenblad*; and in 1841, a prize offered by the Finnish Literary Association of Helsingfors, called forth a very happy Swedish translation of the whole poem by M. A. Castrén, which attracted the attention of other European nations also to the popular poetry of Finland. Castrén's translation was accompanied by critical notes, in which he confirms the opinion previously expressed by Lönnrot, that the songs were composed at various periods, and by different Runasingers, as these popular poets are called. It must not, however, be inferred from this, that the *Kalevala* is no more than a collection of disconnected fragments, for an epic connection prevails in several of its parts, and the absence of complete continuity is most probably owing to flaws in the collection. As regards its contents and character, it is entirely mythic, and possesses not a particle of the historical colouring or the heroic spirit that pervades the poems attributed to Homer, or which we find in the *Lay of the Niebelungen*, or in the poem of *Beowulf*. If there be any historical elements in the Finnish myth, they are completely concealed under the grotesque creations of fancy; and witchcraft and sorcery play so prominent a part in the songs of the *Kalevala*, that we readily recognise in its authors the same belief in beings endowed with supernatural gifts, and with an unlimited power of metamorphosis, which is a leading feature in the superstitions of all tribes belonging to the Finnish race. In many of the lyrical poems or Runas of the Finns, the same characteristics prevail, but not by any means in all; these poems, on the contrary, bear, as a general rule, the impress of a deep but gentle melancholy, being mostly expressive of sorrow, of unsatisfied longing, of a feeling of solitude, of mental sufferings of various kind; while the joyous feelings that find their way into them never exceed the tranquil expression of happy love, or some other inward harmony. A native author observes, in reference to one of these ancient lyrics, in which a young maiden says that 'she has a girdle of bad days, and a veil of the web of sorrow,' that the whole collection of Finnish songs might be termed a web of sorrow; that at least the web is spun of sorrow, though the warp may be sometimes of a brighter hue. This tone of sadness is not indeed foreign to the popular poetry of any part of the north, and it rules almost exclusively in the popular ballads of Sweden and Denmark; but here it is the substance, if we may so term it, of the poem that is tragical, and the sadness is objective; whereas in the Finnish lyrics it is subjective, and expressive of the mood of the poet.

Upon the whole, the popular ballads of the Finns differ from those of the Scandinavians in the same degree as the Scandinavian myths differ from the Finnish, and as the nations of the Ural and Altai differ from the Caucasian-Gothic races. In the Swedish and Danish ballads, the events, the representation of character, the action of the will in the outward world, play the principal part; the Finnish Runas, on the contrary, more true to the lyrical character, give expression to the inward life of man: their tones are drawn from the chords of the soul, and take their character from the moods of the feelings. In delicacy and purity, in innocence and gentleness of expression, they are greatly superior to the Scandinavian ballads; and the latter, in their epic uniformity, are devoid of the variety and diversity which characterise the Finnish lyrics. In these are mirrored, as in a glass, the country—so rich in forests and lakes, so smiling, so easily cultivated, yet so barren, so solitary, so thinly populated; the idyllic-tranquil, friendly, gentle character of the people; of a nationality illuminated by no historic splendours, glorying in no historic past.

In addition to the *Kalevala*, the admirers of ancient Finnish literature are further indebted to Dr Lönnrot for three volumes, published in 1841 under the name of *Kanteletar* (Harp-songs from Kantele, the stringed instrument of the country), and containing 552 ancient Runas or songs; for a volume of Finnish proverbs, published in 1842, and containing 7000 proverbs; and further, for a collection of Finnish and Estonian riddles—1648 of the former, and 135 of the latter—published in 1845; all of these materials having been collected by him in the course of travels undertaken at the expense of the Literary Association of Helsingfors. Not content with his zealous endeavours in this direction to promote the restoration and the culture of the ancient language of the country, Lönnrot further published a number of treatises on various subjects in this idiom, and thus laid the foundations of a written Finnish language—an idea which has been enthusiastically hailed and adopted by many of his countrymen. In 1826, already Professor Renvale had published a Finnish dictionary (*Suomalaisten Sana-Kirja*), but embracing only the West-Finnish dialect—the so-called Bible-Finnish—the only one which until then had been used in writing, but which was neither grammatically nor lexically correct. Departing from this precedent, Lönnrot—who maintained the principle that the language of the people, such as it appears in their traditional poetry and in their speech, ought to furnish the rules for a future written language—set earnestly about purifying and emancipating his style from the Swedish forms and intermixtures which abounded in the Bible-Finnish; and in his numerous writings he has laid the foundations of a form of language which, though based upon the West-Finnish as one of the principal dialects of the country, does not exclude the purer, richer, and more elegant East-Finnish dialect. The Literary Association of Helsingfors has zealously seconded the endeavours to promote the development of a Finnish prose literature by the publication of various popular works; and the interest felt for the Finnish question has been further proved by the foundation in Wiborg of a Literary Association, with the same views and objects as that of Helsingfors, and by the appearance of several native authors, who have published works in the Finnish language independently of the literary societies. In connection herewith, we may observe the petical vein is by no means extinct among the people of Finland, and that popular poems, similar in form and contents to the ancient songs, are still composed in the remote parts of the country, and are spread thence by verbal transmission to a larger or smaller circle, according to the degree of popularity they enjoy. One of the popular poets of our day has become known by name to fame, and his lyrics have

been published by the Helsingfors Society under the title of *Ensaari* by Kohonen.

Among the many prizes offered by the Literary Association of Helsingfors was one, in 1846, for a complete grammar of the Finnish language, but as far as we are aware, this desideratum has not yet been obtained; but the society has been enabled to publish a complete and critical dictionary of the Finnish language, comprising all the principal dialects, which will prove of the utmost interest and importance to all those who may wish to study this language, remarkable for its aptitude, for its unmixed purity, for its harmony of sound and structure, and on account of the absence in its organism of all modern influences.

The great Danish linguist, Rask, declares the Finnish language to be the most original, the most regular, most flexible, and most musical of all existing languages; yet when we remember that it is only within the last twenty years that this language has entered into the mental sphere of European civilisation, and that for eight centuries Finland has received its mental culture from or through Sweden, we cannot participate in the hopes of those who, overlooking the natural and social obstacles that must impede the realisation of such an idea, dream of the ancient Finnish language and a new Finnish literature entirely superseding the Swedish language and literature in Finland. And indeed we think that, in spite of the ardent enthusiasm for ancient Finnish nationality that characterises a great proportion of Young Finland, soberer thoughts will one day prevail, and the nation will feel that to sacrifice a language, the bearer of many centuries of progressive civilisation, for one that has hitherto only been the organ of a population sunk in a state of rude barbarism, will be to sacrifice a reality to a dream; and they will learn to rest satisfied with that modification of a distinct Finnish nationality which, in spite of the Swedish language that is the bearer of their thoughts, is unmistakably evinced in the works of their best poets—such as Franzén in the last century, and Runeberg in the present.

AHASUERUS, THE SHOEMAKER OF JERUSALEM.

EVERY one has heard of the Wandering Jew, but the particulars of the legend may not be quite so well known. There are several versions of it. Matthew Paris, monk of St Albans, reports one which was current in the East during the thirteenth century. It runs thus:—“This year (1229) an Armenian archbishop came to England, to visit the relics of saints and venerable places, even as he had done in other countries. He bore letters of recommendation from our lord the pope to the religious and prelates of this kingdom. Having repaired to St Albans, to offer up prayers at the shrine of the English proto-martyr, he was received with honour by the abbot and the convent. In the course of his sojourn here, he inquired particularly of his hosts concerning the rites and usages of England; and in return he related to them many traditions of his own country. He was questioned, among other things, about that famous Joseph who has caused so much talk among men—that Joseph who was present at the Passion of Christ, and who yet exists as a living witness of the Christian faith. He was asked if he had ever seen him, or heard anything of him. An officer of the archbishop's suite—his interpreter, a native of Antioch, who was known to Henry Spigurnel, one of the lord abbot's servants—replied in the French language, that his master knew this man perfectly, and that he had even entertained him at his own table a little time previous to his departure for the West. The Armenian's story as to what passed between Joseph and our Saviour is as

follows:—When Jesus was borne along by the Jews from the prætorium to the place of crucifixion, Cartaphilus, one of Pontius Pilate's doorkkeepers, pushed him sharply behind, saying in a contemptuous voice: “Walk faster, Jesus, why dost thou tarry?” Then answered the Christ with a severe and sorrowful look: “I walk as it is written, and I shall rest ere long, but thou shalt walk until my coming.” At the time of the Passion, Cartaphilus was thirty years of age. Whenever he attains his fiftieth year, he falls into a kind of ecstasy, from which he awakes restored again to youth. He was converted to the Christian faith, and baptised by Ananias, the same who baptised Paul, receiving in baptism the name of Joseph. He resides generally in Armenia. His conversation is pious and edifying. The bishops are his chief associates. He talks but little, and only when his society is sought by high dignitaries of the church, and by holy persons; then he gives curious details respecting the Passion and resurrection of Christ, &c.

The Western tradition is somewhat different from the above, and it is supposed by some to be more ancient, although we know not upon what grounds. This version supposes the Jew to have been a shoemaker at Jerusalem, named Ahasuerus, and that after his baptism he received the name of Mattadaus. Here is the veritable legend, as contained in a letter written in 1618 by Chrysostomus Dudulaus of Westphalia to one of his friends at Revel: “In the year 1547, M. Paulus von Kitzen, doctor of the Holy Scriptures, and bishop of Schleswig, was attending service in a church at Hamburg one Sunday during winter, when he saw, most miserably clad, that old Jew who has wandered through the world ever since the passion of Christ. He appeared about fifty years old; tall in stature, with long hair hanging over his shoulders. He remained during the sermon, and listened thereto with much devotion. On leaving the church, the doctor entered into conversation with him. The Jew informed him modestly that he was born at Jerusalem, where he exercised the trade of a shoemaker; that his name was Ahasuerus; and that he had been present at the crucifixion of Christ. Afterwards he talked of the Apostles. Then he added, that Christ, wishing to rest against the wall of his house, on account of the heavy weight of the cross, he had repulsed him rudely, and bade him go his way, when our Lord made the reply which is so well known. This Jew was very quiet and discreet in his manner. If he happened to hear any one blaspheme, he exclaimed with a sigh, and in a deep anguish: “Oh, unhappy man, why dost thou thus abuse the name of God, and of his cruel martyrdom? If thou hadst seen, as I did, how heavy and how bitter was the agony of Christ, for thine own sake and for mine, thou wouldst rather suffer the greatest evils than blaspheme His holy name!” When money was offered to him, he never took more than two shillings, and of that even he gave a part to the poor, declaring that his own wants were ever well supplied by God. He was never known to laugh. Wherever he journeyed, he always spoke the language of the country; thus at this time he expressed himself in very good Saxon. There are many people of quality who have seen this Jew in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Persia, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, Scotland, and other countries; as also in Germany, at Rostock, Weimar, Dantzic, and Königsberg. In the year 1575, two ambassadors of Holstein, and particularly the secretary, Christopher Kraus, met him at Madrid, ever the same in figure, age, manners, and costume. In the year 1593, he was at Vienna, and in 1601 at Lubeck. Many persons also saw and conversed with him in the year 1616, in Livonia, at Cracow, and at Moscow.”

Such is the legend of ‘Der Ewige Jude’—*The Everlasting Jew*. Like the story of St Veronica, it is supposed to have had its origin about the com-

mancement of the fourth century; and it must have profoundly impressed the heart of the people, since it survived the times of Luther and Melancthon, and was even received as an article of belief by the dissenting communions. What, indeed, could affect the imagination more powerfully, than the thought of this lonely man, dowered with an immortality of woe, and condemned to wander from clime to clime through countless ages, seeking rest and finding none; and more wretched in the silence of his deep despair than all the thousands of his fellow-men who have lived since the world began, because

The power to die disproves the right to grieve!

He has passed, 'like a shadow, from land to land,' with the 'pressure of God's infinite upon his finite soul.' His memory stretches far back, 'down the long generations,' embracing everything of pathos and sublimity in the history of the crucified Christ, whose last reproachful look still haunts his agonised soul. None can ever share in his undying grief, and therefore he must always dwell in a deep solitude of heart and soul, which no human sympathies can soothe. The beautiful, the great, the wise, the good, pass over into the 'silent land;' but still the Everlasting Jew shall pursue his 'pilgrimage of woe,' until Time itself shall be no more, and of all earth's countless tribes he only shall be left, in solitary grandeur, to chant the death-song of creation.

A fiction so sublime would naturally attract much attention and interest. At first, it passed merely from mouth to mouth; then it became incorporated in unpretending ballads, and in simple village story-books, such as, *L'Histoire véritable du Jais errant, qui depuis l'an 33 jusqu'à l'heure présente ne fait que marcher*; and, lastly, men of genius were fascinated by its mystic grace, and sought therein the subject of drama, and romance, and song. Goethe had the idea of founding an epic on this legend, and in the plan he has left of it in his Memoirs, he tells us that he intended to have depicted the 'shoemaker of Jerusalem' with the careless enjoué humour of old Hans Sachs. In so doing, he would certainly have been obliged to sacrifice much of the peculiar charm which attaches to the history of the Wandering Jew, as the prey of an eternal sorrow. Another German poet, Christian Frederic Daniel Schubart, commenced a poem on the same subject. He has entitled his fragment *A Lyric Rhapsody*. It embodies that most affecting portion of the Jew's history—his continual but unavailing efforts to escape from the burden of existence.

M. Edgar Quinet has certainly shewn that he appreciates the true spirit of this wondrous fable, for we believe he is the first writer who has ever thought of considering the Wandering Jew as the type of humanity itself, as the incarnated symbol of modern life, the personification of the human race since the Christian era.* His book is called *Ahasvérus, a Mystery*; and, indeed, it could scarcely come within the domain of art in any other form.* A story like that of the Everlasting Jew, which extends through all climes and ages, cannot well be subject to any rigid artistic rules, or to the undeviating requirements of the poetical unities. The plan of the ancient *Mysteries*, therefore, adopted by Calderon in his *Autos Sacramentales*, was the only one suited to M. Quinet's purpose, for in these compositions 'anachronism is the law.' We are told that when this prose poem of *Ahasvérus* first appeared, it created a 'profound sensation.' People either relentlessly denounced it, or praised it to extravagance. Perhaps the most brilliant critique thereon will be found in a volume of literary miscellanies by M. Magnin. It was first published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under

the title of the *Nature of the Poetic Genius*. Speaking of M. Quinet, the reviewer remarks: 'He interrogates the soul of the ocean, the thought of the stars, the song of the flowers, the silence of the desert, with as much love as the spirit of races, the voice of the ages, the murmurs of the crowd, the thought of the cathedrals. It is his vocation to decipher the grand characters which the finger of the Eternal has imprinted upon all things, and to interpret in poetic vibrations the secret music which the world breathes out from all its elements, and from all its creatures.'

The scene of the prologue is in Heaven. Our earth has ceased to exist. Another and a fairer world is about to be created. But before engaging in this new work, the Divine Being orders his angels to represent before his eternal throne the history of the Ages—the grand drama of the Past. The 'first day' is called the 'Creation.' This title is not comprehensive enough, because this section of the poem embraces the annals of the world down to the period of Christ's advent, in addition to the story of the primeval earth. M. Quinet's personifications of natural objects are bold in the extreme. He endows the ocean, the desert, the flowers of the field, and the monsters of the deep, with a soul and an articulate voice. The most interesting portion of the first act—if we may so term it—will be found towards the close. The *dramatis personæ* comprise the River Euphrates, the Moon, the Desert, and a Desert Flower—sister to the voice of the latter.

A Flower of the Desert of Syria. My head bends beneath the light of stars. My chalice is surcharged with dew, even as a heart is overladen with a secret it wishes to repeat. In the night, my flower has been darkened with blood-coloured stains, like the robe of a Levite on the day of sacrifice. The murmur of the stars has dropped into my chalice, and mingled with my perfume. I hear a secret in my chalice—the secret of the universe, which it whispered in a dream during the night, and I have no voice to give it utterance. Ah! tell me which is the nearest city. Is it Jerusalem, or Babylon? Let the passers-by come and gaze on the mystery that weighs down my crown, and causes my head to droop.

The River Euphrates. Flower of the Desert, bend thy head still lower over my bosom, that I may the better hear thy murmurs. I will carry thee dancing from billow to billow, as far as the walls of Babylon. Tell me thy secret, I will bear it upon silvery waves, even unto the foot of the Chaldean towers.

Inhabitants of Babylon on the house-tops. See how the Euphrates sparkles to-night amid its willows, like the blade of a poniard fallen from a festal board. Its murmurs would be no sweeter if its waters rolled over sacred vessels of silver and of gold.

A Slave. Or if a whole people, bending o'er its shores, had poured therein the passion of their tears.

A King. Or if an empire, with the thras of its priests and the purple of its kings, and with its glittering gods, had been buried in its depths for a thousand years, like a blossom amid the waters.

A chorus of Sphinxes, relating the history of the fabulous Ages, succeeds to the murmur of the Waves, and the whisper of the Desert Flower. Presently the voices of Thebes, Nineveh, Persopolis, Palmyra, and Babylon, are joined therewith; Jerusalem at last gives utterance to the startling news of the Christ-child's birth; Angels sing their songs of triumphant joy amid the Shepherds of Bethlehem; the Kings of the East come from afar, and offer gifts at the infant shrine; a new era commences in the annals of the universe—and so the 'first day' ends. It is followed by a kind of interlude—a dance of demons.

The second act is the 'Passion.' It opens with a lamentation of the Desert. In the next scene, we are conducted to Jerusalem; Christ is on the road to the Hill of Calvary, amid the tumult of an angry people.

* *Ahasvérus*. Par Edgar Quinet. Nouvelle Edition. Paris. 1863.

Here we are introduced for the first time to Ahasuerus, who stands as an onlooker at the door of his dwelling.

Christ. Is it thou, Ahasuerus?

Ahasuerus. I do not know thee.

C. I am thirsty. Give me a little water from thy well.

A. My well is empty.

C. Take thy cup, and thou shalt find it full.

A. My cup is broken.

C. Help me to carry my cross on this rugged path.

A. I am not thy cross-bearer! Call a griffin from the desert!

C. Permit me to rest upon the bench at the door of thy dwelling.

A. My bench is occupied; there is no room for any one.

C. If thou wouldst, thy bench should become a golden throne at the portal of my father's house.

A. Go! blasphemous where thou wilt. Already thou hast caused my vine and fig-tree to wither.

Thou seekest to bewitch me!

C. I wished to save thee.

A. Magician, darken not my path! The road is before thee. Go thy way!

C. Why hast thou said it, O Ahasuerus? It is thou who shalt walk during more than a thousand years—even until the Last Judgment. Take thy sandals and thy pilgrim garb. Wherever thou mayest journey, men shall call thee *The Wandering Jew*. It is thou who shalt find no place of rest, no mountain-source to quench thy thirst. In my stead, thou shalt bear the burden I am about to leave upon the cross. For thy thirst, thou shalt drink the dregs that will be left in the bottom of my chalice. Others will take my tunic, but thou shalt inherit my eternal sorrow. . . . As for me, I go to Golgotha, but thou shalt wander on from ruin to ruin, from kingdom to kingdom, unable to attain thy Calvary. . . . The portal of the city shall say to thee: 'Further yet, my bench is occupied!' When thou wouldst rest by the side of the river, it shall cry out: 'Further yet, further yet, even unto the sea; my shores for thee are thickset with thorns!' And the sea also shall exclaim: 'Further yet, further yet! Art thou not that eternal pilgrim, who wanders ever from people to people, from age to age, dinking the cup of tears, sleeping neither by night nor day and who yet cannot choose but pursue his onward path.'

Ahasuerus is struck with a vague mysterious terror. On turning to enter his house, he finds an Angel of Doom keeping guard at the threshold. He obtains permission to take leave of his father, his sister, and his little brothers; and then, in the depth of a shadowy night, he is compelled to set out on his eternal pilgrimage. He journeys westward, with the despair of ages already at his heart. We next behold him in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where he seeks repose; but in vain. Towards him, the accursed one, Nature, forgets her 'silent magnanimity,' repulsing him with cruel scorn:

Ahasuerus. At least, let me rest here until to-morrow.

Echo. Further on, further on—far as the sea.

A. Give unto me, as to the dead, a little water from the fountain of the Arabs.

E. My well is empty.

A. And thy cup?

E. It is broken.

A. Give me a little of thy cooling shade?

E. Magician, darken not my path. Go thy way!

A. Truly this mountain-voice is an echo of the voice of Golgotha.

E. Yea, of Golgotha.

The 'third day' bears the sombre title of 'La Mort.' Death is represented under the figure of an old woman, called *Mob*. Rachel, her servant, was formerly an angel of God; but when the Wandering Jew received his pilgrim-sentence, she forgot the divine in pity for

the human, and so she forfeited the joys of heaven. Rachel, says M. Maghin, is the earthly type of 'ideal love, of eternal faith; the 'hope that consoles, the love that heals.' She is the 'complement of Ahasuerus.' The Jew comes before Rachel in the character of a pilgrim from Palestine:

Rachel. You are a baron, returning from the Holy Land?

Ahasuerus. Yes, my child; I come from that country.

R. How is it that you have brought with you neither falcons on your wrist, nor relics of ivory, nor scallop-shell, nor dates, nor golden sand?

A. I have brought with me more manliness than I wished. My burden was heavy. I could not add thereto.

R. Oh, you ought to have brought with you a piece of the wood of the true cross. The memory is not sufficient.

. . . . And Mounseigneur has seen the Hill of Calvary?

A. Beneath an angry sky, and a blood-stained cloud.

R. And you have gathered flowers in the Garden of Olives?

A. When they were bathed with the tears of the stars, when they were soiled in the dust, like a parted tunic.

R. Oh, the happy seigneur who has seen all this—who has kissed with his lips the stone of the sepulchre. Tell me, what is heard at eventide in those leafy bowers?

A. A name—ever the same—the name of an eternal pilgrim, that every leaf murmurs with a groan.

R. It must be a joy for one's whole life to have seen what you have. Now you can die content when old age comes. . . . At the foot of the olive-trees were there not kneeling angels, singing hymns from golden books?

A. No! There were vultures, that screamed above my head: and owls, whose wings fluttered o'er my cheeks. (*Aside*) Mercy! Mercy!

R. Were there not little children, glory-crowned, with hands meekly folded, who said, ever smiling: 'My father, my father!'

A. No! There were vipers, that hissed beneath my feet. There was a voice from the waves, that cried: 'Accursed! accursed!'

R. I understand. You are a holy man. Let me kiss your feet.

The story of Rachel's love is perhaps the best portion of the whole book. The curse weighs less heavily upon poor Ahasuerus, now that he has discovered this fountain of a deep and true affection. It is like a dream of the Holy Paradise brightening the dark clouds of earth's despair. And yet this transitory gleam of happiness is strangely troubled. There is no grand repose therein; all is tumult and excitement. The cruel and relentless mob is ever at hand, to dash the cup of blessing from the lips of the devoted pair. She conducts the betrothed to the cathedral of Strasburg, where, amid the terrors of a stormy eve, the ghost of Pope Gregory rises by the altar to perform the marriage-ceremony. But Ahasuerus is unable to pronounce his name! A voice, too well remembered, thunders it forth; and again, in that solemn temple, the anathema of Calvary is renewed. Nevertheless, 'love that conquers all things' is once more triumphant; and Rachel's cry for mercy strikes at the very gate of heaven.

This scene is followed by an interlude, in which the poet stands before us *in propria persona*, chanting a mournful dirge over the hopes and faiths and buried loves of yore.

The 'fourth day' is the 'Last Judgment.' All the world has received the sentence of good or evil; and, finally, Ahasuerus and Rachel appear before the bar of the Divine Being. The Jew has drained the bitter chalice to the dregs, and now he hears for the first time the voice of pardoning mercy, which informs him that henceforth, if he will, the benediction of a sweet repose shall be his. But no; he demands 'life, not rest.' He would commence a nobler pilgrimage, and so

would wander on untiringly, from world to world, until finally he attains the everlasting source of the infinite and the divine. 'And I,' exclaims Rachel, 'would follow him.' Then, in solemn accents, we hear the sentence of the approving Judge:

That voice has saved thee, Ahasverus. I bless thee, O pilgrim of worlds to come, and the second Adam. Render back to me the burden of thy earthly sorrows. . . . Instead of the pilgrim-staff, bear in thy hand a starry palm. The dew of heaven shall nourish thee better than the fountain of the desert. The universe shall follow in thy track. . . . Wander on, therefore, from life to life, from world to world, from one divine city to another, from circle to circle; and when, finally, thou shalt have arrived at the infinite centre, whence all things proceed, and where gravitate souls, and years, and peoples, and stars, thou shalt cry to the stars, to the people, to the universe, if they flag on the upward journey: 'Onwards! ever onwards. It is here!'

Now, if the *Mystery of Ahasverus* had ended here, depicting the arduous course of humanity—pilgrim and aspirant—all had been well. M. Quinet, however, favours us with a very gloomy epilogue, which really reads like the apothegm of despair; and yet this is not its meaning. We presume the author intended to prefigure the 'eclipse of faith' in these latter times beneath the clouds of doubt and unbelief. But why is not this clearly set forth? Why does not *Ahasverus* close with a song of hope and gladness, instead of a wail of solitary woe? M. Quinet's poem reminds us, in a certain sense, of the desolate night of Jean Paul's *Dream of the Dead Christ*, without its succeeding dawn of divine peace, and light, and joy. 'The march of mind is still,' says Philip James Bailey; but here all is storm, and hurry, and excitement. Some of the author's contemporaries have termed *Ahasverus* an 'epic drama,' a 'grand fresco,' and so forth. It is, however, sadly deficient in the informing soul of a high purpose, and in the fair harmony of proportions which ought to characterise an enduring work. Its general tone is decidedly unhealthy; for it gives us the cloud instead of the sunshine, the silence of a deep despair instead of the rejoicing anthems of an immortal hope.

THE MOST POPULAR PLANT IN THE WORLD.

SOME of our readers may not be prepared for the fact, that tobacco, though not food either for man or beast, is the most extensively used of all vegetable productions, and, next to salt, the most generally consumed of all productions whatever—animal, vegetable, or mineral—on the face of the globe. In one form or other, but most commonly in that of fume or smoke, it is partaken of 'by saint, by savage, and by sage'; there is no climate, from the equator to the pole, in which it is not used; there is no nation that has declined adopting it. Europeans—except in the extreme East—are allowed to be the most moderate consumers, in consequence of its being with them generally an article of import, and of heavy taxation; while their form of civilisation agrees to refuse the luxury to the gentler sex. And among Europeans, our own nation figures as one of the lowest in proportion to the population; yet the official returns prove that the consumption here is on an average 16·86 ounces, or considerably more than a poundweight to every man, woman, and child throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Moreover, this consumption is greatly on the increase. Between the years 1821 and 1831, the increase was at the rate of about one ounce per head; during the next ten years, it was

somewhat less than an ounce; but from 1841 to 1851, it was three ounces; making an increase of nearly 44 per cent. in proportion to the population within the last thirty years. In Denmark, exclusive of the duchies, the average consumption in 1851 was nearly seventy ounces per head. But this is nothing to what is used in warm countries, where tobacco is grown with facility, and free from taxation. Mr Crawford, to whom we are indebted for most of these facts,* had occasion to remark its prevalence in Further India during his missions in 1821 and 1826. He says: 'The practice of smoking obtains universally amongst the Burmans of all ranks, of both sexes, and of almost all ages; for I have seen children scarcely three years old who seemed quite familiar with it.' And again: 'Among the Siamese the use of tobacco has become universal; they chew it in moderate quantities, but smoke it perpetually. A Siamese is seldom to be seen without a cigar in his mouth, or stuck behind his ear ready for use.' Mr Crawford adds: 'As a matter of curiosity, I shall attempt to estimate the total annual production of tobacco—a plant, the consumption of which 360 years ago was confined to the scanty population of the continent of America, and which was unquestionably unknown in every age to the people of the Old World. If the population of the earth be taken at 1000 millions, and the consumption reckoned as equal to that of the kingdom of Denmark, or seventy ounces a head, the produce of the whole world will amount to near two millions of tons (1,953,125) a year. Seventy ounces a head, of course, far exceeds the average consumption of Europe, in most of the countries of which tobacco, as before stated, is heavily taxed. It is certain, however, on the other hand, that it falls far short of the consumption of Asia, containing the majority of mankind, where women and children smoke as well as men, and where the article is moreover untaxed.' The value of the quantity thus reckoned, at twopence a pound, amounts to above £36,000,000 sterling. One cause, no doubt, of the rapid diffusion of this luxury, is found in the wide geographical bounds within which it can be raised. It is grown without difficulty from the equator to the 50th degree of latitude, the finest qualities preferring the region between the 15th and the 35th.

It is now generally admitted, that all the species—about forty in number—are natives of America, and that it was utterly unknown to the Old World before the time of Columbus, who found it in use among the inhabitants of Cuba and St Domingo, as Cortes did among the Mexicans. Either of these individuals may have introduced it into Spain; but there is no record of the exact time when it first became known there. In 1560, Jean Nicot, an agent of the king of France, procured some seeds at Lisbon, transmitted them to his own country, and obtained the honour of giving the plant the generic name, *Nicotiana*, by which it is known to science. It is believed that its first introduction to England was by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586—that is, not till nearly a century after the discovery of the New World. It was received with the highest enthusiasm; and the practice of smoking increased and prevailed so rapidly, that in the short period of thirty years from its first

* Paper on the History and Consumption of Tobacco, in the *Journal of the Statistical Society* for March 1853.

Introduction, our fathers had, it would seem, become the greatest smokers in Christendom. So we gather from the celebrated *Counterblast*, written by no less a personage than King James, and published among his other works in 1616. As this work is, from its rarity, inaccessible to the general reader, we quote a sentence or two, indicative of the extent of the practice of smoking, and the wrath of the monarch against it.

'Now,' says the king, after alluding to the 'barbarous Indians' as the inventors of the practice, 'to the corrupted baseness of the first use of this tobacco doeth very well agree the foolish and groundlesse first entry thereof into this kingdom. It is not so long since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here, as this present age cannot yet very well remember both the first author, and the forme of the first introduction of it amongst us. It was neither brought in by king, great conqueror, nor learned doctour of phisicke.' His majesty is understood to refer to Raleigh, and to stigmatise him as being neither king, conqueror, nor doctor.

And again: 'How you are, by this custome, disabled in your goods, let the gentry of this land bear witness, some of them bestowing three, some four hundred pounds a yeere upon this precious stinke, which, I am sure, might be bestowed upon many far better uses. . . . And for the vanities committed in this filthy custome, is it not both great vanity and uncleanness that at the table, a place of respect of cleanness, of modestie, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing of tobacco-pipes, and puffing of the smoke of tobacco, one to another, making the filthy smoke and stinke thereof to exhale athwart the dishes and infest the aire, when, very often, men that abhor it are at the repast? Surely smoke becomes a kitchen farre better than a dining-chamber; and yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, seying and infesting them with an unctuous and oily kind of soote, as hath been found in great tobacco-takers that after their death were opened. . . . And not onely meate-time, but no other time nor action is exempted from the publicke use of this necirill trick. . . . Moreover, which is a great iniquitie, and against all humanity, the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and cleane-complexioned wife to that extremity that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment.'

In conclusion his majesty says: 'Have you not reason, then, to be ashamed, and to forbear this filthy noveltie, so basely grounded, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof shining against God, harming yourselves both in persons and goods, and raking also thereby the markes and rites of vanity upon you by the custome thereof, making yourselves to be wondered at by all forreign civill nations, and by all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned. A custome loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse.'

The royal exhortation, as it would seem, prevailed little against the fascinations of tobacco-smoke: the consumption in England continued to increase; the very colony which the king himself countenanced in Virginia became the chief source of supply; nay, the noxious herb was raised in England with some success, in spite of the direct prohibitions of this monarch and his successor, Charles I. It needed the strong arm of Cromwell wholly and effectually to suppress the cultivation, since which it has been entirely an object of

foreign commerce—a source of considerable revenue to the government, from the heavy duty, and the great staple of contraband trade for the same reason.

Those who, in our days, are viewing with alarm the progress it is making in public favour, have felt obliged to adopt a different strain, addressing themselves to our reason by the scientific demonstration of its noxious tendencies. Professor Johnston, for instance, in his *Chemistry of Common Life*, has furnished an analysis of its constituent parts. These, he says, are three in number—a volatile oil, a volatile alkali, and an empyreumatic oil. The volatile oil has the smell of tobacco, and a bitter taste, producing on the mouth and throat a sensation similar to that which arises from the smoke. Applied to the nostrils, it provokes sneezing; and taken inwardly, gives rise to giddiness and sickness. The volatile alkali has besides the smell, an acrid, burning, and long persistent tobacco taste, is narcotic; and as a poison, scarcely inferior to prussic acid, a single drop being sufficient to kill a dog. So irritating is the vapour of this substance, that it is difficult to breathe in a room where one drop of it has been evaporated. And this, by the way, reminds us of the trial and execution of the Comte de Bocarmé at Mons, for poisoning his brother-in-law with nicotine, and the sensation which the case produced. Well: as a hundred poundweights of dry tobacco yield about seven pounds of nicotine, it follows that in smoking a hundred grains, or about a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, there may be imbibed two grains or more of this nicotine, one of the most subtle of all known poisons. The empyreumatic oil has similarly acrid, narcotic, and poisonous qualities. One drop of it applied to the tongue of a cat brought on convulsions, and death followed in two minutes. The Hottentots are said to destroy snakes in this way. They put a drop of this oil on the tongue of the reptile, and it dies as instantaneously as if struck by the electric fluid.

Mr Johnston proceeds to shew, that the cigar, especially if smoked to the end, discharges into the mouth everything that is produced by the combustion; that the more rapidly the leaf burns and the smoke is inhaled, the greater is the quantity of poisonous matter imbibed; and that, finally, when the saliva is retained, the nervous system of the smoker receives the fullest effect of all the three narcotic ingredients of the smoke. It is thus accounted for that the short cutty has come into favour among inveterate smokers; any other pipe would be tame and tasteless after a strong cigar.

The chewer of tobacco, it is shewn, escapes the action of the poisonous oil which is produced in the combustion of the leaf; and the drug of the snuffer is still milder than that of the chewer. A large proportion of the nicotine escapes, or is decomposed, in the fermentation to which the tobacco is twice exposed in making snuff, and the drying or roasting carries off an additional portion, and also some of the natural volatile oil; so that even the rapées, which are generally made from the strongest leaf, containing 5 or 6 per cent. of nicotine, retain only 2 per cent. when the manufacture is complete.

Professor Lizars, of Edinburgh,* has followed up these scientific expositions by some practical observations. He proves, by indisputable facts, some of which have come under his own notice, that excessive smoking produces the most direful consequences, both locally and constitutionally. Locally, by occasioning cancerous ulcerations about the mouth; and constitutionally, by inducing, among other effects, dyspepsia, diarrhoea, disease of the liver, congestion of the brain, loss of memory, anæsthesia, generally confined to one eye, apoplexy, palsy, and even mania.

'When a youth commences his apprenticeship to

* On the Use and Abuse of Tobacco. By John Lizars. Edinburgh: W. H. Lizars.

smoking tobacco,' says Mr Jizars, 'he suffers often the most inconceivably miserable sickness and vomiting—almost as bad as sea-sickness. It generally produces these effects so rapidly, that their production must entirely depend on nervous influence, as giddiness is almost immediately induced. The antidote or cure for this miserable condition is drinking strong coffee or brandy and water, and retiring to bed or sofa. If he perseveres, he has just to suffer onwards, until his nervous system becomes habituated to the noxious weed, and too often to the bottle at the same time. It is truly melancholy to witness the great number of the young who smoke now-a-days; and it is painful to contemplate how many promising youths must be stunted in their growth, and enfeebled in their minds, before they arrive at manhood.'

We must refer the reader who is in bondage to this custom, to the pamphlet itself, as some of the more startling facts are not suitable for the general public. Two cases only we shall notice: one of the local, the other of the constitutional effects of smoking. The former was the case of a captain in the Indian navy, who, from smoking cheroots, had contracted an ulceration of the mucous membrane of the left cheek, extending backwards to the tonsil and pharynx of the same side, having all the characteristic appearances of cancer. Such was his condition when he applied to our author; but the disease resisted every mode of treatment, and he died the victim of the cheroots.

The other is the case of a man—an American, it would seem—who, according to his own statement, began chewing tobacco at seventeen years of age, swallowing the juice to avoid the injury he apprehended might accrue to his lungs from constant spitting. He afterwards suffered much from gnawing at the stomach, a capricious appetite, nausea, vomiting of his meals, emaciation, nervous irritability, and palpitation of the heart. After seven years thus passed, he became the subject of *angina pectoris*. 'One day after dinner,' he said, relating his case to Dr Corson of New York, 'I was suddenly seized with intense pain in the chest, gasping for breath, and a sensation as if a crowbar were pressed tightly from the right breast to the left, till it came and twisted in a knot round the heart, which now stopped deathly still for a minute, and then leaped like a dozen frogs. After two hours of death-like suffering, the attack ceased; and I found that ever after my heart missed every fourth beat! My physician said that I had organic disease of the heart, must die suddenly, and need only take a little brandy for the painful paroxysms; and I soon found it the only thing that gave them any relief. For the next twenty-seven years I continued to suffer milder attacks like the above, lasting from one to several minutes, sometimes as often as two or three times a day or night; and to be sickly-looking, thin, and pale as a ghost.'

All this time the man had not thought of attributing his sufferings to the use of tobacco; but one day he took it into his head to revolt against being a slave to one vile habit alone, and after thirty-three years' use, he renounced it at once and for ever. 'Words,' he said, 'could not describe my suffering and desire for a time. I was reminded of the Indian who, next to all the rum in the world, wanted all the tobacco. But my firm will conquered. In a month my paroxysms nearly ceased, and soon after left entirely. I was directly a new man, and grew stout and hale as you see. With the exception of a little asthmatic breathing, in close rooms and the like, for nearly twenty years since I have enjoyed excellent health.'

On examination, Dr. Corson found the heart of this individual apparently healthy in size and structure, only irregular, intermitting still at every fourth pulsation. He is now, or was a few months ago, still living, a highly intelligent man, sixty-five years of age, stout, ruddy, and managing a large business.

Facts like these are worthy the grave consideration of those who use the noxious herb, if no better plea can be urged in its defence than that it passes an idle hour, and supplies the care-worn and depressed spirit with a gentle and soothing species of intoxication.

M A R T I M O.

CHAPTER XI.

A CONFLICT BETWEEN CURNING AND CHANCE.

WHEN Walter and his new friend, Mr Buck, had plotted with the padre to release Angela from restraint, it was without any very definite idea of what they were next to do. Their resolutions were taken too suddenly to be complete. Foresight would perhaps have checked their energy, suggesting that the success of their *coup de main* would be but the beginning of difficulties. Whether could they hope to sail with the fugitive in that open boat? Angela, in her ignorance of maritime matters, might be forgiven if she believed that they were bound direct for Sicily. Her friends knew, even before they acquired the certainty that they were to be pursued, how very arduous and delicate a task they had undertaken. It was not easy to smuggle out from a kingdom so overrun with police the daughter of one of the most powerful of its families. Their gallant enterprise might lead to imprisonment and disgrace. When, therefore, Angela, surprised at their sombre manner, and making an effort to resist the contagion, began to talk with almost childish glee as she sat wrapped in her cloak, leaning against the gunwale of the cutter, which now and then dipped into the dark water, that seemed to rush by as the breeze blew stronger and stronger—when Angela, we say, impatient to be checked and justified in her gladness by her new friends, talked of the wonderful stratagems she would invent to bring about her husband's release, Mr Buck could not refrain from saying, with a kind of paternal sneer:

'As you are so very ingenious, my dear madam, perhaps you can suggest two things—first, how we are to get out of the Bay of Naples; and next, how we are to get into the port of Palermo.'

Angela, feeling her invention perfectly at fault, drew the clunk close around her, and soon slept, or pretended to sleep, her soul yearning all the time towards the Prisoner, who was sitting in his cell, intent on his plan for cleaving those massive stone-walls to find a way to liberty.

The signal-guns, fired to warn the cruisers at the entrance of the bay to stop all outward-bound vessels, made it evident, according to Mr Buck, that the Princess Corsini believed that the escape of Angela had been long meditated.

'She thinks us cleverer than we are,' said he bitterly. 'No doubt we ought to have chartered a vessel, and kept her standing off and on near Capri ready to receive us.'

'In that case we should, as matters stand, most certainly have fallen into the hands of the enemy.'

'Yes, if we had been idiots enough to allow the old princess to escape and give the alarm. I wish I had her here—yes, I do,' added Mr Buck, gnashing his teeth, and looking very much as if he regretted not having devoured the noble lady, and her nephew into the bargain.

Their position was certainly very critical. Even if

It had been possible for the cutter to perform the long voyage before them without preparation and without provisions, they knew they could not reach either of the channels leading out of the bay before daylight, when they were sure to be descried, chased, and made prisoners. Walter suggested that they might land at an uninhabited spot, towards Sorrento, cross the promontory, and reach Salerno, where they might freight a vessel for Sicily; but after a little discussion, it became clear that their appearance would excite suspicion, and that they could not fail to be detained by the police. Several other plans presented themselves, but seemed equally impracticable. At last Mr Buck murmured that they might give themselves up, and appeal to the justice of the king.

There is no word in Naples stronger with Nasone than the word of the Princess Corsini. What she whispers will be done.

This observation came from a person who had not hitherto taken any part in the discussion—the elder of the two lads who formed Mr Buck's crew. He was sitting near the sheets, ready to let go, in case any more violent gust than usual blew, and had listened very attentively to whatever was said; for they spoke in Italian for the benefit of Angela.

'Alas! the lad speaks true,' murmured the latter. 'My aunt's influence is all-powerful with the king. If we mean that we cannot escape, take me back to Annunziata, where my submission will disarm anger against you.'

'We don't care,' exclaimed Mr Buck heroically, 'what becomes of ourselves. But we have said that we will take you to Sicily, and to Sicily we will take you. *Corpo di Dio!* we are men of our word. Josefo, you rascal, as you are so clever at frightening us, perhaps you are clever enough to tell us what we ought to do.'

These words were spoken rather as a sneer than in hope, but they produced their effect. The lad had his plan ready long before, and was only waiting for an opportunity to produce it. He advised them to steer straight for Naples, where the news of Angela's escape would probably not arrive before morning. They might land boldly, as if returning from an excursion. The presence of a lady, it is true, would attract attention. Angela, therefore, must don a sailor's dress, and take his, Josefo's, place, whilst he would swim ashore.

'There is a new dress in the chest,' said Josefo, 'which Mr Buck gave me in the Holy Week.'

'All this is very good,' observed Walter, noticing that Angela assented by nods to what was suggested; 'but when we are in the city, how are we to get out?'

'We shall have time to talk of that before the morning,' replied Josefo, who seemed to think he was not called upon to exert his inventive faculties further for the present.

No better plan suggesting itself, they continued to steer, as we have already related, with a favourable breeze towards Naples; and not long after midnight arrived off the port. Angela had retired behind the sail, and was busily engaged assuming her disguise. There was a splash in the water.

'What is that?' she exclaimed in an anxious voice, appearing boldly, because by the dim light given by the half-shrouded moon the two Englishmen could only just see that she had pulled a red cap nearly over her eyes, and had substituted for her gown a heavy jacket and a pair of loose trousers.

'That,' said Walter, 'is the real Josefo, who has slipped overboard. You are Josefo for the present.'

The other lad was grinning at the metamorphosis of the lovely passenger.

'Signorina,' he said at length, 'you must hide your face too as much as you can. We sailor-boys are not so white and pretty. And, then, Santa Virgine! you have shoes and clean stockings!'

'Must I pull them off?' asked Angela simply, quite ready to make any sacrifice for success. The two Englishmen, who never had taken charge of a lady in disguise before, remained puzzled and silent.

'No,' said the boy, who knew exactly how he might talk to an Italian lady. 'I will engage your pretty feet are whiter than snow, and would draw all eyes. Let me make them ugly.'

He took some old rags, and wrapped them round Angela's feet and ankles, as if they were wounded. Then he tucked her immense black tresses as well as he could under the elastic woollen cap, and turned up the collar of her jacket in the most ungraceful manner possible.

'Bravo, Carlotto!' said Mr Buck, drawing a long breath; for he would never have ventured to take such liberties. As for Walter, he was too much bewildered by anxiety, and too ignorant of the customs of the country and the kind of danger they ran, to see the importance of all these precautions. Another idea also troubled him. Could the boys be trusted? He did not know that at Naples both fishermen and lazzaroni consider it a sacred duty to throw all manner of impediments in the way of the police. Even a murderer is sure to have popular sympathy on his side. Official justice makes martyrs of its victims.

The moon, as we have hinted, was partially concealed by clouds, but the lights on the pier, and in the rigging of the vessels that crowded the port, made the cutter visible as it glided in. Before they had furled the sail and got out the oars, a well-manned custom-house boat shot across their bows, and bade them declare themselves.

'Good-night, Signor Bartolomeo,' cried Mr Buck. 'How terribly awake you are! Is there a smuggler reported in the offing? Come on board. We have lots of contraband goods.'

One of the officers cast the light of a lantern from stem to stern of the cutter. The false Josefo pretended to do something to the sail.

'What! is it you, Signor Buck?' exclaimed the commander of the revenue-boat, in a somewhat disappointed tone. 'You have made a long trip this time. I saw you go out the other day.'

So saying, the speaker gave a cursory glance over the side of the cutter, just as a matter of form; and then allowing it to proceed, told his men to pull slowly alongside. He was in a talkative mood.

'Did you hear the signal-guns?' he inquired.

'We heard some guns,' replied Mr Buck, secretly wishing Bartolomeo, his boat and crew, at the bottom of the sea.

'They have waked us all up,' continued the other. 'Not a soul will stir abroad this night without having a lantern brought to his face. 'Tis lucky for you, you are so well known.'

'But what is the matter?' ventured Walter.

Before answering, Bartolomeo instinctively turned the lantern upon his interlocutor, and then said:

'Who knows? 'Tis no affair of ours. Some prisoner escaped, perhaps: some traitor or robber.'

They came towards the landing-place, where three or four gendarmes, with muskets that glittered as the light of the revenue-boat shone upon them, were waiting in a vigilant group to receive the boat that arrived at so undue an hour of the night.

'My knees tremble,' whispered Angela to Walter. 'I cannot stand—I shall not be able to pass under the eyes of those men.'

Mr Buck, who plied one oar whilst Carlotto wielded the other, signed to her to be silent. All that scene remained ever after indelibly fixed on her memory: the dark hulls of the vessels on either hand; the line of pleasure-boats gently swinging to and fro, fastened to their rings along the sea-wall; the uncertain outline of the great houses that surround the port, looking like a

precipice, indented with narrow defiles called streets; the patch of sombre water, with fittle columns of light thrown down into its depths here and there; the sky covered with clouds so thin, that where the moon was its rays shone through as through a dome of alabaster; the dim forms of her friends by her side, of her enemies on either hand—in the boat that now followed in their wake, and on the landing-place, where several eager faces could just be made out. Suddenly the oars ceased to ply; and they glided gently on, until checked by a couple of vigorous hands that seized the prow of the cutter. That was a moment of intense anxiety.

'Tis Signor Buck,' cried Bartolomeo, whose boat came up at the same time. The announcement was taken to be a good joke; and even the disappointed gendarmes joined in the laugh.

They landed without undergoing any scrutiny at all. Mr Buck, as a measure of precaution, lading the false Josefo with a heap of cloaks. Carlotta took the boat round to its ring, and followed his master; so that very shortly the whole party was proceeding together in the direction of the Chiunja. By this time the moon had got free from clouds, and was poised above dim Capri, shedding its beams profusely over sea and mountains, that all looked strangely unsubstantial and transparent. They skirted Villa Reale, where there were still promenaders astir, now gliding beneath heavy shadows, now coming out into the silver day cast between the trees.

'Whither are we going, and what are we now to do?' said Walter, who had been prevented by the prudent Mr Buck from relieving Angela of her burden of cloaks.

'We are going to my house, where we shall hold a council of war,' was the reply. 'I am already beginning to have ideas; but Josefo will be there, no doubt; and he is a lad of invention.'

Mr Buck lived in a steep street, near the gate leading to Pozzuolo—in a rambling building, with bright little courts and corridors, all festooned with vines, divided by pavilions and wings, distributed according to some mysterious system of architecture. The house was large enough for a prince; and indeed a prince, the owner, did live in a distant corner of it. All the rest was supposed to belong to the Englishman, who had, however, furnished only a couple of rooms—on the ground-floor, between two of the courts—and a little chamber in a tower, where slept his *fuctola*, as he called her—an old lady, light Lina, who condescended to open the door of this particular department of the building, after half an hour had been spent in sport with the knocker and the bell. There was a small altercation between master and servant, which shewed that Mr Buck, like most old bachelors, was accustomed to obey sometimes when he ought to have commanded. However, by the exertion of a good deal of energy, the party was got into a large room, scantily but picturesquely furnished in part Italian, part Oriental, part virtuoso, and part English style, with a good round table laden with books and empty porter-bottles; three cane-bottomed chairs, and a huge one of carved ilex-wood; some inlaid stools, a divan, a mat, a copy of Morghen's 'Transfiguration'; a portrait of the 'Winner of the Derby'; plaster-casts of the heads of Dr Gall, Courvoisier, Homer, Cicero, Napoleon, Lord Byron, and Sheridan; an elaborate model of Pompeii, constructed from stolen sketches; about thirty views of the Bay of Naples; a collection of Turkish pipes in a rack against the wall; the *London Directory*; a tabular view of Italian exports and imports; a large Bible; a blunderbuss; a bat with outstretched wings; a Venus of Milo; and a human skull. Such were some of the objects scattered about on the floor, on the furniture, against the walls, without any apparent order. Angela, who had a touch of superstition in her, became a little pale, and smiled faintly as she said that it reminded her of a magician's cell. The

forms around could only just be distinguished by the light of a small candle, which Lina set down ere she went away, turning a deaf ear to her master's desperate insinuations about supper.

'The truth is, I never eat anything here,' said he with a deprecating look. 'However, I have a case of biscuits, and the water of the pump is excellent mixed with a little brandy.'

Whilst Mr Buck was making a display of his hospitality, Josefo arrived, already half-dry after his ducking. The whole party—more brilliant lights being procured, and all dismal notions being dispersed—supped gaily, whilst discussing their future proceedings. Even Angela, though feeling awkward in presence of so many strangers in her new dress, enlivened the scene by her eager talk. A plan was soon formed.

'The case is clear,' quoth Mr Buck, stating the result of a good many hints, the principal of which came from Josefo. 'I harness my gig at daylight, and we all start as if for an excursion to the Grotto del Cane. No one will suspect for a moment that we are the culprits who woke up the bay this night; the very impudence of the thing will be our safeguard. We drive to the village of Resina; and there, the deuce is in it if we do not find a felucca ready to take us to the world, and for money. Upon my honour, this is quite exciting.'

'But,' suggested Walter, to whom some tardy compunctions of conscience came, 'we are disturbing your life. Is it right to drag you with us through all this perilous adventure?'

'Right or not, Mr Masterton, I must go with you. As soon as the messenger, now on his way from Castellamare, reaches Naples, I shall receive what is called a domiciliary visit, and an invitation to see the inside of one of his Neapolitan majesty's prisons. Our minister will, of course, take my part; but what can he do? Did I not act the brigand most successfully? No, no: until this affair blows over, Messrs Thompson and Pulci must do without me. I will leave a line with Lina about pressing business; and take the opportunity of visiting Sicily, where, however, there is nothing to see like the Bay of Naples.'

This was spoken with a sigh expressive of regret; but there was nothing assailable in his reasoning, and Walter was obliged to admit Mr Buck to the post of a perpetual accomplice. As human nature, however, remains human nature under all circumstances, it may be as well to notice that he looked forward with pleasure to the time when he should be able again to assume the chief command. Hitherto, since his arrival at Naples, he had been reduced to quite a subordinate part; others were doing more, and risking more, for Paolo than he was. He certainly felt some jealousy, but that did not prevent him from seizing Mr Buck's hand, and shaking it with fervour, in acknowledgment of the sacrifices he had made throughout with so much simplicity and good-nature, and without any motive but that of serving a person who, by the mere frankness of his demeanour, had won him to friendship.

The few remaining hours of night passed rapidly away. Angela slept beneath a cloak on the divan. The boys huddled together in a corner. Walter tried to read a guide-book, and nodded into unconsciousness at every line. Mr Buck disappeared, under pretence of changing his dress, and slumbered audibly for an hour or two. He was the first, however, astir; and came into the great room cracking his whip as soon as warm tints began to flush through the gray of the morning. Their preparations were rapidly made; and just as Lina, aroused by the noise in the courtyard, looked with half-opened eyes through her little window, the gig rolled away laden, as she had just time to ascertain, with two Englishmen and three sailor-boys. As the police of Naples are not very active, though persevering, it was near mid-day before she

was called upon to make this statement to 'the proper authority.'

The appearance of the gig thus laden at the Pozzuolo gate was so much a matter of course—so ordinary a circumstance—that Walter felt almost annoyed. Things could not have gone on smoother, had they been mere vulgar tourists. They passed—Mr Buck's pony, which he called a horse, jogging at a terribly deliberate pace—through the long tunnel of Pozzuolo without a single romantic incident, and entered on the Elysian Fields—that scene of desolation and gloom, of extinct volcanoes, marvellous grottoes, sulphurous springs—just as if they were bound on an ordinary picnic. When Walter afterwards tried to call to mind what he saw during that morning's drive, he found that he had noticed absolutely nothing. The Monte Nuovo floated like a cone without a base in his memory. The Solfatara had no geographical position whatever. The indented Bay of Baia shone like a huge star, it is true, beyond the green expanse of the Lucrine Marshes. As the sun beamed over the promontory of Posilippo. Black and deserted was the whole country they traversed, as if the breath of a fiery tempest had burned it up. But, as we have said, all these elements of the scene did not unite to form any picture in his mind. He had done nothing but gaze intently back along the dry and dusty road they had traversed—too slowly, he thought—expecting every moment to see pursuers galloping after. We need not, therefore, describe as we go along. The motionless Mediterranean at length appeared, like a sky more intensely blue than the one above, spreading out at the base of a long range of dismal sand-hills. A number of fishing-boats lay still in a group some distance out. The village of Resina formed a line of low houses along this inhospitable shore. A jetty of black mouldy piles afforded an insufficient protection to two or three barks.

Josefo said he knew all the people of the village. Some of them, indeed, were his relations. He warned Walter and his companions, however, not to appear too eager in their bargain. They must pretend to have a sudden desire to visit the islands of Ischia and Procida. To admit the character of fugitives, would lead at any rate to delay.

They halted, accordingly, some distance from the village. Walter, Angela, and Carlotta got down, and walked along the beach, whilst Mr Buck drove up over the shingle to Resina, Josefo running by his side. The women and children of the place, who were squatting at the doors of their houses, with the princely idleness of those southern climes, scarcely deigned to look at them, or to answer their questions when they spoke.

To Walter and Angela this was perhaps one of the most exciting moments they had yet passed through. Previously, there had always appeared at least to be several alternatives before them. If one scheme failed, another was open for trial. But here all depended on the cast of a single die. Was it or was it not possible to procure a bark sufficiently large to enable them to leave that shore? Return was out of the question. By this time, no doubt, the police were on their track; and at any rate, in a few hours they were certain to be pursued.

'You must not think me selfish,' said Angela, who, now quite at ease in her new costume, sat upon the sand, eagerly watching for some sign of comfort from the village. 'As long as there is a chance that I can escape with you to join my husband, and assist in his deliverance, I accept your services unhesitatingly. You have come for that purpose. To thank you now, would be an injury. He will thank you when the glory of liberty is on his brow.'

'You perfectly understand us, signora,' replied Walter. 'At any rate, I am performing a sacred duty—paying a debt of gratitude—and shall never deserve thanks. Our single-hearted friend yonder will be

rewarded by the consciousness that he has done a good action.'

'He is very long,' murmured Angela.

'The bargain may be a difficult one,' said Walter, speaking cheerfully, though in reality he began to feel uneasy and anxious. The motions of Mr Buck were indeed inexplicable. He had driven up and down along the beach in front of the houses of Resina at least twenty times, stopping every now and then, talking and gesticulating, but apparently making no progress in his negotiations. They anxiously waited for some sign of motion amongst the barks near the jetty; but there was none.

Carlotta, who had wandered up the steep bank that concealed the country they had traversed, came suddenly running towards them. 'We are lost!' cried he. 'There is a body of horsemen riding to and fro near the Solfatara, as if searching. Certainly, they are the police. They will soon be on our track.'

Walter and Angela rose in great alarm, and drew near the village. Mr Buck came driving towards them.

'Victoria!' he cried. 'All right. The *Madonna*, a first-rate felucca, will be manned in an hour. I have diplomatized and temporized like Metternich. See that little boat: it is gone to recruit sailors among the fishermen.'

There was, indeed, a little skiff to be descried traversing the space that separated the land from the cluster of boats lying out at sea, now no longer tranquil, but beginning gently to ripple beneath a breeze that had risen within a few minutes.

'In an hour!' shouted Walter in English: 'it will be too late. The myrmidons are on our track; they will be here in a few minutes.'

Mr Buck gave a desperate whistle. Carlotta, who had again gone up to the summit of a little eminence, ran past them hurriedly without saying a word. They hastened in a body to the village.

The *Madonna*, a felucca some thirty feet in length by eight in breadth, was quite ready to start, except that all its crew were out in the fishing-boats. The captain, with the assistance of Josefo, was laboriously getting up the anchor. Carlotta joined them, and the work went on better. A small boat floated alongside the jetty. Walter and Angela entered, whilst Mr Buck gave his horse and gig into the hands of a lad who undertook to drive back to Naples. All the people remaining in the village crowded down to see the departure, and share in the *grati*, which were distributed with even more than English generosity. A sly old invalided sailor, who had seen things in his time, began to whisper that they were assisting political fugitives, and cunningly pointed out the small feet and civilised shoes of Angela. At this moment a party of soldiers, with shining uniforms and arms, galloped over the sand-hills about half a mile from the beach, and halting a moment, seemed to search for something they had made sure of finding. The gig was hidden from view by a house, but the unusual activity of the population shewed the horsemen in which direction to come. As there was no sign of any preparations to escape, they approached only at a rapid walk, their bright uniforms and sabres that jingled by their sides flashing in the sun.

'Soldiers, soldiers!' suddenly exclaimed the villagers, scampering away; for they had an instinctive perception that something more than ordinary was going on.

'What is that?' said the captain looking up. The anchor was weighed, and the head of the *Madonna* was swinging slowly round seaward. Walter lifted Angela into the felucca, and leaped on board. Mr Buck followed, spurning back the boat. Without waiting for instructions, Josefo and Carlotta were endeavouring to hoist the huge lateen-sail. It was almost above their

strength; but they spread sufficient of it to take the wind, and the *Madonna* began slowly to distance the jetty!

'*Cosa c'è? Diable!*' screamed the captain, rushing to the rudder. He had no motive for braving the anger of the gendarmes, who came dashing up in a hurricane of plumes, moustaches, cross-bands, gigantic gloves, drawn swords, oaths, and hollows—to say nothing of the terrible careering of their horses—to the now deserted jetty. In another instant he would have stranded his vessel; but Walter was beforehand with him. The barrel of a pistol, a very humble little pistol of small calibre, glanced close to his eyes, and that was enough. He started back. Walter seized the beam. Up went the sail another foot or two, Mr Buck hauling with all his might. The *Madonna* felt the wind in good earnest, and gently bending over, began to leave a bright wake behind. A very unmistakable sound came from the shore. The gendarmes were hastily getting ready to fire. Luckily, they had not anticipated that matters would be brought to this extremity, and their carbines were all empty.

'Lie down!' cried Walter, still steering with a firm hand towards the fishing-boats.

The captain was the first to obey the injunction. He rolled into the safest corner. Josefo and Carlotta, being no heroes, also let go the tackle, and crouched by the side of Angela. Mr Buck still made desperate efforts to haul up the sail, which flapped and struggled as if eager to catch the wind. The *Madonna* glided away from shore with an easy motion. They heard the discharge—there was a sharp whizzing in the air—and the water was struck in several places as with a whip; but in another minute the *Madonna* was out of range.

'The lubbers can't aim,' shouted Buck, dancing on the deck as he still held on by the rope.

'Then 'twas a chance ball did this,' said Walter quietly, as he pointed to a wound upon his cheek, from which two or three big drops of blood were trickling.

Many ladies in Angela's place would have fainted; but she came sitting along the unsteady deck, with a rich embroidered kerchief in her hand, and insisted on stanching the wound. As she saw there was no great harm done, she laughed and cried at the same time; and clenching her little hand, shook it angrily towards the beach, where the gendarmes were performing a variety of evolutions expressive of disappointment and anger.

'Signori!' now exclaimed the captain, tearing his hair, whilst the sail still went up, and the *Madonna* began to dash through the heaving waters, 'I am a ruined man, and shall never be able to return to Resina again.'

They comforted him as well as they could, but most seriously threatened to put him to death if he offered the slightest impediment to their designs. With a very ill grace, therefore, he hailed the boats, whilst Walter played with a pistol close by his side, and gathered his crew of three or four men, already prepared by the messenger previously sent. Thus in less than half an hour after leaving the jetty, the *Madonna*, with her full complement of hands, was sailing out direct westwards over the sea that dashed merrily in the sunlight; and the long coast of Italy, rising in irregular outline behind, began to assume the purple tinge of distance.

Their position was not by any means satisfactory. It soon became evident, by the murmurs of the crew, that it would be no easy matter to continue the voyage. The men cared little for the police, being prepared to plead superior force, and their well-known cowardice. But there were no provisions on board—no bread, no macaroni, no dried fish, even no water. It could not be denied that, under such circumstances, it would be absurd to lay the *Madonna* on a course

which might keep her for three or four days out of sight of land. Besides, these feluccas rarely venture on more than coasting-voyages; and after a little time, the master, driven to desperation by the murmurs of the crew, came crouching towards Walter, and in the most humbly determined accents that he could assume, announced that it was the general voice that they ought to return to Resina.

Walter and Mr Buck felt that, although they might frighten the crew into submission for a time, it would be impossible to continue the voyage if they remained in perpetual fear of routiny. Changing their tone, therefore, they persuaded and promised; Josefo and Carlotta, who had kept out of sight as long as there was danger of a struggle, now coming eloquently to their assistance. The pecuniary question was soon settled. The crew made their own terms. But how was the *Madonna* to be provisioned? An old sailor, one-eyed and down-looking, who seemed to be influential with his companions, proposed that they should wait until the darkness, which was rapidly coming on, had quite closed in, and then make the island of Ischia, where provisions in plenty could be procured, whilst there was little danger that any news from the main would arrive to disturb them.

As soon, therefore, as the sun, which had rapidly curved over their heads during all these incidents, had set amidst a saffron vapour in the west, the *Madonna*, which had lain to for an hour, was put upon a new tack. Presently darkness surrounded it; and all on board slept or dozed, save Walter, who felt an uneasiness he could not explain, and one or two sailors, who whispered together near the bows, and were silent when he in pacing the narrow deck approached them. They were calculating whether it would not be more profitable to betray than to serve the fugitives. From the police, it was certain they could expect little but threats and cuffs; but the name of the Princess Corsini had been mentioned. She was known to be an open-handed lady to those who served her. Would she not give as much to each single traitor as had been promised to the whole crew together?

It was a couple of hours at least after complete darkness had set in, that Walter, still watchful, noticed, straining his eyes, that they were in a narrow strait, with lofty land on either side. It had been agreed that they should touch at a village on the extreme western point of Ischia. Was it situated at the bottom of a deep inlet? The doubt was soon set at rest; for the rising moon suddenly appeared right in front of them, from behind a lofty range of hills, and its interminable silver wake shewed that they were steering full into the Bay of Naples. Before Walter had time to understand what was passing, a vessel, schooner-rigged, moving under a cloud of canvas, swept across their track. The old sailor, who had advised the return to Ischia, hollowed his hand round his mouth, and hailed. Walter felt inclined to shoot him; but checking himself, he threw away the weapon that might lead to a useless crime, and did justice with his fist. The culprit fell like a heap of rags, neatly over the low bulwarks; but Walter was seized from behind, and felt his arms pinioned. Half-a-dozen voices shouted: 'Here are the Englishmen; here are the traitors;' for those who had not joined in the conspiracy, now that there was no chance of recall, assented in order to share the spoil. The vessel had changed its course, and was passing majestically within half a cable's length. Two or three hails were exchanged; and the felucca was ordered to come alongside.

'They have betrayed us to one of the king's vessels—the *Maria Christina*, I think!' exclaimed Mr Buck. 'It is then all over, my friends,' murmured Angela, as she held the hands of her two protectors, who had both been seized but were now released. 'Shall I leap overboard?'

Poor Angela, indeed, seriously meaning what she said, took a step forward, but her friends restrained her: and as the *Madonna* had the wind taken out of her sail under the hull of the schooner, Walter whistled: 'Take courage, lady, something tells me that Providence has not abandoned us.'

TRAVELLING BABIES.

The English at home are a curious people—not much like what we guess them to be from their countrymen in France. They are indignant at the mistakes we sometimes make in describing their manners, and judging of their character; but it seems to me—although I must confess I have been but a short time in the country—that accuracy is impossible, and that it is so not less from our want of comprehension than from their excessive oddity. Now, a little while ago, when peeping listlessly into the ladies' waiting-room at a railway-station, my attention was attracted by a lady, her little girl, and nurse.

The child appeared to have seen at least six or seven summers, as the novelists say. She amused herself by running and dancing about, showing her activity, and childish joy in various ways, until the train-bell rang, when a stop was put to her amusement by mamma and nurse jointly calling: 'Come, baby, come! here's the train.' The gigantic baby paid obedience, when, lo! the sturdy limbs, which a few moments before had displayed such vigorous powers of movement, were quickly enveloped in an immense shawl, and the poor, helpless baby was carried in nurse's arms to the carriage.

This was a simple circumstance, you will say. Yes, but quite unfathomable. How should I describe it as a test of manners? How should I reason upon it as an indication of character? I stood gazing into the window with an air of such puzzlement as attracted the attention of a respectable-looking person near me.

'That is curious!' said I to him—for an Englishman is so far like a ghost, that he never speaks till he is spoken to.

'Not curious at all,' replied he: 'children in arms go free.'

Some time after, in another room of the same kind, where there were persons of both sexes, I stumbled upon another baby; and this, by the way, is not wonderful, for in England babies are great travellers—there is no such thing as going anywhere without coming in contact with them.

It was a cold wintry day, a bright fire glowed on the hearth, and the room was almost filled with passengers. My attention was drawn to a young female, who was perambulating the apartment with something in her arms, which might be conjectured to be a young baby. Several of the ladies seemed struck by her careless mode of carrying her living charge; for though she occasionally bent her head, as if to soothe the little one, still there was a certain want of tenderness in her manner, which did not bespeak either the affectionate mother or faithful nurse. A lady who sat near me asked of another:

'Do you think it really is a baby that young person carries?'

'I do not know,' she replied; 'but if so, and she is its mother, I pity it.'

I rose and walked past the questionable parent, looking at her burden as I did so; but it was too closely muffled in the shawl for its features to be seen by a passing glance, although the motions of its little limbs showed that it was in life, and probably in health.

One of the ladies present, who had tried the same experiment and had also failed, seemed at length determined to satisfy her curiosity, and obtain a peep at the mysterious darling. Approaching it softly, she addressed the mother in her sweetest tones:

'Is this a baby you have?' and at the same time in

a dexterous but gentle way removing the shawl from deary's face, she obtained a visible instead of verbal reply to her question. By obtaining a view, amid the mother's blushes, of her little one, who was probably the image of its father—a poodle dog! All were amused, and even the parent smiled. But the finale was yet to come. A train was heard to arrive, and she immediately arranged her baby-dog's wrapper, and held it in a far more mother-like way than before: the experience of the last half-hour being evidently used to advantage. While the train was getting ready to renew its course, she promenaded the platform; but Doggy, who had hitherto been an example to all babies, became restless. Whether the change from the warm atmosphere of the waiting-room to the keen wintry air outside affected his lungs, or induced him to wish for a romp on the platform, I know not, but certain it is he began to cry, and from low imploring whines raised the tone to sharp, resolute, I-will-have-my-own-way barks. In vain did mamma strive to appease him, and hug him to her bosom, he seemed determined to display his powers of dog-language. Just at this crisis one of the guards walked up to the lady, and striving, but in vain, to peep into Tiny's face, he remarked: 'Poor little thing! it wants something you must give him when you get inside.' The train was now ready, and mamma and baby vanished.

What could be the explanation of this scene? The Sphinx could not have read the riddle; but an old woman standing near answered my question in the same words I had heard on the former occasion—

'Children in arms go free.'

'I know that,' said I.

'Well, Mister—but dogs don't,' replied the old woman.

A ROOM IN DAMASCUS.

The floor is of two levels: the first or lowest, into which you enter, contains a fountain with several spouts of water, is paved with marble, has racks for pipes, recesses in the walls for nargelies, cups, &c., and other conveniences for the household. Here the slaves wait the will of their masters, and here you put off the slippers before you ascend to the second level, where the mats are spread and the family sitting. Over this fountain is suspended from the highest part of the ceiling a chandelier, with a great many little glass-lamps, whose various lights, mingling with the waters, and reflected from them, produce a very beautiful effect. The second level is twelve or eighteen inches higher than the first, and is the place appropriated to the family; it is often separated from the lower part by a little railing of wood or stone. Mats are spread upon the earthen-floor, and round the walls mattresses three feet or three feet and a half broad, are spread out for the accommodation of the family, upon the mats, or upon low wooden frames four or six inches in height. The ceilings are lofty and ornate; beautiful carving, interspersed with numerous little looking-glasses, relieves and gratifies the eye, and very often the circular centre-piece is composed of massive embossment, in which a gigantic serpent, displaying its beautiful folds and glancing eyes, seems ready to spring upon you. Let the sun now shed his golden beams through the upper windows, which are of beautiful stained glass; let the golden letters in panels upon the walls appear in their beauty; let hundreds of little looking-glasses above and around you reflect and multiply every object and movement; place a number of richly-clothed Turks, with long beards and flowing robes, upon the divan, amidst soft mattresses and velvet cushions, with long pipes in their mouths; add to all this the unceasing murmur of falling waters, and you have a scene really beautiful, and truly Oriental.—*Graham's Jordan and the Rhine.*

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A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT AT LEEDS.

It is sometimes remarked slightly of the operative classes, that they are bad business-men, and usually quarrel and fail in any concentrated effort for their own benefit. It is not always so, and cannot necessarily be so, if we may judge from a remarkable show of administrative ability which they have made within the last few years in the town of Leeds. The facts, as they have reached us, and assuming their truth, are certainly of a nature to encourage hopefulness as to the power of working-people to help themselves in various ways.

During the scarcity of 1847, when flour was of course dear in Leeds, and believed by many to be largely adulterated, it was suggested by some active spirits, that an effort ought to be made to take the business out of the hands of millers and traders, the consumers purchasing the grain, and grinding and distributing it among themselves. So far as we can learn, to secure the good quality of the article was more a leading object than to save on the price. A number of persons, contributing each a small sum towards capital, attempted to purchase a mill for themselves, and, after some difficulty, obtained a flax-mill, which they converted into one for flour. They had many troubles and obstructions at first, in the unsuitableness of their mill, the inexperience and contrariety of opinions of their committee of management, and the state of the law, which did not then allow them protection for any transaction beyond the range of the members; so that, for example, they had the disadvantage of seeing six hundred bags of unsold bran upon their hands at once. But there were some manful and sagacious spirits amongst them, who thought they saw their way to success, and were anxious to give their scheme a full trial. Notwithstanding, then, a small loss on the first year—amounting, however, only to L.77 upon a total of L.498.10s. of business done—the society was enabled to persevere, till it had gained such a footing as happily put failure out of the question.

The plan seems to have been exceedingly simple, and such as could be easily realised in any large population, regarding any of the most generally used articles of merchandise. With the aid of a few persons accustomed to business arrangements, the general board of management, in its various sub-committees, was able to conduct the mill, purchase grain, and arrange for the distribution of the flour among the members, and the collection of the money. The money was in reality deposited before the flour was given out, certain shopkeepers being willing to do this, in order

to have the employment of the distribution, which was useful to them, not merely for the allowance they derived on account of their trouble, but because they thus secured a certain attraction to their shops.

The design at starting was to sell, or rather distribute, at a rate as near prime cost as possible. They simply added to the cost of the grain, a charge for grinding, and then, allowing 1s. 6d. for the distributor's remuneration, struck the price to members, which was always considerably under the retailer's ordinary prices. It was found, for example, that while these individuals sold flour at 4s. per stone—which was the case when wheat was 90s. per quarter—the society's price was 3s. 4d.; or when flour was 2s. 3d. in ordinary shops (wheat being 50s. per quarter), the society's rate was 2s. 1d.; and so on in proportion. The saving was not at an invariable rate; but, on the whole, it was quite enough to be of importance. We are told that from October 1847 to July 1851, being 198 weeks, it was 87 weeks at market-price, 114 weeks 1d. below that rate, 38 weeks 2d., 5 weeks 3d., and 2 weeks 4d. per stone below the average. The quantity of flour actually sold was 645,261 stones—about 4124 per week—besides undressed flour; and the entire gain or saving of the members was estimated at L.3660, supposing that equal quantities were sold at equal rates of saving. The real fact, however, being, that the quantity sold when the reduction was 2d. or 3d. greatly exceeded that when it was at 1d., the actual saving must have been much greater. At the same time, it is important to remark, the grain bought was of superior quality—usually from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per quarter above the prices given for the wheat sold in common shops.

In July 1851, when the business done amounted to about L.27,000 per annum, with a surplus to the society of only a few hundreds on each of these periods, they so far changed their plan as to begin selling to the public at a small profit or reserve, applicable of course to the general benefit. After this, their affairs appear as more than ever flourishing. The amount of business in 1853 reached the large sum of L.69,422, with a clear profit of L.4387. And, at a balance last July, it appeared that the society's profits, or excess of receipts over outlay, were not less than L.7500. Out of this surplus, they have returned the sum of L.4066 in bonuses to members—an insignificant sum to each, and which, we think, might have been better reserved for the extension of the objects of the society, but which at least is valuable for the proof it affords that the concern has accomplished its primary objects, of giving the members a superior quality of article below market-price, and secured a profit besides.

The remainder of the balance in favour of the society rests in sunk capital. They have a large fire-proof mill, with twelve pair of stones, and all other useful machinery in good repair; certain other buildings, and six carts and horses. There are about 3200 members; and there is a weekly turn-out of about 400 bags of flour, of 20 stones each, besides inferior meals. It is interesting, though not surprising, to learn that the working-expenses per bag have been undergoing a constant abatement, as the business of the society has increased. Originally 2s. 4d. per bag, they are now reduced to about 1s. 8d., the entire outlay of the society being thus covered. It is evident that this result is purely owing to that combination or co-operation which allows of the business being conducted on a large scale, and with an unusually small amount of unproductive outlay. Where a private trader's cart is carrying one bag of flour to some customer, the society's cart will be seen conveying a dozen. Where a miller has to be constantly changing his quality, and trying experiments, the society, using but one quality, turns its machinery to a greater account. Where the miller has to give credit, and often loses, the society realises beforehand every penny of its money, and practically never has had a bad debt. The principal economy, however, lies in the mode of distribution. The ordinary retailer cannot live with a smaller profit than 3s. per bag of 20 stones; this because his sales are of small extent. But the society's shopkeepers, attracting custom by the advantageous terms on which they offer this leading article, are satisfied with half that rate of profit. It is estimated that the society gains or saves £40 weekly by an economy of distribution, which is quite impossible where traders are left to compete with each other, puffing, cheating, scrambling for customers by giving undue credit, and making a bad life for themselves out of it all.

A member of the society belonging to the trading-class takes a sanguine view of its capabilities, which we may receive or not as we choose. He says: 'Had the members generally consented to support the board, we might have doubled our capital, and trebled our profits, while yet paying no more than a "living profit" upon the cost of good corn for pure flour. If, instead of taking the bonus, they had extended the mill to supply other places, where our flour would gladly have been received, or if they had agreed to supply themselves with groceries and meat in the same way as they have done flour, not £3000, but £10,000 might easily have been gained. With an increased income, they might have built good houses to replace the inferior ones now so much complained of, paying only 5 per cent. rental, instead of the 10 which is customary. There might have ultimately been means of educating the young and pensioning the old, making poor-laws next to an obsolete thing in our district. Great moral improvements might thus have been brought about; indeed, as it is, some change for the better may fairly be said to have taken place, the conduct of our members being decidedly of a superior cast. I refrain from indulging in further speculations in this direction, lest I be thought over-sanguine: but I may remark, in conclusion, that the most hopeful, whose pictures of good were laughed at at the outset, never suggested results equal to what we have realised.'

Assuming, as we before said, the facts to be correctly stated, and we have every reason to believe such to be the case, they must be admitted to go some way in favour of those modified views of the competitive principle which have latterly been spoken of with favour by John Stuart Mill. It does fully appear that, in this instance, it has been possible to economise in the distribution of a particular article amongst a large and dense population by combination. It is at the same time proper to remark, that this is only one of the rivals which competition has to compete with,

and if there were not private dealing here also in the field, the Leeds Co-operative Flour-mill Society might become a tyranny, instead of a widely diffused benefit.

We rather think that the most interesting result is, after all, the proof afforded that it is possible for working-men to combine to great ends for their own benefit, without offence to either moral or political principle. Overlooking a few troublesome and loquacious members, the management is described to us as having been generally good and wise, as the results have been satisfactory. It cannot be doubted that, in thus training themselves to independent action, they are doing the best thing in their power to raise themselves as citizens, and improve the status of their class.

THE 'MOP.'

A RURAL SKETCH.

I AM rusticating in the country just now, according to my annual custom, and have taken up my residence with old Farmer Armstrong, who, and whose forefathers, have farmed their own land, situated in the heart of a midland county, any time these two hundred years at least. I have spent some glorious days of the true Wordsworthian sort, 'some of those lovely days that cannot die,' in wandering, sketch-book in hand, over hill and valley within sight of the great Cotswold ridge, among the winding lanes, between hawthorn-hedges twenty feet high, and by the banks of noisy little brooks which run, dashing and cascading it, on their way to the lower levels of the Churwell, on the Thames.

This morning we have the promise of another calm and cloudless day, although it is the 1st of October; and while discussing an early family-breakfast—a ceremony which is never at Armstrong Lodge slurred over in that heretical style which is common in London—I am wondering in what direction I shall sally forth for new discoveries. Farmer Armstrong suggests that, as to-day is the day for the annual celebration of Overtopping Mop, and as he must go there to lure a new ploughman and a new dairy-maid, I may as well take a seat in his dog-cart, and drive over along with him. I am of that opinion too; and, accordingly, no sooner is full justice done to the breakfast before us, than forth comes the dog-cart and the bay mare, and I mount by the side of the farmer for a run to Overtopping, standing on the summit and partly on the side of a hill which we can see plainly enough at the distance of about ten miles. On we go, over a capital cream-coloured road, owing to the long-drouth, as hard as granite, across which the way is strewn with shadows dance and flicker in the sunshine; through a cosy little hamlet, where rose-trees in full flower climb to the thatch of the roofs; and past solitary farm-steads, where the gabble of troops of lazy geese puddling in muddy ponds, mingled with the thump, thump of the flail, are the only sounds that reach us. But as we draw within a few miles of Overtopping, we come up with some characteristic indications of what we may expect to meet with on our arrival. There are parties or individuals travelling towards the Mop, all with the express purpose either of business or recreation, and the majority perhaps with the hope of combining both in one. There are groups of labouring-men, clad in their neatest garb, and evidently, though in their working-suits, touched off with an air of trim tidiness not generally observable even on holiday occasions. As we rattle past them, they politely give us the 'good-day.' Some of them, I observe, have lengths of whip-cord twined round their hats, and these, the farmer informs me, are expecting to be hired as carters; some have made temporary hatbands of wisps of straw, which look as queer to the eye of a citizen as the mythical Dick's, and these seek engagements as ploughmen. Then there are groups of laughing girls, in bright-coloured cotton

gowns, snowy kerchiefs, and rosy faces, forming a very pleasant sight indeed, and filling the air with frolicsome sounds. Then there are solitary pedlars, plodding their weary way with stout packs on their backs and sturdy staves in their hands; and here and there a belated showman, whose rickety equipage, drawn by a starved donkey, or perhaps a couple of them, has foundered on the way, is seen urging his incapable team on their fitful march.

Arrived at Overtopping, we put up at an old-fashioned inn, standing upon the edge of the common which skirts the lower part of the town, and upon which the Mop is held. The main business of the Mop, as the reader will have anticipated, is the hiring of servants—farm-servants principally, though by no means exclusively. According to a custom which seems immemorial, servants of the hard-working grade in this part of the country seldom if ever hire themselves for a longer term of service than a single year. At the end of the prescribed period, they are accustomed to throw up their engagements, irrespective of any other motive than the desire for change, and the uncertain prospect of a change for the better. Of course this strange mode of proceeding is not universal, as numbers are found who have the sense to know when they are well off, and remain in one service from year to year; but it is so far general as to render the Mop a permanent institution, and, for want of something better in a district which, though covering a large surface, is almost exclusively agricultural, a necessary one. The proceedings of the day are divided into two portions—business and pleasure; and the admonitory old maxim, 'Business first, and pleasure afterwards,' is the regulating law.

The servants wishing to be hired take up their station as soon as they arrive on what they call 'the Staty,' which is a portion of ground allotted by the statute legalising the Mop for that purpose. As early as ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, they may be found ranged in position in two ranks; the men on one side, and the women on the other—each and all, as might be expected, looking their best. My thrifty host is not willing to lose time in so important a business, but, anxious for the pick of the market, sallies forth to make his election as soon as the bazaar is comfortably provided for and dinner is ordered.

On approaching the ground, which is thronged by a crowd far more dense and numerous than I expected to see, our ears are assailed by a sonorous booming, hoo-ing, buzzing-hunp, which takes the shape of some melody, but rather unmusical, which we seem to recollect, but being able to identify. It pauses at intervals, and then the gabble and tumult of the crowd, rising into uproar, leaves you in doubt whether the booming that puzzled you was anything but an illusion; but anon it commences again, and this time nearer, and there is no mistake about it; the tune is *Polly put the Kettle on*, but the instrument—it is impossible to guess what that is. Pushing our way through a labyrinth of gingerbread-stalls, of raree-shows, of quack doctors' establishments, of conjurors' booths, of extemporised shop-shops, of travelling theatres, and all the enlightening ceteras of a country fair, we come at length upon the Staty, and my good friend the farmer, with an eye to business, begins his scrutiny. I see that there is an expression of disappointment on his honest face: the Staty is not half filled—the labour exhibition is a meagre one—men-servants are at a premium, because they are scarce this year; the Baltic fleet and the Eastern levies have thinned the supernumerary ranks, and those that remain are consequently all the more costly. Worst of all, there are a more than usual number of bidders upon the ground, and serviceable flesh and blood is looking up. It is an amusing study to watch

the looks and motions, the cautious and solemn expression of face with which certain middle-aged ladies are bringing their phrenological acumen to bear upon the important decision which will so forcibly affect their domestic comfort for the next twelvemonth. Still more amusing are the sage precautions of some of the farmers, who, looking at the thing solely in an economical point of view, take the oddest measures to secure a good bargain. One would think that looks and speech were means sufficient to test the merits of a ploughman; but yonder bluff yeoman is not of that opinion, for he handles the candidate for his service much as we have seen a butcher in Smithfield Market handle an ox which he was going to lead off to the shambles. He feels the muscles of the man's arms, spans his wrist, and surveys his build from top to toe, doubtless reckoning up in his mind the amount of work that may be got out of him, not without an eye, perhaps, to the quantity of food the fellow may require to keep him in condition. Neither the farmers nor the matrons appear to be in any great hurry to come to a decision, and the ladies especially. I observe, act with an amount of deliberation that threatens to defeat its own purpose. One by one, however, both young men and maidens, step forth from the ranks, and withdraw with their prospective masters or mistresses to the parlour of the nearest public-house, or to some other convenient privacy, to adjust the terms of the bargain which is to cement their union for the next twelve months. The whole business is pretty well over by one o'clock in the day; and before this hour has struck, Farmer Armstrong, having engaged a dairy-maid, is closeted with a ploughman, with whom it is plain enough that he intends to come to terms. I am not much interested in the compact, and so I leave them to settle it between themselves while I take a further survey of the Mop.

Business being now almost finished, the secondary object of pleasure can be attended to. By the time the Staty is cleared, the Mop has degenerated into a country fair; the clown is roaring and grimacing in company with a levy of painted damsels on the platform of the travelling theatre; a dozen ponderous voices are heard thundering through huge trumpets from different parts of the ground, calling the ladies and gentlemen to their brilliant entertainments—said ladies and gentlemen being the hired servants, who, having engaged themselves for the ensuing year, make a carnival of the remaining hours of this their day of liberty. It is the fashion, in concluding the bargain with their employers, to receive earnest-money by way of binding the agreement. The earnest-money may be a few shillings; and this, as a general rule, is spent at the Mop, at which a round number of the peripatetic showmen of the kingdom are pretty sure to be present. On this occasion, the concourse is unusually great, and the uproar is astounding—the bang of drums, the clang of cymbals, the bray of trumpets, the shrieking of hoarse clarionets, the yells of the clowns, and the responding chorus of giggling laughter, all together make a perfect Babel, amid which the clamour of individual spokesmen bawling for special notice and patronage, is almost hushed into silence.

'Did you ever see a crocodile?' screams close to my ear a voice already split into irredeemable shreds—'Did you ever see a crocodile? No, you didn't!—Very well; then here he is. This way, ladies and gentlemen—'

Just arrive,
To be seen alive,
A young crocodile,
From the banks of the Nile!

Then up goes the trumpet to his mouth, and through it rushes a diabolical combination of scream and roar,

which sends me flying from the den of the crocodile as though the monster himself were at my heels.

'Do you wad to see berit, ladies ad geddiehens? real berit? because if you do, this here's the place—Here you will see Seedyer Slubprit, what breaks stodes with his fist—That's what I call real berit, ad doe boodelide—You'll see hib do it—it's odelly a peddy—ad he'll break a stode weighlid fourteed powds with his bare fist—You'll see it weighlid, ad you'll see hib do it—That's real berit—dot a passel o' crocodiles ad beasts, ad stuff, ad paidted faces—but real berit—ad it's odelly a peddy.' Thus gabbles another worthy, with a rapidity of utterance which must have cost him years of practice, as well as choked up his nasal channels.

Here stands a man in the costume of Charles I. when he mounted the scaffold, with sable hose, flowing cloak, pointed beard, and Vandyke collar. He speaks in high-flown language, styles himself a professor of toxicology, and calls upon any of Her Majesty's subjects who are suffering from disorders of any kind, to apply to him at once for a cure of their grievances, ere he shall have vanished from the neighbourhood and it is too late. The fellow has really a fine picturesque head, and though his style is inflated, his grammar is unexceptionable, and one cannot help wondering what has brought him to the condition of a medical mountebank. He has an ally in a woolly-coloured fool in esp and bells, who has the charge of the cash department, and who keeps the crowd amused by a succession of odd jokes and villainous contortions of countenance, expressive of the powerful effects of his master's medicine. It is whispered, however, that the fool is the proprietor, and that the solemn-looking professor of toxicology is but a part of his travelling stock.

Boom! boom! boom! buz-z-z-z-zoom! There is that astounding humming again, and I am determined to find out what it is before I go to dinner. Following the sound as well as I am able, I discover its source at last upon the edge of the common, where a portion of land next the town has been partitioned off. Upon two of the cross-beams of a ~~gate~~ gate, the musician, who is a man in a clean short ~~stock~~ stock, wearing a jaunty cap and top-boots, has fastened, by means of iron staples driven into the beams, a row of about twenty poles of green wood, which I take for ash. The poles are about two inches in diameter, and of unequal length, diminishing regularly from the longest to the shortest, like a row of pipes in an organ. Each pole is fastened to both bars of the gate by a strong staple driven firmly home, but yet not so far but that the poles may be shifted by a smart blow on their lower ends. A multitude of chips are lying on the ground beneath, and I gather from that that the poles have been tuned by means of a knife and a mallet—the knife being used to cut a flat note sharper, and a touch of the mallet beneath serving to lengthen by shifting, and thus to flatten, one that was too sharp. The instrument is attached to the establishment of a conjuror of the old school, who swallows flames and vomits yards of ribbon, &c.; and it is played upon by a couple of heavy padded hammers, with which the performer thumps with all his might upon the poles, striking them within an inch of their point of contact with the topmost beam. It is their vibration against this beam that occasions the abominable buzz which half drowns their music; but the most remarkable thing in regard to this nondescript instrument, is the odd fact, that the further off you go, the better you hear it, provided you do not go out of hearing. When standing close to the performer, the booming tones, which at the distance of a furlong fill the whole air, are not heard at all, though the melody is heard in a succession of staccato taps, which again are inaudible at a point where the bass tones become audible.

On returning to the inn for dinner, I find the resplendent dairy-maid whom Farmer Armstrong has engaged,

already there, and waiting with her luggage to accompany us back to the lodge. She has, wisely, no predilections for the joys of the fiddling-booths and nonsense exhibitions, now in full swing, and gladly accepted the farmer's proposition that she should enter at once on her duties. The room in which we all dine together looks out upon the rear of one of the theatrical establishments, where an interior performance is reiterated three times in the hour, while a constant performance of a much more burdensome nature is maintained upon the platform in front. All are busy as bees in a hive; and to us it is, a hive of glass, for we can see all that goes forward behind the scenes. The manager is here, and there, and everywhere, in a moment; and as all goes on well, carries a smile of satisfaction on his countenance. But suddenly there is a roar of applause from the rival show on the other side of the common, and the mob of outsiders, rushing off to see what is the new wonder, leave our friend half-frantic at the unlooked-for defeat.

Enter Manager (to his company) in a state of desperation.—'That villin Sniggins has started the Statities! We must do the same, or immortal smash is the word. Which on yer equ do the Statities? (A general silence.) What! are ye to be done brown by Sniggins? We, that have been fust chalk at Overtopping for thirty year? Who can do the Statities? Who can do the Statities, I say? Is there ne'er a begaboo among the whole lot on yer as can do the Statities?' And as he roars out these inquiries in frantic accents, the unfortunate man writhes dramatically, grasps his forehead with both hands, and begins tearing his hair in terrible tragic fashion. (Still there is no response.) 'Then I'll tell 'ee what it is,' he screams out; 'it's all up with us; we are all cracked, smashed, ruined, flabbergasted, flummoxed, spifflicated—that ever I should live to say them words—gammoned, diddled, walked into, and dead-bent and done brown by Sniggins! O tenpenny! O Noses! Shay-oss is come again!'

'No it ain't! Gosh if it is!' says a stalwart fellow, grimy with lampblack and grease. 'I'll do the Statities afore it comes to that—blow'd if I don't!'

'You, Noggins! You're a trump, by Joy! Step out, my brick. Crikey! it's all right; you're bigger by half than the Sniggins rascal. Go it, my jewel; let's see how you do it. Now, then, for Herklis!'

Noggins grasps a birch-broom, and brandishing it over his head, seizes an imaginary lion with one hand, and threatens to hain him with the other.

'Stunnnin', by Evins!' roars the delighted manager. 'Now, then, for Haypoller!'

Immediately the broom becomes a bow, and the tall fellow, drawing himself up to his full height, is seen launching the arrow, his eye steadfastly fixed on the distant quarry.

'Gloaryus! that's a splendid hit! Now, then, for the Dyin' Gladdiayer!'

The Gladiator gives equal satisfaction; so does his victorious slayer; so does Napoleon, who is always impressed as a staty in these exhibitions; and so do various ambiguous personifications, which may serve for anything you like.

'It's all right!' roars the manager. 'Now then, Bardy, for the tights.' (Bardy is a 'ragged factotum, who responds immediately to the call.) 'Here's a half sov—up into town to Tape's—you know Noggins's size—get a pair o' white cotton socks, a pair o' drawers ditto, and a tight-fittin' shirt to match. Here's the tin! Cut, you devil, like the wind—and mind the change—d'ye hear!'

Bardy is off like an arrow from a bow. Noggins is busy at the pump, washing the grease from his face and hands. Mrs Melter, the matron, produces her needle and thread, ready to stitch up Noggins in his new skin as soon as it arrives; and a child is despatched to the baker's for a pennyworth of flour,

to whiten his face with when all is ready—the classical Noggins having a conscientious objection to rub chalk into his eyes for the sake of saving a copper. No time is lost: the broom, by the addition of a fragment of haybund and a few strips of white canvas, is converted into a ponderous club, quite statuesque in appearance. Bardy comes back, as the manager declares, 'in a jiffy'; and Noggins, retiring for two minutes into a stable, re-appears in his novel integuments, in which, in less than five minutes more, he is comfortably sewed up by a couple of the sisterhood, during which process he flours his face and the whole mass of his bushy hair, till his entire man is as white as a statue new from the chisel of the sculptor. The manager, who for the last few minutes has been ramming down a double charge into a huge blunderbuss, borrowed from our landlord, now leads him forward, and we see no more of him. But in a few moments we hear the stunning report of the blunderbuss, followed by the bray of all the speaking-trumpets they can muster—a modest appeal to the fickle multitude, which soon produces the desired effect; for we hear, as we sit at dinner, overpowering proof that the *vox populi* has returned to its allegiance, and that the devoted Noggins has redeemed the character of the old and favourite establishment.

Dinner done, and the farmer having no further business to transact at Overtopping, we set forth, while it is yet early, on our return to the ledge. The Mop naturally forms the subject of conversation as we ride along, with Patty the new dairy-maid, with her luggage, on the hinder seat. The farmer acknowledges readily enough that the Mop is a silly, and, upon the whole, perhaps a demoralising affair, but not so bad as I am disposed to think it may be. Though much like other fairs, he says it differs from them materially, inasmuch as it is rarely, if ever, attended by gamblers or thieves; for the good and sufficient reason, that it does not offer the prospect of booty to attract them. Dicers, garter-prickers, thimble-riggers, gipsies, and professional rogues of all sorts, avoid the Mop as a losing speculation; and the arena is left to those exhibitors who have simply amusement to offer, or the means of gratifying curiosity. The fiddling-booths are the worst feature of the whole; and as these are kept open to a late hour, consequences that may be guessed not unfrequently ensue.

The day fixed by statute for the Mop is, the first market-day after the 29th of September; but there is always a supplementary Mop held on the same spot exactly a fortnight after the Mop proper. This, however, is a tame affair, attended by none of the noisy demonstrations or pleasurable elements of the former. It is quite indispensable, though, under present arrangements; because it always happens that many of the engagements made at the Mop are found unsatisfactory from some cause or other. It may be that a master is deceived in the qualities, or capacities, or character of a servant, and must get rid of him; it may be that a servant is deceived as to the work to be done, or the comforts to be enjoyed, and determines to leave his place; and it may be, and sometimes is the case, that a stout vagabond, having received earnest-money, declines to shew his face to his employer, but marches off out of the district, to return no more. In any of these cases, or in fifty others that might be specified, the supplementary Mop affords an opportunity of correcting the errors or defalcations of the first; but after this, there is no remedy of this public kind until the year comes round again. Masters know this, and servants know it too, and they act accordingly; and therefore an engagement can hardly be looked upon as binding till the fortnight of trial has passed: if it last beyond the fortnight, it is very likely to last the year.

Regarding the Mop as an institution, we do not think that there is much to be said in its favour, and we are glad to observe that for many years past its popularity

has been much on the wane. Doubtless, it has had its uses; but we are pretty confident that its total abolition would tend, both in a moral and pecuniary sense, to the advantage of the servants, inasmuch as the absence of any such certain and facile means of hiring and being hired would operate to cement the union between employers and employed, by necessitating on both sides the practice of bearing and forbearing, and by inculcating on both sides, too, a more just appreciation of the value of character.

STEAM-VESSEL DISASTERS.

THE number of large steam-vessels lost during the year now drawing to a close, has exceeded that of any former year. The *City of Glasgow*, utterly lost in crossing the Atlantic. The *Humboldt*, wrecked in going into Halifax harbour. The *Franklin*, wrecked on the coast of Long Island. The *City of Philadelphia*, wrecked on the shores of Newfoundland. The *Arctic*, destroyed by collision in a fog near the same fatal coast. The *Forerunner*, lost near Madeira. The *Yankee Blade*, wrecked shortly after leaving San Francisco. Such are the principal losses of large steamers, independently of many losses of sailing-craft and steam-vessels of lesser size and importance, all with passengers on board.

Of all these losses, the newspapers of the day have said perhaps enough, and it is painful to recur to the subject. We think, however, it may be of use to express what is the general feeling respecting these disasters: it is, that, with one exception, they were all apparently the result of carelessness on the part of the respective commanders. Setting aside the case of the *City of Glasgow*, of which nothing is known, there remain six great wrecks; and of these, five were caused by the vessels running heedlessly on shore. Now, with a proper knowledge of the coast, and a good reckoning, not one of these disasters, as we can understand, would have occurred. Take the case of the *City of Philadelphia*. It suddenly strikes upon a sunken rock, near Cape Race, in Newfoundland; and being damaged, has to be run ashore at the nearest available point, where the passengers are fortunately landed and saved. The question every one asks is, why the vessel was allowed to get so near the coast of Newfoundland without the knowledge of those on board? All at once, and when nobody is expecting such a thing, a shock is felt, which spreads consternation through the ship. Of course, there can be but one explanation of the calamity—the captain had not kept a sufficiently correct reckoning, and did not know where he was. He did not imagine that he was so near land; but we apprehend that it will be a general impression, that he should have taken pains to assure himself of the true position of his ship.

The notice of this disaster reminds us forcibly of the very admirable management on board the Cunard Steamers, by which the writer of these observations went to and returned from America, both times under the charge of Captain Shannon. In going out, the captain said one evening to the passengers: 'You will see the light-house on Cape Race to-morrow morning at six o'clock.' And so exact had been the reckoning, that next morning, accordingly, precisely at six o'clock, the light-house came in sight, a number of the passengers having risen from their beds to see this first indication of America. The correctness of Captain Shannon's prognostication affords a fine

example of good seamanship. On returning across the Atlantic, he equally surprised and delighted his passengers by the accuracy of his observation. On Sunday, 25th of December, a day dull and chilly, the captain walking on the poop, in answer to inquiries about seeing land, said that at four o'clock in the afternoon, just when sitting down to dinner, the passengers would get a glimpse of the mountains of Ireland. And true enough, when the dishes were carrying into the saloon, and we were arranging ourselves for dinner, there did the rugged hills of Ireland make their appearance through the clouds which hung on the distant horizon.

The explanation of this marvellous exactness is the care taken to measure the ship's run by log, to take observations when practicable, and watch the ordinary phenomena of the ocean. Captains differ considerably as regards these duties. Some, feeling their responsibility, are punctilious in keeping a watchful outlook. Others, comparatively indifferent, will be seen to spend not a little of their time in playing cards with the passengers. When near the coast, a prudent captain is doubly anxious for the safety of his ship, more particularly after nightfall. If he goes below at such times, it is only for a short space, and for necessary refreshment or repose. He does not, when in a dangerous channel, take a hand at whist, or otherwise amuse himself in the saloon. A good captain, indeed, will usually be found to be rather reserved to his passengers; the truth being, that he is thoughtful and nervously anxious that all should go well with his ship.

It is trite to observe, that the best men will at times be mistaken—human judgment is prone to error; and it is pretty clear that no man of high standing will consent to act as a drudge, and be everlastingly doing the duty of a subaltern. What, however, we have a right to expect is, that steam-vessels of a large class shall not be handed over to pretenders—men who consult their own ease, and who are destitute of resolution to encounter the difficulties of their profession. It is undeniable that carelessness is the principal cause of shipwrecks. The accounts of recent disasters make it appear, that in several instances there was extreme ignorance and presumption. From the published examinations respecting the loss of the *Forerunner*, it seems that the captain of that ill-fated vessel was remonstrated with for keeping so near the shore. He was warned of his danger, yet he persisted in his course, and ran the ship on a reef of rock, which, by a reasonable degree of caution, and by consulting the charts, he might have avoided. The details of this shipwreck are positively shocking. The vessel suddenly strikes with a crash, and soon heels over and goes down. No pains taken to order out and regulate admission to the boats. Individual selfishness and chance are left to govern everything. Some scramble into the boats; some are picked up in the water; the vessel, in sinking, is seen to have nineteen persons on deck, who are instantly engulfed in the remorseless ocean. But for the noble conduct of Governor Kennedy, who was on board, and gave some sensible orders in the midst of the general panic, it seems tolerably evident that not one human being would have been saved. The vessel, it seems, had been nearly wrecked, by running on a sandbank, on leaving Africa; and putting this circumstance to that of the final catastrophe, the Naval Commissioners who presided at the official inquiry came to this conclusion: 'Considering how frequently he [the captain] has, by his misconduct, perilled the vessel and the lives of the several persons embarked in her, and being impressed most forcibly with his culpable abandonment of his post and of his authority as captain

of the vessel in the hour of danger, and at a moment when the preservation of discipline and order was especially required, we are of opinion that he is, from incompetency, unfit to discharge the duties of a master of any British merchant-vessel.'

Ignorance and presumption in the first place, and want of presence of mind in the second, appear to be the usual failings of these ship-captains. Getting into a dilemma by their neglect and self-conceit, they do not know what to do when promptitude and decision are required. Instead of standing at their post, and issuing distinct orders suitable to the occasion, they get demented, allow all discipline to disappear, leave passengers to shift for themselves; and if any are saved, it is by the mercy of Providence—no thanks to these fair-weather commanders, who are only fit for parading in uniforms, and ought never to have been put in places of trust and responsibility.

The loss of the *Arctic* presents some remarkable and melancholy features. At noon, in the finest possible weather, there happens to be a fog, and it is at a part of the ocean where passing vessels may be looked for. No bells are rung, or other sounds made to warn off approaching ships. The speed of the *Arctic*, twelve miles an hour, is not relaxed; the vessel, in fact, is kept driving onward through an opaque mist, reckless of all consequences. In an instant it is brought into collision with another steamer. There ensues great commotion on board. But the captain, to whom all should look in this hour of peril, is said to have got bewildered, perhaps in consequence of the absence of his chief officer, and the insubordination of his crew. At all events, no order appears to have been preserved, and the usual scramble for life takes place—the strongest getting into the boats, and the weakest being left to perish. What followed, it is needless to relate.

Besides the negligence of captains, another deplorable feature has been brought to light by these shipwrecks. We allude to the cowardice and selfishness of the crews. Regardless of all sense of duty and humanity, and seeing that their commander has either deserted them or become useless, they think only of saving their own precious lives, and going off with as much plunder as they can conveniently carry. In several instances, the firemen have set the example of insubordination and relentless cruelty. In the case of the *Arctic*, cowardice in the firemen was particularly conspicuous; but their conduct, on the whole, was not worse than that of a fireman belonging to the *Forerunner*. A witness mentions that this fireman took possession of a boat to save himself and his clothes. These clothes were in several bags, and occupied the space which should have been given to some of the passengers. When the witness got into the boat, and began heaving the bags overboard, in order to make room for persons from the wreck, the fireman was indignant at the loss of his miserable luggage, and was only quieted by a threat of being pitched overboard after it.

The coarse brutality of the firemen of the *Arctic* and *Forerunner*, is capped by the villainy of a band of wretches on board the *Yankee Blade*. This large vessel, with 800 passengers on board, shortly after leaving San Francisco, having in the usual manner been run too close in-shore during a fog, and pitched on a rock, the captain shoves off in one of the first boats, to look, it is said, for a landing-place. A number of the passengers gets ashore in other boats; but many are drowned in the attempt to save themselves, and for a large body of the passengers there are no boats at all. Huddled together, and deluged by the surf, hundreds sit despairingly all night on deck, expecting every moment that the quivering hulk would go to pieces. At this crisis, and from the time the ship struck, a horrible scene was enacting in a part of the vessel, which had been taken possession of by a

crowd of desperadoes. 'No sooner had the ship struck,' says an eye-witness, 'than a band of men, armed to the teeth, consisting of notorious shoulder-strikers and ruffians from San Francisco, and a portion of the fire-men of the ship, rushed below, and commenced pillaging the baggage. They burst into the state-rooms, ripped open carpet-bags and trunks, plundered them of all the money and valuables they found, and cast the rest aside or overboard. They displayed knives and revolvers, and threatened the lives of all who attempted to interfere with them, or who even made an effort to get at their own baggage. After the rise of the water drove them out of the cabin, they betook themselves to the upper steerage, of which they took complete possession, and commenced a course of wild riot. They got hold of the liquors—many of them drank themselves furiously drunk—ransacked the luggage—obtained a large amount of gold—attacked, beat, cut, and shot all who were in their way—and became, indeed, a band of infuriated fiends. They stationed a guard at the gangway, to prevent the better portion of the passengers from coming down. Some of these attempted to force their way in, when they were cut with knives and bottles, and even their persons robbed of their watches and other valuables. This scene continued nearly all night. Toward midnight, three shots were fired, the lights were instantly extinguished, cries of "Murder!" were heard, and shortly after, at least thirty more shots were fired. There is every reason to believe that several of the passengers were thus murdered.' In the further account of the affair, a strong suspicion is thrown out that the loss of the ship had been contrived by these ruffians, a number of whom had shipped as hands, and others as passengers. However this may be, a fine vessel was wrecked, and 150 lives are said to have been lost; while it may be presumed, that by a reasonable degree of skill and vigilance, the catastrophe might have been prevented.

On the occurrence of a grievous wreck, such as has been alluded to, a sensation is for a short time created in the public mind. There is much pity for the unhappy victims; sermons are perhaps preached to call attention to the uncertainty of human life and all its purposes; and for the most part a variety of suggestions as to boats, and better methods of launching them, are thrown out by the press. Yet, curiously, nothing practically good comes out of the clamour. There is the same routine of indifference with regard to verification of compasses, sling ing of boats, keeping a sharp look-out, sounding of signals, and all the rest of it. Is the law to blame? Judicial investigations perhaps take place when lives seem to have been recklessly thrown away, but we never observe that they effect any other object than that of raking up very unpleasant details. The parties really blamable get off with or without reprimand; things go on as before; and people who venture to sea, even in the best class of vessels, are as good as told that they must take the consequences, for the law can do nothing for them. If the captain is pleased to run them on rocks, or send them to the bottom by collision, he, poor man, is not accountable; and the best thing that can be done, is to present him with a piece of plate, in public acknowledgment of his heroism!

The daintiness with which calamities of this kind are treated, is not calculated to inspire respect for what are called constitutional forms of procedure. Still we would not recommend the administration of Lynch Law to the parties concerned, but should prefer seeing some very effective reform in the legalised methods of dealing with them. Railway switch-men and engine-drivers are tried for manslaughter, and we do not understand why ship-captains, who commit blunders which are equally open to challenge, are to be exempted from what seems the natural consequence of their actions. Directing no censures against any particular

individual, we would respectfully represent, that the world is ripe for such measures as will give to passengers in ocean-steamers a reasonable hope of performing their voyage in safety.

M A R E T I M O.

CHAPTER XII.

INCIDENTS OF A CHASE AT SEA; AND HOW THE *FILIPPA* BEHAVED.

WALTER was not mistaken when, as the felucca, directed by the crew that had betrayed them, came close under the side of the schooner, he spoke encouraging words to Angela. He could not quite explain to himself the reason of his hope; but he confusedly remembered, as something familiar, the long, elegant outline of that vessel. It was, indeed, no other than the *Filippa*—mistaken by the sailors of the *Madonna*, who ought to have known better, for the *Re Ferdinando*—and the two faces that looked eagerly and in surprise over the bulwarks were those of the bluff commander, Giacomo, and Luigi Spada.

A few words interchanged between them and Walter, revealed to the crew of the felucca, how deplorably they had erred. The most guilty hid away in the hold; while the others crowded round Angela—who stood pressing both hands to her breast, to still the beating of her heart, which struggled violently under all these conflicting emotions—and begged her to intercede for them. They easily earned not only pardon, but reward. All the fugitives, including Josefo and Carlotta, got on board the *Filippa*. The rope of the felucca was thrown off, and the schooner was soon rounding the eastern point of Ischia, in order to get out to sea through the great pass.

Luigi Spada received his guests with prodigious delight; partly, no doubt, because he was really glad that the wife of his friend had escaped, but partly because he could now congratulate himself that his conspiracies, his journeys, his disguises, had not been without success. Of course, he looked upon Walter as a mere subaltern agent; and in order to impress this fact on all present, he hastened to recount how, in a moment of inspiration, he had determined to discharge his cargo at Civita Vecchia immediately on arriving, and pay a passing visit to the bay on his way back. Giacomo might have contradicted him; but the worthy sailor was too much absorbed in simple gratification, and in admiration of Angela, whose countenance looked, so pale and sweet in the moonlight, to claim the honour of that suggestion.

'I felt, however,' quoth Luigi, addressing Walter, who was inattentive, because anxious to place his charge in a place of comfort—'I felt a presentiment that I should hear some evil news. No doubt all Naples knows of your doings. You Englishmen are fond of taking direct and noisy means.'

'But we succeed!' cried Walter laughing, as he led Angela away to the cabin, where he had recently passed so unpleasant a night.

'You can sleep and rest in peace here,' he said. 'The most difficult part of our task is performed.'

'The most difficult, signor! Your words warm my heart: but the fifth of June?'

'Trust to us; all will go well.'

'Oh yes, I will trust to you and to your countryman; but—here she lowered her voice—'was it well to take Luigi Spada as a companion? He was my husband's friend, it is true, and will be faithful, no doubt. But they say that no enterprise of his will succeed. And, besides—'

'You seem, madam, to know more of him than you like to say. I beseech you, tell me all.'

'I know nothing—nothing; but have heard strange things. The common people mix his name with stories of the mountain banditti.'

'That is indeed nothing,' said Walter smiling. 'They say that in Sicily robbers are the only honest men. Paolo told me something of these relations. So far, there is no harm.'

Angela, who, despite herself, retained many of the opinions of the family from which she was an outcast, had very prosaic ideas about the banditti of the mountains. She had been accustomed to hear her father speak of them with contempt and aversion; and had often felt gladdened by the thought that her husband had but slightly mixed in intrigues which appear so admirable to a Sicilian, but which, whenever they promise to bloom into action, necessarily bring him into contact with outlaws and professed enemies of society. Indeed, in that country, at the time of which we speak, there existed the last remnants of that family of free spirits which have supplied so many popular heroes to all Europe—the Robin Hoods, the fugitives from oppression, the spoilers of the rich, the defenders of the poor—who are saved from capture, not only by their own courage and dexterity, but by the connivance of a whole population. Under the shadow of their name, however, then, as in all times, many vulgar criminals committed outrages with impunity; and it suited the policy of the government to speak of all as of the same band. No wonder, then, that Angela—brought up in Neapolitan notions, feebly shaken by the romantic representations of her maid Lisa—was with difficulty re-assured by Walter, even though he alleged the authority of her husband.

We have already hinted that the supple-minded Spada—whom nature formed, no doubt, for a diplomatist, and chance made an idle gentleman in an oppressed country—was in relation with all who were discontented, or ambitious in Sicily. His fortune enabled him to indulge in the luxury of perpetual conspiracy; and if, from the very nature of his mind, he never terminated his plans in action—professional conspirators rarely strike a blow—he had always shown infinite ability in evading discovery. The *Filippa*, known to be his property, had often been accused of smuggling—and, if the truth must be told, Giacomo gained his living in no other way—but he always contrived not only to escape conviction, but to prove the highly moral conduct of his vessel on all occasions. He often accompanied it on its trips, he said, because he could not afford a yacht, and was passionately fond of the sea. How, therefore, could the slightest suspicion remain on anybody's mind? He, Luigi Spada, of one of the oldest families in Sicily, nephew of the Bishop of Trapani, a dealer in contraband-goods! Absurd. The fact was, indeed, that he was only an accomplice in knowledge, and left all responsibility on the shoulders of Giacomo. His object was political; and what it was must be told, although it may excite a smile. He looked upon the *Filippa* as the nucleus of the fleet which was to defend the shores of Sicily when he, Luigi Spada, had succeeded in organising his army in the mountains, in getting all the gentry of the country under arms, in expelling the Neapolitan garrisons, and occupying Messina and Palermo.

Had these projects existed only in his own brain, they would have been indeed ludicrous; but we must remember that Sicily had met with a sad disappointment; that her hopes of liberty had been cruelly damped; and that, under various forms, the same conspiracy has been continued, not without remarkable outbreaks, to the present day. In the eyes of Luigi Spada, and of his young friends the Castelnovi, the rescue of Paolo di Falco was a mere episode; and we may be sure, that if they had known how far his private sentiments had obtained the upper-hand—leading him to contemplate flight to a foreign country with his bride, instead of acceptance, with a whole year of accumulated vengeance in his breast, of a distinguished position as leader in the approaching insurrection.

we may be sure the party would not have wasted its strength, or risked discovery, in his behalf.

Walter had already, to a certain extent, understood the character of his accomplices. The hints of Angela completely enlightened him. He did not share her repugnance to make use of such aids; but he felt that it would be necessary to watch carefully, lest in search of some visionary public object the private interests of his friends should be sacrificed. As to the general question of conspiracy and insurrection, we are ashamed to say that he made this rapid reflection: 'I had thoughts of fraternising with the Klefts, why should I not fraternise with the patriotic banditti of Sicily?' Then a boyish idea came to him. How that inexplicable Bianca would be astonished at his exploits! Here he checked himself with a contemptuous smile; for Bianca necessarily belonged to the opposite party. If she was a Ghibelline, why should he wilfully become a Guelph?

The conversation with Angela, which led to these reflections, was broken by several pauses. Walter was about to put some questions on a matter of personal interest to himself, on which he had not yet dared to speak—though nothing would have appeared more natural—when an unusual bustle overhead attracted their attention. Angela, awake to every sound that seemed to threaten danger, begged him to go and see what had happened, and followed him to the top of the ladder, in her eagerness. The moon was shining brightly on the crisp sea, and the mountain-islands on either hand. It was easy to understand what was the matter, and why the sailors, with short, eager cheers, were hauling up more canvas, whilst Giacomo shouted his orders. A large vessel under full sail was plunging the sea in their wake, not more than a mile behind.

'We are pursued!' cried Walter, joining Mr Buck, who stood with Luigi near the steersman, gazing aft anxiously.

'The *Re Ferdinando* has hailed us; perhaps warned by the felucca, which we ought to have sunk,' was the reply.

'And what answer have we given?'

Luigi pointed to the immense spread of canvas, under which the *Filippa* leaned over and quivered as she dashed through the foaming waters.

A pale red flash in the bright moonlight, and a puff of smoke from the bows of the *Re Ferdinando*, brought a warning-cry from Giacomo. An instant after, there was a splash in the water alongside, and Carlotta declared that he saw something round and black go leaping along from wave to wave.

'I know the qualities of my vessel,' said Luigi calmly, 'we are gaining one yard out of three as it is. Even if the mainsail be riddled, we shall still contrive to edge away; but if we lose a mast, we must strike or go down.'

'That was better,' exclaimed Mr Buck, commenting on the effect of another ball, that was heard to strike the side of the vessel, and indeed ploughed a trough as big as a man's arm.

The crew began evidently to feel uneasy; but Luigi and Giacomo explained that they were already nearly out of range, as the shots were no doubt aimed at the masts. Their calculation proved to be correct; for the next ball, somewhat long in coming, smote the water many hundred yards behind, and struck the hull near the rudder.

'We shall have to go into dock, that is all,' quoth Luigi, whose pride and real courage enabled him to assume the ease and coolness of an old admiral. This was the first incident of the kind that had happened in his life, and he felt how important it was that his demeanour should be equal to his ambition. As soon as the pursuer was fairly distanced, this conduct brought its reward; and Luigi heard with intense

gratification the compliments of his rough crew, who were too natural to conceal that they had been terribly afraid.

Walter, in the excitement of the chase, had forgotten Angela. He found her kneeling at the foot of the ladder, praying for the safety of the ship and of her friends.

'You must all be miserly of your lives,' said she; 'for what happiness can I expect, if a drop of blood be spilt on my account? Except,' she added, smiling faintly when assured that there was no fresh danger, 'what has been already spilt without harm.'

Then she inquired about Walter's wound, which was still bound with her handkerchief, and spoke so anxiously, that he knew she feared the reproach of ingratitude for having forgotten it. Every word she uttered expressed her affectionate character, and heightened the fraternal sentiment which a vague belief in her relationship to Bianca, as much, perhaps, as his friendship for Paolo, had created for her in Walter's heart.

It was some hours before the *Re Ferdinand* disappeared in the distance. Meanwhile, a sort of council of war was held. Their position was not yet very safe. If the chase had been undertaken at the suggestion of the felucca, the enemy knew that their destination was Palermo. It would be madness, therefore, to risk the *Filippa* in the bay, or indeed any where in sight of the sea-highway from Naples. The question was, what were they to do during the fortnight that was still to elapse before the 5th of June? They had no further preparations to make. The *Filippa* was to start from some port a few days before the time of the rendezvous, and keep out to sea within reach of Maretimo. Walter, who had a single object in view, recommended that they should at once steer for Sardinia. But this was too simple a plan to meet with the approval of Luigi. His objections also were ingenious, and seemed solid. They had no passports, and might be detained. There was time for their arrival to become known at Naples, and all their projects might thus be nullified.

'But,' said Walter, disposed to be suspicious of all proposals that came from his too clever friend, 'what do you advise us to do?'

'We can make the shore at Torre del Capitano, where Giacomo has acquaintances. They will shew you to a place of safety for a couple of days. Remain quiet there. Meanwhile, having no suspicious cargo on board, the *Filippa* can go to Palermo; and even if the *Re Ferdinand* be there, I defy her to claim acquaintance. As soon as I get on shore, I will either come and join you, or send some persons who will take you to a more comfortable hiding-place. Fear nothing. All true Sicilians are your friends; and the police will never hear of your presence, until Paolo sends them a letter announcing his departure from Maretimo.'

For many reasons Walter thought proper to acquiesce in this plan, although not without some uneasiness, lest, as soon as they touched Sicilian ground, the force of circumstances should involve them all in very wide-spread intrigue. He saw that Luigi was triumphant, and that a strange smile flitted across his countenance in the pale half light of the dawn, which had stolen unnoticed over the sea that rolled in cold green waves around; but he trusted much in his own energy and straightforward good-will to break through all obstacles, whether they came from friends or foes.

The wind had shifted towards morning, and now blew almost from due south. We shall not describe the details of their navigation, during which no incident of mark occurred. They had made a splendid run during the first night; but it was not until towards evening of the second day that they found themselves on a level with Ustica—the highlands of Sicily lying like a bank of vapour along the southern horizon, with

a speck of white, that seemed a cloud, far away to the left, never moving—the gigantic peak of Etna, shining towards the western sun. With these landmarks in view, they took an easterly course, but lay to several hours in the course of the night. By next dawn, they were becalmed a mile or so off the vast rocky promontory, on the point of which a ruinous-looking building bears the name of the Torre del Capitano, for a reason which, no doubt, there is a legend to explain. On either hand, the coast, abrupt and lofty, stretched away in great curves, without much sign of cultivation, although the telescope passed along the water's edge could discern several white hamlets, built at the openings of gorges leading up into the mountains.

The sea, at first opaque, became more and more transparent as morning brightened; and soon thousands of medusa, like floating flowers, could be distinguished blooming in the crystal waters from unknown depths. Walter, who had gone below to sleep, found Mr Buck pacing the deck, with his jovial cheeks warmed by the slanting rays of the sun, but trying to look pensive. He was thinking, he said, of the forlorn condition of Messrs Thompson, Pulci, & Co.; of the melancholy loneliness of Lina; of his little cutter, which was probably confiscated by this time; and of all the beauties of the bay.

'I call this a vulgar bit of coast,' said he, looking contemptuously at Sicily, which Walter was admiring. 'No shape, no proportion, no meaning; mere rocks piled on rocks, with a tree stuck here and there; an old tower by mere accident; and a sheet of water to reflect the whole, just because there happens to be a bright sky. Don't talk to me of this being picturesque!'

Walter judged that his friend wanted his breakfast. He therefore agreed with him provisionally.

'By the way,' he added artfully, 'I am glad to find you alone, Mr Buck; what is your opinion of the plan we are following?'

'It seems a very good one, so far as I can judge. But we have got into strange company. You never told me that these excellent gentry, who treat us so hospitably, were once on the point of giving you an uncomfortable bath. I learned that matter yesterday; and have never passed one of the ruffians since without a gracious grin. Then this Giacomo is a jolly fellow, certainly; but what else is he? Why, sir, he is a smuggler and boasts of it. We are going to do a little business together, true; but that does not increase my pleasure at finding myself on board his vessel. As to Mr Spada, he's an enigma; but I can understand one thing: he lays prodigious stress on getting Angela—I mean Madame di Falco—ashore in Sicily; and I somehow fancy he has some diabolical scheme in his head.'

'Well, we must keep our eyes open,' replied Walter. 'I think he is disposed to act fairly, but with ulterior views. They may be good, but I am not inclined to engage in them in ignorance of what they are.'

'And, per Bacco! I am not disposed to engage in them at all. As soon as I see this young couple united, I shall buy a carpet-bag, and some respectable fittings, have a clean shave, and return to my crib in defiance of all the police in the world.'

A boat from the *Filippa* had gone ashore before dawn, and soon came rowing back over the lucent water, drops of liquid light scattering as it were from the oars, as they rose regularly to the measured chant of the crew. All was reported right on shore; and presently, therefore, the party that was to leave the vessel—Angela, Walter, Mr Buck, and Josefo, for Carlotta had been persuaded to join the smuggling crew—were collected on the deck. Luigi Spada iterated his instructions to wait patiently until a messenger came from Palermo, and addressed a courteous and really sympathetic speech to Angela, promising to risk life and liberty for her husband; Giacomo

joined his crew, who had been won to enthusiasm by the gentle manners and beauty of Angela, in shouting a vigorous *addio*, with a variety of pious blessings; and presently Walter, not without pleasure, found himself once more ostensibly commander-in-chief of the expedition.

They had been consigned, however, to the care of a little old man, who seemed disposed to talk rather arbitrarily of what they were to do. The crew of the boat addressed him with profound respect, which induced Walter to think his appearance worth studying. He was thin and long-nosed, pale and beardless, with a blue and white cap set on the back of his bald head; a red shirt, and loose, striped trousers, bound round the loins with a brilliant sash of many colours. Despite the lack of shoes and stockings, he was evidently a man in comfortable circumstances. Signor Spada had told him, he said, that his guests were to keep at home all the daytime, or at any rate were not to wander about the country; that they were not to depart until special orders arrived; and that they were always to be ready to start at a moment's notice.

'Almost prisoners,' said Mr Buck in English to Walter.

The old man, whom everybody called Pipo, answered in the same language, that names and things were very different; but so it was, and so it should be. Then he amused them by an account of his service on board the English fleet; and asked Walter if he knew a Mrs Jones, who lived at Wapping. A negative answer surprised him.

The men, meanwhile, pulled industriously; and the boat, gradually verging round the eastern head of the promontory, suddenly entered a blue little haven, with a blue sky overhead, and all surrounded with broken precipices, tinted green and yellow with various kinds of lichens, whilst between them, as if planted carelessly by nature, were clumps of orange-trees covered with golden fruit. To the right, a vast rock, almost entirely clothed with ivy and other creepers, rose in a succession of terraces to the foot of the tower that gives its name to the promontory; and a little further in, near a piece of clear beach, with some boats pulled up here and there, were a couple of ruinous-looking houses. They landed in front of them in a few minutes, five or six stout young men being ready to carry the passengers through the shallow water. Immediately afterwards the boat pulled away, and Signor Pipo led the way to his house, which Mr Buck persisted in calling a prison, but of which he did the honours in truly aristocratic style. The young men, two of whom were married, and occupied the adjoining dwelling-place, were introduced as 'honest' fishermen—Pipo smiled when he said 'honest'—but it was evident that this was a smuggling station; and if the police had made a descent that very moment, they would have found a dozen bales or so piled in the ground-floor-chamber without any attempt at disguise.

Although Angela had by this time grown pretty well accustomed to her male attire, she was evidently marvellously relieved at finding some women, however humble, with whom she could spend her time. In less than an hour after their arrival, Walter found her covered with a large black mantilla, for which she had struck a bargain, taking lessons in spinning from the dark-eyed Katerina, one of Pipo's daughters-in-law. She seemed happy in thus reasserting her feminine character: 'My thoughts are less wild and anxious,' she said, 'whilst my fingers are occupied.'

Mr Buck, impatient to ascertain whether he was a freeman or not, after wandering with his hands in his pockets up and down the beach for a few minutes, resolutely took the direction of a long flight of steps, that zigzagged up the face of the rock in the direction of the tower. He had scarcely put his foot on the first

step, when Jacopo, a huge fellow, eldest son of Pipo, placed himself, with a prodigious smile that seemed to disclose a double complement of teeth, in his way. It would be very fatiguing, he observed, to climb that rock. Mr Buck averred that his legs were stout—a proposition that Jacopo had no intention of denying; but he was evidently quite resolved to dispute the passage. The worthy Englishman became as red as a boy 'kept in' at school for bad-behaviour, clenched his fists, and set his teeth; but Jacopo's smile did not relax, and he felt it would be unwise to strike him.

'Decidedly, Mr Masterton,' exclaimed he savagely, returning to where Walter was preparing to enjoy a nap in one of the boats drawn up on the sand—'decidedly we are prisoners.'

'We must take matters as they come,' replied Walter, endeavouring to bring his companion to the same philosophical mood with himself; for he felt that resistance in the actual position of affairs would be both foolish and useless. His mind, however, was not unoccupied. There remained but a dozen days for the completion of their undertaking; and he was resolved, that if Spada showed any hesitation, he would act by himself, be the consequence what it might.

The day passed slowly by in this state of inaction. There lacked about two hours to sunset, when that quiet little nook seemed suddenly galvanised into excitement. Pipo's sons went running past the house towards the steps leading to the tower, and a voice falling from an immense height could be heard hailing them. Walter made out a man standing on the edge of the precipice far above.

'We, too, have a right to know what is the matter,' exclaimed he; and followed by Mr Buck, began also to scale the steps. There was no one to oppose them, and they soon arrived breathless at the summit, and joined the group of smugglers, who noticed not their coming, but all gazed out towards the west at a scene which seemed to interest them deeply. As soon as—partly from what they saw, partly from the exclamations of Pipo and his sons—the two Englishmen understood what was taking place, they, too, felt as if all their hopes were to be extinguished ere the sun went down.

The *Filippa* was again chased by a large vessel, supposed to be the *Re Ferdinando*; but without the same chance of escape as in the open sea. She was steering, with all sails set as before, within a mile of the rocky shore; whilst the enemy, much further out, but nearly on a level, and evidently with the advantage of a fresher breeze, seemed to make quite sure of catching her ere she could round the promontory.

Walter thought the case was desperate, especially since every cable's length brought the *Filippa's* head more round to the wind as she followed the curve of the shore; but Pipo seemed not quite to have abandoned all hope. 'Giacomo is there—Giacomo is there!' murmured he, in answer to the despairing exclamations of his sons.

'They will cross her in the pass,' cried Jacopo.

'Perhaps not,' said Pipo.

Walter now, for the first time, noticed that the two vessels were separated by a long line of breakers, extending from within a few hundred yards of the extreme point of the promontory far along the coast—further than he could see; and he was not long in understanding upon what manœuvre Pipo based his hopes. Apparently with a purpose, the *Filippa* had slackened her speed as she neared the pass, and allowed the *Re Ferdinando*, distant above a mile out at sea, to draw considerably ahead. The sailors on board the enemy could be seen crowding along the bulwarks, probably quite certain of their prey. But suddenly Pipo shouted: 'I knew it—I knew it!'

The *Filippa*, which was almost within hail many hundred feet below, seemed for a moment a confused

mass of fluttering canvas. She put about with admirable rapidity; and receiving the favourable breeze in her immense spread of sail, went swiftly gliding back by the way she had come. The *Re Ferdinando*, taken by surprise, performed a similar manœuvre, more slowly and more clumsily; and by the time she had steadily resumed the chase again, had lost at least half a mile.

'Hurra!' cried Mr Buck; 'she is safe.'

'We must not be too sure of that,' said Pipo, shaking his head. 'The trick was finely done—quite worthy of Giacomo, but whether he can get out to sea through the other pass, this old man—pointing to himself—has his doubts.'

The sun was by this time shining fiercely in a glowing sky above the western horizon; and the waters, through which the *Filippa* ploughed, were all speckled with golden spots of light. By degrees she grew smaller and dimmer; and when at length the sun set, was only a speck at the other extremity of the great curve or bay. She had not, however, maintained her reputation for speed. The *Re Ferdinando*, being further out, had a better breeze probably, and no fear of sunken rocks. She was now, at any rate, near enough to fire a shot, for a faint boom came across the waters. Another, and another followed. Walter's eye had grown dim with fatigue. The *Filippa* more than once escaped from his gaze. At length he could not find her at all; though there, most distinctly, was the *Re Ferdinando*, moving like a small shadow in the twilight towards the shore. 'I have stared till I am half-blind,' said he.

'No,' replied Pipo solemnly; 'the *Filippa* has gone down. May the Holy Virgin smile with mercy on the souls of those who were on board!'

As he uttered these words, the old man bent his knees upon the rock, and all his sons imitated his example. There was still sufficient light on that lofty place—although the sea looked dim and vapoury, and darkness had gathered in the haven below—for Walter and his companion to distinguish the deeply pious expression which had come over the faces of Pipo's sturdy and unworldly family; and it was rather from an irresistible sympathy, than from any motives of policy, that they, too, knelt at the foot of the old tower on that wind-beaten promontory, and prayed for the souls of all those who might have perished with the unfortunate *Filippa*.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TROUEN is the absorbing topic, our learned and scientific societies re-opened their sittings with something like the usual gentle excitement among the savans and philosophers who make up the weekly gatherings. In some few instances there is a little departure from the even tenor of the way of science, by eager endeavours to press experimental knowledge into the service of war—endeavours of which we are to hear more by and by; but for the most part, our scientific men are pursuing their accustomed course. The anniversary meeting of the Royal Society on St Andrew's Day was more than usually interesting, as the Earl of Rosse delivered his last annual address to the assembled Fellows, and resigned his office of president, greatly to their regret. Indeed, his lordship's withdrawal from the chair is regarded as a loss by the whole scientific community. He closed his presidency with a worthy distribution of the medals, which rank the highest among scientific honours. The two Royal Medals were adjudged to Doctors Hofmann and Hooker—to the one, for his researches in organic chemistry; to the other, for his botanical investigations and discoveries. The award of the Rumford

Medal has universal approval: it was given to Dr Arnott, for his smokeless grate and his important improvements in heating and ventilation. We are the more gratified in recording this recognition of the doctor's services, as he has always made a free gift to the public of his discoveries. They are being recognised in another way by Lord Palmerston: he has had the smokeless grate fixed in a number of the government offices, where they are found to answer admirably. After this, we can but hope the Home Secretary will continue his prosecution of the smoke-producers until the atmosphere of London shall be de-fulginated. But to conclude our remarks on the Royal Society: the Copley Medal is awarded to Professor Johann Müller of Berlin, for his researches in physiology and comparative anatomy; Professor Stokes, of Cambridge, is elected one of the secretaries—a fact on which the Fellows may congratulate themselves—and Lord Wrottesley takes the place of the Earl of Rosse. We could wish to stop here; but the loss to the society by the decease of such men as Wallich, Newport, Professor Edward Forbes, to say nothing of many others, is too serious to be passed over without this mention.

The calculating-machine we noticed in a few words last month, turns out to be a more complete and important instrument than was at first believed. The inventor, Mr Schentz of Stockholm, has, in conjunction with his son, brought it to perfection after twenty years' continuous labour, the younger of the two having first conceived the idea from reading an article on Mr Babbage's invention in the *Edinburgh Review*. The Swedish machine will calculate the powers of quadratic equations, the logarithms for falling bodies from different heights, for projectile forces, tables of sines, &c.—and all by the slow motion of a wheel turned by hand. And what is more, it stereotypes the columns of figures after having calculated them. In all previous machines, the carryings have proved a hitch; but in this of Mr Schentz, the movements experience no check, so beautifully are the several parts combined. It occupies rather more space than a cabinet pianoforte, and can be made for £200. Mr Babbage's cost the public about £17,000, and was never finished.

Admirably ingenious as this calculating-machine is, we do not see that its manufacture for sale is likely to be profitable; for who will buy it? One or two in each of our largest cities would suffice to calculate all the tables that actuaries, public companies, or astronomers, are ever likely to want. But in saying this, let us not be supposed to depreciate the invention, which is certainly a most remarkable piece of mechanism, and highly honourable to the constructors.

Mr Dobell has called the attention of the Royal Society to gelatine paper as a medium for colouring light, likely to be useful in many employments, and in cases of weak sight. This kind of paper, which was first invented at Rouen in 1829, is now produced in great perfection; it is highly transparent, and in sheets measuring sixteen inches by twenty-two, but can be made, if required, of the dimensions of the largest plate-glass. These sheets, moistened with a solution of gelatine, may be stuck on the panes of a window, and thus change the light admitted to any required colour. A green light, falling on the white silk made up by dress-makers, deprives it of all its painful glare; in the same way, yellow silk is made to appear green by a blue light, as has been proved by actual experiment, and it is attended with the happiest effects. Jewellers who have tried the green paper, say that when once accustomed to working in a coloured light, they find it greatly relieves their eyes. In reading, too, a sheet of the green paper laid on the page preserves weak eyes from being injured by the strong contrast of black and white, and enables many to read with comfort who have been hitherto obliged by too susceptible vision

to abstain from books. Other applications of gelatine paper naturally suggest themselves: it may be used as screens and shades for many purposes; the glasses of spectacles may be coated with it; gardeners may use it in their conservatories; and the yellow will probably be taken into their service by photographers. By the addition of a small quantity of acetate of alumina during the process of manufacture, the gelatine paper becomes weather-proof, just as linen or woollen cloth is rendered waterproof by the same chemical substance. Before passing from this subject, we may add that zinc white paper, a recent adaptation, is coming more and more into use, being found particularly suitable for copper-plate engravings and lithographs, as also for memorandum-books. Oxide of zinc seems likely to have a wider application.

We mentioned, some months ago, the offer by the Agricultural Society of a £1000 prize for 'manure equal in fertilising properties to Peruvian guano' to sell at £5 a ton, and be forthcoming in any quantity: 143 competitors have answered the call, and from other countries as well as the United Kingdom. However, before making the award, the Council of the Agriculturalists intend to test the compounds sent in with scrupulous care, so as to protect the members from all chance of fraud or error. Professor Way reports more adulterated manures in the market now than ever; some specimens of guano advertised as 'genuine' which he has tested, contain rather less than one-fourth of real guano; all the rest is rubbish in disguise. In addition to prizes for 1855, the Society offer forty sovereigns for the best essay 'On the Causes of Fertility and Barrenness in Soils'; twenty sovereigns for the best 'On Artificial Manures; and the Principles of their Application'; twenty 'For the best Account of Artificial Food'; and twenty for the best 'On the Prevention of Mildew in Corn Crops.' These subjects, which are in addition to the series on farming in counties, indicate the mode in which agriculture seeks to profit by science; and it is in this relation that we call attention to them. The present condition of political affairs is such as to make the supply-of-food question especially interesting.

In this view, we may fitly say a few words here about the Chinese yams, on which for some few months past careful experiments have been made in the garden of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick. Some are grown under glass, others in the open air, and so far with favourable results. These roots were sent over from the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, and as they have long been cultivated in China, it is believed they will more readily take to their new situation than yams, and that they may thus become a valuable substitute for, or supplement to, the potato. M. Decaisne says, in reporting on the plant to the Académie, it has been 'domesticated from time immemorial'; is perfectly hardy in this climate [Paris]; its root is hunky, rich in nutritive matter, eatable in the raw state, easily cooked, either by boiling or roasting, and has no flavour but that of fecula. It is as much a ready-made bread as the potato, and is superior to the *batis*, or sweet potato. The plants under cultivation at Chiswick are of the species known as *Dioscorea batatas*, or potato yam; they grow with vigorous runners, which have some resemblance to our common black bryony. We have no wish to see people content themselves with yams instead of bread; but as adding to the ordinary supplies of food, we do wish success to the Horticultural Society's experiments on yams.

The prospect of increased silk-culture, which we have mentioned more than once, becomes still more promising. Sir William Reid, governor of Malta, states in a dispatch to the Colonial Office, that the silk-worm, *Bombyx cynthia*, introduced from Assam, is

now acclimated and thriving, and he sends specimens of its silk. Already the eggs have multiplied so as to allow of distribution: the Agricultural Society of Grenada, West Indies, have asked for a supply, and are going to try them; and in Piedmont the new worms have proved themselves as productive and industrious as in their native country. Signor Griseri, and some of the nobility, have met with such success with the Assamese worm, that they are now experimenting on the native Italian grubs which feed on the leaves of the willow and lettuce. 'Where is the limit to be placed,' observes the *Turin Gazette*, when 'the object is nothing less than to convert the vegetable matter of the most common leaves into the valuable substance of silk?'

The great fact in relation to this new *Bombyx* is, that its food is the castor-oil plant, *Palma christi*, and not the mulberry, and that plant can be produced in warm countries in any quantity. Our allies on the other side of the Channel are busying themselves with it; they have naturalised the worm at Algiers, and find it to be one that keeps them fully employed, for the eggs are hatched very soon after they are laid, and the second generation of worms comes into work in about nine weeks, and so on all the year round. (Owing to the cocoons having a hole in the end by which the grub escapes, the silk cannot be reeled off in the usual way, but is stripped off and carded. A trial is to be made in Algiers as to whether an acre of mulberry or an acre of the castor-oil plant is the more profitable: the latter produces leaves in abundance. The Museum of Natural History at Paris is distributing eggs of the new silk-worm to any sericulturists willing to give it a trial. Talking of cocoons, those recently described by M. Guérin Menéville throw all others into the shade. One or two specimens have been sent to him from Madagascar, which are nearly two feet in length, spun not by a single individual, but a whole colony of worms. And this is not the only surprising gift to European naturalists from the great African island; for the shell of an egg laid by one of its gigantic birds has been received: it holds nearly ten quarts!

As if to prepare for the promised increase, experiments have been made on the preparation of silk at Manchester, from which the conclusion is going to, that it would be better to import silk in cocoons, than in hanks and bales as at present. The saving in cost and labour would be considerable, for there is much to be undone in imported silk before it can be made ready for reeling; while the new machinery reels off and produces a thread ready for the weaver at one operation.

The Photographic Society are making arrangements for another exhibition, to be held in January; they hope to shew satisfactory advancement in the artistic as well as the mechanical branch of their art—the one by copies from nature, the other by copies from negatives. That life-size portraits can now be taken, and that a legible copy of the *Times* can be produced on a plate but little more than two inches square, are certainly demonstrations of progress. The *Paper versus Collodion* question is not yet settled; nor the discussion terminated on the possibility of producing coloured pictures. Becquerel still maintains his views, and pursues his researches. The Boston (Massachusetts) Society of Natural History have had photographs taken of an interesting slab impressed with the fossil footmarks of extinct birds, and are distributing them among naturalists, to whom they will be more valuable than any hand-drawing, as when examined by the microscope, every mark is as distinctly seen as in the original slab, so perfectly does the sun bring out even the minutest particulars. Then, we see that gutta-percha has been successfully used, as a mould, in the electrotype process: an engraver at Paris having to engrave a physical map of Spain in seven divisions, prepared

one plate, from which he took moulds in gutta-percha, and on these the electrotypes plates were deposited in ten days, and at one-third of the ordinary expense. Gutta-percha, too, is much used now in the manufacture of what are called *bronzes d'art*.

Two more small planets have been discovered by the French astronomers, and added to the already numerous list by the names of Pomona and Polhymnia; and the Washington Observatory has made its first planetary discovery in Euphrosyne, another of the same group. This makes up the number to thirty-four; and there is every reason to believe that more will yet be found, feeling that science is continually availing herself of new aids and appliances. M. Bernard, of Bordeaux, has invented a new polarimeter, which, by a remarkably ingenious contrivance, enables the observer to note the polarisation of the atmosphere with greater exactitude than by any other instrument used for the purpose, and to measure with ease and certainty the amount of polarised light contained in any given ray. He has also constructed a refractometer and a photometer, which, as well as the other, have excited the admiration of the most distinguished physicists of Europe. Solar light, when examined by means of these instruments, is found to be simple and not multiple, as some have believed—the prismatic spectrum not being composed of superposed rays. Thus, the highest theories of optics are illustrated by contrivances beautifully simple.

Many persons will remember the discussion that took place after the burning of the noble steam-ship *Amazon* at sea, concerning the use of steam in extinguishing fire: vapour of water was shewn to be more effectual in accomplishing the object than water itself. It gives us pleasure to be able to tell of a practical result. In France, the *Préfet du Nord* has issued an order to all the distilleries within his department, requiring them to be provided with flexible tubes and pipes communicating with the boiler, so that in case of fire a jet of steam may be at once directed on the flames in whatever part of the building they break out. We should be glad to see the example followed in large manufacturing establishments in this country.

Among the 'subjects for premiums' just published by the Institution of Civil Engineers, we find—'An Inquiry into the Causes which have hitherto prevented the asserted High Speeds of Steam-navigation on the American Rivers from being arrived at in England'; 'The best Methods of reducing the Temperature of the Engine and Boiler Room of Steam-vessels, and of preventing the Danger arising from the Overheating of the Base of the Funnel'; 'Improvements in the Manufacture of Iron for Rails and Wheel Tyres'; 'Improvements in the Construction of Railway Carriages and Wagons, with a view to the Reduction of the Gross Weight of Passenger-trains'; 'The Drainage and Sewerage of Large Towns'; 'Improvements in the System of Lighting by Gas.' The list, from which these instances are taken, comprises forty-nine subjects, all of the same practical and useful nature—all contributory to national welfare. Let those who are able try their best, for never was there a time when such services could be more acceptable.

A method of discovering leaks in gas-pipes deserves to be noticed: the tap at the main being closely shut, air is to be forced in at the other end by means of a small condensing-pump, until it is heard wheezing or whistling as it escapes from the faulty place in the pipe, and thus indicates where repair is wanted. An individual at Rochester, state of New York, converts iron ore 'directly into steel' by heating to a white heat in a retort, and then treating it in the usual way. Another in Pennsylvania has invented what he calls a 'self-waiting dining-table,' which by means of an endless band, kept in motion underneath the table by any power applied to the crank, moves a number of 'guiding

carriers' on the table top, and keeps them constantly going up one side and down the other with all the dishes, castors, decanters, &c., that may be required. The great hotels, where some three or four hundred sit down to dinner, should try it.

The Greek fire, or an equivalent, is revived. M. Blanché, an industrious chemist of Puteaux, near Paris, has discovered a liquid which, flung on water, blazes furiously, and with intense heat, for five minutes. Being of a dense quality, it does not spread immediately, but confines its energy to one place. He has another liquid to fire straw and similar combustibles by a mere sprinkling, and which, if thrown on a floor mingled with water, instantly produces suffocating vapours; or when mixed up with a certain powder, explodes violently at the end of fifteen minutes. The French government are considering whether these compounds can be employed in the war.

Apocryphos of the war: as a good deal has been said about the climate of the Crimea, we may observe that, in Professor Dove's isothermal maps, the line of equal winter cold for January passes through Stockholm and the Crimean country a little to the north of Perekop. Our army may, therefore, have to endure the temperature of a Swedish winter; and that is quite cold enough.

INDIAN LIFE IN CANTONMENT.

I HAVE no thrilling adventures or startling incidents to relate; nothing but the details of our everyday life, which, thanks to good government, and the pacific character of the natives in these parts, is quiet enough. Our last dispatches would tell you of our 'fitting.' We were just beginning to settle down comfortably in our new bungalow at V—, and had got everything nice about us. We had been walking in the garden, admiring the growth of our pease, and congratulating ourselves—short-sighted mortals as we are—on being at last in a home of our own, after all our ups and downs. I had just gone in to put on my bonnet for our evening drive, and the carriage was at the door, when in rushed D— in a state of excitement, with a 'circular' from the colonel in his hand, saying: 'We are ordered off to Cuttack forthwith.' What a surprise! However, a soldier must always be ready for the march, and so must a soldier's wife. Military life in India is more of a pilgrimage than anything else. We never rest long at one station. Such bustle and confusion there was in our little cantonment the next few days, I could scarcely describe to you. Furniture packing; hackeries, bullocks, and coolies bespeaking; bearers hiring; and all the numberless arrangements required for a long march—for we had 400 miles to travel before reaching our new station. Well, within a week of the order, we were all *en route*, bag and baggage.

This being my first march with the regiment, it had all the charm of novelty, and I really enjoyed it. The season was cool, and the mornings and evenings particularly agreeable. I travelled in my palanquin; D— rode. Perhaps you would like to know how we got on? Very early in the morning, long before dawn, the sound of the bugle rouses the camp, and the hum of voices is heard from the sepoy's lines. A cup of coffee is always ready before starting. Then on we go—ten, twelve, or fourteen miles—to the next halting-place, where the tents are pitched. An encampment is a very pretty sight, particularly when the scenery around is picturesque: the whitest gleaming among the foliage of the bamboo to convey and tamarind trees, and a large tank or *ew*. Wherever these tanks are an invariable adjunct and the difficult halting-place, and are often excelled by these temples. long flights of steps leading to the walled-up Grecian rally remained in our tents during the day; but not so of clock, when we all assembled in the dining-room, where, officers and ladies, I mean exterior. On the

we formed parties for walking, and exploring any pretty spot in the neighbourhood, and then often met at each other's tents for tea and a chat, 'camp fashion,' which being interpreted, means each one bringing his own chair, cup and saucer, knife and plate, &c.; for in travelling, no one encumbers himself with more things than are absolutely necessary for number one. I was really sorry when our pleasant journey was over; but we were all delighted with the appearance of our new station. D— and I went to a friend's house, till we could secure one of our own. The quarters of officers are not, with us, as with European regiments, positiond out to each officer; but all are at liberty to choose their own abode, only keeping within the cantonment, and frequently the youngest ensign has a larger and better bungalow than his colonel.

There was a good deal of good-humoured competition for the best houses; but at last everything was agreeably arranged, and we found ourselves installed in a most comfortable bungalow. They are very different here from what we had been accustomed to: the roof is thatched with straw, and slopes down very low, forming the veranda, which runs all round the house. This shades the rooms, very pleasantly. Cuttack is a very neat-looking cantonment, not unlike an English village, the bungalows being ranged in a line, on either side of a good broad road. They each stand in a compound—our Indian lawn—separated by hedges from their neighbours. We have a garden attached to our bungalow, opening from the back veranda by a short flight of steps; at the foot, is a hedge of the magnificent cactus, or prickly pear, which would be so much prized in a hot-house at home; it was covered with white blossoms this morning when I went out early. I never saw anything more beautiful, and the perfume was almost overpowering. The bees seemed to think it as sweet as I did, for they were buzzing lovingly among the flowers. These, however, are so delicate, the heat of the sun soon makes them droop. The little garden is stocked with the most delicious mignonette, roses, verbena, and heliotrope, to say nothing of the Indian flowers, which are gorgeous in their colouring, though the double jessamine is the only fragrant one among them: it is pure white, and much prized by the natives as offerings to their gods. I have one small plant of English honeysuckle, which I watch over with great care; but I fear it is pining for its native soil, as it does not thrive well here. The exquisite *Hogon Caruosa*, or honey-plant, grows in great luxuriance and beauty.

We have oranges, limes, shaddockes, plantains, guavas, pine-apples, and custard-apples; two peach-trees, from which we expect a few dozen peaches; and one fig-tree, which latter, however, does not look thriving. They require more care and better cultivation than the native gardeners are able to give them. We have several English vegetables just now, pease, cauliflower, turnips, carrots, &c.; but they leave us with the cold weather. I was tempted the other morning, during a solitary walk, by the appearance of the fruit of the prickly pear, which resembles a large purple plum; but I think this must have been the 'forbidden fruit,' so fatal to Mother Eve, for although wholesome and refreshing, it is covered with almost invisible prickles, which tormented my mouth the whole day.

January.—How do you think we pass our Christmas in the 'glowing East,' so pleasant a season at home? I tell you, it is a merry time with us here, but we try to make adding to it as possible. This last Christmas-day I was success to the sun, and gathered such a bouquet of yams!

I am sure you could not boast of in Scotland. The prospecting to the bungalow, we found wreaths have mentioned in all directions, over every doorway promising. Sir W the punkas, and twining round the staves in a disparted. On the breakfast-table were sile-worm, *Honby*, plantains, and oranges; and these

kept pouring in all day. Natives, however, have rather curious ideas of a gift; for I remember on one occasion, a servant presented us with a cake, and on looking over the accounts shortly after, I found among the items, 'Present to master—one cake, one rupee!' The day passed much as usual, there were a good many visitors; and the salutation, 'A merry Christmas to you,' was often heard, though it sounded rather incongruous, and was echoed by many a sigh. In the evening, I strolled about the garden and compound, and then went to dress for the Christmas dinner at the mess-house, where we were all to meet at half-past seven o'clock—the usual Indian dinner-hour. There was a large party, every one in the station being invited. We sat down, between thirty and forty, to the sound of *O the Best Beef of Old England*, played by our band. The mess-house was beautifully decorated with flags and arms, well arranged, and intermingled with wreaths of flowers, forming really an imposing sight. The dinner was as English as roast-beef, mince-pies, and plum-pudding could make it; but how different the scene from what is presented in England! The punka swinging over our heads; doors and windows wide open; and black faces, in long white robes, attending! After dinner the band played, and the music continued during the whole evening. There was dancing in one room, and some of the gay ones kept it up to a late hour; but we, being among the sober set, retired early, and so ended our Christmas-day. According to regimental custom, our band played the old year out and the new year in. They march through the whole cantonment, playing for an hour or more. The music has a solemn and not unpleasing sound in the stillness of the night; some of the nirs cannot but touch the chord of memory.

We have a number of missionaries here, most excellent people, who do much good, and also a chaplain from the Bengal government. The church is cool and comfortable; there are three punkas going all the time of service, and our band plays the psalm tunes. Everything in a military cantonment is done to the sound of the bugle: we get up in the morning, go to dinner and to church, at bugle-blow. It sounds for the last time at eight o'clock in the evening, and after that the sepoy is not allowed to quit their lines without leave, and every one passing the sentries is challenged. It is pleasant to hear this challenge on a still, quiet night, in returning from dining out, or spending the evening with a friend. The 'Who goes there?' of the sentry; the response, 'Friend!' and then the rejoinder, 'Pass, friend—all's well!' and the clank of the musket as the sentry recovers arms, have to me a charming and musical sound.

I must tell you of a fright I got the other night in D—'s absence. I was awakened in the middle of the night by a heavy breathing close to my bed, and starting up in alarm, was by no means reassured when I saw a huge figure within a yard of my bed. My light and the ayah were both in the next room; and on calling out for them, I discovered that the intruder, who stood quite still, was no other than a large Brahmin bull, which, finding some door open, had walked in to have a peep at the interior. Having gratified his curiosity, he walked off, composedly enough, the way he came in, making some remarks to himself in a few snorts and grunts. These Brahmin bulls are the pest of our cantonment. They are privileged creatures, and go where they like; they are held sacred by the natives, and no one dare destroy them. A gentleman killed one here a few years ago, and the Brahmins rose en masse, and demanded justice. The prejudices of the natives being much humoured by the government, the unlucky bull-destroyer had to pay a heavy fine. At Juggernaut, that stronghold of Indian priestcraft, neither cow, calf, nor bull is allowed to be killed; so that beef is there an unknown commodity.

The pilgrims who resort to Juggernaut pass through

this station in thousands; many of them die on the road from starvation and fatigue. There is a pilgrim hospital here, supported by government, where these poor creatures may find relief, and be enabled to pursue their way. Rice is given to all who will receive it; but many refuse to eat what is not cooked by one of their own caste. I have seen the poorest beggar refuse a loaf of bread. Some, you may have heard, more infatuated than others, think to reap a richer reward by measuring their length on the ground, every inch of their journey, which perhaps is hundreds of miles. This I once witnessed myself, and the sight of the poor creature, covered with dust, worn out and emaciated to a shadow, left a most painful impression on my mind.

We went down to the Bazaar this morning, to see the manufacture of the silver ornaments for which this place is celebrated, and which were so much admired at the Great Exhibition. It is, indeed, wonderful to see the jewellers sitting on the ground in their little huts, fashioning those light and delicate silver roses, with their awkward-looking instruments. Their supple fingers and long nails seem to do as much service as their tools. A disk of heated charcoal stands by them, which they frequently apply to. These native workmen can copy and imitate most exactly, but have no inventive genius.

July.—The 'hot season,' truly so called, is now over for the present year, and the rains fairly set in, which enables me to resume my pen. Description can give you very little idea of the intense heat we have experienced. We have been existing, but not living to any purpose. From sunrise to sunset, our rooms were closed to every breath of air from without, which was like that of a heated furnace. Within doors, punkas and *thamtidotes* kept us alive, with the assistance of palm-ale, cooled by means of saltpetre; for we are too far inland to indulge in the luxury of ice. We used to long for sunset as you do for a sunshiny day, for we were scarcely able to breathe freely till the fiery orb sank below the horizon; then doors and windows were thrown open, and we ventured out into the veranda to enjoy the sea-breeze, which comes from a distance of forty miles. Some few dreadful days we had when there was no sea-breeze, nothing but the hot sand-winds day and night, making the air scorch even after sunset. You need not envy us our Indian summer: winter, it might in one respect with more propriety be called, for vegetation seems at a stand-still, and every blade of grass withers. There was something very oppressive in the perfect stillness of these hot days. One longed for some sound to break the deathlike repose: all nature seemed asleep; and it was not till the shades of evening began to fall, that the animal world seemed to awake; and then, to be sure, they did their best to atone for their unwonted silence! This has been an unusually hot season, the natives say: several coolies have been struck dead in crossing the dry bed of the river; and a large flock of monkeys, which came down in search of water, perished on the burning sands.

The rains commenced about the middle of June, heralded by dust-storms, and by dreadful thunder and lightning. The crash of these thunder-storms is terrific, and yet magnificent. The air is now cool and pleasant; all nature has revived, and looks green and smiling. We sit in the veranda frequently, watching the river, which is rapidly rising, and will soon fill its basin. The boats begin to ferry across, which is a very amusing sight. They are large and clumsy things; sometimes two are fastened together, crowded with natives, bullocks, and bullock-carts. We had a pretty walk this morning to the Old Fort, which was once a place of considerable strength, but is now going to ruin. It is surrounded by the remains of a lofty wall, and a deep ditch, swarming with alligators.

I do not think you could enjoy living on our free-and-easy terms with animated nature. The sparrows

build their nests in the drawing-room, and the crows hop on to the breakfast-table, and help themselves to bread. Dozens of frogs are squatted behind doors, and in every available corner, where they remain during the heat of the day; at night, they hop out to their nocturnal concert, always returning at day-dawn. Musk-fats flit about from room to room, uttering, if alarmed, a shrill squeak. Centipedes are to be found in the damp corners of the bathing-rooms, and occasionally a cobra di capella pays a visit to one's bedroom. There was one killed in mine a short time ago. But these formidable inmates do not cause me nearly so much annoyance as the ants and mosquitoes, which there is no possibility of destroying. The ants are particularly troublesome, as everything eatable has to be guarded from their attacks by placing the feet of tables and presses in dishes of water. The veranda has its inhabitants too. Owls and bats take refuge in its corners during the day, and fly out at dusk; and occasionally the chattering minah builds its nest in a quiet corner. The active little lizard is always on the alert, watching for its prey. They destroy mosquitoes, and are consequently great friends of mine. The Brahmince lizard is a beautiful little creature, exquisitely marked with shades of gray, and a red tail. It is very timid, and seldom seen. I wonder if my young friends at home have ever read an account of the mason-wasp. We have numbers of them here, and I have often amused myself lately with watching them. The insect is not unlike our wasp in shape—the same long body and slender waist, but of a pale-brown colour, instead of yellow and black livery. It first selects some spot for its nest—very often the side of a chair or couch, the edge of a book or picture, or some ornament on the table that takes its fancy. Then it brings to this spot little balls of earth, and begins to build. Its nest, when finished, is about the size of a thrush's egg: a small opening is left, and the eggs deposited. Then Mrs Wasp flies off, and returns with a living green caterpillar, which she intombs in this house of hers. Out and in she goes till about a dozen of these unfortunate victims are secured within. Then the hole is filled up, and neatly plastered over; and no one would guess, to look at this little knob of earth, that living caterpillars are pent within. It is supposed they are to serve as food for the young when they come out of the egg.

October.—We have just returned from a visit to a curious old place, eighteen miles from this, which I think you will like to hear about. D— had obtained leave of absence for ten days during the Dusserah, a Hindoo festival, which we thought could not be better employed than in visiting the ancient remains of Bhubanesswar, or 'Land of God.' Accordingly, we entered our palanquins one fine morning at three o'clock. We passed through the bazaar, and soon found ourselves on the banks of the river, which we crossed in a large flat-bottomed boat. Such a piece of business it was getting our palanquins into the boats, and such a Babel of voices! Once fairly on the road, on we went very quickly. On approaching Bhubanesswar, the scene became every moment more singular. Ruins and temples met the eye at every turn, half hidden by the thick jungle. On reaching our tents, which had been sent on the day previous, and leaving the palanquin, I was struck mute with astonishment at the scene before me. It seemed as if I had been set down in the midst of ancient Babylon. But how shall I describe it? It is almost impossible to convey by writing an adequate idea of the view. Wherever the eye rested, there were temples; and the difficult thing is to give you a true picture of these temples. Your fancy may already have conjured up Grecian architecture, marble pillars, and so forth; but not so is the Hindoo temple. Exquisite as is the carving, there is nothing classic about its exterior. On the

contingent, the only thing I can think of comparing it to in form is an inverted jelly-glass. A sort of rude porch in front is the invariable entrance, ascended by steps, and guarded on each side by the figure of a lion or a griffin. Our tents were pitched on a rising-ground, among some ruins, and facing the 'Bidu Bagur,' a magnificent ruined tank, surrounded by large and small temples or pagodas. Mounds of earth, and massive stone-work in all directions, seemed to indicate that the place must have been at some early period an immense city. According to the traditions of the natives, these temples, 999 in number, were built before the time of our Saviour by a great rajah, who ruled the land.

It is very pleasant living in tents in the cool season. We found it warm during the day, but the nights were always agreeable. We used to hear the growling of tigers around us at night, the sharp cry of the hyena, and the howl of the jackal; but although these animals might have entered the tent at their pleasure, we never felt alarmed. Our only protection was a little terrier-dog, and a light always burning inside. The natives said that tigers were often seen, and carried off many of their bullocks. We used to rise early and take long walks and rides. The morning air was peculiarly fresh and delightful; and there was so much shade, we could remain a long time out before feeling the sun too powerful. We came upon many beautiful spots, where, I believe, European feet had never before trodden. Every now and then, a ruin, half hidden among the thick foliage, came suddenly on our view; some of the small tanks were very picturesque; they were covered with the sacred lotus, of which there are many varieties—the pure white, with its yellow calyx; the bright red, and prettiest of all, those tinged with pale pink, like a soft blush on a pure cheek. They look most lovely among their broad green leaves floating on the dark and quiet water. Wherever we went, we saw temples in various stages of decay, but each one seemed more beautiful than its neighbour, so diversified and wonderful were the architecture and carving.

The large tank opposite our tents was lighted up at night, which had an extremely pretty effect. It was very pleasant to sit in the evening at the door of the tent, watching these lights dancing up and down, and reflected in the calm water; and by moonlight the scene was really beautiful. I love to dwell on these days. The life we led was so primitive—so truly enjoyable—that we were quite sorry when our little holiday ended, and we were obliged to return to head-quarters, and bid adieu to this wonderful and interesting spot.

LONDON.

Oh it was such a dream by daylight—such a dream, and yet so true! All was so little, and I was still the same! All the streets were millions of dolls' houses; and along the streets little specks, moving—moving, sometimes in twos and threes, and then altogether, in one long, black, gliding thread. And then the cattle and the horses! I felt that I could take up the biggest of them, like shrew-mice, in my fingers—look at 'em, and set 'em down again. And then the smoke! the beautiful smoke! Oh in millions of silver feathers it came from the chimneys up and up; and then somehow joined in one large shining sheet; and went floating, floating, over houses and church-spires, with hundreds of golden weathercocks glittering, glittering through! And then the river and the ships! The floating water, shining like glass! And the poles of the ships, as close, and straight, and sharp, as rushes in a pond! And then, far off, the hills, the dear green hills; with such a sky below, and they so beautiful and still, as though they never heard, and never cared for the noise of London—a noise that when we listened, hummed from below; hummed for all the world like a hundred humble-bees, all making noise, and all upon one bush!—*Terrill's Heart of Gold.*

AMONG THE TOMBS.

(Ci rivedromb!)

'I think I never saw this place so fair—
For, entering, a sea of sunshine pale
Rolled over us, and breaking on the edge
Of an October rain-cloud, wide disspread
In a great flood o'er all the land of graves.

'Look—those far headstones! How they seem to move
Like lambs upon June meadows; or snow-sails
Each scattered on the black main like a smile;
Or groups of white-clad children, suddenly
Upstarting in a sunny moor at play:
You would not think this was a field of graves?'

Ah no! for with our footsteps entered Life—
Life, staggering underneath her burden sore;
Life, thrilling with strange touches on her heart;
Life, with her sad eyes looking up to God;
Life, with her warm hands clinging still to man;
Life, blindfold, wondering, gay, despairing, glad,
Gazing at Death with a soft ignorant smile,
That said: 'What doest thou here?'

Oh, what doest here
Thou Terror—thou Divider? We! the sun
Walk meekly, saying unto, Care: 'Go to!
Thou art but one—we two;' and unto Pain,
'God loves all those who suffer, doing no wrong;
And Time, the equal-handed, levels all.'

Therefore, O Life, that laugh'st beside these tombs,
Hiding behind the splendours grift of Death,
As a child hides behind a murderer's robe;
Therefore, O Death, that throwest thy garment cool
And wide over this Life, who maniac-wild
Runs to and fro, and wrings her bleeding hauds;
O Life, the healer, sanctifier of Death,
O Death, which art Life's end, and aim, and crown,
Here be ye reconciled, like parted friends,
Who, shrinking, feared to meet each other's brows,
And read 'Foe' written there. Gaze long and calm,
Like those who, gazing, know no possible hand
Save that which looses all things, e'er can bind
Them closer. And gaze tenderly, as those
Who through all chance, all change of place or time,
All glory, all dishonour, all delight,
And all despair, walk constant night and day—
Each in the other's shadow—face to face—
Waiting the supreme hour that makes of both
(Life merged in Death, and Death in Life divine)
An indivisible and perfect One,
Married for ever.

NOTABLIA OF PORTARLINGTON.

We learned two things before leaving Portarlington. One was, that Sterne's *Lo Fevre*, whom he introduces with features of such pathos and beauty into the pages of his *Tristram Shanty*, was son to a Mr Le Fevre, a descendant of a settler here under the Marquis de Rouvigny. This gentleman was over one of the excellent French schools belonging to Portarlington, and actually had a son in the army, who died in the manner so affectingly related by Sterne. One other piece of information was, that the old Irish name for Portarlington, before Charles II. gave it to his minion, was Cooletetoodra—yes, actually Cooletetoodra!—alias, and by corruption, said my informant, Cooletetooder! The meaning, or English of this—thanks to my young friend Dryasdust—is, 'the corner surrounded by wood.' A sensible and expressive denomination enough; yet, one cannot but smile at what might have been the ridicule cast upon Lord Arlington's Irish property with such a ridiculously-sounding name among the mirth-loving courtiers of Charles II.; and the reason for the change of name is now evident.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

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AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

With the hope of maintaining a certain degree of interest in the subjects treated of in *Things as They are in America*, it was proposed to offer, from time to time, a few observations on such matters therewith connected as seemed to promise either information or amusement. Drawing from private notes, recollections, and files of American prints, I now throw together the first of these miscellaneous Jottings.

The newspaper-press struck me as one of the most remarkable things in the States—the cheapness, profusion, and variety of its products, the general eagerness for early intelligence, the free-and-easy, not to say slapdash, way in which topics are handled, were all novel and curious. It seemed to me that many things were made the subjects of newspaper paragraphs which would never get utterance in print in this country. For example, during my stay in New York, there appeared an article in one of the newspapers, descriptive of the religious views of the principal editors of that city. The following is this strange catalogue *raisonné* :—

HERALD.—Mr Bennett—Catholic Church. A very zealous paying member, and in favour of the trustees of every American Catholic chapel or church having the control of their property, instead of the clergy thereof.

COURIER AND ENQUIRER.—Gen. J. Watson Webb—Episcopalian, of the Low Church School, but devotedly attached to Bishop Wainwright, who is High Church.

JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.—Mr Hallock—A professor of the Congregational Church; spending his Sabbaths in New Haven, the head-quarters of Orthodox Calvinistic faith.

George B. Butler—Religious views believed to be similar to those of Thomas Sufiern and James Boorman of the Presbyterian Church.

SUN.—Beach Brothers—Members of the Congregational or Presbyterian Church, but friends of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

TRIBUNE.—Horace Greeley—Universalist, Socialist, and "Come Outy;" not permanently fixed in his place of worship; but sometimes, in his old white coat, prays and exhorts in meetings.

Mr McElrath—Methodist; but inclined to the Episcopal Church.

Mr Dana—Being opposed to Satan, and all his works, but sadly unsettled in his religious views.

Mr Snow—Wall Street Church; under the charge of Rev. Mr Bull.

Bayard Taylor—Travelling-preacher.

TIMES.—Mr Harper—Methodist Church, of which his father and uncles, the book and magazine publishers,

are exemplary members and class-leaders. Very pious—almost too much.

Mr Raymond—Professor in Rev. Dr Potts' church, of the Old School Presbyterians, but not very pious.

NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.—Rev. Chauncey C. Burr—Not at present attached to any regular church; but considered perfectly orthodox in his religious views, and opposed to Spiritual Rappings and the Cabinet.

TRUE NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.—Mr Childs—Said to be inclined to Methodism, but more so to the Custom-house.

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.—Francis Hall and Sons—Zealous members of the Methodist Church; the senior partner being a class-leader. Very respectable modern saints.

EVENING POST.—Mr Bryant—Bitterly believing Unitarian.

Mr Bigelow—Unknown, but said to be attached to the same church with John Van Duren; neither particularly holy, or considered saints.

EVENING MIRROR.—Mr Fuller—Religion unknown.

EXPRESS.—James Brooks—Attends the Episcopal Church; but having similar views with regard to the questions dividing this church, as those entertained by General James Watson Webb.

Erastus Brooks, the Senator-elect—Formerly Unitarian, but now of the Silver Grays, with the leaders of which he coincides in all important matters, whether in poetry, politics, or religion.

It was lately a matter of inquiry, how many of the newspapers of New York were taken daily by the members of the Legislature of the state of New York. The result was, that the House of Representatives, consisting of 128 members, took 182 papers; and that the Senate, consisting of 32 members took 31 papers—total papers taken, 213. A pretty fair allowance this, independently of local journals.

It appeared that the paper most largely patronised was Greeley's, the *New York Tribune*, a print which advocates every kind of social improvement, and is conducted not only with much spirit as a vehicle of news, but in a gentlemanly and agreeable tone. Though fanatical in some points, this paper may be recommended to the notice of those in England who desire to have a good résumé of American news. The sale, in its various forms of daily, weekly, and semi-weekly, is enormous—the daily paper having a circulation of at least 100,000. The foreman of the press-room describes as follows what was lately done in the establishment in the space of thirty hours :—“We commenced at four o'clock A.M. on Thursday (October 26), and in thirty hours we had printed and mailed 182,400 copies of the *New York Tribune*. By far the largest

portion of the blank-paper was received during Thursday forenoon, and of course had to be wet and turned. Had this paper been all in one pile, it would have reached the height of seventy feet; and its weight when mailed would be about 22,800 pounds. The *Tribune* consists of eight pages, about the size of the *Times*, and, though full of original writing, is sold for five cents—a cheapness accounted for by the large circulation and the total absence of fiscal impost.

In looking over the files of this clever print, we observe valuable communications from correspondents in distant countries. It seems also to possess a wide circle of casual correspondents in the States, who communicate short notices of places to which it is desirable to draw particular attention. I subjoin two or three characteristic paragraphs of this kind. The first is dated from Newcastle, Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, February 9, 1854.

'Newcastle and suburbs contain about 4000 inhabitants. It is situated in the forks a little above the junction of the Chenango and Neshanock, and in a rich agricultural region. We have also bituminous coal, iron ore, limestone, and many excellent water privileges, partially improved. We export annually over one million dollars' worth of iron, nails, castings, glass, oil, oil-cake, soap, candles, lard, butter, grain, pork, beef, &c. The country has an undulating surface, is well supplied with the purest water, and is blessed with a healthy, intelligent, moral and religious population. We have six or seven churches and places of worship, and five or six primary and one high school; in the latter, there are about five hundred pupils ordinarily taught, many in the classics, and room in the building for one or two hundred more. Three weekly newspapers are issued in the village; and on a fair vote, we beat the *rummies* [tavern-keepers]. In our village, we have in operation ten steam-engines, a large flouring-mill, a double saw-mill, two large foundries, an oil-mill, a plaster-mill, a large glass-house, a rolling-mill, which makes weekly above one hundred tons of railway iron; near one hundred nailing-machines; a very large rolling-mill, to make the nail-plate bar-iron, sheet-iron, &c.; and with one exception, I believe, we have the largest and most perfect blast-furnace in the commonwealth. Our facilities for travel, export and import, are on the increase. Plank-roads and railways are being built in aid of our canal now constructed. A railway to Pittsburg—to Blairsville, by way of Butler—to Erie and Cleveland, by way of Warren, Ohio—are in various stages of progress, and will doubtless be completed soon.' What a notion of a go-ahead country this single paragraph gives us!

The next notice is from Milford, in Massachusetts; and here we have a striking instance of the rapid rise of American towns. After some compliments touching the *Tribune*, the writer proceeds to say: "This is a smart place, as your subscription-list will show, as also will a few statistics. In 1837, the population was 1637; amount of business done, 229,200 dollars. In 1854, the population was over 7000. Number of buildings erected in 1853, 78—value of the same, 173,200 dollars. Number of boot manufactories, 40; pairs of boots made, 1,450,108—value of the same, 2,594,346 dollars. Number of firms engaged in mercantile business in 1853, 46—amount of business done by the same, 1,050,800 dollars. Amount of woollen manufactures, 235,000 dollars. Total business done in Milford in 1853, 4,103,348 dollars. There is but one town in this state that shows a larger increase of population in proportion to the number of inhabitants. Well done Milford!

In the *Tribune* for March 14, occurs a pithy notice of a newly struck up town in the West: 'Mount Pleasant, Henry County, Iowa, has 1200 inhabitants, takes seventy-six weekly papers, has a fertile soil, an intelligent moral population, and don't allow a drop of

alcoholic liquor to be sold for beverage within her limits. If that place don't flourish, where is one that will?'

Just to shew the reading-habits of the Americans, we quote a few sentences from another of these notices. The place referred to is Portville, Cattaraugus County, New York: 'Portville is a small and comparatively new place, with two fine churches, two stores, and one temperance hotel. It contains 201 voters. The chief occupation of the inhabitants is lumbering. As the character of the inhabitants of a place may be indicated by the quality and quantity of matter which they read, I give you the number of papers and periodicals taken. There are 3 daily, 15 semi-weekly, 246 weekly, 22 semi-monthly, and 2 monthly papers; 31 monthly, and 17 semi-weekly magazines—making the sum-total of 16,462 numbers taken in a year.' Not bad for a place of yesterday, with only 1000 inhabitants. The correspondent spiritedly adds: 'All are good citizens, and I think will go for the Maine Law to a man, if they only have an opportunity.'

One of the drollest movements now going on in the United States, is that in favour of what are called the 'rights of woman,' regarding which, matters have gone a considerable length. In some of its features, this strange movement is not quite so ridiculous as is generally supposed. It appears to have originated from a well-founded impression that, at least in several states, the law, which governs the marital relationship, and the mutual rights and obligations of husband and wife, is defective. For instance, a woman of industrious and orderly habits feels that it is hard that her whole earnings should be habitually squandered by a dissolute husband; hence the straining after a legal recognition of her independence of action in the marriage-state, or some other modification of the laws which bind her to what is often worse than the most wretched servitude. We can all sympathise in such aspirations; and if the contemplated reform goes no further, little would require to be said. But from less to more, the fair agitators have gone so far as to propose a thorough change in the long-recognised social position of females. From what can be gathered from newspaper reports, it appears that those who take part in this movement desire to see women come out of their domestic sphere, and take a part in public affairs and professional avocations. That they are entitled to enlist as soldiers, or to act as sailors, however, is not alleged: but that is perhaps coming.

Since the movement grew in width and favour, medical colleges have been established, where ladies may study and arrive at the dignity of a degree. At the annual meeting of a college of this kind in Philadelphia, in February last, the degree of doctor of medicine was conferred on several ladies, who are probably now practising their profession. It is chiefly, however, as respects political privileges that the movement for women's rights is now conducted; it being considered cruel that ladies do not possess the franchise as well as men, and that they are also excluded from the magistracy and senate. As every shade of opinion in America has its press, the Women's Right Movement is not behind in this important requisite. It is supported by several papers, one of which, called *The Una*, is published monthly at Providence, in Rhode Island. In the number of this paper for July, is an account of a convention of women, held at Boston on the 2d of June, where Lucy Stone, the great apostle of the cause, presided, supported by Dr Harriet K. Hunt. Lucy opened the proceedings with a short and rousing address, and concluded by moving certain resolutions. We give a few of these as a specimen of the whole:

'Resolved, That since "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," to withhold the right of suffrage from woman is a practical denial of this self-evident truth of the Declaration of Independence. Resolved, That "taxation without

representation is tyranny." Resolved, That the political influence of woman is especially needful in this trial-hour of our country, now convulsed with passion and oppressed by force, and will be needed still more in the coming crisis; therefore resolved, That we will petition the several Legislatures, at every coming session, to call conventions for the purpose of amending their state constitutions, so that the right to vote shall not be limited to male citizens; and that women may be admitted to a full share in the political, executive, and judicial action of our country.

There is one resolution which Miss Stone has accidentally omitted, and we take the liberty of supplying it for next occasion: 'Resolved, That our coloured sisters should possess the same rights and privileges as ourselves, and that we shall not cease to agitate for the abolition of the laws and usages which exclude black and mulatto girls from white schools and churches.'

In another newspaper, is found an account of a 'Woman's Right Convention' at Albany, state of New York. 'Though the drizzling rain, ice, water, and mud in the streets kept the timid within doors, several hundred men and women were in attendance. Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, called the meeting to order, and nominated for president Mrs E. Stratton, of Seneca Falls, which nomination the Convention accepted. The Rev. Miss Brown, of the Business Committee, read a series of resolutions, setting forth, among other things, "That far men to govern women without consent asked or granted, is to perpetuate an aristocracy utterly hostile to the principles and spirit of free institutions, and that it is time for the people of the United States, and every state in the Union, to put away for ever that remnant of despotism and feudal oligarchy—the caste of sex. That the fundamental error of the whole structure of legislation and custom, whereby women are practically degraded even in this Republic, is the preposterous fiction of the law—that in the eye of the law husband and wife are one person, that person being the husband; and that the final result is, that system of mis-called protection, by which the industry of women is kept upon half-pay, their affections trifled with, their energies crippled, and even their noblest aspirations wasted away in vain efforts, ennui, and regret." The resolutions proceed at great length in this strain, and the editor of the *New York Herald* complains that the Convention have sent him a copy of an address to the Legislature "four columns long." Whereupon he remarks: "While these women are wasting time at Albany, nurses are wanted in every part of the country, at wages ranging from five to twenty-five dollars per month, according to capability. These women complain that they are deprived of their rights—have no opportunity of making money—and yet refuse to fill situations when offered." It is to be hoped that the agitators will take this tolerably significant hint.

Everybody has heard of the *Bloomer* epidemic, by which ladies were to assume a new-fangled costume, bearing a partial resemblance to male attire. As we have not heard anything of Bloomerism lately, and as I, at least, did not see any eccentricities of that kind during my excursion, the mania has probably expired. Latterly, indeed, it became too fervent even for its professed adherents. One of its votaries, Miss Mary B. Williams, went the length of declaring it proper for ladies to wear men's attire out and out. In an address which she issued on the subject, she says 'that women are entitled to wear what they like; and that, if the male part of the creation should find any trouble in determining our sex, let them quit shaving their faces, and the difficulty will be obviated.' She goes on to offer advice respecting the colour of ladies' coats and pantaloons; discommends 'all kinds of tawdry waist-coats; a buff cassimere vest, with plain gilt buttons, being eminently genteel.' She adds, as regards her own taste in dress, 'for walking, and riding, and driving,

she wears a blue sack-coat, buff vest, and drab pants—a suit which comes fully up to her idea of neatness and comfort combined.' I wish, it had been my good-fortune to have had a glimpse of Miss Mary thus rigged out, just to have seen how far an extravagance, unregulated by taste and discretion, could be carried. Sheer idleness is, of course, at the root of these follies; and we agree with the editor of the *Herald*, that it would be more fitting for young women to occupy themselves in deeds of charity and mercy, than in troubling society with their vagaries.

One of the latest oddities connected with female affairs, is the public exhibition of babies. Baby-shows have taken place in one or two western localities, and as handsome prizes were awarded to the mothers of the finest-looking infants, it may be presumed that no little pride has been excited in the bosom of certain manumans. We fear, however, that baby-shows are not likely to become either permanent or widely-spread institutions in the States. It is mentioned in a Californian newspaper, that a proposed baby-competition at St Francisco had been abandoned.

Another novelty which has proved fully more attractive, is that of young ladies publicly competing in horsemanship. At what are called State Fairs—of which more anon—a ring is formed on the turf, and a dozen or more equestriennes, attired in smart hats and feathers, jackets and skirts, flourish off in presence of admiring crowds. These exhibitions have as yet been confined principally to the West and South; but are gaining favour in the Eastern cities, and will, like other fashions, run their course. Meanwhile, it is amusing to read the newspaper accounts of these competitions, along with the lists of names and costumes—we suppose we must not use the word *liberics*—of the fair riders. At Newark, in Ohio, on the 20th of October, there was a splendid turn-out of twelve young ladies on horseback, from different parts of the state. In the list of costumes, it would be difficult to point out one gayer than another; and we dare to mention only two, by way of specimen:—Miss Harriet M. Buxton, of Licking: a black velvet hat and plume; black velvet basquined jacket; white Marseilles waistcoat, with plain flat gilt buttons; and a green merino skirt.—Miss Rebecca Crawford, of Bellefontaine: a black hat and blue plume; black skirt and basquined jacket; white silk waistcoat, with plain flat gilt buttons; and blue cravat. We are told that the match came off 'to the delight of thousands of spectators.' All things considered, this kind of amusement is perhaps not so improper as some may be disposed to think it is. The ladies of the United States, as is well known, appear too little out of doors; and any fashion not absolutely ridiculous, which will induce them to take exercise on foot or horseback in the open air, deserves approval. We may at the same time remark, that it was not by such gaieties that the solid structure of society was raised in the far-famed New England States. W. C.

HUNTING THE TAPIR.

No one who has turned over the pages of a picture-book of mammalia, will be likely to forget the odd-looking animal known as the tapir. Its long proboscis-like snout, its stiff maned neck, and clumsy hog-like body, render the *tout ensemble* of this creature so peculiar, that there is no mistaking it for any other animal. A minute description of it may be avoided, but a few of its characteristics may be interesting to the reader.

When full grown, the tapir, or anta, as it is sometimes called, is six feet in length by nearly four in height—its weight being nearly equal to that of a small bullock. Its teeth resemble those of the horse; but instead of hoofs, its feet are cloed—the fore ones

having four toes, while the hind-feet have only three each. The eyes are small and lateral, while the ears are large and pointed. The skin is thick, somewhat like that of the hippopotamus, with a very thin scattering of silky hairs over it; but along the ridge of the neck, and upon the short tail, the hairs are longer and more profuse. The upper jaw protrudes far beyond the extremity of the under one. It is, moreover, highly prehensile, and enables the tapir to seize the roots upon which it feeds with greater ease. In fact, it plays the part of the elephant's proboscis to a limited degree.

Although the largest quadruped indigenous to South America, the tapir is not very well known to naturalists. Its haunts are far beyond the borders of civilisation. It is, moreover, a shy and solitary creature, and its active life is mostly nocturnal, hence no great opportunity is offered for observing its habits. The chapter of its natural history is therefore a short one.

The tapir is an inhabitant of the tropical countries of America, dwelling near the banks of rivers and marshy lagoons. It is the American representative of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, or, more properly, of the *maiba*, or Indian tapir (*Tapirus Indicus*) of Sumatra, which has but lately become known to naturalists. The latter, in fact, is a near congener, and very much resembles the tapir of South America.

It is amphibious—that is, it frequents the water, can swim and dive well, and generally seeks its food in the water or the soft marshy sedge; but when in repose, it is a land-animal, making its haunt in thick coverts of the woods, and selecting a dry spot for its lair. Here it will remain couched and asleep during the greater part of the day. At nightfall, it steals forth, and following an old and well-used path, it approaches the bank of some river, and plunging in, swims off in search of its food—the roots and stems of several species of water-plants. In this business it occupies most of the hours of darkness; but at daybreak, it swims back to the place where it entered the water, and going out, takes the 'back track' to its lair, where it sleeps until sunset again warns it forth.

Sometimes during rain it leaves its den even at mid-day. On such occasions, it proceeds to the river or the adjacent swamp, where it delights to wallow in the mud, after the manner of hogs, and often for hours together. Unlike the hog, however, the tapir is a cleanly animal. After wallowing, it never returns to its den until it has first plunged into the clear water, and washed the mud thoroughly from its skin. It usually travels at a trot, but when hard pressed, it can gallop. Its gallop is peculiar. The fore-legs are thrown far in advance, and the head is carried between them in a very awkward manner, somewhat after the fashion of a frolicsome donkey.

The tapir is strictly a vegetable feeder. It lives upon flags and roots of aquatic plants. Several kinds of fruits, and young succulent branches of trees, form a portion of its food. It is a shy, timid animal, without any malice in its character; and although possessed of great strength, never uses it except for defence, and then only in endeavours to escape. It frequently suffers itself to be killed without making any defence, although with its great strength and well-furnished jaws it might do serious hurt to an enemy.

The hunt of the tapir is one of the amusements, or rather employments, of the South American Indians. Not that the flesh of this animal is so eagerly desired by them; on the contrary, it is dry, and has a disagreeable taste, and there are some tribes who will not eat of it, preferring the flesh of monkeys, macaws, and the armadillo. But the part most prized is the thick, tough skin, which is employed by the Indians in making shields, sandals, and various other articles. This is the more valuable in a country where the thick-skinned and leather-yielding mammalia are almost unknown.

Slaying the tapir is no easy matter. The creature is shy; and having the advantage of the watery element, is often enabled to dive beyond the reach of pursuit, and thus escape by concealing itself. Among most of the native tribes of South America, the young hunter who has killed a tapir is looked upon as having achieved something to be proud of.

The tapir is hunted by bow and arrow, or by the gun. Sometimes the 'gravatana,' or blow-tube, is employed, with its poisoned darts. In any case, the hunter either lies in wait for his prey, or with a pack of dogs drives it out of the underwood, and takes the chances of a 'flying shot.' When the trail of a tapir has been discovered, his capture becomes easy. It is well known to the hunter that this animal, when proceeding from his lair to the water and returning, always follows his old track until a beaten-path is made, which is easily discernible.

This path often betrays the tapir, and leads to his destruction. Sometimes the hunter accomplishes this by means of a pitfall, covered with branches and palm-leaves; at other times, he places himself in ambush, either before twilight or in the early morning, and shoots the unsuspecting animal as he approaches on his daily round.

Sometimes, when the whereabouts of a tapir has been discovered, a whole tribe sally out, and take part in the hunt. Such a hunt was witnessed by Martinez, an intelligent Brazilian trader, who gave me the following description of it:—

In the year 18—, I went to trade with the Jumnas up the Xingu. Their *malocas* (palm-hut villages) lie beyond the falls of that river. Although classed as wild Indians, the Jumnas are a mild race, friendly to the traders, and collect during a season considerable quantities of *seringa* (India-rubber), *sarsaparilla*; as well as rare birds, monkeys, and Brazil-nuts—the objects of our trade.

I had loaded my *igarita* (large-wasted canoe), and was about to start for Pura, when nothing would serve the *tuxava*, or chief, of one of the *malocas*, but that I should stay a day or two at his village, and take part in some festivities. He promised a tapir-hunt. As I knew that among the Jumnas were some skilled hunters, and as I was curious to witness an affair of this kind, I consented. The hunt was to come off on the second day of my stay.

The morning arrived, and the hunters assembled, to the number of forty or fifty, in an open space by the *malocca*; and having got their arms and equipments in readiness, all repaired to the *praya*, or narrow beach of sand, which separated the river from the thick underwood of the forest. Here some twenty or thirty *ubas* (canoes hollowed out of tree-trunks) floated on the water, ready to receive the hunters. They were of different sizes; some capable of containing half a dozen, while others were meant to carry only a single person.

In a few minutes the *ubas* were freighted with their living cargoes, consisting not only of the hunters, but of most of the women and boys of the *malocca*, with a score or two of dogs. These dogs were curious creatures to look at. A stranger, ignorant of the customs of the Jumnas, would have been at some loss to account for the peculiarity of their colour. Such dogs I had never seen before. Some were of a bright scarlet, others were yellow, others blue, and some mottled with a variety of tints! What could it mean? But I knew well enough. The dogs were dyed! Yes, it is the custom among many tribes of South American Indians to dye not only their own bodies, but the hairy coat of their dogs, with brilliant colours obtained from vegetable juices, such as the red huito, the yellow *anna* (*annato*), and the blue of the wild indigo. The light gray, often white, hair of these animals favours the staining process; and

the effect produced pleases the eye of their savage masters. On my eye the effect was strange and fantastical. I could not restrain my laughter when I first scanned these curs in their fanciful coats. Picture to yourself a pack of scarlet, and orange, and purple dogs!

Well, we were soon in the *ubas*, and paddling up-stream. The tuxava and I occupied a canoe to ourselves. His only arms were a light fusil, which I had given him as a present in our barter. It was a good piece, and he was proud of it. This was to be its first trial. I had a rifle for my own weapon. The rest were armed variously: some had guns, others the native bow and arrows; some carried the *gravatana*, with arrows dipped in curari poison; some had nothing but *machetes*, or cutlasses, for clearing the underwood, in case the game had to be driven from the thickets.

There was a part of the river, some two or three miles above the *milocca*, where the channel was wider than usual—several miles in breadth at this place. Here it was studded with islands, known to be a favourite resort of the *tapirs*. This was to be the scene of our hunt. We approached the place in about an hour; but on the way I could not help being struck with the picturesque quality of our party. No 'meet' in the hunting-field of civilised countries could have equalled us in that respect. The *ubas*, strung out in a long irregular line, sprang up-stream in obedience to the vigorous strokes of the rowers, and these sang in a sort of irregular concert as they plied their paddles. The songs were improvised: they told the feats of the hunters already performed, and promised others yet to be done. I could hear the word '*tapira*,' *tapir*, often repeated. The women lent their shrill voices to the chorus; and now and then interrupted the song with peals of merry laughter. The strange-looking flotilla—the bronzed bodies of the Indians, more than half nude—their waving black hair—their blue-bead belts and red cotton armbands—the bright *umgas*, aprons, of the women—their massive necklaces—the macaw feathers adorning the heads of the hunters—their odd arms and equipments—all combined to form a picture which, even to me accustomed to such sights, was full of interest.

At length we arrived among the islands, and then the noises ceased. The canoes were paddled as slowly and silently as possible. I now began to understand the plan of the hunt: it was first to discover an island upon which a *tapir* was supposed to be, and then encompass it with the hunters in their canoes, while a party landed with the dogs, to arouse the game and drive it toward the water. This plan promised fair sport. The canoes now separated; and in a short while each of them was seen coursing quietly along the edge of some islet, one of its occupants leaning inward, and scrutinising the narrow belt of sand that bordered the water. In some places no such sand-belt appeared. The trees hung over, their branches even dipping into the current, and forming a roofed and dark passage underneath. In such places a *tapir* could have hidden himself from the sharpest-eyed hunters, and herein lies the chief difficulty of this kind of hunt.

It was not long before a low whistle was heard from one of the *ubas*, a sign for the others to come up. The traces of a *tapir* had been discovered. The chief, with a stroke or two of his palm-wood paddle, brought our canoe to the spot. There, sure enough, was the sign—the tracks of a *tapir* in the sand—leading to a hole in the thick underwood, where a beaten-path appeared to continue onward into the interior of the island, perhaps to the *tapir*-den. The tracks were fresh—had been made that morning in the wet sand—no doubt the creature was in its lair.

The island was a small one, with some five or six acres of surface. The canoes shot off in different

directions, and in a few minutes were deployed all around it. At a given signal, several hunters leaped ashore, followed by their bright-coloured assistants—the dogs—and then the clippings of branches, the shouts of the men, and the yelping of their canine companions, were all heard mingling together.

The island was densely wooded. The *uassu* and *pirti* palms grew so thickly, that their crowned heads touched each other, forming a close roof. Above them rose the taller summits of the great forest-trees, *cedrelas*, *zamuangs*, and the beautiful long-leaved silk cotton (*bombax*); but beneath, a perfect net-work of sipoes or creepers and lianes clogged up the path, and the hunters had to clear every step of the way with their *machetes*. Even the dogs, with all their eagerness, could make only a slow and tortuous advance among the thorny vines of the *smilax*, and the sharp spines that covered the trunks of the palms.

In the circle of canoes that surrounded the island, there was perfect silence; each had a spot to guard, and each hunter sat, with arms ready, and eyes keenly fixed on the foliage of the underwood opposite his station.

The *nba* of the chief had remained to watch the path where the tracks of the *tapir* had been observed. We both sat with guns cocked and ready; the dogs and hunters were distinctly heard in the bushes approaching the centre of the islet. The former gave tongue at intervals, but their yelping grew louder, and was uttered with a farcer accent. Several of them barked at once, and a rushing was heard towards the water. It came in our direction, but not right for us; still the game was likely to issue at a point within range of our guns. A stroke of the paddle brought us into a better position. At the same time several other canoes were seen shooting forward to the spot. The underwood crackled and shook; reddish forms appeared among the leaves: and the next moment a dozen animals, resembling a flock of hogs, tumbled out from the thicket, and flung themselves with a splash into the water.

'No—*tapir* no—*capivara*,' cried the chief; but his voice was drowned by the reports of guns and the twanging of bow-strings. Half a dozen of the *capivaras* were seen to fall on the sandy margin, while the rest plunged forward, and diving beyond the reach of pursuit, were seen no more.

This was a splendid beginning of the day's sport; for half a dozen at a single volley was no mean game, even among Indians. But the nobler beast, the *tapir*, occupied all our thoughts; and leaving the *capivaras* to be gathered in by the women, the hunters were back at their posts in a few seconds. There was no doubt that a *tapir* would be roused. The island had all the appearance of being the haunt of one or more of these creatures, besides the tracks were evidence of their recent presence upon the spot. The beating, therefore, proceeded as lively as ever, and the hunters and dogs had penetrated to the centre of the thicket.

Again the quick angry yelping of the latter fell upon the ear; and again the thick cover rustled and shook.

'This time the *tapir*,' said the chief to me in an under-tone; adding, the next moment in a louder voice: 'Look yonder!' I looked in the direction pointed out. I could perceive something in motion among the leaves—a dark-brown body, smooth and rounded, the body of a *tapir*! I caught only a glimpse of it, as it sprang forward into the opening. It was coming at full gallop, with its head carried between its knees. The dogs were close after, and it looked not before it, but dashed out and ran towards us as though blind. It made for the water, just a few feet from the bow of our canoe. The chief and I fired at the same time. I thought my bullet took effect, and so thought the chief did his; but the *tapir*, seeming not to heed the shots, plunged into the

stream, and went under. The next moment the whole string of dyed dogs came sweeping out of the thicket, and leaped forward to where the game had disappeared. There was blood upon the water. The tapir is hit, then, thought I; and was about to point out the blood to the chief, when on turning I saw the latter poisoning himself, knife in hand, near the stern of the canoe. He was about to spring out of it. His eye was fixed on some object under the water. I looked in the same direction. The waters of the Xingu are as clear as crystal; against the sandy bottom, I could trace the dark-brown body of the tapir. It was making for the deeper channel of the river, but evidently dragging itself along with difficulty. One of its legs was disabled by our shots. I had scarcely time to get a good view of it before the chief sprang into the air, and dropped head foremost into the water. I could see a struggle going on at the bottom—turbid water came up to the surface—and then up came the dark head of the savage chief.

'Ugh!' cried he, as he shook the water from his thick tresses, and beckoned me to assist him—'Ugh! Señor Martinhoz, you eat roast tapir for dinner. Si—bueno—here tapir.' I pulled him into the boat, and afterwards assisted to haul up the huge body of the slain tapir. As was now seen, both our shots had taken effect; but it was the rifle-bullet that had broken the creature's leg, and the generous savage acknowledged that he would have had but little chance of overtaking the game under water had it not been previously crippled.

The hunt of the day proved a very successful one. Two more tapirs were killed; several capivaras; and a paca, which is an animal much prized by the Indians for its flesh as well as the teeth, used by them in making their blow-guns. We also obtained a pair of the small peccaries, several macaws, and not less than a whole troop of monkeys. We returned to the maloca with a game-bag as various as it was full, and a grand dance of the Juina women wound up the amusements of the day.

THE LOWER END OF THE TABLE.

Who says that London is a very dear place to live in? Come with us 'over the water,' as the Surrey-side of the river is called, and we will prove to you that it is one of the cheapest in the world. Let us cross by Westminster Bridge, and enter one of the numerous working-class districts, in the centre of which will generally be found a large and well-supplied market. Among these—of which there are some thirty or forty in various parts of the metropolis—that called 'the New Cut' is probably the largest and best appointed; at all events, it is a good specimen. A single step from the leading thoroughfare of the Westminster Road brings the visitor into a crowded, bustling street, brilliantly lighted up in the usual way, as well as with innumerable candles, and reeking oil-lamps in the stalls along the footway. The uproar is tremendous, and locomotion almost impracticable. You are up to your chin at every step in fustian-jackets and large market-baskets, and knee-deep in children; and the owners of these articles, who are here upon their own ground, and intent upon serious business, have very slight consideration for your ribs or your corns. It is nine o'clock; and although there is a thick fog and a drizzling rain, and the pavement is slippery with that compound known as London grease, the streets and pavements swarm with people, and amidst the shouting and clamour of hundreds, the braying of brass-bands, and the lugubrious howlings of the ballad-singers and beggars, the market is in full swing, and every one you meet is either buying or selling. Lower Marsh and the New Cut are a continuous line of streets about half a mile in length; although it is the shortest and most direct route between the east

and west end of London, it is shunned by cabmen, and all persons in a hurry; and 'a Hansom' caught in its vortex, with his horse on its haunches labouring through the crowd, is not unlike a Life-guardsmen at the battle of Balaklava. It is all shop, from the pavement to the first-floor windows, and every imaginable want can be supplied for the same small modicum of current coin. You can almost furnish a house and a dinner-table with articles at a penny each. Let us glance along the numerous stalls, at which the owners are bawling and shouting with all their might, to attract the attention of customers. Here is the furniture of a whole kitchen in miniature tin, glittering in the gaslight like silver, 'only one penny'; a pocket-comb, or a pair of ladies' side-combs, equally cheap; a cap, wanting only the border and the ribbons, for a penny; capital mouse-traps, and serviceable toasting-forks, 'doing your bacon or your bloater as brown as a berry,' a penny each; a cap and saucer, a knife and fork, a gridiron, a real gold ring, sold, of course, 'for a heavy wager'; and beside these, the natural sequitur of pairs of babies' stockings, silk stay and boot laces, several yards long and upwards, and a dozen yards of songs, new and fashionable—music being generally sold 'by measure,' pots of blacking and little three-legged stools, a stout iron poker, always recommended to gentlemen about to marry, with explosions of laughter at the *equivoque*, and an exchange of good coppers for rusty iron rods. Jugs, mugs, basins, and pudding-bowls, plates, and tea and table spoons, equally moderate; tin sauce-pans, children's pocket-handkerchiefs; thread, needles, and tape, a penny a lot; twelve sheets of note-paper, envelopes, wafers, or a dozen steel-pens and handle, for four farthings!

But we are out of breath before we have got half through the list of penny-bargains; and these are, after all, but the accessories of the market. The staple materials are the eatables and drinkables, and these are in equally great variety, and equally cheap. Grocers, butchers, bakers, butter and bacon, and, we must add, beer shops and public-houses, abound; and in all these establishments the contest for customers is alarming. No one depends upon the intrinsic merits of his commodities; modest merit stands no chance in a cheap metropolitan market. Some have outlying pickets, who thrust printed papers into the hands of all passengers. The butchers' and bacon-shop boys outside, flourishing huge knives, keep up an incessant shrill shout, like the rattle of musketry, of 'Buy, buy, buy!' One grocer covers his window with a large placard, in which he assures the public that his tea is so strong that it 'takes nine men to hold the tea-pot'; while another has procured a chest of the 'real Victoria mixture of fourteen curiously fine teas, just sent by the Emperor of China as a present to our Queen'; and a third has a real Chinese, pigtail, copper jaws, turned-up toes, and all, serving behind the counter. As no amount of capital or energy can long withstand the competition, changes are frequent, and a new shop invariably opens with a band of music planted in the first-floor, the windows being taken out, and the brass instruments braying fearful discord on the heads of the admiring crowd below. A new baker's shop has no chance that does not give a penny back out of the current-price with each quarter-loaf purchased in the opening-night; and the most splendid and showy concern would soon be cut that did not say 'Ma'am' to its poorest customer.

A couple of shabby, slatternly, draggle-tailed working-men's wives pause for a moment before a butcher's shop, and cast a furtive glance at the joints: they are as irretrievably hooked as the mutton hanging inside. 'Now then, ladies, come up; here you are—all prime meat—and as a cherry, and sweet as a nut.' Every objection is overruled as fast as it is raised; the piece selected is thrown to the weigher

inside, with the words 'two-and-eight,' 'three,' 'three-and-four,' 'three-and-eight,' or whatever the price per pound agreed upon, the seller indicating the price per stone of eight pounds. The moment this is effected, he utters a terrific shout of 'Sold again! Now then, come on before the bargains are all gone,' and rushes upon a fresh customer with renewed energy. Next door they are equally busy behind bags of potatoes, barricades of cabbages, and pyramids of turnips. There is no need to tell the thrifty housekeepers where the real bargains are—the new concern proclaims itself loudly all over the locality. Beef and mutton averages 7d. to 8½d. in the London markets, but very fine pieces can be had in the cheap districts for 6d. to 6½d. per pound; the women are skilful in selecting good quality, and with the smallest proportion of bone—the husband never interfering beyond taking charge of the baby, or the gradually loaded basket. The labouring and artisan classes, so long as they are in work, live well in London: the wages range from 20s. to 50s. for skilled workmen per week; and although rent and all other matters are high, the children and wives are turned to account to increase the weekly earnings, which, where industry and sobriety prevail, keep the family comfortably. On Sundays there is invariably a joint, with a pudding and an ample supply of potatoes, all cooked at the baker's, and supplemented with pots of porter and pipes. Where the head of the family drinks—it not unfrequently happens that ten to fifteen shillings are spent in this way on the Saturday night—supplies fall off towards the end of the week, and the pawnbroker is the only resource till the weekly wages come round again. The men at the large factories, where the work is severe and the wages high, are the hardest drinkers; but there has been a manifest improvement in the habits of this class during the last few years. By means of stews, hashies, an occasional supply of fish when it is cheap, and the purchase of 'scraps,' or the cuttings of joints, which are sold at a low price, the woman of the house contrives to have a hot comfortable dinner for her husband every day in the week; and where the younger branches are out all day, there is an equally appetitising supper ready at night.

But we must return to the market, where there is still much to be seen, and much to be done, before the head of the family can get home. The plum-pudding shop, where sixpences are received and registered every Saturday night for many weeks before Christmas, conditioned to supply sufficient plums—the Cockney term for raisins—and currants, spices, tea and sugar, and other ingredients of the Christmas-feast, must be visited; and the workman must go to the 'goose-club,' too often held at a public-house, where hundreds weekly pay in their sixpences to secure a goose and a bottle of gin for the same festive occasion, and where they are weekly tempted to spend many other sixpences. Turkeys being rather too costly, and something 'spicy' being indispensable at Christmas, the goose is by common consent the selected victim; and the supply keeping pace with the demand, scores of tonweights of these animals are forwarded from the eastern counties by every railway-train for some days before Christmas. The landlord is a large contractor—buys them by the hundred—and between the pay-nights, the bottles of gin, and the balloting-night, when the birds are distributed by lot, makes a handsome sum; while the workman, if he had only a little moral restraint, could invest his money much more advantageously in the savings-bank. At the cook-shops there are swarms of hungry and barefooted boys—it is only in these districts they are to be met with in London—eying wistfully the smoking viands, and philosophically pondering whether their penny will be laid out in a plate of leg-of-beef soup, a savely, a black-pudding, a large paper of smoking peas-pudding, a slice of plumcake, a sheep's trotter, or an 'am

sandwich.' The dishes of nicely cooked carrots, smoking rounds of beef, or crisp and well-browned roast pork are too high a flight for this class of customers; but then there is the extensive department of fish, the ever-favourite delicacy with the London lower classes. Codfish, haddock, and plaice, in substantial junks, fried in oil, 'soles all alive,' eels stewed or wriggling in sand, fresh herrings, blotters bursting full of roe, winkles, whelks, and oysters—the sale of the last luxury, one of the most expensive of all, increasing with the poverty of the district. Of fruit, the variety is great, the quality but one; there is scarcely a specimen in the aristocratic region, of Middle Row, Covent Garden, that has not its prototype in 'the Cut.' Since the opening of the continental trade, fruit is no longer a luxury, and fruit-pies are the ordinary adjunct and eker-out of the workman's dinner. During the season, the consumption is immense—the rhubarb is in wagon-loads; the gooseberries, currants, plums, and damsons, in broad, flat hand-trucks; the strawberries and cherries in great baskets; even pines and melons, a penny a slice, find patrons in the purlieus of Whitechapel, and customers in the New Cut. The flower-venders cannot tie up penny bouquets fast enough to meet the demand. They are not a luxury, or a want—they are a passion among the London working-classes; and in the poorest, most pestiferous, most pent-up localities, to be found this little last link that unites the pale and poverty-stricken denizen with the green fields and pure air of the country.

Our sketch would be incomplete if we did not introduce those habits of the industrial districts—the ballad-singer, and the genuine London beggar. The former has only to introduce some allusion to Queen Victoria or the Royal Hallbert, to drive a roaring trade in more senses than one; but of late the 'Rooshans' have superseded royalty, and the bloody battle of the Alma is more in requisition than the court-gossip and cabinet secrets concocted for the curious in these matters. The professional beggar has generally more peace in his pocket than many of his charitable patrons. If he comes in the guise of a reduced tradesman, with his white apron wrapped round his waist, and a wife and two or three children, he is irresistible; the widow at the edge of the pavement, in the full glare of the gaslight, with two or three little ones as lucifer-match box-holders, in white pinafores, and the indispensable baby in arms, is a trump-card; psalm-singers, who probably never saw the inside of a church, chapel, or conventicle; savage-looking sailors on stumps, who would probably prove pirates in a dark corner; and reduced gentfolk, who whisper their deep distresses—ask prey largely upon the benevolence of classes but one degree removed from pauperism; and many a horny-handed, hard-working mechanic, who has toiled and sweated during the six days of the week, will not sit down to so substantial a repast as the vagabonds whose seeming necessities he relieved the night before.

The great festival of the year—and a festival in London means a feast—with high and low is Christmas, and the preparations and considerations connected with it in every household commence months in advance. The glories of the great cattle-show, and the fatness thereof, coming home, as they do, to the business and bosoms of all Cockneydom, are familiar to every one; and our present path lies not amid the pleasant ways of Christmas-trees, Parisian bon-bons, perigord pies, and prize-pigs and poultry. The working-people, however, have their full share of the festive enjoyments of the season. Holly and ivy, and the immortal mistletoe, are everywhere; Christmas-candles shine out, and shed their grease-drops from every corner; the substantial piece of beef, the fatted goose, the sucking-pig, or some other dainty, is secured; but

above all, and before all, is the plum-pudding. Many hours of the previous evening are consumed in the concoction and combination of the rich ingredients, and long before daylight the family 'copper,' which every London kitchen or wash-house possesses, has its genial fire lighted, and the great globular, floundering mass toils and hobbles, and frets and fumes for hours, to come smoking upon the table at one o'clock. It is only in London that plum-pudding obtains the honours of the king of the feast—the other details are comparatively unimportant. As popular as 'Punch and Judy,' he is equally relished by old and young; and poverty-stricken, indeed, must be the garret or cellar in the vast expanse of London that has not one of smaller or larger dimensions on the board at Christmas. The supplies by railway which reach London at this season are upon almost too magnificent a scale to introduce in our humble 'annals of the poor;' but there is one department not without its interest. Apart from the bustling and busy porters, and the heavily-laden vans and wagons departing for various parts of the metropolis, is the office for parcels and packages 'to be called for.' Round this, for many days before Christmas, may be constantly seen a crowd of eager and anxious applicants, seeking for the long-anticipated present from some friend or relative in the country. They are most of them evidently in need of some such kindly remembrance; and they live in such out-of-the-way localities, or they have so great a fear of intrusting the precious parcel to the ordinary modes of delivery, that they prefer hanging about the railway-station, eying wistfully the mountains of baskets and bundles which are hurried along in all directions, going away reluctantly, disappointed, and coming back in time to witness the unpacking of the next train. Feeble old men, past their work, and hovering on the verge of the workhouse; pale and seedy widows; needle-women, working unceasingly for a dry crust; and char-women, who have seen better days in the country, are here all with their letters of advice, without which the packets will not be given up. Let us hope that the trains have proved trustworthy, and the porters and clerks conscientious, and that the sad and sorrowful hearts have gone away rejoicing in the prospect of even one comfortable meal, and one of the very few holidays which the exigencies of London-life allow to the sons and daughters of toil.

The importance attached to the great festival of Christmas in the metropolis, may be estimated from the fact, that it is the one solitary occasion during the year when the stern rules of prison and workhouse discipline are relaxed, and the unhappy inmates permitted to indulge in the unwonted excesses of roast beef and plum-pudding, and the old people in the evening in tea. The feasts at the various workhouses are provided by the guardians of the poor out of the parochial funds; and those in the prisons, are made up mainly by contributions of money and provisions from the great city companies. On these occasions, a supply of beer and ale is also permitted; but beyond this unwonted good cheer, there is little hilarity or enjoyment. Under the immediate eye of the master, chaplain, and other officials, no exuberant demonstrations must take place, and the good things serve but to recall to the recipients of public bounty happier days, before poverty or crime had made them its victims.

In the lowest depths of poverty there is a lower still; and painful as may be the lot of the classes we have referred to, there are others whose position is still more miserable, and who cannot boast of the comparative comforts of either food or shelter. The homeless, houseless poor of London, the Paris of our modern civilisation, are a large and a much-to-be-commiserated class. Although representing the last stage of destitution, there are few actual beggars among them—they are recruited from all grades of

society, and from all parts of the world. Many of the adventurers from the country, who with a little money, great hopes, and doubtful promises, have tried their fortunes and failed, are here; the aged, who are no longer able to support themselves, and either shun the workhouse, or cannot obtain a settlement; the widow and orphans, whose only dependence has been suddenly taken from them; and the numerous class in infirm health, or out of employment, who are always on the verge of starvation, and are not unfrequently its victims, who sleep in doorways, under earts, in dry arches, or wherever the prying 'bull's-eye' of the policeman will not detect them, and who have not even the penny that will procure them the shelter of a roof. Of this class there are thousands in London; and for them neither public legislation nor private benevolence interposed, till some five or six years ago, Mr Charles Coghane started a project for providing these unhappy wretches with a meal and a bed. Energetically he devoted himself to the work, and by the aid of other benevolent individuals, he was enabled to establish the Leicester Square Soup-kitchen and House of Refuge, which under Providence has been the means of saving hundreds of lives, and restoring many persons to their lost position in society. The institution is upon a very modest scale in its machinery and appointments; and its head-quarters has been for some time removed to Flax Yard, a dilapidated-looking *cul-de-sac* of stabling and stores, off Great Windmill Street, Haymarket. It is one of the very few charitable associations of the metropolis that has its doors open day and night, and all the year round; and it is one of the sights which the stranger in town ought not to miss. Entering the yard, on the left-hand side is a large paved kitchen, in the front parts of which are rows of wooden benches, with narrow deal-tables in front, capable of accommodating thirty or forty persons. In the back-part are three large coppers, one capable of containing twenty-five, another ninety, and the largest a hundred and thirty gallons of soup. During the forenoon, two or three attendants, men and women, are sorting the ingredients—stock-meat, broken-bread, vegetables, fish, barley, rice, &c., which are liberally contributed by all the large club-houses, and some of the hotels at the west end, the necessary additions being purchased out of the donations of the subscribers. The soup is ready every day at three o'clock, and the applicants are relieved by means of tickets, which are given to the subscribers, and which are of two kinds: one authorising the bearer to receive a meal of bread and soup, to be eaten on the spot; the other giving relief to 'the bearer and family,' which includes a pound of bread and two quarts of soup, to be taken to the applicant's home. The soup is warm, nourishing, and substantial; and as three o'clock approaches, the poor creatures begin to crowd into the yard and kitchen, each batch being succeeded by another, till the tickets are all exhausted, or the soup is all gone. When all the applicants with tickets are fed, there are frequently fifty, eighty, or a hundred, who have no tickets—in winter, the number is still larger—and who watch eagerly whether the supply has exceeded the demand; and they are supplied in like manner, till the coppers are exhausted, and the residuum of starving and hopeless objects sent away. The whole extent of the night-shelter the institution has hitherto been able to afford is thirty beds; the inmates get a basin of soup and some bread at night, and some coffee, cocoa, or tea, and bread in the morning before going away. The circumstances of the applicants are inquired into; a registry of names and occupations is kept; a ticket to the public baths is frequently given; and where the characters of the parties, which are narrowly inquired into, justify it, situations are found for them through the numerous ramifications of the society.

What the Ragged Schools have done for the moral and intellectual training of the very dregs and refuse of society, the Soup-kitchen does for the supply of their physical wants. By means of district-visitors, Scripture-readers, and clergymen of all denominations, the foul and fetid lanes and alleys and courts of the metropolis are explored, the really deserving but retiring poor are sought out, and that relief administered without which they must have perished. Alms-giving in the streets, it is well known, only increases the number of beggars; and the amount thus given away annually in London has been estimated at a sum which, if named, would appear fabulous. On the contrary, the offer of a ticket, which secures the applicant a meal, will, if he is really destitute, be received with thankfulness, while it defeats the impostor. The extent of the abject poverty which this institution seeks to relieve may be judged of from the fact, that in the month of December 1853, upwards of 9000 poor men and women were relieved in the kitchen, and nearly 6000 at their homes, while more than 3000 left the kitchen-door without food during the same month. Even here the genial influence of the great festival of Christmas makes itself felt. Last year, Lord Riversham sent an ox; Lord Darnley, a sheep; and very large contributions of meat, vegetables, bread, fruit, flour, tea, and coffee, and barrels of porter, were contributed by other kind-hearted individuals; and the gratifying result was, that 800 very poor families received each four pounds of uncooked beef, two pounds of plum-pudding, boiled in the kitchen, two pounds of bread, two ounces of tea, and two ounces of coffee, on Christmas-eve. On the following day, the yard was covered over with canvas, tables and benches set out, and thousands poured in, and were regaled with bread, beef, and plum-pudding. They were of every class and of every country—many who had evidently seen better days, in their faded and threadbare remnants of gentility, shrinking from observation; stout porters and agricultural labourers, struggling for the first vacant seat, and widows, in tattered weeds, with barefooted little ones, shedding tears of shame and gratitude, creeping stealthily into corners.

Such are the seats furthest away from the Salt at the lower end of the social table of London.

M A R E T I M O.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAND OF SICILY PROVES FRUITFUL IN DANGERS.

It would be difficult to describe the despair which filled Walter Masterton's mind, when he had leisure to reflect on the import of the terrible scene that had passed before his eyes. He had made light of the assistance of Luigi Spada and the crew of the *Filippa*, so long as it seemed that he might command it at pleasure. Now, for awhile, he thought all hope was gone. How, indeed, could he pretend, in the short time that yet remained to him, to make new preparations and lay new plans with any chance of success? He was not even sure of the co-operation or good-will of Pipo and his sons. They might consider themselves discharged, by the disaster that had occurred, from all obligation to co-operate with Walter. Paolo di Fulco prisoner on a sea-bound rock, was nothing to them. Angela, the widowed wife, affronting danger and disgrace, outcast from her family, her fate in the hands of strangers, whom she trusted with the simplicity of a child, had little claim on their sympathies. Probably they knew not her story. Walter turned towards his honest companion to derive encouragement from his countenance; but the hour of despair had darkened it, and his attitude was disconsolate.

Pipo and his sons—their prayer terminated—went apart, and in a close group talked eagerly in low voices. Afterwards one of them entered the tower; and presently, from an aperture near the summit, turned towards the land, a bright light shone for a moment. Then it disappeared, and shone again, three successive times. Walter understood that this was a signal; and looking in the direction of the mountains, saw a broad bright flame burn for a minute on a distant slope.

'An armful of straw scattered wide!' said he aloud.

'Which means, gentlemen,' observed Pipo, whose sons had gone down, 'if you are curious to know—"We come, but there is danger." Something extraordinary is going forward in Sicily. Last night there were patrols of gendarmes along the roads. You saw how savagely that revenue-boat carried on the chase; and now, behold, here is another warning! We must all shift our quarters.'

'Which way are we to go?' inquired Walter, following Pipo down the steps. 'You know what work I have before me.'

'Yes, yes; but a score of souls perhaps have perished, and a score more are in danger. We must think of ourselves first, and of you afterwards.'

'True, true; but you go your way, and let us go ours.'

'Sir,' said Pipo solemnly, in English, 'I wish you well as an Englishman, and as recommended by Luigi Spada and Giacomo—sweet Mary, save their souls!—but,' he added, swearing with an energy half-British, half-Sicilian, 'you shall not quit my company alive until my duty is accomplished.'

So saying he descended rapidly; and Walter, who had sometimes to feel his way down the steps, which were occasionally overhung by rocks, was left alone to conjecture for what purpose Spada had committed him to such hands.

There were lights on the beach below, in front of the houses; and some figures could be seen busily engaged moving in and out.

'We are caught,' said Walter to Mr Buck, who followed at his heels, trying to whistle unconcernedly.

'I told you so,' was the reply. 'I never liked Spada, poor fellow; but I like this Pipo less. Cannot we break away from them, and take to our heels?'

'But Angela?'

The objection was powerful; so they continued descending in silence, until they reached the house, where they found all the family engaged in rolling out the bales of merchandise, and placing them two and two along the sand. The women held lights; and Angela stood, wondering at all this bustle, by the side of Katerina, with whom she had extemporised a friendship. Walter thought it best not to tell her of the catastrophe that had happened.

Presently a jingling sound of many bells was heard coming rapidly along on the other side of the haven, and a loud hail from one of Pipo's sons was answered across the waters.

'Bring out the beast,' said Pipo to Katerina, who went to a stable behind the house, and soon appeared with a large white mule. Then turning to Angela, the old man added, softening his voice: 'This is for the signora, who must exchange her *sayia* (mantilla) for a good capote; we must seem to have no women amongst us. Thirty thousand demons!' he exclaimed as some twenty mules, hurriedly driven by a number of men with excited faces, shaking and brandishing their long

white sticks, came dashing up; 'we must stop this noise, or all the country, even to the nests on the top of Etna, will know we are in motion. Muffle the bells, Chino; and tell us what's in the wind. It seems as if Dog Diavolo himself were abroad.'

'He may be,' quoth a sturdy square-set fellow, with a face shining like a copper-pan well burnished, bare head, a white shirt, brown breeches, gray stockings, and buckled shoes—he may be, Pipo, but in the dress of a gendarme. I told you of the patrols last night; to-day it has been worse. Orders have come from Messina to watch all the coast, as if an enemy were going to invade us. Luckily, Signor Soldato is stupid and slow. We shall have, perhaps, time to run this cargo in; and then we must lie quiet for a time, and smoke, and sing, and dance, and make love, but do no business at all.'

Walter understood sufficient of this report, which was given in the most marked Sicilian dialect, to feel persuaded that the news of Angela's escape had been sent by rapid means to Messina, and that her intention to land in Sicily was known. Even if he had hoped until then, therefore, it seemed now forbidden to do so. Difficulties, and obstacles, and disasters, were accumulating on all sides. He paused to consider whether Providence itself had not declared against him; but just as his courage was about to give way, there came to his heart as it were a low whisper, which said: 'Light being on thy side, no matter what is against thee. Struggle on, and the reward shall be, if not success, a satisfied conscience.' Then he glanced at Angela, who, ignorant of nearly all the new dangers that surrounded her, was already in the saddle, wrapped in a fast capote, beneath the hood of which her pale countenance looked, said the youngest of Pipo's sons, in a low respectful voice, like that of the Madonna in the chapel of San Giovanni. Poor fellow! he saw the beauty before him, but the beauty of the damb of which he was thinking was created by his own pious imagination.

The file of mules, with heavy cloths thrown over their bells, began to move along the shore; Katerina and her sister, half laughing, half crying, bade adieu to their husbands, and kissed the hands of Angela, who had inspired them likewise with a respectful attachment; Walter and Mr Buck followed as cheerfully as they could; and they had soon encircled the bay, and reached the entrance of a narrow valley leading due south inland. The moon had not yet risen; but the stars, large and lustrous, and thickly sown, lighted the path along which the mules, sulky at being deprived of their accustomed music, trod slowly, scarcely pricking up their ears when their masters cheered them on. The sides of the valley became soon clothed with trees, which, indeed, here and there met overhead, forming a dark tunnel. On reaching a broad, dismal table-land, Walter saw to his dismay that they turned eastward, away from Palermo, away from Maretimo; but he knew that remonstrance would be useless, and determined to wait until the morrow, before he even thought of a plan of escape.

Their course lay amidst patches of stony ground and brushwood towards a vast range of hills, rising in a succession of steps or parallel ranges of increasing height, at the foot of the first of which they soon arrived. The ascent, by a zigzag path, was difficult and slowly performed. They reached the summit of the first step without incident; but here a halt took place uncommanded, having apparently no definite object, men and animals collecting into a confused crowd, with eager murmurs, and then scattering over the hill in all directions. Walter, who was a little in the rear, hastened forward, and saw a brilliant but alarming spectacle.

A shallow valley, along which ran a stream, visible here and there where small patches of the water made

themselves mirrors for half-a-dozen stars, separated the range which the party had just surmounted from another much loftier, though with an easier slope. The path leading over it could be distinctly traced; for it was occupied by a long procession of lights, the first of which had nearly reached the bank of the stream below. From the trampling and murmur borne across the valley by the night-breeze, it was evident that many hundred persons, some on foot, others on horseback, were coming that way; and the flashing of helmets, swords, and bayonets, in the light of the links, shewed that the chief portion of the party consisted of soldiery. One or two litters, however, could be distinguished; so that Walter guessed that some great personage was travelling under good escort from Messina to Palermo. He looked hastily around to discover what had become of Angela, and saw the white mule about a hundred yards off, moving rapidly away. Dashing in that direction without waiting to make out the pathway, slipping, scrambling, encouraging Buck, who followed with desperate courage, Walter soon came up with Jacopo, who was driving away the mule and its burden. Poor Angela gazed wildly about, not knowing what all this hurry-scurry meant. 'Stop, son of Pipo!' said Walter, laying his hand on the huge fellow's shoulder. 'In a general rout, every one has a right to choose his own path. The lady will come with me.'

Jacopo felt that he was under the hand of a man at least his match for strength, and ascertained by a rapid glance that a reserve was coming up close behind. He therefore adopted the persuasive tone.

'You had better go along with us,' said he, 'unless you are inclined to fall into the hands of the Marchese Belmonte.'

'My father,' murmured Angela, gazing eagerly down the valley, where the litter-bearers had just halted on the bank of the stream, whilst a number of horsemen, who had probably seen figures moving suspiciously on the crest of the hill, dashed through the shallow water, and came clambering rapidly up.

A violent struggle took place in Angela's mind. Was it right in her to be wandering in this lawless way by night through unknown regions—seeking for happiness in defiance of the laws—when perhaps her father was there, near at hand, repentant of his hardness, instructed by her patient resistance, moved by her mysterious flight, disturbed probably by the emotions of fear and love, ready at the cry which she could scarcely repress to receive her into pardon, and consent to her happiness? But then she remembered a terrible scene, during which her cries of anguish had found no answer but reproach; she remembered the unhappy prisoner, her husband, waiting with faith for the appointed hour of deliverance which was to bring her into his arms; and when Walter, who had found it necessary to threaten ere he could drive Jacopo to retreat, came to her, she murmured:

'Save me—oh, save me! Better I should be in the hands of these rough men, than once more a prisoner in my father's house.'

Walter lifted her out of the saddle, and bade Jacopo, who had never quitted the head of the mule, drive it away. The escort had reached the summit of the hill, and several men, seeing that it would be dangerous to urge the horses along the rocky ridge in the direction of the figures they could distinguish—moving or stationary—had dismounted. Most of the smugglers were already out of sight; but Walter and his party were so near, that there was danger of capture if a moment were to be lost. The mule galloping down the slope in the well-known direction of its stable, attracted the attention of the soldiers, who fired one or two random shots after it. Meanwhile Walter, half leading, half carrying Angela, hastened to escape from a too conspicuous position, and to descend into the

valley, making towards a clump of trees that could be dimly distinguished on the banks of the stream. None of the party spoke a word; but all being equally ignorant of the place, trusted to his courage and judgment implicitly. The soldiers, encumbered by their sabres, and probably fearful of falling into an ambuscade, saw them, but followed slowly, shouting to them to stop. The remainder of the escort, grouped round the litters on the opposite side of the water, were distinctly visible by the light of numerous links that had gradually collected into one focus—but could evidently distinguish nothing, and murmured confusedly. The cover which Walter had selected was not more than a hundred yards from the nearest light; but trees and bushes lined the stream along all its upper course. They had almost reached the place of safety, when a loud, stern, authoritative voice, before which all others became silent, except one that seemed to speak in the feminine accents of entreaty and reproof, but which passed unheeded—a loud voice, we say, cried:

'Take them, dead or alive! Fire!'

'Oh, father!' exclaimed Angela, turning fiercely, as if now careless of all danger, in the direction from which this ruthless order came. Her cry of reproof was so loud that it might have reached the ears to which it was addressed; but the soldiers, not at all liking the rough ground over which the chase was leading them, took advantage of the order, halted, and fired their carbines each from where he stood. The light was so dim, however, that nearly all their shot pattered on the stony ground without taking effect; but Walter knew by the peculiar start of Angela, whom he was dragging rather than leading under the trees, that she had been touched.

'You are wounded, good Heavens!' exclaimed he.

'Just enough to forbid my forgetting this night!' said she bitterly, holding up her arm.

The poor thing, exasperated, not by pain or danger, but at the thought that her father, even though ignorant of her presence, should have her shot at like a wild beast, was beginning to feel a vague sentiment of hatred that chilled and contracted her heart.

Still the soldiers fired, as if in sport, and the bullets every now and then dashed the leaves from the branches over the heads of the fugitives.

Walter, however, had his plan. Instead of attempting to fly up the stream, he led his little party through the wood, and made them all crouch down under cover of the bark, with their feet almost in the water.

'I have not played "hide-and-seek" in Berkshire for nothing,' whispered he to Mr Buck, who was, however, so absorbed in internally anathematising the assassins who had put him in such jeopardy, that he treated this observation with silent contempt.

Angela bared her arm, which had been slightly grazed above the wrist, and washed the wound, and said gloomily:

'If he is thirsty, he will drink.'

Walter, whose good-humour had quite returned, now that he felt confident of safety, rebuked her pleasantly.

'Unless the scratch is very deep,' whispered he, 'which you say it is not, I cannot allow you to be angry with the good old gentleman. He is a wonderfully vigorous brigand-hunter, that is all.'

'The painful wound is in my heart,' replied, in a choked voice, Angela, whose tears had by this time begun to flow.

From their hiding-place they heard a great deal of noise and shouting; and a group of men, calling to each other to keep close together, passed along the skirts of the wood. But the marchese probably soon got tired of this chase without results. The soldiers were ordered off; the line of march was reformed; the lights could be seen through the trees ascending the hill, and disappearing one by one over the summit; and presently that valley, which for nearly an hour

had been so full of bustle, and noise, and life, was abandoned by all, save the four fugitives, who still crouched silently by the water-side.

Which they thought there was no longer any danger of stragglers remaining behind the escort, they began to talk of their position, which was by no means promising.

'Now, Mr Masterston,' said Buck, who was quite at sea, 'what are we to do? Where are we to go? Why have we left Pipo in the lurch? What are your projects? How many more times are we to be shot at?'

Without taking notice of the slightly mutinous tone in which these questions were put, Walter replied:

'Our object is still to contrive the freedom of Paolo di Falco. If we are less rich in means than we thought ourselves yesterday, we have the advantage of being complete masters of our movements. I propose that we should draw a little nearer to Palermo—keeping, however, away from the coast. Master Jusefo, who is intelligent, though no hero, can be sent into some large village to purchase garments less foreign-looking than these, whilst we bivouac in some wood. Then we can present ourselves as travellers at another place, risking the chances of discovery. I trust to your co-operation, my dear sir. You must remain with Madame di Falco, whilst I go alone to find means of reaching Maretimo at the appointed time.'

So many objections were at once raised, that Walter had to promise that when he had chartered a bark, he would contrive, if possible, to take his companions on board.

'We may have to coerce a crew again,' said Mr Buck.

'Why have I undertaken this journey,' said Angela, 'but that when he stretches out his freed hand, mine may be the first to clasp it?'

They determined to move at once in the direction of Palermo, which they judged to be distant about twenty miles; and being afraid of losing themselves, or meeting some of the scattered smugglers, if they attempted to bear at once inland, proceeded towards the road, or rather well-marked track, by which the marchese had marched. On issuing from amidst the trees, they found that the moon had risen; and by the time they reached the table-land they had already traversed, it gave sufficient light to enable them to continue their journey without fear of losing their way. Angela, whose little feet had scarcely ever been allowed to walk, except in a garden or a public promenade, sustained by her affection, bore the fatigue not only well but cheerfully. She had evidently by this time begun to look upon Walter as a being of a superior order, and thought that, because he seemed confident of success even now, there could be no reason for doubt on her part.

Although the little party advanced very slowly, several times, on reaching the summit of hills that crossed their path, they saw the lights of the well-guarded travellers who preceded them, stretching in a serpentine line along a plain, or up a slope, or flashing like Will-o'-the-wisps through some wood. Now and then even a gust of wind brought to their ears the tramp of horses' hoofs, or the voices of soldiers, perhaps talking loud to keep their courage up; for every little might conceal an ambuscade, and robbers had been known to harass, if not to attack, even stronger parties than theirs. There were, no doubt, many mules carrying baggage in company; and when this fact was suggested, Mr Buck, who was becoming quite lawless in the midst of these strange adventures, proposed that in case any animals dropped behind, they should be at once confiscated. It is possible that some improper action of the kind would have been performed had an opportunity occurred; but they marched nearly all night without meeting anything alive on the road.

The inhabitants of the few hamlets they passed—not brought up with proper amount of respect for the military authorities of the country—seemed to have deserted in part their houses on the approach of the escort; for several doors were open, but not a sound was heard, not a human shape moved. It is a prejudice in those parts, that men who are paid to assert the laws are more dangerous than those who make it a business to infract them. The travellers at first had some idea of occupying one of the deserted habitations, but judged it more prudent to push on, and halt beneath a group of chestnut-trees, which they made out by the first light of the dawn on a conspicuous eminence to the left of the road.

They were so fatigued, that at first they did not even take the bearings of their hiding-place, but lay down almost indifferent to what might happen, and slept. In an hour, however, Walter, ever active, opened his eyes, and saw that the sun was shining horizontally through the grove, gilding one-half of the huge trunks, and filling the void of foliage overhead with streaks and spots of green light. His three companions slumbered still. Rising, he gazed around, and to his surprise, and even dismay, perceived that, having advanced further during the night than he had calculated, they had reached what may be called the upper rim of the Golden Shell—the incomparable valley sloping down to the embayed sea, where Palermo, resting on the shore like a white nymph, admires her own beauties in the lucid wave.

The rising sun by degrees heightened the colours of the landscape; and its rays seemed to stop and gather in sparkles on all the steeples, towers, and pinnacles of the city, and on the white villas, white statues, white balustrades, that shone between the deep green mass of the orange, citron, and pomegranate groves. The sea trembled as it were with pleasure between the two mighty promontories on either hand. The hills, grand in outline, were covered almost to the summit with vegetation; here were wheat and bean fields; there, palms gracefully bending, added an Oriental feature to the scene; and there were, moreover, bamboos, and laurel-trees, and oleanders, and always, all growing in wild profusion at the foot of the slope from which Walter surveyed this beautiful scene. He had beheld it before when indisposed to admire. Now he stood entranced. He could see a few peasants in the distance moving along the pathways between the fields; but there was no other sign of human life. The only sounds heard were the songs of birds, some hid among the trees, no doubt in warm little nooks, to which the sun penetrated by leafy loopholes; others in the grass, which they now and then coiffed in circular flights; while others were far out of sight in the crystal sky, from which their notes descended as in a dew of harmony.

A few hundred yards from the spot where Walter stood was a pretty little villa, nestling in the midst of a kind of orchard of orange and myrtle trees, and approached in front by steps leading to a succession of little terraces, adorned with vases filled with bright flowers. He was separated from it by a ravine—if that name can be applied to a deep depression between two eminences without any sharp angles, but carpeted with sward, from which here and there sprang perfumed shrubs. At the bottom was a narrow green meadow, in the midst of which a bright sinuous line of deeper green showed the presence of a water-course. Walter's eye turned with pleasure from the grand features of the scene to this charming prospect; and as a number of bees came buzzing along, boasting, as it were, of the flowers they had rifled, and threatening new conquests, thoughts long suppressed arose unbidden, and the names of Theocritus, and Ilion, and Moschus, with the associations that become linked to them in youth; of the old schoolmaster with gray hair; the

inked, and notched, and inscribed desks; the anguish of learning; the delight of escape from what is remembered with so much pleasure—though the escape brings to mind delightful things too—the playground; and the boy-friends; the rival; the combats; the triumphs; the heroic reconciliations; the penknives exchanged; the predatory excursions planned; the farmers robbed and paid; the holidays; the smiles that garlanded the door of home; all these reminiscences, we say, came trooping, as it were, beneath Walter's eyelids, which closed for a moment, and then opened wet with tears.

Suddenly there appeared advancing up the road leading to the villa a number of men, some of whom bore a litter. It was easy to guess from their movements that they arrived from a long journey, and Walter, by a process of reasoning which he did not notice, inferred that they must have formed part of the crowd whose appearance during the night had so opportunely dispersed the smugglers. Then he remembered that he had seemed to hear, at the most critical point of their adventure, a feminine voice, which he now for the first time connected with a person who occupied much of his thoughts, though he never dared to speak of her. A powerful contest between prudence and what we call an impulse of curiosity, took place. Under other circumstances, the issue would not have been doubtful; but unfortunately Walter, usually so able to master himself, felt drawn as by a loadstone towards that litter, which had now halted at the base of the flight of steps by which the portico of the villa was approached. He shook his English companion, bidding him watch awhile; was unaccountably satisfied with an answer that presaged only a deeper sleep than before; and abandoning his post with a recklessness for which many a sentinel has suffered death, began rapidly descending the defile.

He was not, however, so mad as to go straight to the entrance, where the litter-bearers, after a slight turn had rapidly ascended the steps, had cast themselves down in the sun, as if exhausted by long travel. His object at first was simply to reconnoitre the ground; and for this purpose, having reached the meadow, and leaped the water-course, inattentive to the bright flowers it fed, he began climbing towards the back of the orchard. He found it protected by high walls, surmounted by iron-gratings; and went all round, without obtaining any information whatever. On coming again in sight of the sleeping litter-bearers, he hesitated, reflected on his rashness, and looked towards the grove of chestnut-trees. He thought he saw something move there, and persuading himself that Mr Buck was on the watch, he drew a little nearer to the garden-gate. To his surprise, on both the pillars which flanked it, he saw in raised in marble letters the words: VILLA CASTELNUOVE!

He at once remembered what Luigi Spada had often told him, that the three young Castelmoves were also engaged in the conspiracy to deliver Paolo di Falco; and that all the family might be trusted, from Antonio up to the excellent, though timid and lukewarm, count himself. What he had just almost admitted to be puerile rashness, he now believed to have been inspiration. Passing boldly amidst the sleeping servants, not one of whom raised his head, he pushed open the gate, and ascended rapidly. In another minute he stood before Bianca, and a young girl, not more than seventeen years old, who screamed slightly at his sudden appearance, partly, no doubt, because of the wildness and disorder of his costume.

Bianca was also evidently a little startled, and had become quite pale.

"Hush, Antonia," she said. "We have come down here to talk aloud without awakening your father, and you raise your voice as if a serpent had stung you! Fie! This is a friend of mine; although, certainly, he does come upon us with dramatic rapidity. Signor

Masterton, pray enter and rest, for you seem to have walked all night."

This calm reception and ironical tone were perhaps not exactly what Walter had thought of, when he scrambled like a boy across the ravine; but still he had been at once recognised, and admitted to intimacy, and it would have been foolish to obey the impulse that told him to turn haughtily away. He entered the vestibule in which the two young persons were, and sat down without a word. So great indeed was his emotion, that his lips trembled, and he felt that if he attempted to speak, he should make an unmanly appearance. Even through the bronze mask which exposure to the air had cast over his countenance, it could be seen that the blood was slow and unwillingly retiring.

"Sir!" exclaimed Bianca, her voice bursting more naturally from her lips than he had ever heard it before, and quivering with all the inflections of a woman's tenderness—"sir," she exclaimed rising, "I think you are indeed tired—exhausted—nay, wounded!"

She looked at the scar on his cheek, which had opened during the immense exertion he had made in escaping from the soldiery, and drawing near, and laying her hand on his arm, she added in a husky voice:

"Can it have been you—you that crossed our path last night?"

"Yes, madam!" exclaimed Walter, restored to himself by these expressions of sympathy, and quite sure that he might speak with safety. "But this wound was not received then. Another was struck."

"Great God!" cried Bianca, "not Angela?"

"She."

"Oh, horrible! I implored—moved by an irresistible impulse—I implored her father to restrain the soldiery; but he believed there were ambuscades of brigands on every side. Yet, where is she? I know by your look that the marquis will not have that terrible sin upon his soul."

Walter, though unable to account to himself for the deep interest which Bianca seemed to feel in Angela, determined to trust implicitly to her. He led her, therefore, to a window, and pointed to the clump of chestnut-trees.

"There!" exclaimed Bianca, her eyes glistening with delight. "I must go instantly and bring her in."

She would have hastened forth without more ado had not Walter restrained her.

"Remember," he said, almost unconsciously making Bianca his accomplice, "that we are fugitives. Our entrance into this house must be secret. It belongs, if I mistake not, to the friends of Luigi Spada."

A happy smile played round the mouth of Antonia when she heard that name; and she hastened to say that the surmise was correct. Then Walter remembered that in idle hours upon deck by moonlight—when men at sea talk of their loves even to strangers—poor Luigi had said something of one Antonia whom he had somewhere seen, and whom he hoped to marry, not like Paolo, secretly in a garden-chapel, but with the knowledge and applause of all Sicily. He did not think it right then, however, to talk of the sad fate of the *Filippa*, but assented as cheerfully as he could when the young girl proposed to call her eldest brother, who was walking in the garden.

Julio Castelnovo was, as we have said, not remarkable for spontaneous energy or invention, and willingly played the part of a subordinate; but he was hospitable and gentlemanly, and readily understood what it was necessary to do.

"We must go out by the side-gate," he said, "and walk leisurely towards the chestnut-trees. The party can come in one by one, or two by two, slowly, without exciting suspicion. The ladies will wait for us here. Come with me. We have been expecting you. We knew yesterday of your arrival at Torre del Capitano, and wondered why Luigi did not send you immediately

to this place. He is fond of complicated plans—a prodigiously clever fellow—the greatest politician in Italy—everything will depend on him until it comes to this."

Here Julio made the gesture of cut-and-thrust with the sabre; but as they were by this time under the trees of the orchard, Walter thought it right to tell him of the utter destruction of the *Filippa*, and the probable loss of the whole crew. The young man's face became livid, and his arms fell by his side. For a moment he seemed morally and physically prostrated. He and his friends had been so long accustomed to look up to Spada as the grand artificer of plots, that without him they were as helpless as children.

"Sicily is lost!" murmured Julio, and he did not utter another word during the passage of the little valley and the ascent of the hill. He had dropped, indeed, some way behind his eager companion, and followed moodily and mechanically. A terrible cry of horror and despair roused him. He sprang up the few remaining paces, and beheld Walter standing with upraised hands under the trees, his eyes intently fixed on a pool of blood in the centre of a bare piece of ground. Besides this fearful sign, there was nothing to tell that living creatures had passed that way.

"But this is impossible—it is impossible," said Walter in that terribly calm tone of voice, in which despair sometimes reasons, as it were, with itself ere it plunges into suicide or insanity. "I left them all three here—sleeping peacefully—and I detected my post but for a moment. And I return, and I find them not—nothing but these traces of murder."

Julio hastened to the other side of the grove, and looked over a broad expanse of heath, that extended to the skirts of a gloomy forest more than a mile distant. He could discern nothing in motion. By this time Walter had recovered from his stupefaction, and came to his side.

"We must pursue, and rescue them," exclaimed he, stepping forward as if to suit the action to the word. "Stay, friend," cried Julio; "the attempt would be mere madness at present. I see you have four pistols; but this outrage can only have been committed by a strong party of banditti. Reflect a moment. We have seen blood, but no corpses. There has been a struggle, and a wound has been given. But as yet there is no death. Let us be calm. Before moving, we must learn who has been at work here. We have means of knowing, and may recover the prisoners without a blow. It is, perhaps, a mere mistake."

Walter could not but admit that what Julio said was wise. Yet he felt his own culpability so strongly, that he could not bring himself to believe the fact that his friends were really removed beyond reach of rescue. He went, slowly it is true, over the heath, pausing every now and then where a big drop of blood was visible on the ground or on a leaf. Where the earth was soft, he could see the traces of horse feet, which convinced him that pursuit would be hopeless. Still, however, he wandered on with a pistol in his hand; and it is true, that as through his fevered brain rushed thoughts of what misery might have been caused by his neglect—of the just reproaches which Paolo, delivered perhaps to hear of unutterable misery, would heap on his head—it is quite true, we say, that for an instant he meditated turning that weapon against himself. A motion, a rustling sound in some bushes near at hand, attracted his attention. It seemed as if a man was crawling cautiously away.

"Stop," he cried, "or you are dead;" and he leaped forward desperately.

A face, horrid with fear, appeared near the ground. Immediately, however, its expression changed to one of delicious joy; and Josefa, the sailor-lad who had accompanied them so faithfully from Naples, despite dangers which he was unaccustomed to meet, sprang

up, and thus declared himself; for strong emotion had tied the poor fellow's tongue, and it was some time before he could utter more than a chattering sound.

THE MONTH: THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

WHILE the wide country, absorbed in the one great subject of the day, is alternating between the deepest sorrow and the most fervent exultation, it can scarcely bestow more than a passing glance upon events which, but a short time since, would have claimed and received their full share of attention. While every eye is turned towards that fearful field, where so many of our brave countrymen are falling, little heed is taken of the more tranquil scenes of death that are taking place around us. Yet here, at home, we have had losses which, however small in number when compared with those of Alma and Inkermann, claim from the literary chronicler at least a passing word of notice.

John Gibson Lockhart heads our list. Although holding by no means one of the first places in literature, his works, and the associations that attach to his name, will doubtless gain for him a lasting reputation. As is well known, he was a native of Scotland, and received his education at the university of Glasgow—completing his studies at Oxford. He commenced his literary career by contributing to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, whose daughter Sophia he married in 1820. In 1825, Mr Lockhart was invited to London, to take the post of editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He accepted the invitation, and held the office until very recently. Political circumstances made this journal more influential a few years ago than it has latterly been; but, under Lockhart, it steadily maintained its character as the most popularly attractive of all the reviews. In 1843, he was presented by Sir Robert Peel with a sincere office worth about £400 a year. With this income, and with property to which he had succeeded, Mr Lockhart passed his latter days free from those cares which so frequently inhibit the close of a literary career. He died of paralysis at Abbotsford, now occupied by his daughter. Mr Lockhart will chiefly be remembered by his *Spanish Ballads*, and his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, which, notwithstanding all the exceptions that have been taken to it, must be held as amongst the most pleasing biographies in our language—indeed, perhaps, second only to the famed work of Boswell. Mr Lockhart's novels of *Valerius*, *Reginald Dalton*, &c., have not maintained their place before the public. The critic is not expected to be a very popular character, and it was not Mr Lockhart's destiny to be an exception to the rule: for this his satiric vein was too keen, his personal habits too reserved. In these respects, the contrast he formed to Jeffrey was very striking.

The death of Mr Frederick Knight Hunt, author of *A History of the Newspaper Press*, and editor of the *Daily News*, is another loss which literature has recently sustained. A self-educated man, raised from obscurity by the force of his own talents and perseverance, his life is interesting and encouraging in its various aspects. He was born in London in 1814, the eldest of six children, whom, with their mother, he supported for many years. It was no light task. At night, he worked in the printing-office of the *Morning Herald* newspaper; by day, he was clerk to a barrister in the Temple. Yet, while thus doubly engaged, he contrived to devote many spare moments to the improvement of his mind, and read with such assiduity, that he soon qualified himself for the place in literature he now assumed. Believing, however,

that any other profession was better than the one he had adopted, he studied medicine, and passed his examination at the hall and college successfully. He soon, however, returned to literature; became connected with the *Illustrated News*, and other publications; and in 1846, was appointed by Mr Dickens one of the assistant-editors of the *Daily News*. In 1851, he became sole editor, and continued so until his death, a few weeks ago. To Mr Hunt's exertions and excellent management, the *Daily News* owes the reputation it has gained, as one of the first papers in Europe for early and authentic intelligence; it being, in this respect now considered quite equal to the *Times*. Mr Hunt leaves behind him a memory that his fellow-labourers in literature will long cherish with affectionate regard, and a wife and family whom his prudence and industry have adequately provided for. Charles Kemble, Lord Dudley Stuart, Professor Edward Forbes, and Miss Ferrier—a Scottish novelist of some repute in her day—close the catalogue of our recent losses.

American authors must think English critics very hard to please. If the American writer is satirical upon us, and makes merry with our manners and customs, he gets no quarter, but is assailed without mercy; his minutest errors are pounced upon with greedy exultation; his ignorance and presumption exposed at every step. This case is but slightly different if the writer speaks in our favour instead of our dispraise. His panegyrics are accounted absurd, his enthusiasm simulated. Recently, we have had amongst us a young American lady, Miss Clarke, who, under the name of Grace Greenwood, has written an account* of her experiences of English society, and the impressions which travel in the old World have made upon her mind. Though there is little in the book that merits either strong condemnation or high praise, there is much concerning ourselves that is pleasing to read, coming as it does from a stranger. But Grace Greenwood's *Haps and Mishaps* have been almost as gently handled as Mrs Stowe's *Sunny Memories*. Because Miss Greenwood tells us what she thought of Mr Disraeli—how she was received by Mr Dickens, and whom she met at his table—an outcry is raised against this violation of the privacy of the domestic hearth, and authors are warned of the fate which awaits them should they open their doors to such travelling book-makers. Surely there is a little morbid sensibility in all this. Such writers as Mr Dickens can well afford to let us know something of their habits, of their friends, and of their daily life, without much dread of consequences. Surely, too, readers may feel some curiosity upon these points, without that curiosity being either impertinence or vulgarity. Grace Greenwood has told us several things which cannot fail to be interesting to all her own countrymen, and to many of ours, and certainly without drawing aside too much of the veil which should shroud from the public eye the transactions of the most humble home.

Strange news still continues to reach us from that country to which the young lady just alluded to belongs. The spirit of Shakspeare has been invoked by a 'Napper,' and has condescendingly furnished the disturber of its peace with a new play, entitled *The Hermit of Malta*, which, it is said, is about to be acted, or is already acting, in America. The posthumous play, of course, has been pronounced by 'competent judges' quite equal to any of the other works of the immortal bard. Perhaps, however, these competent judges will alter their opinion when they learn that the play was written several years ago—was submitted, but without success, to several London managers—and

* *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe*. By Grace Greenwood. London: Bentley.

was committed to memory by the author before being so fluently 'rapped out.' Yet such, it has been asserted on good authority, is the history of this imposture.

Another literary production, entitled to a place by the side of *The Hermit of Mulla*, is a book recently published under the title of *Home Life in Russia*. The work professes to be written by a Russian nobleman, who, being anxious to return to his country, is afraid to put his name upon the title-page, lest the emperor's displeasure and banishment to Siberia should be the consequence. We are assured, however, that the 'story is true;' that 'its genuineness is attested in almost every line;' that 'the main facts are well known in Russia.' Since the publication of the book, it has been denounced as a mere translation and adaptation of a play very popular in Russia, under the title of the *Dead Souls*, the author of which was a Russian named Nicholas Gogol, now dead. This play was translated into German; was the subject of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1851; and about the same time appeared as a short tale in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. The version now presented to the English reader is carelessly written, and as a whole, is unnotorious and uninteresting. Whether the scenes it depicts are truthful or otherwise, matters little. They cannot fail to be looked upon with grave suspicion, even amid the cloud of highly doubtful pretences by which they are surrounded.

Christmas-books, illustrated gift-books, annuals, and almanacs, have made their appearance according to yearly custom. There are some very excellent editions of our standard works, beautifully illustrated by good artists, and plentifully provided with the usual amount of gilding and ornamentation. But there are fewer original books than formerly. The taste for showy annuals has been on the decline for years, and the number of these works has therefore decreased; although the *Keeper's* and the *Book of Beauty*, or *Chart Album*, still maintain their attractions. Little Christmas-books, such as Mr Dickens brought out for several seasons, and which gave birth to so numerous a brood of imitators, have almost disappeared. Mr Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring* is the only note-worthy work of the kind which the present Christmas season has produced.

We still have rumours of new books. One from America—*A Life of Barnum*, the speculator—has just arrived, and is to create a sensation equal to that which it has already created in America, where 66,000 copies are said to have been ordered by the trade in a few days after the first announcement appeared: the *Memoirs of Sidney Smith*, edited by his daughter and Mrs Austen, are, it is said, about to be published; Lord Brougham is at work editing a complete edition of his works, which the Messrs Griffin of Glasgow intend to publish in quarterly volumes, the first to be issued in the spring; the Rev. Mr Warton is collecting the letters of the poet Southey for immediate publication by the Messrs Longman; and M. Guizot is engaged with his work on the English Revolution.

Upon the important subject of our commercial laws, Mr Leone Levi has just written a very valuable work. Mr Levi is well known as having devoted a vast amount of labour and patient inquiry to the study of the subject, and the volume now published contains the condensed results of his application. It treats of subjects of general interest to the commercial world—patents, copyright, banks, joint-stock companies, the law of partnership, and others of equal importance.

* *Home Life in Russia*. By a Russian Noble. Revised by the Editor of *Revelations of Siberia*. 2 vols.† Hurst and Blackett, London.

† *Manual of the Commercial Law of Great Britain and Ireland*. By Leone Levi. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

To those engaged in commerce, and to the law-student, the book will be of the utmost assistance. The information it contains is vast in amount, and is conveyed with admirable clearness and intelligibility. The many illustrations of the peculiarities of our commercial laws, and of the contrasts afforded by comparing them with those of other countries, form some of the most suggestive and interesting portions of the work.

THE STUDIO.

More fortunate than poor Campbell, whose statue is still buried in the obscurity of some unknown studio, Wordsworth has just had marble honours paid to him in Westminster Abbey, in the shape of a statue by Mr Thirupp. It has been erected in the Baptistry of the Abbey, and represents the poet in deep thought, seated upon a bank, at the foot of which flowers are growing. The left hand is laid upon a book, the right upon one knee; the legs are crossed; the face has considerable poetry of expression; and the effect of the whole work is pleasing and satisfactory. The monument at present bears no inscription. Another statue has just been erected in a very different building—namely, the large hall of the Mansion House—which will not fail to add to the great reputation of its sculptor, Mr Bailey. The statue idealises its subject in a typification of the 'Morning Star,' and represents a female figure drawing aside the veil of night, and gazing upon the dawn. The face is full of spiritual beauty which Mr Bailey never before so fully exemplified.

An evidence of the growing love for art among the humbler classes, is afforded by the support given to the Drawing Class at the Working-men's College, the opening of which in London was recently alluded to. Upon the occasion of a visit I paid to the institution a short time since, I found excellent accommodation provided for about thirty students, eight or ten of whom, although it was not 'class-night,' were labouring at the easels provided for their use. Sculpture casts were the models from which they were principally studying. Many of the issued and unfinished productions of the students showed considerable ability—indeed they were executed with a grace and fidelity for which I was scarcely prepared. The room itself was well lighted by gas, and had an air of comfort about it, that contrasted favourably with the ordinary class-rooms of literary institutions. It is always open, so that the students may work as long and as often as they please. Of course, the teacher of the class is only in attendance at certain fixed times during the week. In his absence, however, materials are supplied for the use of the students, and models always remain in the room. On the walls are several specimens of good and bad engravings, with some trenchant manuscript criticisms beneath by Mr Ruskin; which are quite worthy of the author of the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. There is one little architectural sketch from Mr Ruskin's own pencil. From the dress and appearance of the students, I certainly should not have imagined them to be working-men; but I was assured by one of the professors that nearly all were so. A few pupils not strictly coming within that title have been admitted, but only on the understanding that they must withdraw should room be required for bona fide working-men.

The number of members in the Drawing Class is about 42; the other classes are all well supported. Algebra numbering 43 members, and English Grammar 34. In the reading-room is a small library, containing probably from 300 to 400 volumes of good readable books, among which I noticed Tennyson's *Poems*, presented to the college by the author. Might not other authors follow Mr Tennyson's example?

Mr Ruskin does not confine his teaching to the Working-men's College. He has given some lectures on coloured decoration, addressed to workmen interested

by the nature of their occupation in the subject; but, unfortunately, the lectures were delivered in the day-time, at an hour that permitted very few working-men to be present. As the lecturer's remarks were of a very unpractical kind, the circumstance affords less matter for regret than it would otherwise have occasioned. The lettering on our shops, Mr Ruskin said, was open to great improvement, and he recommended workmen to adopt the missal style, and above all things, never to use the same form of lettering twice! When he did not get wrecked among such wild fancies as these, he was sometimes eloquent, and always interesting; but his lectures do not harmonise with the progressive spirit of the present day. The Wellington statues, one by one, are being completed, and set up in their respective places. Mr Adams has finished his for the Norwich market-place, where it has just been erected; and Mr Nolte has completed his for Manchester. The latter artist has also ready his large statue of Sir Robert Peel, which is now on view at his studio, whence it will soon be transferred to its destination—St George's Hall, Liverpool. This work does Mr Noble great credit. There is some talk of a monument to those who have fallen in the present war; but it seems improbable that government will vote any money for such a purpose at present, and private benevolence just now is directed more towards the living than the dead. A column, however, has been spoken of, and even a site for it mentioned; but such reports, though not perhaps without foundation, are at least premature. When the day comes, the country will, no doubt, record in such a manner its admiration of the gallant men who have fought so bravely, and fallen with so much honour; but at this moment there are duties to attend to, and difficulties to grapple with, which demand the most active and absorbing exertions. We cannot crown the combatants until the fight is finished.

A DAY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY MATHIE L'EWEN.

I WANDERED late this summer-moon by mountain and by stream,
Through valley fair and wood; and hear, in the rapture of a dream:
Gazing on Nature's mysteries with a love most deep and wild,
All the fervent faith of youth, and the gladness of a child.
One day of many haunts ye still: the bright full morning-light
That shone with such a regal power o'er lake, and vale, and height;
The tide of life and joy that swept o'er all things like a sea,
And the soul as with the chant of some glad melody.
The curling wreaths of azure mist rolled heavily away,
When he shone out in golden pride, the monarch of the day;
Ah! pure and fresh it came to me across the mountains fair,
The breeze that fanned my pilgrim brow, and sported with my hair.

And when the evening hour came on its loveliness divine,
It found me still a worshipper at Nature's sacred shrine.
Repose was in and over all; good angels watching their
And breathed o'er all the mountain-land a blessing and a prayer.

The sunset's creamy splendour streamed athwart the
western sky,
That glowed in that red baptism like some strange
pageantry;
Old Snowdon, stern in silent state, shone through the
golden haze,
Like to a monarch on his throne in the pride of ancient days.

How mute and still all nature seemed! The sunlight on
the steep
Lay calm at rest; so in the vale, the shadows broad and
deep.
No breath of wind, no song of bird, no voice of man, arose
To break the consecrated spell of that divine repose.

The solemn beauty of the hour was filled with teachings
deep,
Calm for the tumult of the soul, and smiles for those who
weep.
All things in reverent waiting stood; a rest to earth was
given,
Like the strange pause of angels' song when silence was
in heaven.

With joy and strength renewed, my soul was crowned on
that blest day;
Shadows, that long had dimmed my path, were
away.

The peace of yore, that had gone forth in sorrow and in pain,
Like the returning dove, came back to my glad heart again.

Oh God! I thank Thee for this life—so joyous, fresh, and
free;

I thank Thee for the boundless wealth of Thy dear gifts
to me;

For power, however feebly used, Thy living hand to trace
In all this world of ours the shew of beauty and of grace!

'J. WESTLAND MARSTON.'

In the article with this title in No. 4, *Righted Truth* is attributed, through mistake, to Mr Marston. It is the production, we believe, of Mr Darley, a brother of the late Mr George Darley himself a dramatist of no mean name.

LEITCH RITCHIE'S NEW WORK OF FICTION.

On the conclusion of *MARETIMO*, early in 1873, will appear in *CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL* Chapter I. of a

NEW STORY OF MODERN LIFE.

By the Author of *WEARYFOOT COMMON*.

To be continued in *Weekly Chapters* till completed.

The present number of the *Journal* completes the Second Volume, for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF SECOND VOLUME.

